

MELANIE PIERLUIGI

Shapeless Skeletons

I tried
to peel language
from the trees.
Their dense formless
bodies no longer coat the sky.

I've cut you open
from many directions
but still you manage
to sew your mouth
to every broken surface.

Fields like glazed tears
catch the sun,
catch the hollowed curve
of breath when it has
no where left to fall.

I've tried to pause
the air until
our faces take shape
under the pale embalming moonlight,
under the moon's scarred presence.
It tells you when to speak,
when to feel your bones move
and dislodge like shapeless skeletons.
Fields grow

swollen by the road.
The earth still moves.
Stars still cave beneath
your tongue until only night has memory.

Until the surface of language
appears in the ghost-shape of dark rooms.

