

Dusk's Weeds

Dusk's Weeds.

We're freezing in the new steaming sun.

Joy over joy. It's the cymbals of clamoring thunder.

Or is it the quiet of a peacock whispering from soft shorelines?

Surrounded was the peacock's faint laugh

Like the new man's glare,

When a mountain pierces the clouds up top.

A telling laugh is

Everytime we touch

A dying person celebrates

Under their decaying wings.

Nothing like the hollow embrace

Without petals, out of a sacred flamed morning.

Just the gradually lifted, ever so slightly lifted

Blood of the moon under an ominous howl.

Primrose Lane

Circling the concrete pavements

Of Primrose

Sidewalk chalk fits in the palm of my muddy hand

Magenta skies sing to me

Call for me, like my mother on the end of the landline

Her rings chiming off the clanking pots

Sprawled on the marble counter.

Eyes zipping between the rickety clock and oven.

I fall back into the safety net of the blue and black

Jumping machine, as the robins remain

Circling above.

I see a cardinal flaming red in the dark. Surely I should head back

But the golden twinkle of fireflies call for me

As I fall into the thin shrub behind the screen doors.

Mosquitos nip at my skin, my eyes fixed on the red ladybugs

Marching to a homeland on a treacherous slope.

The chalk crumbles on my fingertips,

I can paint properly now, with my purple-coated hands,

Tracing the bricks on the back wall of the neighbor's shed

Purple, like the grape juice I had earlier that day.

Again, my mother calls for me.

I hear the landline and fall deeper into the dark.

Parked

Her skin is sticky with honey
Here I am, falling over and over again.
As the burning serendipity lingers
the fountain coins plunge from my fingertips
Like the frogs
On the lilies
In my mother's pond

Temperatures rise to troubling tiers,
Glazing the serenity I came here to find
The sun stings my scorching skin and she slumps
on the grass, playing accismus.
Twigs crunch over their labored gasps and I taste vanilla soft serve on my tongue,
Reminiscing on whiter days.
Still, burning serendipity lingers in my brisk heart.

Here is the exhaustion, it is finally here
You stick to the benches, laughing
Next to the frequent thuds of oscillating tennis balls
She is falling over and over again
“Capture the flag”— she flies between picnic tables
Her pink hat flopping onto the grass
I will soon long for this, I'm sure
My sandwich crusts fall and house a family
of angry ants,
Marching indefinitely
And the cobwebs on the sink are lovely, I think.
The skyline is mosaic: bits of broken glass strewn together,
the cracks just barely visible.