

SHEARING

TONI SCORSESE

the clatter coming from behind your door is familiar
i have a closet too

i'm acquainted with the rasp wailing in your heart
my heart is broken too

i've tasted the water spilling from your eyes.
mine have shed too

i'm foreign to the dialect you practice
i barely detect it

piercing silence. – or –
have i gone
daft

1/31/2023

[I Don't Know Who You Are]