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**Pointless Trips**

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pointless trips

the me...

the me who waits and wastes hides nowhere but in the measure of time. 
the pulse, the blood of the moment stops, 
and in the pause, the me, so still, 
begins to count a new arbitrary 
rhythm of solitude and rhyme.

bleed

the softer violence of a broken mirror 
breaks the metaphor 
as the blood (too real) hues the glass.

The abstraction of what could have been my poem 
strains to destroy the thought, 
rendering it beautiful in its loss.