

“Chattering Teeth”

*Cornerstone*

What is more important than  
nearness to your cousin  
theologian?

The relative genealogist  
sociologist  
historian who

understands that  
her baby father's seed  
sprouts all the ugly  
and gorgeous  
and blooms open as a rocket's head  
and spins around Dartmouth  
crashing in a field  
of vibrating steel  
points?

The battle of  
rolled up Bachelor's  
slip and folded up  
Bible  
pages flying everywhere  
feathers out a swung pillow  
falling on common ground anyway?  
We find ourselves  
in the blood

*Bite*

Our good sis  
Is an ice wind  
Rubbing in  
The gaping  
Dental cavity of  
Our comparative  
Ineptitude

Her body is heavy  
She covers her  
Lifting lace with a  
Blunt bang  
When it's hot  
She lets it all hang out  
She is fine  
As wine

Hers is the face we wish  
We could spit from,  
Let alone speak out of.  
If it were ours,  
What could we draw  
From its skin:  
Blood and water swirl  
She leaves us  
Slack jawed, our tongues  
Swollen from being held  
So tight.

Our sister  
Does not fight.  
She does not favor  
Our company to others'.  
She knows that we, too  
Are desperate to scrape  
The flavor off her  
Porcelain seat and  
Use the powder to  
Sweeten our own  
Dispositions:  
When pressed gently  
By the firmness in her slight fingers  
We reveal  
the coarse shake  
of a black key.

She is a perfect ten  
With the posture of  
The rooster and  
The countenance of the hen.  
She consumes the  
excess of her praise  
Infrequently and with poise  
For fear of ingratitude.

For every kernel,  
We are voracious.  
We raise our fangs  
To equine heights  
And force them through  
The husk and cob  
For another bite,  
Feeling the tear of  
White spears thrown  
Too far.

## *Calling*

Today, the crane  
Is reaching  
As a mimic  
Faces the westward temple.

Between them,  
The operator.  
Dressed in black glass  
And red steel;  
The shine of sequins  
And stillness of asphalt,  
Directing every call.

Instead of a spire,  
A cellphone tower  
Sits on the mimic's shoulders.  
At night, when there is  
No pew to lay on,  
It glows like  
Desperate angler fish  
Trespassing freshwater.  
Someone is always calling.

*Liquid*

Sometimes  
I feel like Beyoncé  
Is in the room with  
Me;

Years ago  
She was in  
The sky  
Not even visible  
Burning me  
The way I like  
Being burned.

When the yellow  
Sun falls away  
Liquid gold  
Is just water  
The moon moves  
Around:

When it is  
Not an iron coat  
To shield  
When the  
Molten ooze  
Fails to harden  
And only dissolves  
Money feels real.

*Water Works*

I hold my creators'  
Reservations as  
Trees hold the water  
After the rain is  
Gone

I bend with the wind  
I keep shaking it down  
Making the storm  
Last a little longer  
As you hold the umbrella  
Open

Whether it's me  
Or the sky  
To you,  
It's just water falling down