

## Time lines

she stumbles through fog and wine  
forgetting where she put the time  
underneath every rock  
she searched  
but she followed her nose  
it was misleading  
it goes  
wherever it goes  
it goes on  
and so it goes  
but time moves with the tides  
she remembers  
ah and throughout all her endeavors  
it lead her to the sea  
where she walks in the water  
up to her knees  
and feeling pebbles between her toes  
digging in the sand  
the earth reaches her nose  
follow it wherever it goes.  
the feeling of love she gets from water  
moonlight  
cloud tongues  
licking away beads of sweat  
on her neck  
the feeling she won't forget of night  
of poppies, of cigarette mornings  
of yesterdays and short hellos  
long goodbyes  
all the times she tried  
to find  
the things under the rock  
burning feelings with burying  
things that remained  
the things that went unnamed  
when he said I want your sunlight  
and the softness of inner thigh kisses

sighs cries and love bites  
that draw blood  
she drew you leaning  
on the hood  
of a broken down car  
halfway between forest and metropolis  
the sultan of swing and jazz on your breath  
these times were best  
she was forgetting the rest  
of how your hands quivered over  
quilt covers  
because there was something underneath  
that scared and excited him  
from every wrong turn  
grows something yet to be found  
even if its underground  
still can hear that fluttery heart sound  
in tune to the crashing of mother's waves  
the watery graves  
turn to shrines  
of leading lines  
to where she first lost  
her purity  
unsure certainty  
while singing Billie Holiday  
on the last night  
of what she remembers to be her childhood  
what else was good  
in those days when there wasn't much  
to save  
besides a small tin box  
seashell on top  
full of misspelled words  
ivory birds  
her dead dog's photograph  
a forgotten laugh  
transitions through a lifetime  
they're hard to find, hard to recognize  
stop motion bullshit

the liquor store culprit  
back alley bandit  
all the times she had to edit  
her dreams her stream  
of consciousness  
the great divide  
in her mind  
of good and evil  
weird and wayward  
the things that go unheard  
when you're talking in your sleep  
they go under the rock  
- Kinsey Wheatley