

[Across the street the trees]

Across the street the trees / are shaking their snow out /  
a dog can't tell / what happened overnight / and my  
body, too, is uncertain / & rummy / The sun / deceptive  
globe / a real bitch / gaslighting the snow / It's okay to  
be rude / or dangerous / in a poem / because nothing is  
okay to begin with / In the dream, I was singing singing  
singing into the mirror / really giving it my all / and my  
face was ugly / terrifying / it distracted from the music /  
it made the music ugly too / or else it was me / growing  
uglier and uglier / & the music just ok / why can't we  
all be / pretty and / talented?