factored into

your self-directed jihad, left untold like a broken chair your rage, your rage (2+2 innocent civilians) = bloody ribbons

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The crunch of powdered glass
Underfoot.

The pale green strength of my lace covered sneakers
lifting their shoestring leaves to the sun

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I am an ordinary differential equation,
the power of one a derivative of

the imaginary number you never thought
would revolt.

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(My car keys were in the
laundry chute.)