

## Lava

Burnt ass feet  
Crispy nubs  
Orange glows and air that moves in waves  
Hiss and deep plopping splashes  
I wish I had adventuring rope

*Bubble Bubble*

My goal  
A platform and light switch  
This 9-year-old veteran knight's mettle is one of, previously, unknown renown  
She is Lady Charlie of House Simmons  
Her clad and sigil a porcine unicorn with a rainbow of flatulence  
Our armor and shields  
Forged in Castle Bitchslap  
By artisan couch cushion and blanket makers who sacrificed all for our quest

*Bubble Bubble*

Why are there so many rocks that are impervious to magma  
We jump from couch to boulder  
Over pillars of shooting flame onto a soon to be destroyed wooden chair  
The heat rises  
Splatters that criss-cross

*Bubble Bubble*

The crags and scale of the cave curve  
Like a cathedral dedicated to thermal expansion  
A leap, another narrow miss  
Falls are numerous and a smashed pinky toe  
Marks the first injury of the perilous challenge

*Bubble Bubble*

A quick leap and a sippy cup filled with the healing elixir the elves give vitality  
and strength  
The light switch  
We both make the leap to the final ledge  
The rock gives way  
Lady Charlie hangs from the ledge  
Dangling from my spiraling strength  
The lightswitch that would turn everything to cold rock  
I reach

### *Bubble Bubble*

I pull her up and throw her over  
She soars through the air with an exhilarated "weeeee!"  
She reaches the light and looks behind her  
To see if her fellow knight was still there  
Now the kingdom is safe for crawling babies, the shoeless, and small animals.

*Bubble Bubble*

### **Comfort In the Clouds**

You look up from an inspirationally pressing vacuum of thought that ranges from the average count of sesame seeds on a hamburger bun to how northern crabs, **specifically**, would do in family therapy. The world tactfully flicks you on the nose for attention. Now it begins to come down hard. You knew it was going to rain, but damn! The deep graphene sky somehow defied its own shrieking silence and kicked up the wind so it would actually have something to say. This was going to be a stormy day. This is one of those visually ominous days; one of those fragrant days of medium doom and petricole.

I love this weather. I love the wind and cold that bring out an electrifying state of being...along with making soup and stew that much more...everything comfort. Like the soup, the dark clouds are a delicate seasoning to the spice of being outdoors. It creates an entertaining buzz and tension that make being outdoors a game where the only way to win is to get your ass home before the storm starts.

But you don't...or you won't.

The wind and rain you feel blowing on your face seem to actually have intent, maybe even a personality. It has a tangible origin that you can see in the distance enveloping everything in the sky save for that persistent and overbearing sun. It never really defeats the sun, but in its attempt are those neo-modernized Scandinavian sunset colors of orange, pinks, blues, and the quintessential gray...so much gray. There is relief in the futility of arguing with a storm. There is always relief found in things that refuse to be bartered with, things that can't be provoked or frightened, things that can't be intimidated or bought, things that can't tell you apart from all the other monsters that have roofs and umbrellas.

Dark clouds let you know where you stand.

## Twilight

...an ode...

morning or night  
your indecisive nature  
Is comforting  
in my impending lust for slumber  
like mixing coffee and laughing gas  
my pensive and catatonia  
Eyelids dense as black holes

make your luminous and arrogantly  
gold jewelry shine as bright  
as loud as the workaholic crickets  
care not for the lack of night

the wind blows city lights into  
violet horizon  
the dragons of escapism

streak unchallenged  
over your neon pink and buoyant  
scotch guard of stars

my end is your beginning  
your beginning is a signal  
for apples to return to the tree  
the transient source wanders  
leaving in its wake  
a rainbow of rich kid crayons

sparse and low mockery  
provides the hum of obligation  
freezing warmth to the listless  
morning or night

### **St. Agatha**

Oh, Aggy Lynn!

You have earned this slow clap.

Bless your ridiculously small-minded heart.

If you do not bullshit your way out of it,

There is a special place in hell for liars like you.

You will learn about it after choking unnoticed

On your dry ass, deep-fried Cheesecake Factory chicken titty

Chicken titty that resembles the love child between a cat's tongue

And that strange wood that boy scouts use to whittle airplanes.

No, I will not pass the goddamn catsup.

Fuck you and your social media altruism.

You struggle to spell the names of half of the animals you claim to be helping.

No doubt your parents were too busy with Klan planning to read to you

Oh and now your sea monkey little brother is getting in on this.  
Bragged about date raping a mother of three after a Bollywood show  
IN ATLANTIC CITY seven years  
Now my guy rides a \$6000 F\*cking 10 speed bike to read "The Little Prince"  
To pigeon eyed Montessori spawn  
Go ahead Bartholomew, dazzle them with your ho-hum French  
And your ridiculously aggravating man bun.

Sorry...BACK TO AGGY

I can hardly be bothered to throw away my plastic cups and bottles  
In the recycling bins ...which are most likely closer.  
I know. My failure; no one else's.  
Yet here you are commanding love and attention  
Like an adorable little girl singing about Jesus on *Showtime at the Apollo*.  
Why?  
Because you scrubbed a dirty seal that one time?  
Knowing you, you probably brought your own oil from home.  
Took that picture with the orphans you coaxed by promises of adoption?  
You are the world's brightest angel.  
If they only knew how much of the Amazon you would mow  
Down just to make flyers that read "Save the Trees".

What happened to that oblivious young lady?  
What happened to the school-aged bully?  
What happened to the girl that thought it funny to refer to me as "colored"?  
Where are the mocks concerning my ability to read  
Where is the shock?  
Who was the worst

Where is the indignation at my ability to articulate, to you,  
the absurdity

Where are the jokes?!

These jokes...jokes, no doubt crafted in trailer park pastels, baton twirling  
religious dogma, and meth flavored hotdog water.

Maybe I miss her.

Maybe I miss her truth.

Maybe truth can a surprise gift.

Maybe when I am breathing the same air as someone that is...

maybe, both prideful and hateful of things that no one can control, I

Maybe realize that I always know where I stand.

Maybe this is about more than watching a charlatan bath in altruistic glory

Maybe this is about turning your molehills into mountains

Maybe monsters CAN be saints

Maybe sainthood just requires that you are a powerful force.

Maybe that force facilitates the friction needed for growth and strength

Maybe I'm using naivete as a defense mechanism

Maybe your brother is still a dumpster human

Maybe this is just another played out the story of a balloon

With a fetish for cacti...