

## Cotton Breeze

I whip past her,  
windows down, bluegrass  
crooning in my ears. She's  
melancholy, with tornado  
treated dress topped by  
leaning roof and crow's feet  
clutched to the shingles.  
She waves with her cotton  
breezing back and forth as I pass,  
praying that I don't forget her  
fifty miles from now.

## Infested Waters

My ego is an ocean  
you can dip your neoprene into,  
crystal clear waters that wetsuit  
around your thighs, waist, and collarbone.

Wade deeper and baptize yourself, let me  
praise your curves and shield  
your back from harsh winds  
pushed out naysayers' lips.

Wade deeper until all you see is black,  
currents pushing forward and pulling down  
into the Shark's mouth, beady  
eyes the heart of my insecurities.

## Seamstress

The words of my nightmares are hidden among this unblemished cotton fabric,  
pins stabbing into the abused cushion after each alteration of rotten fabric.

My questions for you are muted and obsolete, sewn inside the piping of my  
trachea, hidden within the base of my worn out vocal chords, a gotten fabric.

Strip my insecurities down to this khaki, shag carpet and let the fan-turned air  
pimple my skin not-yet-kissed by your worn out shirts, placing a forgotten fabric

over my shoulders, jacketing the *I wish* with the *I don't know* at the mention  
of your romantic name, drink in my hand, a girl in yours – misbegotten fabric.

I cannot move with the straightjacket you have belted across my chest and  
around my back, a picture-perfect mannequin writhing against the taut fabric.

The zipper is pulled, this Hook-and-eye fastened between my shoulder blades,  
the cotton serged so that you cannot fray away, almost like a bought fabric.