

whaleteeth

John Hoel

Morning doesn't come
your form void of all
nutrients it will be here
shrunken and hard
to the touch
but with no life force
it yields nothing
in the shell
of the shell of what it means
to be human you are limp
moments of severe weakness
withdrawal from exterior life
the steady ground beneath it
be absent remain without
porous entry sedentary place
for the people in your life
with enough love to knife you.
how they remove your mouth fluids
to string you around their beady necks.