

Kevin Simmonds

salt (a suicide
meditation)

*my mother stepped into the sea
somewhere else*

so we didn't see this
same sea held us

had us after we'd
given the voices all

verse & chorus
of all we'd fleshed

& withstood
until we thought

we could
no longer

my friend Jaya was there
his cinnamon stalk body

swaying in status
three letters sounding

as if the body might as well
give itself up

finally
to the water

there's reason
there's salt

Kevin Simmonds

& such span
you'd never know

who else is there
stung & possessed

by loss
its promises

its required letting
go

& this is a hard
poetic turn

but there is singing
deep from the floor

through phosphorescence
of magnified quadrillion atoms

each armed to beget ceaselessly
& unceasingly ring

their small bell bodies
into our belled bodies

& we & we
& we & we

&we &we
&we

Note: opening lines taken from *You Try and Hope You're Wrong* by Blas Falconer