

Weak Pallbearer

Final Arrangements

When I die,
There is the matter of the body.

Place my mother's ring
On the little finger
Of my right hand.
(Her hands were always so much more delicate than mine)

In my left fist,
Lily-of-the-Valley.
(purity, and poison)

Shroud me in white cotton
Voile, bare-footed,
Hair long around my shoulders.
That always made me feel beautiful.
Wild and clean.

Before
My bones reduce to grit,
Relics of this life.
Silver fillings that jangle
Against the walls of a shaken urn.

The Grimoire

My favorite words have a tasteable shape,
A lapping embouchure.
Plump and nectarine sweet,
They paint portraits.

They tell the tale of wanting you.
And the terrain of your body.
They lay out the delicate choreography of kissing you.

They form a spell.
(That can only be spoken in reverent whisper)

Puff... Bloom... Azure.

Blush Clover.

Velveteen.

-Twine,

-Slake,

-Moonglow.

... Shiver.

Baby's Breath.

Sapphire.

Incense.

The Sommelier

*Watermelon
Sun-dried cotton
Yellow
Soft grass
Rustling
Off-key lullabies*

*Black tea
Clean perfumed skin and smoke
Brick red
Berber
Jewel tones
Steely Dan*

*Pepsi sugar
Stale cigarettes
Burgundy
Musty velour
Screeches and silence*

*Preservatives
Cedar incense
Seashell pink
Tempera
Bells*

*Dust
Drugstore musk
Burnt orange
Cat dander
Sports radio*

*Acid
Souring sweat
Navy
Polyester and linoleum
Impatience*

*Powdered sugar
Potpourri
Ozone
Rayon yarn
Sitcom chatter*

Watermelon
Sun-dried cotton
Yellow
Soft grass
Off-key lullabies.

Legacy

I don't need to be remembered forever.

I won't scratch my name into a tree

Or under a school desk

Or leave a fossil of my shape behind.

I feel no urge to paint cave walls

Or build a giant glittering crypt.

I have no desire to be a permanent artifact of human history.

Legacy is too heavy a burden to bear

And the world is a weak pallbearer.

Godiva

When I saw you,
That moment I saw you,

Space buzz-hummed white noise
Silence sucking to airless

Chemical-flooded,

cell-fizzed, cold steam-shuddered

Then,

Peace.

Your voice, a low register that held tune with my heat-pitched wail
For

You. You. You.

You fed gaze between my scrawny thighs
Thick with milklove irised in richly-colored
none-of-their-business,

How much I loved you

Romulus.

How did you bear holding something so wild
With such tender gravity?
You were a binary planet,
Not a moon.

So soft.

Cold water-shocked laughter,
so easy.

Favors, bittersweet and shyly offered.

Your blunt fingers ink, mine graphite,
Signed cursive promises on our naked backs.

Thank you.

Your gentle chemistry was home.
I should have warned you I was feral.
I'm sorry, I wish I'd known.
I hope it healed right.

Please

Don't feed the animals.