

Habit

by

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Yes, I bark at the moon
blue, in the heart of August.
Air so thick, no one hears.
Without an audience,
words fall like leaves, or
I pick them from my teeth,
set them adrift.
Nothing else matters—
not you,
not the bleeding planet,
its displaced hordes.
I was born insistent,
searching for definition, believing
through dedicated attention,
even from chaos,
sense can be made,
some form ensue.