THE BLUE BUTTERFLY I FREQUENTLY SEND
by Rijard Bergeron

By scenery the room grew
larger than I expected.
This morning's body
disintegrating
in what I thought was a wing
but ended up being an accumulation.

Plumes of smoke
too many cups of coffee
and a terrifying attempt
to bring myself to terms
with a variety of my own thoughts.
How the day
eventually comes
into view and I failing, to hold
throes of passion and despair
in sight long enough
for things to change shape
and how it's not just words

I'm at war with.
The chilling visions of a few
unfortunate men

for as long as I can remember
have kept my sex forced
into an impasse high

with blinding sun
and framed
by the guise of a wall.

Most of my love rests
in faces outside
where I only feel able

in glimpses or short bursts
of animated emotion
to come out
and protrude. I from the scene
of potentials and structures
glint in coagulation.

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Rijard Bergeron is a poet. His work has been published in The Poetry Project Newsletter, This Image Journal, and elsewhere. Rijard also makes collage and has most recently published two pieces in collaboration with Sara Jane Stoner, for her book Experience in the Medium of Destruction (Portable Press @ Yo Yo Labs). He is very grateful for his friends and his friends who have been mentors. He invites you to email him at rijardbergeron@gmail.com or view the photographs he posts on his Instagram @rijardbergeron. He lives in Brooklyn.