

# Apartment Mortality

by Joseph MacGown

There is a pause-  
In the taste of humanity-  
Sharpening inside the walls surrounding me.

I slam my yelling palms against these surrounding walls.  
Crying with the heat on my face-  
Sweat pouring against my mortality.

The mind is in prayer-  
Trying to understand-  
The saliva of my soul-

I spit out my sin in the shower-  
The heat clouds my crying cornea-  
Where am I?-

I reach my fingers against the crisply cold air-  
My respiratory organs choke on the falseness of its life-  
Can I breathe?-

The mailbox holds cancer-  
In her eyes-  
I look at myself-

The reflection of my days-  
Intensifies my eyes-  
Screaming for some nebulous something-

Can I understand it?-  
Pace the soft, hardened floors-  
The speed of light-

Music lifts through the voices-  
Echoing against the temporary-  
I pray.

I fall off comfort furniture-  
Of a waterfall of lost emotion-  
Onto the ill- colored floor of opinions

My hair stabs the air-  
I look with some relaxation at the ceiling-  
The veins of its crowded hallways push my mind sideways

Some heavenly force-  
Brings a smile across my lovingly cracked face-  
Still as the waters on the floor-

My eyes storm with clouds of weather  
Through the fuzzy screens'-  
Resting in my mind.

The walls-  
The heavens- the universes- the dimensions-  
I pray.