

**Skyfizz**

She is unsteady:  
bubble and fizz like Shirley Temple.  
Grenadine Sweet like cherry chapstick—  
kiss her seltzer sting and she will bubble over.

Pop like bubblegum—  
she's full of hot air anyways  
sends painted balloons to the stratosphere  
flies pinks and greens  
weighted steady by the sandbags under her eyes

From all the way up here,  
she can tell you the weather,  
  
can track cold winds blowing through,  
feels the pull of the moon on the tides of her waterline.

Can show you meteors:  
their wagging tails, their wild eyes,  
the sing of their laughter  
ringing clear and giddy as they  
fall to the earth.

Shine like gold leaf,  
burning so bright—

And melting away; shedding  
piece by molten piece  
until all that remains is memory  
and a trail like rising steam—

Oh so warm.  
So rarely visible.

She bubbles over, spilling down cold glass.  
She wonders if her drips look like meteors.

**Foxtrot**

Ask me a question about myself  
and the answer will lead back to you  
words like breadcrumbs will wind through the trees—  
over the river and through the woods  
to the back of my heart we go  
the cabin you built there  
cozy as any couples retreat  
or low budget horror film  
walls bleed red like valentines:  
candy hearts are inefficient coroners  
and all the sweeter for it.

## Lovegames

let's play games  
play lovegames for summer weather

i'll be the base where you hide  
and you can seek me out

seek out my secrets  
my crevices

hidden away in china cabinets  
stowing away on long-sailed ships

run back to me fast enough  
before and after anyone else

when you find me  
shout

this untouched beach  
this maiden voyage

tell all of your conquest  
or no one

it doesn't matter really.  
we're the only two playing.

the best thing about games  
is that you get to be the victor

and when you win—  
when you've plundered my beaches

and i've screamed your success—  
i'll be your trophy.

your golden girl  
a childhood memory

and you'll get to be  
the winner.

**Waltz**

Heartbeat me into submission.  
Carve me into whatever you see in me  
it sounds fantastic  
so i might as well be it:  
your star girl, your manic pixie  
your Galatea—  
soft and stoic, carved marble  
i'll say so little and it will sound so sweet.  
How pleasant would that be?  
me and you in comfortable quiet  
our breathing warm like vinyl records  
yours a song, mine the quiet after it ends

[peachy keen]

How is it  
that when it rains, it does so warm?  
That when her mascara runs,  
it wins marathons and office seats  
but she gets no prizes for  
chip-toothed smiles?

My dear, you don't get points for doing what you should.  
Don't you know that smiles are standard?  
That your shining teeth are public sculpture and  
your open mouth is for lease?

My darling, your lips have property value.  
Won't you spread them open for me?

How is it  
that when she screams in the night  
it's a movie reference?  
So very derivative it's almost diva.  
Yet no one ever asks  
what pulled that movie moment from her throat?

But my dear,  
wouldn't you rather be starlet?  
Something so close to real yet  
so indelibly fantasy?

I find you delectably fantasy.  
Your cherry red lips look good enough to eat.

How is it  
that when she asks for fairy tale endings  
they bring her Hershey's kiss wake up calls and  
toads for tonguing into princes,  
yet never ask about those last three words  
that happily ever afterthought—

My darling, I built a plinth to place you on and called you princess.  
I tugged on your hair and  
plunged happy daggers into your pillow.  
I kissed you so sweetly.      Like biting a peach.

Weren't you paying attention?  
Should I take another bite?