Today

I will have straight lines
and parabolas

blankets tossed
I zig and zag across the floor
shaking the shadows out of my hair
the coffee hissing
tomatoes & eggs scrambling
curtains in a catfight
  yeah it’s gonna be a sharp day

I wanna taste
  the sovereignty of balconies
  the flatness of rooftops
trace my name in dust on windowsills
curve my back to match the arcs of bridges
maybe even catch a highway or two

I wanna take a needle
and thread through this wing
  and that plane
sew up the mountains in between
smear a few clouds along the way

other planets may shake their heads
satellites wag their fingers
but just let me keep skipping
from sidewalks to lightning rods
  yeah it’s gonna be a sharp day
  a bright day