

Dear Traumatic Brain Injury Survivors,

Words hold their breath-
stumbling into a pool of worries-
How do we match the design
the water pulls?
or hold a buoy
that cheats the eye?
The riptide comes
and saves-
¾ of your tools of your mind-
by dragging you to shore-
to dry and eat the air-
¼ liquidized your direction of thoughts-
to self you speak of this;
“where did I put my memory?”

Love, to us all

My dog saves my fall from seizures while many a pill do nothing at all

my pills give
a round of applause
falling, crushing
on their sides
of laughter;
“oh death, we
do not have
any a part of.
Sweep us up
off your floor
or your dog
will eat us up
and give
a deadly pant,
with her eyes
rolling off
your source
of safety.”

Hor(ror)se Show

(I'll ask your parents to spend the night,
and make it seem that I am alright.)

(If uptight they may be,
I'll use my agreeable remedy.)

"She needs to get up early
and there will be no worry."

(What an untasteful night,
if she doesn't put up a fight.)

"Her brain needs to be fresh
to ride her horse the best."

(For if she talks fresh,
I'll strangle her to death.)

"She will go to bed early
so that we are in no hurry."

(She'll sleep upside down
with only hair touching the ground.)

(Candy comes in handy

Oh, many a breath she will miss,
with lollipops choking her esophagus

piercing her tongue
is oodles of fun

turning licorice red
with her blood instead.)

(Laced chocolate bars I use as bait,
rescuer often comes too late

but if I forgot
to tie her to the bed?

and tickle her with my cat's tail
for mass hysteria never fails-)

Blame her horse;

1. For riding; it's a dangerous sport,
(and when she dies,) my name not on report
2. She's eaten by carnivorous horse,
Will that cause them less remorse?
3. All at last, this might be much better,
just smothering her with her sweater!

"Stop fantasizing," says my tailless cat.
"It's too early, why be in a hurry?
For when she comes home from college,
an overdose is more acknowledged."

Girl on Call

up
a ladder
with pumps
to pose-
gathering crisp
unfolded cash
straight
into
her mouth-

her lips
forecast no
swine be
low-

down the steps
she winds-
painting smiles
of red-
to stop and open,

windows of opportunities...

Brain Storm

Chaos is her forte - a Forte of Fate - oh clever she is, or so she thinks - pickled in a jar of no recognition - heckled by chance of academic fate - cluemessmess - what do you (of all things) expect? - she will never win a prize with eyes like yours - no wait - never win a prize by eyes scratched by judgement (is that bribery?) that reads in disbelief how tortured I am by title; a poem or prose or erase - what on earth do you think you'll find?? may i remind you play tally ho on words haha - re-mind; like get a new brain comma a recycled brain comma a committed brain this is insane to understand - comma - you you you paraquat you you you feline felon you you you are thou acquitted of the chance you have not? as a chemical compound of a brain comma freeze brain comma, coma (been there, done that) comma, blocked brain that runs on, runs forth, no wait - runaway is more successfully acquired for per you - no purr my commotion is friendly damn it, it sought to use once again - oh sweetie, stop rambling!

For it will scramble more, taste worse, and how to conclude this statement? Just be aware to eat this mixed up remedy. The warning is way too small to achieve the infomo you mean it with poisonous to read, Indeed, O' dear I didn't mean to bite your tongue when I began a devilish grin (of rhythm.)

By, (nearly bye bye from this unpredictable unmandated foolish (truth behold (upon) the slithering lines of words what do you predict? - My, Her, Your comprehension is berserk - would you have been mourned in good grief or a relief? death suit doesn't fit well - your strong will to no I wasn't gonna get a penny haha hehe -a tedium of a testament of what he she you have engraved comma degrade comma poor grade and and run on again on an away with nonsense never dismissed.

By a behecked, pickled, frozen, defrosted, unset of, of, of, identify thief stealers taker believers...and on and on it goes we go, you do, she, he, this meanders on the desk the trash requests sympathy the window opens its mouth in a turmoil (turd mole) and the door swings not in romance but in a place of freedom.

P.S. What does this stand for? preverbal invention invasion submission admission rendition of a costly binder fleeing from passing on its last word.