

At the End You Must Make a Choice

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CW: blood

A deck of tarot cards. News cycle of impending doom on mute. The self we project onto

other people's stories: it doesn't seem to matter what is true. A voice argues with archetypes:

~ there are only so many stories in this world ~
~ there are so many stories in this world ~

Some days I've been touched enough for my whole life, other times my skin burns from being intangible.

The limits of belief approach an asymptote. A ghost is just a memory demanding attention. Come, sit,

have some tea and tell me what you dreamed this morning. Clasp fingers around the bits

still within reach.
I'll meet you

on that liminal strip between dirt and sea, you and me
and everything tinted with symbolism if you squint

for hidden meaning ~ except it's screaming at you, hot pink, wide-eyed

the *readme.txt* file
docked in installation directory ~

not a command
but a beginning ~

Here: I made sandcakes, take a bite, grind the hourglass's broken shards between teeth until your gums run out of blood ~

can you describe the castle this intake creates
in your belly, self-made, incarnate, evidence

in burped glass bubbles

~ *oh the heartburn* ~

How to forge who to become:
as shadows grow long in cast

grab a belched, floating blown sphere, pass
it to a friend who will use it to read your fortune ~

for this
it must be smashed ~

your future
or your past.