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All the Trees Are Dead Inside

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All the Trees Are Dead Inside

for Angie Mazakis

In dreams you leave without me. All the trees are dead inside.
We slipstream through derelict casinos drenched red inside.

Insert velvet rope, clouds of smoke, strobe lights, atmospheric
dream pop. I swallow a bird. The bird carries thread inside.

Ruby-throated like a ribcage, the walls pulse to say we're
in a passage, and passages are for letting inside.

I'm cut for giving. I gather you're cut for distance.
In my defense, I fabricate wounds to shed my insides.

When you fragment into countable shards, your double steps
in like the world can't go on without you folded inside.

Halo-dark antibody, heat-dim, adrift in sleep, words
echo from your other-mouth, straw-stuffed and mangled inside.

My name's a morning star; I break the dawn luminous. I
dream you a forest. I dream you these lines and lead you inside.