

I'm a Creek

Valerie Salerno

December 23, 2024

fog hangs, a birthday balloon.
saliva coats the inside,
a slimy latex pocket.

your words breathe through me,
snapping thought
into white-hot fragments.

scatter and crash,
blur the new moon's
liquid face.

your hair is the color of dried blood,
or a burnt branch—
your skull opens.
ideas stream out,
black minnows, searching
my body for rest.

runner