

## I WANT TO ESCAPE THROUGH A CHINESE INK PORTRAIT

I want to escape through an ink & blood diluted portrait  
to slip through a secret door into the universe I inhabit and search  
de-exist de-alienate disintegrate my volute  
to prism each molecule of love and hate scrubbing electrons  
to spin Alejo's oil lamps and footsteps in order to  
de-conquer my continent of failures and fill of caravels my tired anemone's eye  
to urinate warm milk with vanillas' scent  
to veer the dizziness  
to re-word you  
to discover your hand when I read a poem...  
strangling me slowly declaring me terminally ill  
I remain unknowing why you've left me

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