

THE CRUSH

By Karen Finneyfrock

You stand in a dark room and grow a tree in your chest.
The color pink is your national anthem.
You have fled the burning city, but your pocket smolders.
He bats his eyelids and dust flies.
You are a well trying to quench its own thirst,
a tiger licking its bloody paw.

No eyes are on you, you are all eyes.
He is space age technology.
You are a fist filled with fingers. He is a ghost without a sheet.
You are a buzzing saw in the forest.
The only thing you have ever wanted is more.