

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.