

Scrubbing It Clean

I wanted to meet you at that bar in Rio
but the white beads on my bracelet started to rust.
For my whole life I've been scrubbing it clean
the curve in my curl, the line of my jaw
I want to serve myself neat and pretty.

 Don't get me wrong-
I've tasted the fish
I've swallowed the sea
Dump your junk in me and
I'll flush you fast down a raging river.

 I'm not a good girl anymore.
It's just-
paradise is staring and
I'm still scrubbing the beads.
We are dying from all this cleaning,
even the birds can't breathe.
My friend, I want to meet.
What's so wrong with being broken and ugly?

Manuscript Title: Good Theater

Good Theater

It's another ridiculous morning on this wonderful, magical planet. Someone right now is having a mind-blowing orgasm while I'm getting pissed at you for not doing better. A happy butterfly with her golden, purple wings flutters by and I just don't know if I am big enough for it. Someone in a less privileged country is dying a cruel death and I just don't care.

The planet is melting. *I think*: the earth has died almost five times already without our filthy hands but she always comes back. And let's be honest, the reason you're doing your proud march and I'm singing my fancy praise is we can't stand the fact that we're all going to disappear one day forever. In a billion years, the sun will blow itself into oblivion, the earth will shrivel and our galaxy and this universe will finally shut up.

What next?

Bang, bang. The stars will begin their babbling and galaxies will be born and planets will grow up.

And then: another magical morning on this ridiculous grain of sand. You and I will be orgasming our way through another normal fight and someone with golden purple wings will be flying while the butterfly drops dead. The broken neighbor will be breaking through and the hands of an enlightened monk will be slaying someone with his eyes closed. The sun won't give a shit and the earth will raise herself tall for the standing ovation.

Magdalene

The earth and water are at it again
it's not like Romeo and Juliet
or Bonnie and Clyde,
it's like Jesus and his plenty
and Magdalene, how she rose him from the dead.
When we kissed that summer night
we blazed a fucking fire
that smoked the Dead Sea free.
Nine months later
when I couldn't stand the sight of you
you held me
when I couldn't bear the sound of me.
God made man wanting to feel love
with guts and bones in the backseats
of cars
that selfish bastard,
could he see the wars
that would be waged
inside hearts?
There's a new strain of unworthiness
now causing a genocide in Georgia,
the activists they're licking the earth clean
and poisoning their kids.
At least we have our poetry,
Rachmaninoff,
the autumn leaves' perfume.
The fires out-
I don't know how do this.
Magdalene,
can you hear me?

Manuscript Title: Good Theater

A Book of Secrets

When Ada was fifteen she caked her face with her aunt's orange concealer.
She was popped open first by a finger and she had it-
a lucky star and a string of older boys wrapping themselves around her spider web seams,
no one would stick.
One day after her mother disappeared, she took a walk through a wall and never returned.
It was 1931 and

Connie, a rare bird, came flying out of the canal laughing like a hyena, she started
a jewelry business changing the biology of her line forever and her daughter, Rose, inherited her
choice but
it wasn't just the knack for dealing the cards well that served her.
One evening Rose and her cousin were spinning each other in circles, a laughter erupted so hard
between them it shook the party down.
And that's when the story of sex was rewritten,
the night their laughing orgasm sent an entire party hobbling home.

Lucy at the time was planting words and cooking her famous beef stew.
One evening with her big wooden spoon, she whacked the stupidity out of a gang of hungry ghosts
sucking her line dry,
she'd had enough.
It was after that when she met Billy, a time traveling cowboy from the Wild Wild West.
They made love every day until dawn for the next twenty years until they were done.
It was a fine winter day and

Mary was sewing her mittens on the eve of their end because that's what she liked to do.
She lived alone and on some evenings would prostitute herself just for the fun of it.
She owned a pet tiger
and believed the heart of God resided inside every woman's vagina and every man's cock.
She would hum her song while people walked in circles around their unpacked goods.
One afternoon she was taken by the sun and then

Ida arrived with Benjamin after their village burned down.
They lost their daughter and Benjamin lost his voice while Ida held it together.
It caused a monsoon in Africa.
Three years later they gave birth to their second daughter who would become a famous chef
and later a witch who would cast white spells on clumsy tree spirits and the ignorance of humanity
and that was questionable but then again, the answers were starting to get quite boring.

A stranded tiger wearing mittens was found.

When Janis arrived at the cafe, I looked up and with her sparkly emerald eyes, she told me of a
woman with a book of secrets.

The first secret: There are no secrets and that was the end of the book.
That was also when I unfolded my fingers and saw for the first time the universe bleeding through
the lines of my hands.

I began to tell her of all the sins I never had committed and after that-

I saw her.

Coming through the frosty mirror hanging on the yellow wall in that darling little café,
a bright light in the night sky dusting the planet with her stars, coming to order her plum pie.
And then, we finally met.

None of this was real except for the mirror and the wall and that darling.

The rest did happen though.

In some parts now, people are beginning to hear the roses, for the first time they understand they
want to be touched.

The Gangster Tube

Today I flushed another rejection letter
down the gangster tube and sent a letter.

Dear Publisher:

Unfortunately, your publication has not been selected for this poem.

And I carried on.
I write a lot of rubbish.
Sometimes I eat a pint of sugar just because it's bad for me.
Sometimes I can't smell the sewage-
there's too much garbage spilling out of my face hole.
Your comparative philosophy, his ethics-
it all smells fishy.
I once had a killer film collection and
everyone thought I was sophisticated
but then I got tired and sailed across the pond.
Now I'm making art and bathroom gadgets.
We think we know what we are doing
but even at our best
we're still in it.
Sorry-
You have not left the matrix.
I am not a pessimist
I am a realist with a gangster tube
just trying to have a good old time
before I get flushed down the toilet.