Come Back

By Rocket Caleshu

I hate how I can’t keep this tremor inside, this mute matter of being made extant, this shiver in being, in no not-being, this wild flying up from the inner surge

and this crack in the apparatus espied around the corner from my particular warble, this quiver of dissolution in the pool of no single thing,

this break in the entity of the single, of not a mistake in being made, this suffering of trying to contain the infinite in language, this refusal inextricable from its mass; this love, love of love, this being only in your presence, this inability not to err, rather the constitution of my broken image

caressed by this, this permission to submerge, this bigger and bigger being, tremor of infinite allowances, this telos of cataloging that which can never be disappeared.

Source: Poetry (March 2019)

Rocket Caleshu is a writer based in Los Angeles.

See More By This Poet