

Yessica Klein

The Opposite Of Silence Is Silence

these final Lisbon nights promise TV static
ignored with sips / sighs / skin
isn't romance a lot like soft-serve ice cream
the in-between distance between kisses
what tenderness lays there ready
to connect opposite currents
how fast we fall / falling freely
front cortex blessed quietly by hormones
isn't mystery a lot like single-use plastic
& our excitement a lot like popcorn
with the aftermath of unpopped kernels
salty fingers & high blood pressure
dear Jules, I know: the poetry of this golden

light is basically just Physics