

RED RIBBONS

Nuclear Heart

The strongest forces are the smallest ones.
Oh give me a nuclear heart!
A heart so strong that every shattering fills the world with light.
And every shard starts pulsing with intoxicating thumps
to lift the feet
to open airways
to spread joy.

If this heart is too finite, let entropy be it's guide:
crushing chambers to chaotic clout.
Let the pieces powder down until
anything
can happen;
creamate longing until waves wash out.

Let my core be stationed firmly,
be positively charged,
let it lasso opposing forces to it's gain.

Let every broken bond unleash incomparable beauty -
spread for lightyears out collapsed pain.

If this heart matters so little,
convert it into energy.
Let it work the world with passion,
with care.

Let me even out the cosmos
with these meager, ruined atoms;
sharing peace as they crumble in despair.

lurking

Thick and slowly clotting
this red pool needs sloshing
scarlet algae colonizing
ketchup

the cutures
are on your side it seems
lacing tight the surface where there could
or should
or USED to be
waves.

Tributary veins divert -
refuse to feed your venom.
Afraid to push you out into the stream

you lurk
oozing starch
shapeless glob of a monster
angled perfectly just below view

I once knew a dancer who stepped on something that gave her horrible pain but when the doctor looked, he saw nothing there. An xray was offered as a mere precaution and, frugaly, declined.

For weeks she kept dancing despite the fact that she was still in excruciating and inexplicable pain. "It feels like there is a line in my foot" she told me, angling her index finger across her heel. But when we looked there was nothing there.

One day as she was preparing for a lesson, her foot started leaking and she had to stop. As she looked at the fluid seeping out of her heel, a dark line slowly rose through the tissue into view and the water, of it's own accord, guided it forward. Terrified, but fascinated, she waited until it was close enough to her broken skin to grab and gently - pinching ever so carefully - pull free.

"What is it?" I gasped.
"I think it's a nail." she replied, and smelled it.
"What does it smell like?" I asked. She smelled it again and shrugged,
"Metal."

I fill space between seconds awaiting the tide
in the sands of our stagnant shore
poking gelatain
where I used to dip my toes.

Gypsy Rider

Scaling craggy ranges, surfing raging seas,
 Halfway 'round the world, Perun chased Veles.
 Hooved on a bed of luxurious green the god at last was found
 Nuzzling young Dolly -
 sweet gypsy mare Dolly -
 His mane no match for apples, lightning struck him to the ground.

Thus with a brilliant silver flash, Prince Veles met his fate,
 Blind and confused, the god of thunder spared his widowed mate.
 Ears twitching at the slightest twinge, hairs raised on every side
 Til called by young Sabina -
 Golden tressed Sabina -
 Sweet gypsy child Sabina, whom bareback loved to ride.

Scarcely larger than a lamb, gold halo twice as curly
 Plump cheeks pink and squishable, Sabina scoffed at girly.
 Sporting pants and leather boots as well as any boy
 Stashing a silver dagger -
 a deadly baby dagger -
 In her boot she hid a dagger, her most valuable toy.

Singing to her blinded Doll, horse would come to get her
 And so the two young misfits rode when'er they were together.
 Until that fateful afternoon a demon plagued the mind
 Of Dolly's new companion -
 that surly racing stallion -
 That hotheaded would-be champion who chomped on her behind!

A jolt! A shriek! And no more seat! The child was in the air!
 Rein yanking armpit, fingers curled more tightly than her hair
 which flew wildly toward the glowing sun as across the field they tore
 boots kicking for the stirrups -
 scrambling desperately for stirrups -
 Toes fighting to find the stirrups as her butt smacked up and o'er.

Screaming to the angels, must have made her name-saint look,
 Who nudged Sabina's guardian to gaze down from her book,
 A jolt! A dive! The angel tore past clouds unto the plain
 As the gypy child went flying -
 flying - flying -
 The gypsy child went flying held down only by a rein!

The distance covered by those hooves is anybody's guess
 White knuckles and a red behind had time supremely stretched.
 Eventually Sabina's guardian angel calmed the mare
 And rescued young Sabina
 Exhausted child Sabina
 Sore, teary eyed Sabina, with gold knots in her hair.

to lose the nothing left

Arbitrary Rules!
Girls when trimmed are knot things
more nothing than less is more
(divided we are small).

Just spewing - - - batter splatter.
Holding my place in the kitchen!

Beater yeast dripping off of digits I used to suck...

I have handled thousands of bobby pins in my lifetime
Where do they all go?

(Just a mess)

(Just a mess)

Wiggling frames trying to move ahead - oh!
This must be what the scraps on that famous floor were feeling
before digital hands took what matters
(for "Trash," select and click).

I have yet to meet a girl who has never lost a bobby pin.
That's millions - maybe billions - spread out
trimming the cracks in our universe...

Nails when cut feel nothing,
growths gently coaxed and clipped.
I'm the loose one hanging in the end that

To what powers have women come?

If I slice this cake in half enough I'm going to reach infinity.

Or Nirvana!
as The Bobby Pins like to call it.

There's always more.

There is no justice
no solace
for that soft sack filled and curbed and smushed aside to muse revenge over the eons...

There are always greater someones
(smaller bits of cake)
and wasted girls are just *so* easy.

When you say infinity, they think you mean forever.

penelope

princess penelope high in her room
sleeping eternally without rest.
tossed across dreamworlds as seasons turn
suitors trickling back down the steps.

weaving peace over mind
freedom under mind
looming questions patterned without end
she revels in raveling
reliving ravishing snippets from inside her head.

fidelity's beacon distorted through prisms of varying angles and size
revealing lost colors skewed over surfaces textured by sundry design:

“the woman's eccentric”
“obsessive”
“insane”
“pure as a snowbank”
“dim as a drain”

fence feminists falling guiltily back
following fingers of faith across fabric slack
fragile wings forever globbed in amber.
a gorgeous example of strength through submission
encouraging women to grip their tradition
and suffer
royally.

accord of her own tearily strung
round and round and unwound.
twenty years trapped by a half-cocoon
while sister and swain look on.

if she's right, she'll be rewarded
and her instincts can't be wrong.
she'd rather wait a hundred years
than simply “get along.”

and so the kingdom watches
as she fades beside her loom
threading barren memories
wasting for her groom.