

Blue Moon Burials

(a memorial for Vermont summers, long ago)

that afternoon,
while Fief laid
covered in
calendula heads and
morning glories
underneath mapled leaves
girls too young
to marry
wove flowers
into fairy crowns
at dusk
they gathered
drums stretched with
goat's skin
and gourds filled
with beans and seeds
young girls
in their fairy wings
began to sing and dance
you could hear them
chanting
'hooved & horned
hooved & horned
all that dies
shall be reborn'
a second blue moon
rose over smooth
summer mountains
while a white-haired man
carried Fief
into the center of their
garden
a hole dug
with care by
many small
girl hands
they waited,
the young ripening
girls in their fairy crowns
and wings
till the first stars arrived
then
they buried Fief
next to the bull that died

last fall
next to the calf that made
it just one night
singing
'hooved and horned
hooved and horned
All that dies shall be reborn'

Vague Bones

I've stopped keeping records of the wreckage in my life
but -
this morning while the moon pulled the sun up
it pulled me up too

under shadowing dawn you called me perfect
by the small of my back
window-silled perfection
but the truth is

I'm the kinda girl who could lie
gray-eyed facing west

I thought all I needed was to be young and in love
but the truth is

there's an army of tomatillos invading the yard
I've got a cracked phone
 cracked windshield
 cracked heart

I watch the neighbors bathe each other from the window
nippled noses nudging one another
truth is

I'm all dog ears and bloody pants
fragments of seaweed
fading dreams
swollen limes and birthdust
my belly is full of hacked rosebushes covered in horseshit
I'm full of stolen lines and thoughtless gestures of love

I'm an old poem on your bookshelf
an old photograph hidden in your dresser drawer
I am made of cold feet and brown lipstick
calloused hands and a lack of common sense
the truth is

I'm mostly full of cocained misery
sweaty seeds and sticky bones
I am mostly a dead woman's tongue
do not try to hold me

I am a choked river
buried birds
do not come near me
I split
spit sunrise blood

I have loved all the people I can love
my shadow is more beautiful for it

I hang your bones in my mouth
let you walk right through me
truth is

I am vaguely alive.

Nebraska Sunset

Nebraska's state border welcome sign says
The Good Life
I left you on "O" street in Lincoln on top of a parking garage
told ya
"I'll see ya in December"

who can promise anything in this world?

Nebraska meant to show us the good life
we couldn't find any coffee in the dumpsters
&there wasn't a park to sleep off the morning

Nebraska meant to be the good life
wasn't till the border of Colorado that the Nebraskan sunset turned a violent rose
with violet rows of clouds

Nebraska meant to show us the good life
All the girls downtown are pregnant
gunna keep their babies

Nebraska meant to be the good life

an electrical orchestra played a concerto that only you would understand,
hopping between borders

Nebraska... Colorado... Nebraska... Colorado...
hoping the storm would course through your veins so you could return back
to the URLIGHTNING you came from

a memory
floating through telephone wires

Nebraska's welcome sign says
The Good Life
I want to name our daughter Nebraska

after the sunsets and lightning storms
I left you under
coffeeless and groggy

I cannot keep
any longer
this wombcave

Nebraska meant to be the good life
But, what's the good life anyways?

October Blood

they say write what you know
I don't know much
unless you count the ways I've learned to induce an abortion:

1. Drive across the country in tight pants drinking dandelion and goji berry tea.
2. Pray to Lamia to eat the fetus
3. Rub myrrh, chaste, and yarrow on your belly if the above have not worked
4. Drink apple cider vinegar and parsley tea outside Philly
5. Visit all the donated embryos at the Mutter Museum

Eventually tomorrow escapes from your womb
Turns to look back at you
Pale amongst black mangroves

6. Sit there, bleed tomorrow and the next day
7. Drive a pick-up truck back to your childhood home and never tell your mother
you have more than blood in common

Violet Milk Emotions

the milky way is to blame for emotions,
milky emotions
suspended motionless in blackwaters

all movement proceeds

of heaven against us

born fixed with affections

I can't find

anywhere

because my mind shifts often

like inconstant wind

God, violently smashing winds and matters

Your body cannot affect me at a distance says science,

there is only local causality

Einstein says, but

Electromagnetism is unwavering and I find my body in your bed bruised from vicious impulses of God, and the wind.

Sensation is not real

bunches of particles, atoms, memorycells real,

sensuality fake.

I exist for pleasure

Collision isn't the right word. Perhaps hurled at slowly, steady. Flamenco danced... is that too fast? across stars & photons, prokaryotes & nebulas to exist

Your body cannot affect me at a distance says science,

there is only local causality

Einstein says, but

Electroweaking is unreliable and I find rainbowed latex on the floor next to purple bruised memories of dragonflies and lace.

Sensation is not real

so the pain I feel when you are no longer inside me

is also not real