

Casey Baron

*Take Care*

1) *I Don't Ever Feel Pain*

Your cuts mutilated my hands  
Forcing River to manifest  
Into soil and *red flowers*.

I can't let go.

Bruises etch-a-sketched the heart you once swaddled.

Pampered even.

Ego born  
Lucy's drawn.

I dug your hole with branches ripped from this tree's chapters.  
Fuck this tree her swathing.

The insects burn me for ceremonious flare. If I stare close enough  
Down  
I can see Lucy beneath the dirt prepping *red flowers* for your impending arrival.

The balding man walked by. His ilk never gazed at me with a tripod in his hand. Unless he  
wanted me between his thighs or him between mine.

The sun is shining down on my Tiger Woods  
Black hat.

More gazing pupils shot meth imbued syringes at my veins.

Don't look away, tricks come with an extra fifty sense. I want them to know I'll miss you. My  
arms weaken as the weight of your light rectangular data pulls you down to my eroded ancestors

and your future grounds. Coke me up. One More Time. You just make me feel like purple rain.  
Your burial sits beneath the foot of integration.

Then a bird chirped.

Then another.

And an other.

## 2) *Best Be Prepared*

Let the hurricane fall now. I am ready. Everything returns to blue hubby hues and swallowed  
into brown batter Earth. In your absence my batter is ripping, the lights in the house flicker, and  
showers never tripping.

It's all shaking. They're all chirping. Apart from all perspectives.

The pure white could save or destroy it.

I can't stop outlining birds while seating beneath the blue comforter.

Their greens

Yellows and blues all bleed into one another.

My *red flowers*. Chaos.

3) *We could have done better*

Four meals a couple homework assignments and what they might call a lack of sleep later.

Still thinking about you.

I've let go but still see you.

I wonder if you can breathe

Drowned by Lucy's touch and brown molecules.

It rained yesterday and maybe that eased the pain of the *chaos*.

Then again the rain drops could water board you while hands hypnotize. But maybe someone found you tucked you inside their shorts pocket and labeled you a cool item.

Let skies crackle and troubadours cry because I Cheesecake Factory miss you ego stroking words upon every annunciation of my lips. I see an intense black and blue in the place of my palace where you once grew.

4) *Don't Look Away*

I walked up the hill pounding flesh from a palm onto lower level cloth arrangements. My feet hastened as I dreamt of your rigid edges soiled by God's Angels and piss.

I dreamt of when I this *data* and he looked at me starting a roller coaster of intent to speak words to life.

Date her

Dat anonymous pull to your noteworthiness is all I needed.

Then I got to your grave and found you

Missing

*You're. Missing?*

I want what you fucking promised me. Now.

Upon here, upon soil, upon sky, Upon Down.

Greatness.