

Resonate

I found myself in a warehouse
entered into that textured space
where the strangers know you
where the music unfolds
beyond earshot and the wavelength
is a rope that holds you captive—

my body thrashed automatic all night,
held on until seven am, tethered, entranced,
then collapsed into a car still spinning,
metallic ringing between my lobes,
drove in snow and zero visibility—
we hydroplaned through the mist

and hit the median—
they found my pulse, hidden—
somehow I survived but thought
the day doesn't want me
and I don't want it either, I only want
my blood to boil and my feet to blister

in the corner of night that so few
of us know, when we dance in secret
in the city on the mountain—
this point jutting up from the earth—
like some tuning fork that says *find us*
like we're trying to get beamed up

TAYLOR BRATCHES