

FIBERGLASS MADONNA

Barbie was in her twenties I'd say
when we used to sew her clothes
on your singer look alike
back room of your maternal trailer
stitching time, saving none

I'd insist on bringing her
to the shower with us and she would
bathe in the amazon river basin created
from the drainage of your hair
and I would braid her hair
like your motorcycle hair sitting
there at your ankle
under the fall of your cleansed body

And her perfect plastic features
were a replica of you
reflecting in the basin
where a narcissus flower once bloomed
and Adonis once bled into
the brushed nickel drain

Even your breasts were as plastic as hers
those same warrior breasts
but you fell down the drain of wisdom,
of vitality,
a break in the river current

And Barbie was fully clothed
when you tried to stitch yourself
together in an institute for the imperfect,
communicating with your Singer look-alike,
Sexton at her typewriter

You were in your twenties, I'd say,
when you drowned,
Anticlea at the river

And we are bathing eternally,
showering Madonna statue of
mother daughter Barbie
with your blood forever pouring over us
Barbie, that whore, lying naked in the drain

LEXAPRO SHORTAGE

I am here to see a counselor today,
rotten psychology stinks to high hell
in my mind left on a shelf for 20 years
Bring me science
Bring me God
Anything but psychology

We came here together once,
you and I on the ironic love seat

I am staring at that brown seat now
It growls at me
I approach it like a enumerable caravan to my grave
And startled, I turn to the black, more appropriate colored chair,
holding the clipboard of my subconscious tight,
like a tiger you would say

And you are no longer here
they ask for an emergency contact now
and my God,
I have had an epiphany

I have no emergency contact now

Perhaps that is the worst of it
A permanent check mark next to divorced,
A blank next to emergency contact

They're all deceased, I say
(Euphemism for rotting in graves
below Whitman's democratic grass
Shut up
This is why you are here in the first place)

And my mother is damn sure in the painting
on the wall staring at me with an oil painted tear
Mocking me for being like her
But there's no bullet in my head
No trickle of blood on my temple

Just an empty fucking loveseat

A BARREN GRAVE, WALDEN POND

I grow from the earth
as though houses were
formed on the eighth
day, emerging from
the dust like women
built from ribs.

Emerson, I join you
in the real houses
of this world,
the ones that
envelop the bottom
tier of gravity—
a pyramid of pressure,
our homes sprout
from the dirt under
our fingernails—
from atoms,
from bacteria,
from nothing.

The earth formed
deliberately from
the cabin and not
the other way
around, Thoreau.

I am a house,
empty,
barren of furniture
and my windows
are closed,
Venetian blinds
shut, smiling back
at me like Plath's
tulips perched
on her windowsill,

they mock me.

Still I sit,
emerged from
the earth like

a cracked
politician.

I lie to ecology.