

Post Weight-Loss

I became
a splinter
wedged in
the toe of
grandma
(in law).
Across the
table, she
decided I
was starving
myself. It
wasn't healthy.
She had
3 mimosas
giving her
ideas. She
drank mine.
I didn't know
what was on
my plate but
when I used
chopsticks
to poke it,
it popped
like egg yolk,
like a zit
oozing puss
and blood.
Grandma's
lipstick was
crusted with
those fluids.
The chopsticks
looked like
my legs,
she said.
I pushed my
plate away.
Spittle flew
from her
tongue:
Eat, you stick!

Small Town Gossip

The fault in the asphalt was the Ass' fault
for sure, but the ass passed the buck
to the Buck, and what muck that Buck can rake;
he liked to bait the Snake.
But the Snake was on break during this break
(which was great for him and all),
but who should take the fall?
The Ram? Now

the Ram will get you out of a jam but fam he ain't fruit.
Not to toot his horns but he's pretty worldly-worn,
but with a bribe he hatched a plan to save their skins.
He downed some fire water,
went and found himself a squatter –
a little Deer. Perfect fodder if you ask the rattler.
'Course he's a fan of veil.

First came the slaughter, last came the feast.
The beasts replaced their pawn, the fawn,
with the taste of rump and gin. At the potluck,
after church, they gave a toast to their kin,
To the Ram!
What a plan!
Amen!

Lonesome

The girl on the patio, spitting
watermelon seeds in constant
competition with herself.

Underneath her nails, she
carried the river's bank home,
remnants of hours spent in fervent exploration.

When she ran barefoot, the dirt
on her ankles clumped and dried
and molded into her skin.

Her hair was too long not to knot itself.
The proud tangles were as manageable
as she was, and dusted with a layer

of kicked-up caliche. Her Sunday
dress was caked in nature's chalk
the day after the tags were removed.

She wore glasses
tinted with the moment,
and never realized she played alone.