

## November

November wastes no time unsettling brittle bones  
Or brittle leaves on trees that shed grief in piles  
Not half as low as the blues painting moonlit mornings  
And glinting afternoons spent paralyzed in untraceable lowness,  
Hostage to a breath that inhales me with daggers. In my chest  
The fraughtness of silence is broken only by screaming ink.

A metaphor best kept for my parents who resent tattoos because ink always  
Reminds them that November departed their parents and left their skin as memory.  
Grief rests in the hammocked wrinkles of their smiles  
While welding daggers into life near the craters soothed eyes make.  
Despite the sharpness in our bellies,  
They've remembered me how to hold a friend's hand in a November of loss

And how to hold a friend's hand who doesn't know loss,  
Or anything else brittle and so forever as this month  
That stops the clock to stow away time in my doing of all things.  
Except for my rest, stubborn daylight—and alone.  
In November, I surrender thanks for the helluvit, so  
Gratitude's doors don't close on love when she decides to enter again.

