Fever 104

This furnace gleams
beneath hot skin—
pinned, fraying at the seams,
my tracery grows thin.

Thinner at every tick,
each pulse a broken seal,
thought red and thick
as molten spill, I reel
toward the door, hand
feeling for the edge.

Anonymous as sand,
I balance on the ledge
of a glassblower’s lip—I
am the silent film, the mote
of silica, meld of earth and sky
to invisible curve, grace note
rising, fading. Dashed
body at sea, I pitch and roll
adrift, lashed
to the throb of this bone bowl.