

Juice Box

Enjoy the fruits of your labor while they last.

I swallow slow, remembering the joy of reading comic strips.

I often forget that life's a fleeting ship,

I live to wait for the future's past.

Rip the plastic, poke the hole, take a sip.

For all the work I've done for that pink slip $\sqrt{\sqrt{\quad}}$

I remember none, as it flashes in a blast.

I swallow slow, remembering the joy of reading comic strips.

Remember how to tie your shoes with that bunny's tip

And how to recount your times tables fast.

Rip the plastic, poke the hole, take a sip.

Jump the turnstile like that rope you used to skip:

Life is never precast.

As you move along, remember the joy of reading comic strips.

This life may be your only. So eat some corn chips.

Looming adulthood may never arrive until elderhood has passed.

Rip the plastic, poke the hole, take a sip.

I swallow slow, remembering the joy of reading comic strips.

Confusion Leaf

Few moments created against some postulate
or some beginning, they misunderstood
that straight-back favors cooled me on.
Those uncertainties plagued my being,
Shifting realities between grapevines
and doorkeys. Nothing I misconceived
could be like my father pardoning me without the mop
In front of an elbow, a confusion leaf,
Before I mopped up an oak window,
weighing heavy on a grain of sand,
on a lively trail,
many exonerated as innocent, whispering
Behind a sea still without a wonderful steady going
of his gavel, my easy calculations lost
Misleading stagnation out of good girls -
I later pick up those circles,
changing me curved and wide,
After indifference stops petting here
On a collected deeds not belonging to elderhood.

Talking

Speech is a tundra, √

A belligerent, conciliatory force

bound only by the muscles of the tongue. √

Larynxes forming waves that sound like candy

or scallions

or my mother asking when grades are due. √√

Speech, with all of its pervasive applications, is an egg. √

“Te callas la boca,” she shouts,

Forcing my larynx to hide in the depths of my throat

waiting for the shame to pass. √√

William Shakespeare once wrote in a home in England

“Talking is not doing”

Yet my heart still shatters without words

hidden by the steel walls of my mother’s heart. √√√

So talking must be

Recognition.

I spoke once. √√

Nat often forgets to speak, only

remembers her purpose under the

layers of silk lulling her to sleep.

She will speak eventually,

for if you speak, you are God.

Invitation

The wet blood of summer's red dawn
kisses the crater of youth
left unfilled by the congregation;
Controlled by the infinitesimal id.

Come pretend with me. Compose
the viscous silence seeping from your throat
while I bind it together. Flip
the dials of depravity.

Be the shallow mouse that sips the honey
from the cookie jar. Grow a horned
horn; become fluent in illiteracy
and pawn the leftover. Flip

over the torn page of breathless myths
to curve the tale to your truth.
You told me the meaning with your own mouth;
Trust in the power of the library.

I Don't Like the Beach
Because this is the hour of exhaustion
and insomnia I'll walk for a while
on the beach since it's here.

The blue hue of October's moon
shines through my body
as I become translucent.

I pick the mangoes off the ground,
reaching down to the heavens.
Pretending it's yellow, not blue
that envelopes the air.

As if the sun had risen again.
As if the miracle were working.