Coke, Alone

It is horchata-cloudy this morning
    with a chance of amputation
meaning it’s slightly humid, meaning
    my lines may be difficult to parse.

The barber is out for months, his car
    t-boned at some intersection
in Vermont. Glass everywhere
    they said, even in his mouth.

They found me inside his nostrils
    like white pebbles on a dry riverbed
like lint dotting the lining
    of a winter coat. Who’s to blame
for such cavernous sadness, for speed
    through stop signs & hidden lights?

Soon I’ve smuggled myself in, snow
    on a frozen lake, a mirror in which you
behold your own beauty, on which
    you too might shatter a nose.