

## **THE BLUE BUTTERFLY I FREQUENTLY SEND**

**by Venn Daniel**

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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