

POEM 1:

**The Witch's Kiss**

A slurping sound sludged through the bubbles of the black cauldron  
And pillars of green smoke spiraled into the air  
Pungent with picked toenails, parsley, and mud slugs  
A dash of sawdust and a drop of virgin tears, if you're able to find some

Feathers of a fowl flown south  
Plucked without warning  
Like the vacancy of heartbreak  
A storm unseen  
Boarded windows to the heart  
Wrists swung and nails hammered

Wrists that swirl the cauldron  
Fingers boiling with gout  
Of all the poisons one could choose  
Love hurts worst, no doubt

Love spells don't sweetly settle  
They're bitter and they're sad  
And they burn the chest like bourbon  
But without the warmth it adds

There's nothing pleasant about them  
Except for the fact they work  
But to down the drink of delusion  
One must sip it how it's served

And mirror the spell within  
Spoiled  
Rotten

POEM 2:

**I Must Bury Sorrow**

I must bury sorrow  
In the eve of mourning's wake  
With shovels I must borrow  
For lack of strength to take

Dirt dryer than it's meant to be  
As my sweat now turns to steam  
I pray for grief to swallow me  
If only in my dream

The heat today is humbling  
Like sinners on their knees  
God's stomach now is grumbling  
He hungers for disease

The cancer took my sorrow  
And rotted all her meat  
A collar for tomorrow  
On a dog I've yet to greet

POEM 3:

### **My Mother's Turtle**

I'll take care of him  
I told my mother  
As our withering hands made the exchange  
A passing of the torch of sorts  
Her beast becoming mine

*Feed him, clean him, make sure he doesn't die  
He has no hope without your eye*

I want to crack him open  
And peel him from his cozy world  
Slice his scaly legs and serve him in soup  
So that I may survive inside his shell  
And when anxiety overwhelms me  
I'll withdraw myself from the world and all  
Until the day  
Calvin Candie calls  
To examine the dimples in my skull

POEM 4:

### **Wreckage**

“Slow down Speed Racer”

Somebody should have told him

It sounds cliché

But blood was everywhere

On the hood

In the car

Sprinkled on the windshield

Shards of glass glistened in the headlights

And painted on the tree

His brain portrayed a portrait of Buu

As bits of skull lay around the base

Like someone had cut the boy's head in half

And removed the innards

Placing some here

Some there

His body wrapped around the trunk like a vine

His bones indented into the bark

One of his shoes

Placed perfectly on the roof

While the other remained inside

Under the wheel

With his foot snuggled in

Inertia rips like paper

His card says organ donor

But those organs do not work

In the back

Sat his brother

Untouched in the car seat

Still smiling

Playing with his blankey

POEM 5:

**Child's Homily**

I saw, somehow  
A smartie or sweet tart  
Sliding sideways on the statue of our savior's shoulders.  
And a little dust ball dancing in the desert beside it.

I like to imagine Rango  
Looking down  
From the thorny crown  
At the sea of strangers  
United in sound.