

# **your adolescence passes through you without a wave or commotion**

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the title, like the warmth and the growing, up to your waist of the moss in the terrarium and the people who watch you outside, and the magnifying of damp dirt and green bottles they find inside your lungs, like the skeleton of garden you are and china chipped, a coping. in the energy you left burnt out in the lime lamp sunlight, prescribed a multiplicity of function, quiet and held together by your intelligent and disfunction, cold intolerable skin.

dependent on the hands that lift you up and tear you down and tap and tap and tap again, rubbing the foundation of watched and blind and all alone, until the glass is nothing but a pretense. falsely. didn't even notice when they stopped coming coming coming by, like they were never there to begin with, ever there to begin with just a body platform for empty cradling and long-legged creatures to coo at you from the out, side crackling grass and spring and overgrown.