

## Ice Cream and Cigarettes

Months of muggy heat and cicadas,  
We were caught between two worlds.  
The summer of finding heartbreak or true love, each for the second time.  
Some now did cocaine in bathrooms,  
We still swung on the swings.  
Kisses became sex,  
Sex became commitment,  
Candy became cash and,  
Ice cream became cigarettes,  
Now, we were being shoved out a door while we grappled to hold it open.  
We had missed so much, but didn't know what.  
Anxious thoughts carousel in our minds,  
With a tune of confusion playing.  
We discuss only future plans.  
How were we not going to be failures in this life?  
We're afraid to make the same mistakes the adults made,  
Even though we know we will.  
We boarded a ship and watched our neverland fade away, too late to swim back now.  
Bare facts of life become complicated.  
With the tension of not knowing how to live anymore.

## Mummy Girl

Stuffed into stockings and tight pigtails.

We cross our legs and worry about our hair and lip gloss.

We used to be like the boys,

Now we are neatly tucked away.

That wild girl is bottled up losing oxygen, slowly rotting away.

Decrepit and shriveled to nothing.

Worms eat out her eyes and wriggle through her ears.

Her hair is long gone.

She sticks to the pit of our stomachs, like road kill to hot pavement.

Releasing a stench that works its way through the body.

A stench that wrinkles our noses and settles in our brains.

The smell of envy for the little boys who didn't get caged up.

The ones who weren't made to feel uncomfortable in their own skin.

Fun is born from chaos and we were taught order.

As we grow older the stench never leaves, we just become nose blind.

The little girl remains plastered to the inside, nothing more than fossilized memory.

Into a Thousand Little Pearls.

We stop at a bar.

It was two in the morning dark.

Smoke dripping from the air,  
red light hanging along the walls.

People melting over the bar.

Their heads drooping every direction.

Their legs draped side to side.

We sit down.

Order drinks.

Martini dry with a twist for me.

Manhattan on the rocks for my friend.

A man with tan skin, striking eyes, dark hair sits next to me.

“You’re beautiful” the man says to me,  
different than when others had said it.

I feel my pulse in my head and cheeks.

The man continues to speak,  
his eyes are fully in view,  
never leaving mine.

I know what they mean, but he does not tell me.

The man delicately touches the nylon on my knee.

Next to me, my friend talks to a pack of Italians.

They stare at her tits.

Drool on their lips.

They speak to her like a child.

They grab her by the waist.

Chew and pass her around.

The man strokes my hair,  
offering to light my cigarette.  
Beautiful words pour from his mouth,  
eloquently elaborating on his life.

The pack next to us gets louder and louder.  
My friend clenches her pearls.  
They buy her drink after drink.  
Light cigarette after cigarette.  
The pack, slick hair, broad shoulders.  
Popping veins that exude danger.  
How they want to grab her.  
They readjust their ties.  
Broad silhouettes waiting to pounce a supple figure.  
They cooed and hollered.  
Held her to their lap.

The man lightly touches my warm cheek,  
beckoning me to turn back to him.  
He takes my hand, his nails pleasantly tucked into my skin.

I turn and the pack is gone.  
She is gone.  
I step outside.  
My body feels light and warm against the dark cold.  
I follow my curling breath as it flies over to a figure in the dark.  
Dress ripped.  
Shoulders exposed.  
Tears of mascara running into smudged lipstick.  
A thousand little pearls gleaming around her.

## Disease of the Façade

I go out.

There are people I care about for a night.

People I want to kiss for a night.

A slice of the vast, empty world.

The rush of excitement in my stomach,

I begin to throw up.

Throw up my desperate need for connection.

Oh, how we talk about Virginia Woolfe and

oh, how we both know we want to live where it rains.

What does it matter?

I no longer know how to live in my own façade.

My interactions are spoofs of our connection.

So close, I can barely remember it.

As if we never had those meaningless talks.

As if we jumped into passion head first.

How do I relearn to connect?

You infected my persona,

now you're gone.

Fuzzy people fill my nights.

The urge to grab their face to know they're real.

The urge to scream to know I am real.

I watch glasses shrink and double.

People lick their lips and itch their arms,

itch their lips and lick their arms.

I am just like all of them.

## My Eyeballs Itch!

Men talk into suitcases.

The world is littered with repetition.

My feet itch if I stand still.

We all talk to ourselves constantly.

We are the next generation of the first TV's.

Putting them on our heads will save time.

Art is an amusing hobby.

“What’s the point if only you know about it?”

I want to scratch my eyeballs,

Until cornea bleeds under my nails.

We need to become unhinged,

Or we’ll drive ourselves crazy!

If David Byrne was president.

It would be a much weirder place.

What’s the point of the Stairmaster,

If you smoke two packs a day?

Make sure to wear your sunscreen.

Take my lungs as long as I have my pretty face.

What is her condition?

She suffers from normality.