

*Parton Me*

Picking at purple butterfly pea flowers  
As they dance just beneath the boiling point,  
Organic and ostentatious all at once.  
She melts in that two-legged, straight-back chair  
Like a post-partum popsicle,  
Sleeping between the spaces of the wooden porch planks.  
A Tennessee home with no chirping crickets,  
A mountain-side of stolen honeysuckle sweetness.  
She sings for the june bugs and the fireflies,  
She sings for the songbird and the baby's sighs,  
Just as magnificent as her muffled Monday cries,  
She sings for a life built on luscious lavender lies.

*Empath(Y)*

You peel and pull until the skin is as raw and as red  
As the freshly refurbished tear ducts of your  
saline-coated people watchers. Hardened  
calluses and homegrown hang-nails.  
Absorbing abscessed heartache  
From the farcical aristocrats  
Who can't handle the pain  
Quite like a narcissistic,  
Self-proclaimed  
"Tortured"  
Artist like  
You.

*Boy Toy*

He licks sweet strawberry scorn  
Fresh from a hand-blown faucet,  
Staining two wanting lips.  
Shivers and shatters into  
Shots!

Shots!

Shots!

Watch him cavort and careen,  
Kick off those combats,  
A cancerous teleplay of congenial suffering.  
Deceptive sleight of hand  
Makes his dick go hard like

Wait...

Well-read and blank faced,  
He unbuttons a new studious try-on,  
Scowling at his own degradation.  
Tomorrow finds his back row listlessness,  
GPAs and Shakespeare sonnets,  
Daydreams of “fuck me” and “get out”.

*Motivational Lapses*

My fingers buzz cold  
the way the itchy fuzz of  
television static deafened  
the monotony of my adolescence  
and scream to me  
*you need to get the fuck up.*

*1981*

They took from the pit  
of our deepened desperation  
with a kurt sort  
of satisfaction  
as we decayed in dispirited  
consultation cubies clamoring  
with

Beep...

Beep...

Beeps

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