

“Song Four, Disk One: The Happiest Days of Our Lives vs.
Song Five, Disc Two: Bring the Boys Back Home”

A poetry manuscript

Ten Days Late

My body pours
from my gut up
into the drain. The floors

watched
as I prayed for a week
of blood instead of bile
and to tear over pains in my stomach,
not pains in my mind, my heart, my neck,
not to cry over two thin lines

and a month of bubbles
prior, a month of stretched latex.
We had no plan be-
sides being young and being
dumb and wrapping
sheets between our calves,
only to strip them down
before stains seeped through
from our rabbit hearts.
Now, curdled in the corners

of my lips, between
my teeth and thighs, there's an iron.
My throat, now wet,
folded, and pressed, is powered
from the sockets of my carnelian curse,
curse of chunks
and seeds and stains and stamens
and you.

Stretch my ribs
until they snap and I'll gag
myself with estrogen and bleach
my stomach pure before I tell you
I'm ten days late.

John of Lakewood

Uncle,
you
Mudwater Man,
teach me how
grass grows. Take me to
your heart of Boisonberry trees where I can
learn to trace their roots. Mudwater Man, my dear Uncle, pace me through
corn fields, give me a sip from the river's crook, tell me to climb the quarries. You'll say, "First, dance with
dandelion stems, sing to the crows- don't scare them. Fly these wings I
made for you, cardboard wings can lift you
too... Believe in Verdandi, my
Dandelion
Daughter."

*This Poem is a Fibonnaci. The number of words in each line must equal the sum of the words in the two previous lines. In conclusion, it must conclude in the manner of words from which it began. (definition from poetrysoup.com)

**Verdandi is the Norse God of the present

Brown

leather leaves
the wheat grass barren,
yellowing, browning.
On your knees, you peel
the blades up and dirt chalks
your knuckles.

The willow trees that housed
the summer now peel into winter,
and you harden
a coat to cover your soft
bruises, you're the last
apple skin on Mabon.

Mud cracks
in the dents of your soles,
but your brown eyes are closed
and you feel
the graham cracker crumbs
in your feathered, bomber pocket.
The air tastes like the dust in the attic,
you told me once.

Once Mama told us
(in autumn)
when feathered children
spring on the sprockets
of the fence, when they coo
and creep and call closer,
they are watching and waking and waiting
for scarred lips to stitch
their last sour words.

When your eyelashes freeze together,
I think about Angels with torn sparrow wings,
and the dirt
and the mud
and the worms,
and your brown, brown eyes.

I pray to these sparrows, pecking at the shivs
of grass;
please, please, please don't die tonight.

In Slow Motion/Taste Nine Months/Oh My Darling

<p>I. In Slow Motion</p> <p>I thought</p> <p>I was <i>too pure for you or anyone.</i></p> <p>I was seventeen and I was wrong. In your bed, your legs twisted under sheets and tangled around mine. I jarred my innocence, I gifted it to you, I drifted you the bottle with a note inside that said, "<i>I love you, I do.</i>"</p> <p>My body tastes your skin now, again, again and my fingers rest on your chest when our eyes close and mine think of how</p> <p>I want to grow our hearts like sequoia seeds that will last forever.</p> <p>Every night in the dark my heart beat slows but my smile stays.</p> <p>* "<i>...I was too pure for you or anyone</i>" - <i>Sylvia Plath</i></p>	<p>II. Taste Nine Months</p> <p>I dream of blonde hair and blue eyes as I watch my gurgling gut grow round like your cheeks will be.</p> <p>On scraps of paper I scrawl names of consonants and vowels. I count syllables of boy, girl, boy, girl. My chances are odd or even; I am picking petals, and flipping coins</p> <p>to decide on Rebecca or Jacob.</p>	<p>III. Oh My Darling</p> <p>I am hungry at night, and my <i>stomach aches an empty cradle</i> as I cry over clementines. My clementine unraveled at noon in a room full of men, men men</p> <p>I never knew who pitied your blue eyes and fingers and lips- the ones that will never kiss my cheek when they're sent to bed complaining they're hungry at night.</p>
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*A Triptych is a poem separated into three complete sections which can be read separately or collectively, each completely capable of standing on their own without losing their meaning or ideas.

AOAOEY

<p>I. You weren't mine, but I kissed your shadow when you moved. I watched your footsteps in the sand, and by the sea you exhaled sarcasm. I breathed it in like cigarillo smoke.</p> <p>You'd hold onto your girl, <i>that girl</i> , that twisted vine with a watermelon skull, a bitter pixie of four and eleven sent to gnaw at my stomach and liver and teeth.</p> <p>At night, (alone) your name sawed slowly through my skull like a counting clock. Oh, my brain was a dripping faucet, and your vowels clinked around like a metronome</p> <p>but you weren't mine.</p>	<p>II. I woke with the lights still on, and another year turned and twisted with the calendar.</p> <p>Your body, warm and silent, clung to me and your fingers were limp on my shoulder. I watched the window throw our shadows against pink walls, and I sucked your whiskey breath from the ceiling.</p> <p>In the evenings before we'd sprawl out on the sand, you'd watch my footsteps leave only prints of my toes.</p> <p>You let Colt 45's litter the sea, and we'd slur lines from <i>Annabelle Lee</i>, or yell <i>Wish You Were Here</i> and then you'd kiss me kiss me kiss <i>me</i>.</p> <p>I was yours.</p>	<p>III. I couldn't take it anymore, I couldn't stand the walls you scraped white. Your kisses still tasted like whiskey although you peeled them off with a "Good Bye" four days ago at 7:32.</p> <p>Mornings bled like maple onto pancakes, but they didn't taste sweet anymore.</p> <p>Nights swam to me until they held me under. Those heavy nights brought waves of your torn tape, 8track vowels. Those heavy nights brought full moon tides from my eyes and lungs:</p> <p><i>HOW I WISH, HOW I WISH YOU WERE HERE WE'RE JUST TWO LOST SOULS SWIMMING IN A FISHBOWL, YEAR AFTER YEAR. * YOU WERE A CHILD AND I WAS A CHILD IN THIS KINGDOM BY THE SEA, AND WE LOVED WITH A LOVE THAT WAS MORE THAN LOVE, I AND MY ANNABELLE LEE. **</i></p> <p>I was yours no longer.</p>
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*Reference to Pink Floyd's Wish You Were Here

**Reference to Edgar Allen Poe's Annabelle Lee

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