

ELOISA AMEZCUA

INCIDENT

Kitchen dimly lit	by the streetlamp	outside
Behind my eyes	flashes of static	Call it loss
Look for memories	I don't remember	a thing
The table brown	Think harder	The tile white
too clean for	the mess	I made it
My incident	sitting in a swamp	of my own piss

heartbeat too fast

for my body

Seizure Look

for a memory I'm

tired Of falling

I know too much