intergalactically
by Alyssa Froehling

des these ulcers forming in my eye grow
into the shape of the only flower that
can bloom on the surface of the sun

i keep you far away from me contained
in concrete i want to scrape my knees across,
show me a blue capable of trapping air
before heat’s temper drives it to ultraviolet

yes you
born in the wrong swatch of skin
born covered in goose flesh
selfishly consuming like a riptide

carve out interstices between planets for me
with your fingernails
so i can remember what is was like to be
young without teeth

crescent to crater and still only drywall
as separators
we whisper in dust settling before it travels
far enough

to reach what we could’ve
with our shouts
or our hands.