

Apology Girl

She came in riding on her menstrual cycle
then put her heart on the table,
jumping to the nearest alibi.
Who let the beans out of the bag?
Open up and say what you feel!
Spill your cat and put on your big girl brains!
Next time, she'll remember
not to take out the emotional garbage.
She'll save it for the bloody days
and use it for her own psychosis.

Centre

centre n. 1. Inside your gut, it's the dome of your passions/ the spot where the spirit echoes/ the pool where you sit, euphoric in correctness/ the calm after quivering from anticipation/ fixed stars, when they govern a picnic-of-a-day. v 2. To encounter the core that shapes your breath/ cracking the code to re-establish your itch for the immaterial/ when you are posed, riderless, and inhaling stasis/ the dwindling down to the pace of a heart beat/ simply to stumble on the place where God sits.

Daytime Drama

My gut is anticipation
my mind is exasperation

games played – wait and see
tomorrow's gentle agony

you are a cliffhanger and I am a thread
you are why I get out of bed.

The Jagged Group

"it's all a tragedy"

we were that generation

with america on our sleeves
and a Scorpion on our backs

the tattooed and wild-eyed
kids of whatever-is-not-mainstream

trading latchkeys and Lucky Charms
for minimum wage and bongos

all-night gatherings
with strange brew and bagels

buying second-hand flare
ashtrays and the Clinton era

we hunted flea markets
paying pennies for our parent's past

wanting to change something
and clinging on until the very end

and with a sigh we wished
the century well in an ad-sponsored video

welcoming the next while
sliding into our degrees and mild addictions

late weddings and ultrasounds
houses and hobbies to be had

out of the ashes there were
no more talks of abstract ideas

we rose to the occasion
standing in the Target line

zombie-eyed and sweating with fear
waiting for the next catastrophe

keeping ourselves busy with
epiphanies about sippy cups

then having our martinis
and danger on the rocks

before 9 pm so we can be
safe and snug in the new millennium

Dear Symbolist,

The hour is kept near
when you walked up to me, chained.
Framed with gold, light blue,

and naked in the pink.
Stripped down to the stone cold sea
there is still the red

flowers that stay pressed.
Maybe Perseus will stop by
with wings on his feet.

While Redon peels back
to show it reaches inward
to twist a girl's core

in a small museum
I wondered if you felt free.
Yours, Andromeda.