

There Is No Resolution

**Birds in cages:**

gold & rose petal pink. Wire cutters.

Mannequins wearing paisley mumus. Mumus in stripes & tiger prints. Zoom into the button, the lace, the breast. Scroll to the left. Satin & silk. Birds in cages: red orange & marble blue. Wire cocoons. Birds in cages, grey.

Circles in  
circles.  
A winding dirt road.  
That's a goat in front of you—  
no, a dog.  
Maybe it was a river  
not a road.  
In circles in circles.  
Water  
not dirt. I  
t was a man  
on a bike  
not a goat.  
Not a dog.  
No, it was a man  
on a boat.

Mannequins wearing pink mumus. Mumus in polka dots & tie-dye. Zoom into the button, the collar, the breast. Scroll to the right. Cotton & hemp. Birds in cages: yellow green & royal purple. Wire cocoons. Birds in cages, grey.

The fountain by the memorial sprays mist on her mumu. The fountain drowns out her story. Zoom into her zipper, her hair, her breasts. Scroll down. Blood & scroll up. Tears. Birds again.

Circles  
in circles.  
There were trees  
that's for sure  
but were they scattered  
or crowded?  
In circles in circles.  
And a wolf  
there was a wolf, yes.  
It was pacing  
behind a decaying carcass.

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## Magic

If I could be anything else, I would be:

Magic  
A fish  
Native American

I would be born of flame  
& fall apart at the touch

My magic takes away the mean  
Being a fish turns the salt on my skin to scales  
Maybe if I were Native, I would know my grandmother

What color will I become in my own fire?

I have never found more than \$5  
but I've seen clouds  
that look like seahorses with saddles  
made of shells

These words are not  
about my pain or need for crystals  
They're about learning to barter

Once I was walking down the street—  
the only word in my mind was *phoenix*  
Then my knees just gave up  
I sat & waited for a vision  
A man stopped & asked me what I was doing

I told him

We walked over sun soaked  
cracks in the streets to a diner  
we talked about family & fish  
He wiped a tear from his eye  
with soot on his fingers  
Then he had soot smears on his face

Maybe I'll never swim up stream  
& maybe I'll just watch wishes disappear  
Because sometimes there is no resolution.

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### Still Orange Glows

Your face flickers blue  
at night.  
We scroll on and sometimes  
read  
between  
the lines.  
Life used to be  
the marks in the margins  
the scratches and swirls we made  
when trying  
to get the pen to work  
again.  
Looking like cream in black coffee  
before  
we stirred.  
Looking more like a negative exposure  
of the cup.  
Secretly  
you wanted to be the lipstick  
painting the brim.  
But we don't carry change  
anymore and  
time  
feels like  
a cotton dress.  
When rosebuds bloom  
again after  
winter's icy end moth holes  
have made Swiss cheese of it.  
Are you with your cats or  
just home?  
Ignore the knocking.  
Your conscience tells you  
they're uninvited  
guests.  
Through the door:  
Remember that time we all  
fell  
into the bonfire  
that had l o n g since burned out?  
Running around  
with soot on our faces  
smeared and smiling  
we all were.

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It is better to say “always remember”  
or “never forget?”  
One’s a double negative.  
negative

But forgetting  
is ignoring  
and ignoring is harder  
than ignorance to pull  
off.

One  
more of anything  
is a nightmare  
missing its happy  
ending.

The scrolling continues...  
The question in life is no longer:  
“What’s the meaning?”  
but  
“What’s that from?”  
Soon the question in life will be  
“Where can I buy that?”  
Even in our sleep we can generate stress  
just by learning to  
snore.

On the sheets  
reds and browns  
waiting  
still for spring’s rinse cycle.  
leaves from trees

Strange though  
waking  
up in a pool  
of your own slobber

dreaming  
you had drowned.  
Waking to wonder  
where you are surrounded  
by the obscurity  
of so much light.

The sun  
rose  
at 6:42 this morning  
and it hurt your eyes  
even when you closed them.

Still  
orange glows  
under your lids.

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## **Baby Bird**

I.

*This is a live recording*  
child walks in circles

*for documenting the intake*  
mother out of view

*of a 5-year-old male*  
detached hand holding a red coffee cup

*presenting child.*  
food enters from behind the camera

*Admitted with high fever*  
child bites

*and stomach pain.*  
without hands

II.

10 plates of food  
Mother lies on her belly  
eggs, bread, beans, carrots, rice  
on the floor  
in her hands  
Child rolling side to side  
plums, dragon fruit, sugar snap peas  
on his shirt  
in his hair  
10 plates of food

III.

*This is a live recording*  
child sits on mother

*For documenting the intake*  
pretzel limbs twisting

*of a 5-year-old male*  
into each other

*presenting child.*  
food enters from behind the camera

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### **Wendy Cleans The Bathroom**

I never-never would have come to this land  
had I known I would gag  
every time I placed little squares  
of toilet paper on the seat to pee.

I never-never would have come to this land  
had I known my nose hairs  
would singe from the bleach smells.  
And my god, there's nothing worse  
than trying to reach that spot  
just below the toilet bowl,  
on the outside of the base  
were pee pools and dries.

I never-never would have come to this land  
had I known I would get flakes of it  
under my fingernails every time I scrubbed  
that little yellow crusty puddle.

I never-never would have come to this land  
had I known how terrible,  
how truly terrible fifteen lost boys  
are at aiming.  
Peter is the worst of them all.  
I've seen him through the crack in the door--  
hands triumphantly on his hips  
as he cock-a-doodle-do's  
while pissing toward the porcelain bowl.