

The Cygnet

Deep, shepherd blue flowers line the edge of the hill that I roll down
dizzy with child memories and actualities that I recall.
Lashes pulled out to wish on
and the ringing “again, again”
a plush softness of an animal on my cheek.
The fear of almost every one,
a content world of imagination to which I preferred and built,
and so with the legs of a beast I outran standards.
High scoring, slow spelling,
the inside of my sweatshirt is beady with wear and scratches my soft skin.
When did I begin to notice that I must not act so much of me?
that others didn’t like my world of make-believe?
There I see two fiery dots holding claim to my wisdom
such was them that I held on to for panic supported friendship.
There were two more dots, one brown and one blue,
who kept me spinning but stayed so constant in a place where I did not feel afraid.
Gazing out windows watching a dog running on the highway,
then I am dog running, feeling long tireless legs weaving in and out of lanes,
never missing a step, speeding past tow trucks and racing motorcycles.
Then dog goes to the green waiting room where babies play with trains,
Mother says my name to a woman at the desk, dog observes the babies, curious.
When they call, dogs ears perk up high,
then dog melts away in the white pink plastic blue foldered behind the door,
and sitting down makes noise and the fear of needing a shot.
Hello, I’m doctor cold and bony hand, breath in, and out, in, and out,
stinging round medal under my shirt.
A lemonade stand, allowed only so far as they could see,
we made three bucks, our customers? Your dad and my dad.
But we made three bucks, don’t cheat now, who gets the extra dollar?
Water balloons keep bursting before I can tie them,
this is a massacre, the boys are throwing green bombs of wet grass?
The asphalt is getting nearer and nearer, I’ve been falling for hours it seems,
which knee will it be this time?
Pain. I believe my whole my leg is ripped and gushing.
I cry and cry, help, mother puts me in the sink.
One Band-Aid is enough.
When I say goodbye, I knows she’ll be there in the morning,
but I breathe in through my nose to remember the smell of her perfume.
She wipes the lipstick off of my cheek and it’s time for mac n’ cheese and board games.
And maybe if you’re good some ice cream.
I hear them again. It makes my stomach hurt. I crawl into bed with my sister.
I still hear them, my stomach still hurts, but her arms and legs are warm next to mine,
She tells me a story until I fall asleep.
I try to tell my dreams where to go, but they never listen.
Waking to the goldfish belly up in the bowl, why is Dad walking towards the bathroom?

Reverie

Sunshine leaks through tiger stripes,
elephant tusks line the walls,
bear pelts wiped with mud
birds struck for their feathers.

Wind been keeping on
rain drips from a ceiling stain
air is thick with greenish mildew or
sweat from the place between your skins.

The lines on the wall
those little ones are gone.
Out of shoes, and patience,
not looking back to old photo albums.

Waxy apples bruises' shine glistening
under the florescent lights of the kitchen
smelling of ammonia and
the tan packaged warnings gone unnoticed.

See the dead skin miniscule bits of dust,
moving closer with your sucking breath
burdenless in empty spaces
tickling the sensitive walls of the esophagus.

Panting from the bedroom
as the best that it can be unsatisfactory and slimy
uncharacteristically energetic working
for the instant the other did not exist.

When timing becomes reality
what should there be left to be curious about,
Is there no one looking for the sake of discovery?
None but fallen to recognition.

Belly sickness and sore throats
pills, syrups, money, sex,
artificial light for when we are
scared of the dark.

Words on the walls mean nothing
without eyes to read them,
recognition or not,
eyes need just to see before looking.

Optional depth suicide
chosen insanity
mumbled despair
and isolation on the art of one

Set at the feet for founders
to step on and slobber over
with bubble articulation
and death threats monetarily

optical, optical, obstacles
popsicles and purses,
sweet cherries and salt water
things that get us excited.

Turning to notice the greasy face
chosen in quick ambition
now masked as ever
wondering if it'll go right again.

A quivering chest and mocking lip,
silent panic and sorrow
swallowed hard with the drug,
coins fall into the digestive tract.

Marche Funèbe

Simply butter fingered, letting things slip,
lacking the lenses of experience,
black fabric dragging the sky,
tossing in bed with untrained anxiety,
vulgar behavior because I am alone,
iconoclastic, except that I am alone,
brave and cowardly wrapped in rose packaging,
thunder keeping me and my pounding hammer hitting,
the rain making soaked everything blinds will look at,
the country telling me that there is more than what I know
coming from the east, working up from the south,
a tornado of disillusion before my eyes.
Flopping, hungering, thieving, greedy glutton,
nothing to keep hands off of sweets and the things
deep hidden in the refrigerator, terrified of the mold.
There is nothing for miles, nothing on foot can be sought,
snorting along the pathless street,
nearly getting hit by trucks and rider-mowers,
an orange woman in a green string bikini
strikes my mother up with conversation,
as is with the rest of the neighbors.
The front porch is a war zone, a TV game show,
a zoo habitat.
Ogle while you can for I won't stay long,
festering depression naturally caught in flytrap,
the green is green and the fresh air is good air
standing in arms, nothing but the glass of a fish bowl,
no room to stretch even the imagination.
God fearing and righteous, what a good man he is, but-.
Chapped lips on falling asleep wake plump and rested,
curls forced into shape are bouncing, nothing like those of
the other I've seen once, they weren't hard at all.
Like a grand sow parading downtown, men and machinery add on the building,
bidding themselves dry, flipping coins since sunup,
wondering where in the hell she learned to dress like that
and the knife stabbed between shadowed grapes,
dragged down to toes and back up again,
boys in uniforms smile, men in foreign cars don't bother.

Taking offense in my hesitation in tone,
I am run over by the nearest tractor and torn to bits.

There was plenty of tears for me though- so innocent and young,
console my parents will you? Give them the smile they ask for,
the whole creaking house is filled with them talking,
glazed eyes in every socket, drinks in boney palms,
someone paid for little snacks of French quality, just in my honor,
and what a pity I never had a chance to taste them anyway.
Certainly, they collected what they could find in that field,
and delicately arranged what I ought to be in a casket,
no one could tell that half of my organs served as fertilizer to
that Shetland pony in the yard, eating up all the grass that's grown over them.
I look just dainty, covered with a most beautiful gift of budding summer flora,
surely my mother will need support to converse with the guests,
my father will barely be able to sit downstairs.
Then, someone will spit out their only favorite memory of me, and
it will go on with laughter and tears squeezed from the corners.
What a great scholar I was, so determined and independent.
Real different, real settled in who I was and what I believed in,
At least I saw the country before I was accidentally eaten by John Deere.

Now I wish that you could have seen those faces,
when I stretched with a yawn, sending flowers to the floor,
turning blush when I noticed them all staring.
And then feeling so alive, I get up and dance like the girls on TV
and I'm the star of my party and all their mouths drop
and all my pieces started sliding off, the glue wouldn't quite hold.
And faced with my bones, they are forgetting what I look like,
pinching their paper skin, examining their own purple veins,
fanning themselves with pamphlets and magazines
and I'm moving still, back and forth.
I was surprised when they fled from my living room,
they seemed so happy in my dead room,
but perhaps they went out for some air.
So walking outside, my bones grew too heavy,
and my skull fell cracking on the concrete, rolling down the driveway,
and at night was swept off by the gutter cleaner.
I don't know what become of the rest but
it'll be lifetime before I forget what's been done of what's left of me.

Plasma

Waiting for nothing less than what comes in wide eye dreams
on stone walls in kitchens that have been cut out in squares
forming oceanic waves to the floor shaking foundation
where wood eats away plastic space squeezed into shapes
and nothings pass quickly, sticky and sluggish the walls dripping with thirst.
Silver reflections of a goddess in the sky,
heavy black smog from the mouths of senators,
we are painting fruits in a bowl and faces out of everything.
Freckling till we're brown, brown until we're against it,
the vice tightens on our wastes and about our heads, brains slide out like spaghetti.
There's something coming out of your ears?
I'm still losing the weight.
Oh how soon?
Only another day or two before the procedure.
Are you relieved?
Ever so.
Drink from the pool of plasma and nicotine, feel that rush of immediate.
Heart pounding only with the help of the drum, ears are sufficiently plugged.
Devotion and deprivation come at a high price in the place of grubbing fingernails,
sour looking tree leaves all fallen to the floor.
There could be the movement of the feet of the mice to whom the exterminator is trapped.
Filling the jar with words and foreign tongues, they have trouble deciding who's was the red one
scratching its name on the television, screaming out in speakers untypeable
unspeakable sounding things that roll off the tape severing chords.
When I come up for air I see you sometimes looking sad,
and wonder if my legs even belong to me.
Forgetting about limbs treading in the sea above a shark, I hadn't thought they were mine and
was glad to feed them to him.
Pink clouds of curiosity burst beneath me my breasts are floating like buoys
and there is a scream from the sand where I once bathed.
Giggling and gurgling, the blood rushes to my throat and I want to sing, but on the metallic syrup, I'm
choked.
The crunching, I can feel it in those Jaws and nothing has felt in so long I relish.
Along the sunray overhead melanoma calls your bluff,
but everything happens for a reason and if there's one thing you hate it's dark spots.
We found her in the toaster, it was awful that her insides had all cooked,
and the birds and the cats all gathered and began to eat
their fill of specialty poison unaware of the swallowed viruses coming from inside
the mantel is burning and the lava is turning to rock, but the plates are ever shifted away from
their mouths and supercilious taste buds craving chalky pills and fingers shoved down
On to the next cake in each photo, frosted in purple roses and cursive messages
another year shallower, draining the moisture from your kisses.
Long trails of cheesy disguises and excuses unpardonable
Don't calumniate in so hidden a space come and be known to me
for *I* will be the one to speak pernicious comments about your appearance
and *you're* the one to suffer for them as you grow to forget their inception.

The Plants that Grow in my Window

If you, I say pointing, if you are to die, then I suppose I'll let you do it proudly.

And to the dirt without sprouts I say, and you, if you are to live, I suppose I'll let you do it slowly.

And to that which I love above all I say, you are the steadiest and strongest of any I've groomed, and though I love you most, when your time has come I'll put you in the ground and leave you on your own.