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Making We Known This New Something
Kris A. Johnson

Scared we are, both, of this
New, whatever this something is.
New, too.
In you--
I live in uncertainty,
Believing in each tick of time definitively,
Walking blindfolded towards a whispered call--
Making you known this new someone might fall.
But, for now, me--
Wants to believe in this song.
Of maybe love, like passing playful summers in life belong.
Together we, making
We known this new something.
Walk
And talk,
Figuring out this
New, wonderful, whatever this something is.

Your chambers. It sounds like chains clanging in a hollow room
Those words, your chambers.
and cold like sweat on a shadow
Why is it “your chambers?” Am I going to the playroom in the base
there are rings and ropes, pens
never to come up again because stomach butterflied screams I’ll be
Is it my gripping tremulous eyes
peering into the cesspool within you send me to my chambers?
You can hear it, can’t you. I know
You act otherwise though. I can
But no matter what I tell you can
send me to my chambers
where I see nothing to grab a hold
to bang my head against the walls so I can show you my insides where thoughts are no different than yours.