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The Sound of Making It Flow

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Cover Page Footnote

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two thousand miles above sea level
within the tropic of
cancer
i am gulping space
under covers heavy as
small oceans
i am dreaming like a fish
one eye open
thought patterns leaving
divots trailed
like ships rumbling
along the still world
anchored for now
into this
collective
sea

all of our sweet bodies giving way to
sand and
grit
but

cradling remains of each other's
rapid breathing
folding it into coins
a trunk of sinking dispensable truths
no longer strapped upon our
two new ankles
but leaving our maps
beds
seven seas of
salt
teeth

i am thinking with one wide eye
one pink lung
up
holding two thousand miles
of open maps
returns
welcomed arms of roads reading
"exit"

i am planning
i am
planning with one eye open
under this body of
heavy maps
nine continents on my shoulder
on my one
pink
lung

i am sinking into ink blue routes
that run me off
this bed this land this man made exit
sign saying south
i am holding so many miles under my ribs
stuffing treasures
into my dress
and
folding them
into coins
and
trailing down this salty salty road
one eye open
watching
tasting
treasure in
my
mouth

--Marisa Viele