

Thanataphobia

Your mouth is a factory full of things.

Here, an enamel shelf splinters under
memories of flashing lights and nibbled amber.

There, the Ford line stitches together a sonic quilt
of Latin letters linking arms in a quadrille.

Strawberries' siren cries sigh
down fleshy walls and bounce across the floor.

Some days, the power goes out, leaving
only silence black and stop signs (to be) read.
Then the malnourished thought might sidle up,
in his palm a tiny picture:

of an ivory skull. A fractured hole
at the site of your first botched kiss.