

## (No Title)

### Tommy O'Rourke

Distilled crystals  
in the fine print.

A boy with transparent skin  
speaking  
in ellipses as  
black snow falls  
from his outstretched fingers.

He asks:  
*Do the stars feel  
themselves burning?*

The roar of lava spewing through new rifts of breaking glaciers.  
moving time moving

His tongue becoming  
rusted to the roof  
of his warm mouth.

Sitting in  
a bathtub of blue  
paint, he hums  
at random, and  
plugs every pore with planets:  
    everyday worlds  
    made solely to betray the silent agenda.