

poem by CAConrad

refrigerators  
are where  
we keep our bodies  
before they become  
our bodies  
spinning inside  
routines this  
living  
provides  
we sense  
language  
travel  
on our  
constant  
breath  
open a  
friend's  
refrigerator to yell  
*Hello Future Friend*  
human beings are a  
symptom of the  
Big Bang  
gun  
stores  
fill with  
shoppers  
bombs mark  
the sky with  
our pledge