

## Reflections

### B is for Boy and G is for Guy (1945)

The girl grips the grill,  
Of her Grandpa's busted truck,  
Still tasting the grape juice,  
Along her burbling tongue.

Granted, Grandpa's truck is larger than her.  
"Goodness, gracious," any bystander would gander,  
That truck could grab her and break 'er in half.  
But she's a natural, balanced there  
In her brand-new, baby-white boots,  
As if God himself had planted her goobers down,  
On that graveled ground,  
At Grandpa's.

Little girl,  
Gorgeous girl,  
You don't get it yet.  
But you will in good time.  
That place you're in is not granted to you.  
Grandpa's truck is for the guys in town.  
Right now, it is only for make believe.

You see, God didn't see fit to gift you with that advantage.

So, bathe in the greatness now,  
Of guiding that automobile,  
Of governing where it goes,  
Because in the war of guys and dolls,  
It'll be awhile before the guns are finally on your side—

Once and for all.

## An Analysis in Asinine Assonance

          they say  
i,      They say  
I

          Say They  
What am I  
Who am I  
Who  
are we?

We,  
          They say  
We  
We?  
They?

you become—  
          —separated  
From the  
problem.

Now You.

With Your I  
And We  
And They

When I turns into You,  
And us then is versus them,  
When They becomes  
it.

It, Them, Us

Don't You remember?  
It's I before You,  
Except in a pew—

These pronouns pronounce our predicament.  
Now Our...

She suffers in suffixes,  
Communicates in commas,  
Periodically exists,  
As a series of punctuations,  
And periods.

Her euphoria rests  
in anaphora  
in parallelism  
in  
enjambment

Poetry flows in her veins—  
Ink as thick as blood  
Her eyes act as a pen  
Which pin pins in the world

Her punches are puns  
Laced in the fine vintage  
Of Shakespeare and Frost  
Of Dickinson and Poe

Allusions made all too clear  
In the illusion she presents to the world

She prefers  
to perform  
through prefixes

She gets as excited for an ellipse  
As the world for an eclipse

Or maybe it's they...  
    Or them...  
        Or us

## Vase

You knocked my flower vase off the counter.  
Now I have to wrap my shirt,  
Tightly around my skin,  
And pick up the splatter.

But the glass still slips through,  
Scarring my bone-tired hands.  
The mirror image now  
Encasing my heart in glue.

So, I pick up the glass,  
While you sit on your ass.

But I know that's not fair,  
To make that assumption.  
Because I know a little secret,  
About how your flower vase functions.

An invisible string,  
Like two cans between neighbors,  
Tied our vases together,  
'Til you cut with your razors.

So, your flowers fell forward,  
Crashing to the floor.  
But the furniture is too high,  
For me to see you anymore.

But you cut and you clawed,  
Not me and my issues.  
We weren't responsible for your pause,  
For my abuse of these tissues.

I patch my vase back together,  
To display my pretty flowers.  
A little tattered from the clatter,  
From falling to the floor.

But that doesn't matter,  
No, not at all.  
Because the real beauty, yes  
That lies in the fall.

## **Obstruction**

*“The anxiety, worry, or physical symptoms cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.” –DSM-5*

The heaving,  
Scratching,  
Vomiting—

The distress,  
Impairment,  
Obstruction—  
    And yet,

What about the seemingly insignificant things?

“Did she just give me a funny look?”  
“I hope I locked my car door so no one breaks in...”  
“Does this dress make me look fat?”  
“They’re staring at you.”  
“Look, you made him leave.”  
“You didn’t get everything done? Typical.”  
“How will I pay my bills if my car breaks down?”  
“You are a disappointment.”

The incessant inner-monologue of anxiety cuts deepest.  
Thoughts churn from head,  
To stomach,  
To mouth.  
Unloading your  
Breakfast and insecurities  
Into the toilet.

Stomach and brain briefly empty.

But a person must continue to eat.  
A brain must continue to think.  
Cyclical.

Anxiety is walking on eggshells,  
Begging yourself not to step on a crack,  
Firmly believing there’s a connection between your mistakes,  
And your mother’s broken back.

Anxiety is replaying scenarios in your mind,  
Over and over.  
Each run through a dissent  
    Into a different  
        Circle  
            of Hell

Anxiety is running a marathon without moving an inch.

Sleep for a year?  
Still tired.  
Can't fall asleep?  
Still wired.

Anxiety blinds you to accomplishments,  
Binds you to its establishments.

Distress,  
Impairment,  
Obstruction—  
Yes.

But truly,  
Anxiety majors in its minors.

*“By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.” –Shakespeare, Macbeth*

## Juxtaposition

Completely solid  
3 feet thick

There are 3 cement rectangles

They connect to form an open square

The fourth wall  
Bars  
Smooth and silver  
3 inches thick  
Across these 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 vertical bars  
Rests a horizontal latch  
3 inches thick

You are sitting in a cage  
You know  
You know life outside the cage  
It's liquid freedom and joy  
A concoction mixed with happiness

But also unknown  
Potentially dangerous  
And yet you are locked in this cage  
Aren't you?

The lock is inward-facing  
The world can't get you out  
It's an inside job  
And you are the only one with a key  
A gift  
Should you choose to use it

You are comfortable in your cage  
More five-star than cell block

But there is something sour  
Like the faintest of rotten scents in the finest perfumes  
That permeates these walls

The base is still there  
But you wait  
And wait  
2 sides of yourself conflicting  
Juxtaposing each other

You take 1 2 3 steps forward  
Pick up the key

Jagged breath—one more step  
Shove the key in the lock

Back away  
Look at the venomous luxury  
1 2 3 steps back  
Returning to life in the cage  
Immersing yourself in the comfortable filth  
With the flicker of freedom fluttering  
In the back of your mind

You look up  
See the bars  
Beyond—  
Freedom  
Joy  
Happiness  
1 2 3 4  
Turn the key

Step back

You hang a curtain across your bars  
Your fourth wall  
But you can hear it  
The joy, happiness, freedom

1 2 3  
Rip the curtain back  
Drink in the sight  
Satiating your need

You nail 3-inch-thick wood to your bars  
Blocking out the sights and sounds  
Returning like a pig to its slop

But again and again you return to that wall  
Long for it

1  
Freedom  
2  
Joy  
3  
Happiness

Carnivorous as wolf  
You shred the wood

Quick as a fox  
You push the door

You look back  
Because you are a juxtaposition  
You don't want to be a juxtaposition

1 2 3  
Steps *forward*

You live this uncomfortable life  
Filled with uncertainty and pain and strife  
But  
Filled with freedom and joy and happiness  
No rottenness to tinge the sweet

You belong to the outside  
Always will

And yet  
1 2 3  
Steps back  
Door closed  
Lock latched  
Lose sight

Beginning again

Because you are a Juxtaposition

And again  
And again