

I'M TWENTY SEVEN NOW

**my days click
like Makebás mouth**

**geometric moments
strobing**

**chewing gum years
juicy-fruit days**

**are left drying
underneath my chair**

**pink memories
of circuled moments**

**bursting
around my brain**

**like bubbles
stretched with laughter**

**releasing
the elasticized**

**child
thats waiting**

**among the alphabet
on the crumpled wrappers**

inside my mind.