

Don't

touch the face. Don't touch the nose, the eyes. Don't touch the mouth. Fingers away from lips. You know the rules. Don't suck on your knuckle. Don't stress. Don't obsess. Delete the pictures. Don't overthink it. Don't sink too far. Even the strongest animals will drown in their own light. Look. When hawks court, they chase each other up up up, to the cloud line, spiraling, until one catches, latches on, & they freefall together, toward Earth. Is that what seals a bond—almost dying? Secret rituals in the air? Finding love or fighting love? Hawks eat by tearing flesh from bone, one self from another, like the you inside you & the me inside me & the chorus of claps inside each crack of thunder. What happens next? Netflix. Masks. Flasks. Panic attacks? Birthdays behind glass. Six feet. Fix seeds to grow into colors we cannot pronounce. Hawks see colors humans cannot see. Do colors see us, with their eyes of synthesis? Seeing is a living thing, as the breath doesn't ask the brain to lift the lungs during sleep, it just does. Ventilator means *opening*, an aperture to bring the air in. No one wears masks in my dreams & I hold my breath as I fall, down down down, to the sea floor, looking for a door. I keep touching the wound so it won't heal, touching the nerve to free the electrocution. I want the beach to reopen so I can write in the sand: *Don't forget me.*

TBH

Interactive Javascript Code Poem

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<p>Y'all ready for this?</p>

<button onclick="myFunction()">I guess(?)</button>

<script>
function myFunction() {
  var one = prompt("Your favorite smell is", "");
  var two = prompt("Nostalgia is", "");
  var three = prompt("If you were an animal, you would be a(n)", "");
  var four = prompt("head or heart?", "");
  var five = prompt("sun or moon?", "");

  if (one != null) {
    document.getElementById("poem").innerHTML =
      "You know it's coming: the vortex of " + one + "<br><br> the tsunami of
      "+ two + "&nbsp;tripped by waking up at the lake.<br><br>Windows open. Don't
      fret. Dance your " + four + "&nbsp;into neon!<br><br><br>Climb the walls like
      a great " + three + "&nbsp;on the hunt. Eating violets<br><br>will double
      your power. Dress your broken " + four + "<br><br>in the glow of a sublime
      electric eel-storm called lightning.<br><br><br>The tempest has a crush on
      you. (See? Everyone wants you.)<br><br>In the mirror, the " + five + "
      sparkles, the constellation of us.<br><br>The art of you hurls through
      space/time like the wildest "+ three + ".<br><br><br>"+ one + "&#8212;the magic
      underside of science. Sea-toys & shells, first stereos.<br><br> Pop Quiz:
      Secret lesson inside every "+ four + "? Unlock sameness,<br><br>the fetters of
      conformity, the orchestra of "+ two + ". (A++)<br><br><br>What good is a
      timepiece standing still? Jig! Dig out your "+ five + "&#8212;<br><br>bright
      as a bulls-eye&#8212;& sing so loud a dead "+ four + " can hear
      you.<br><br>You've even stirred "+ one + ". It's crooning too,
      howling<br><br><br>like a moonwolf. Seedlings need "+ two + "&nbsp;to grow, to
      know&#8212;<br><br>it's okay to miss us, for the "+ three + "&nbsp;to cry.
      Lost kingdoms wave<br><br>silently, like a golden kelp forest. Listen, the
      brass "+ five + "&nbsp;is rising.";
    }
  }
</script>
<p id="poem"></p>
```