

An Accident

Smokers embody the tail of blue jays
Like a descent into stubborn melancholy,
a faltering drab of misplaced grace. A view
into pale pink lungs that reek
not of twentieth century worker jackets,
but the perfume labeled with “musk” and “fresh sea.”
A cacophony of false accusations sit on
her neck and dig nails-deep into her eyes,
a soft sight that relieves turmoil. Last summer,
she forgot to confess her sins. To this day,
she only relives each moment in her mind
on psychedelics. Bricks break glass
in the window to paint her tainted flesh, like most
dramatic visions see her as perfect.
She sits in her room and finds herself drowning
in her stained sheets, a scream
into a bumpy road that places pain with delicacy. I am taken
away in chains and nudged into tunnels in
the old county psych ward. I only see people from
northern New York, and my breath falters.
Some of the gleaming yellow lights
narrowly shine on my car.
I wind up the bulletproof window.

White Rain

Inviting like the tracks into a mouth disguised
as a tunnel agape in darkness,
only open until anguish subsides. Living in void
brings the comfort
of an antique bookshop
on a drizzly day. Think of me
as someone coming into your mouth,
prepared to give your tonsils a tug
so you withhold your grudges
I doubt you would react so adversely.

A dog waits outside with wet fur pressed upon his skin,
frailer than me, enormous frame flattened
and I look toward the treasures that lie
In my mind. I fail to perceive why I long for resolution.

The shining portrait view of an ideal body whose head
falls out of the crop and is chopped off. She smiles
when held firmly by wig glue. I feel like her when
you target me, not at my head, but for how I look.
I refuse to lose my head
Like you lost my eyes.
Shouldn't you feel ashamed
of the pressures that eat at you
like ants consume neglected crumbs?
I've found myself, and so should you.

Redder

Rust and ash flower on pleated cloth,
Petals burgundy from cinnamon powder.
A coffee shop with rusted surfaces
and wiped chalkboard menus
A brown calico cat scurries
kicking up dust that shapeshifts into a mouse
Wiggling its hind legs in anticipation
while wearing a fedora embodying
Indiana Jones, the dapper fellow loses interest and
goes back to licking his paws to comb his hair

Above the cat in the attic
a man jazes to himself, feeling alive
at forty years old rediscovering
the finely out-of-tune guitar
that was snatched up at
a yard sale. He holds
no imagination, only
the four chords and sense
of rhythm once
ingrained into him by his father
at twelve

It no longer makes sound but rather buzzes like
drunken bees or bass-boosted ringtones
shocking 19th-century civilians in orange skies

They both grow in a new world, but one forgets it

Duck

Webbed feet, waddling, a surprisingly well-read duck.
Rubbered and slimed as feet work to tread, duck.

Eyes blank like saucers, blissfully unaware.
Honking and pedaling while being faithfully bred, duck.

When it opens its mouth, like a trephining carrot
drills and clamps up and down, a tool in the shed, duck.

Yellow when young, jeune quand jaune,
A sun leaves sheen on the feathery cloud like a bed, duck.

Mother leads, mother feeds, mother traverses
as little babies clump and cluster when led, duck.

A beep, soft-spoken and jolly, sultry-like,
followed by a gentle breeze leaving words unsaid, duck.

Air, land, and water, in three dimensions
Enjoy the freedom of Earth that lies ahead, duck.

An old man in a cap arrives at noon,
providing rations and rations of bread, duck.

Making a Plant Baby

Breeding plants is not like breeding animals.
In fact, plants do not breed. Instead they
simply grow to new heights and soak up
the sun until they feel like they're able
to sustain more, kind of like a good mother.
They do not have children
until the conditions are right to sustain the
self, enough so to sustain another.
The soil is like a society of villainous fiends,
an atmosphere with only so many resources,
and with pests that kill only during the night.
To propagate is the opposite of selfish,
the belief in the ability of the new.

That is why I say to the plants that refuse
to reproduce: "Don't be so humble—
you are not that great."
The plant takes that as it will,
begins to shrivel like the death of a star,
a satisfaction, because it begins with nothing.