

Epimorphosis

The lights flicker when the train runs through the cracks of my fingers grasping the screen. Split reel of memory, stippled like an old movie, with one half of me bifurcating from you like a spur line. I watch the partial tear of my name fill your mouth, then fall like a lizard's tail at your feet. I scurry in the dark across train tracks that turn into red ribbons loosened from the curled wet trail of her hair. At the third stop you find her. No, the snow in the movie won't morph into ash coating your burnt feet in that holding cell. Your unspooling. I crawl to the middle where you find me, replace the memory of her unbraided hair with mine. What I'm saying is, this was never blurry. An end stapled to the cross-ties of a Leo Toys train track you tirelessly window shopped, a wound inducing a frenzied splitting of selves. Your hands in my hair, your mouth unraveling my lies. Our error filled future, a lizard growing its severed tail back from for-looped events trapped within cells.