

**On the Day I Forgot to Remember**

my phone,

we lost

the queen.

I was away

foraging early urban apples, late-life plums, and Chicken of the Woods.

I was alone

showered in the sounds of the salmon-feathered buglers hidden in the cattails.

I was distracted

by the outstretched ruby neck of the lone heron on the lifeless cedar.

I was too busy

awaiting the neon emergence of the dragonfly's edgy perch.

Somehow, though,

the march

went on

without me.

## Blue Trees

I've  
 never much  
 understood Lego instructions  
 or even the brains of children who understood  
 why the white blocks really *must* touch the blue blocks, or why  
 they'd even work that hard for a motorcycle in the  
 first place. I've actually always hated  
 Legos, but in a pinch, no  
 better  
 options,  
 I'd  
 build  
 blue  
 trees.

I've never  
 much understood  
 me. Why  
 I couldn't just love to  
 play like the others.  
 That simple joy of  
 connecting the colored pegs like  
 the paper  
 work  
 said.

But  
 I guess  
 maybe  
 some  
 of  
 Us  
 just  
 need  
 to  
 hate  
 Legos

because, otherwise, who else will be ready to teach them to grow rivers of blue trees?

## Scorpions, We

*Crawlers!*  
*Alit in blue florescent*  
*blended against the creases,*  
*tucked beneath the tongues*  
*of the closet's cast-away sneakers.*  
*Glowing!*  
*Venom pulsing stingers—*  
*liquid fire I want to feel, but fear:*  
*Protect myself*  
*with clapping shoe bottoms*  
*and flat-souled*  
*stomps.*

The basement closet buzzes electric—  
 Cheap fluorescent overheads signal life inside:

In our business, we call this closet an office  
 and we've put the grant writer inside.

Each day she slinks unseen  
 down the back entrance stairs  
 to her lair of singular projects and silence.

She's part-time; half my pay.  
 No PTO like me—  
 I lead:

I sit headtableseen!  
 I move heavyshoedloud!  
 I have arrived

to the corner office—  
 with the view  
 and the missedfamilycelebrations.

Between my emails and meetings, I find her.

*I have been searching for you  
since I first learned the power of your sting.*

I'm captured by the hush that seeps from the place  
she's adorned in due dates and ideas.  
And I'm hypnotized!  
Like a child again  
toeing the margins of the Off-Limits places  
where the scorpions hide.

*Wary.  
Close enough to stay distant.  
Reveling in stillness that irks  
but compels me.*

*I envy your calmclawed confidence, scorpion!  
Sprawled close,  
poised for catching life.*

My phone vibrates.  
*The call*  
I won't silence it any longer.

*Creep!  
Crawl across me.*

Take me to your catching creases  
and I'll give you *all*  
my shoes.