

Your

Your head was too damn big to rest on those teetering shoulders,

Humpty-dumpty; Pinocchio knock-off,

like a fly in my ear, feelings of resentment smoldered.

Your ego filled the entire room; your magnetic-energy

stomped on my inexorable energy,

consuming your conniving crowd.

I'm out-

I'd rather jump to my doom.

Your crude humor was funny

when there was no swarm to please.

I saw right through;

I'm more than a tease.

But please! Entertain your busy bees,

winter will come soon anyways.

Your magnetic-energy tied my hands behind my back.

The most tragic part:

you would walk all over me

and I would tell you to run; killer bee.

You weren't worth a longing stare out the window.

But maybe you'll come back down to earth

and we can drive back down to California

and skip rocks in the river

and give that toad another kiss.

Until then,

I hope your back is ok

supporting your big head.

Fairies Are Always Happy

No care in the world so I walked
the park lane barefoot
and the sun soaked asphalt
warmed my toes
and the grass looked so enchanting
I had to cartwheel through it.

I dyed my hair purple the day before
and that lady dressed head to toe in purple
fluttered across the street and handed
me a purple flower
so I put it in my purple hair.

And I walked barefoot with that
purple flower in my hair
singing and twirling under the Monterey cypress

because maybe if people see me sing and twirl

they will want to sing and twirl too.

I twirled right into a grove

with a twinkling pond in the middle

so I walked right in without picking up my skirt

because the water danced with the sun

and I wanted to dance with it.

But the asphalt stained my feet black

and the dye washed out of my hair

and the flower wilted

and twirling made me dizzy

and my damp skirt made me cold.

But someday I will find happiness without a catch, yes.

Memories Get Replaced Like My Baby Teeth

We have the same ugly green rug,

but the floor is lava,

so we balance on rocks

made out of pillows

so we don't burn our toes.

I was jealous of your fish tank on the dresser,

the goldfish orange as the lighting during bedtime stories,

above where you pulled out my ripe front teeth—

I did not dare scream to prove I'm brave like you—

so the tooth fairy could leave a dollar beneath my pillow

where I would put my pearl tooth like you do.

You let me help build your Lego sets

and we would trash the room with bricks and Star Wars figures strewn all over

the ugly green rug.

I envied your big Lego spaceships that came in those huge boxes
because the girl Lego sets were always
pink and simple.

Sometimes you would roll me up in a blanket burrito
with your big blue bedspread
so tight I could barely breathe,
but I wouldn't dare back-out,
because boys don't bail.

I used to see your room in my dreams
every so often,
But as time goes on my memories soften,
I can't see your room anymore,
the walls, painted with yellows and blues, have mixed into greens.