

helicoptermoon

**Dear Trixie**

I have to tell you, I'm mad.  
Furious.  
I have never loathed someone so intensely.  
She had no right.  
Slithering her way in and erasing you.  
Your presence still lingers,  
memories floating through the air  
for me to crash into at random.

I wish for closure.  
Relief.  
With any luck, this goodbye will grant that wish  
or at least do more than all those hopeful,  
worn out pennies I've tossed into fountains.

I love you dearly and I hope the grass truly is  
greener on that side.

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### **Mask**

Hanging from the ceiling  
swaying and turning,  
as vibrant as the day my  
father surprised me,  
returning after what felt  
like forever to my young mind,  
I reminisce now looking at  
the dog-like gift,  
yet I feel a pang because  
he is far away once again.

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### **Cold Tactics**

It's all a game.

She cries, I hug her,  
she hugs back without emotion.  
I know I've lost her trust.  
I don't care.

I put on my act.  
Eyes of innocence,  
a voice of charm.  
Composed and sweet.

I make myself look good,  
the eyes of others watching.  
Behind closed doors,  
the act washes off,  
my nature returns to evil.

I prefer true blood over paper.  
I tell him what to do,  
he listens.  
He now treats my blood  
better than his blood.

I've won.

### **Painted Nails**

Sitting on the couch looking at  
the bright polish as it captivates you,  
choosing one, you shake the bottle  
then twist the lid, the smell  
hits you like a gust of wind  
that messes up your hair.

Pull up the lid, revealing the brush,  
polish drips and you wipe the excess,  
as you lay out your hand like  
you intend to draw its outline.

Take the brush and paint your first  
nail, yell at your dog to stop sniffing  
you, move on to the next nail.

Now all your nails are freshly  
painted, as shiny as the metal  
on the nail clippers.

Until they dry, as dry as skin  
in the winter, don't touch  
anything, smudges are the  
enemy here, don't say I didn't  
warn you, in fact, just act  
as if you have no hands.

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### **Vacationing**

Laughing.

“Oh. Shit.”

Crash.

“Oh my God!”

Shock.

“Don't get out of the car.”

Sirens.

“Why isn't he moving mom?”

Embedded.

Arguing.

“Watch the road!”

Terror.

“You're a backseat driver.”

Eye-roll.

“Get your license.”

Dread.

“Why don't you drive?”

Nightmares.