**Worms In My Brain Comment on My Anti-Depressants**

you lock doors and

lick the shadows

from their feet

mourning wreath still

clasped to your neck

as you brew your coffee

& weep for no reason

despair invisible

until it empties

the animal from you

like a church bleeds

its congregation

upon the street

there is a coin

pressed between

your thumb and palm

that stays cold

no matter what

as a boy you fell

deeply in love

with flooded roads

and pictures

of empty houses

now winter leaps

from your muddy skull

onto the chessboard

where you’ve replaced

every piece with yourself

& passed out knives

a cold flame eats

through the walls

as a window opens

you notice a beginning

& we suppose now

a possible end.

* *Published 7th of December 7 2022*

**About Jordan Ranft**

Jordan Ranft lives in NYC with his partner and small dog. He writes poetry and music criticism. He has been previously published in Rust + Moth, Bodega, and Midway.