

*August was a weird time*

I'm not an elegant beauty but the boys I've had sex with are so

I will prove I'm a lady through flaunting my bones by cocking my wrists and pressing thick fingers into the doughy flesh of my hips and shifting it around.

See?

Have you seen my ankles?

I'm a lady.

You, you're made of smooth polished blocks your frame fitting together so nicely. Fitting like Tetris and organisms. I am made of carved Styrofoam painted with pink acrylic that squeak and shuffle as I move and I'll drop your sandwich or laugh too loud and accidentally spittle on your face. I'm a lady. When you take my clothes off I become heavy and lose all muscle control.

An embodiment of contradictions

a body embodying

I'm sad and I'm laughing.

How could I not realize the large tree bursting pink flowers at the end of the road taking up so much real estate of our peripheral vision?

you now work at that coffee shop

covered in little perennials

small flowers,

butterweed and sow thistle -

that made me squeal and pitter around touching petals and making friends

Everything small and reminding me of how handsome you were

I tried to touch you today but you didn't want that

I tried to be a small daisy.

I tried to be a good barista.

*Summer*

I want to lay in a field of flowers. I want to become a field of flowers I want to be a flower.

I'm Umbria with miles of yellow faces pointed towards the sky.

Last summer It got so hot we never wore clothes and we painted our skin to hide the dirt of concrete feet swollen and we only ate free pistachio yogurt. Finding computer rooms to tune in and stay cool. Burping beer and beets and Boh's on back porches - its happy hour.

Sun setting coating our nails wearing neon bras and denim substituting for the bikinis we hadn't thrifted yet. Blender benders with cilantro and simple syrup Big black beetles greeting Jordan every time she walked home

On the fourth I wasn't wearing red white or blue and no one wanted to take my picture. I was a potato in pink and green stripes sweet sippin on a wooden bench. there were fireworks and grilled hot dogs and the view of a man taking a shower from the roof top.

When its this hot I think it's best to never stop moving because then you than don't notice how hot you are and no one falls in love because we're all sweat and swollen.

In the winter I'd rather not move because I hate the way my backpack feels over my coat and how my tights fall down my thighs and how my skirt rides up my butt and what's the use of getting out of bed anyway?

"How stupid."

But now it's spring and we've planted ourselves lovers out of cactus and barbed bushes that grow up in April and eat roots in May. They take over. I've scratched hesitant knuckles while grabbing at bushes like grabbing for dicks drunk on a boy. I've bought a spider plant to caress its limbs it'll grow long and produce many children to float away and plant in the dirt. Babies and marriage - a woman with free contraceptives. We tried to grow a tomato plant last year but had to wait all season for it to produce any fruit. Small cherries sweet the branches heavy with bulbs we stuck under our tongues a pop and flood of tangy blood over our teeth. Delicious on eggs or in salad.

Sometimes you're at a party and you feel like the most beautiful woman in the world.

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I think I fell in love once or twice.

In love like love bugs genetically mutated to hold on forever attached at the butt

But maybe I fell in love with wearing your skin instead of two bulky coats to keep warm. And my apartment doesn't have heat but yours is always suffocating.

After we cried together

I wondered

when the next time would be that I would have sex again.

“Is this over?”

“I think it is.”

It was 3 days later

not bad

-

The Boy With Eyes of a Dog

when i turned around we were both

playing with our hair

two mermaids

-

right now i've got nothing are you down to chill later?

You with the saddest puppy dog eyes and  
nice tan

whats' up?

where are the goods

At The Beach:

a babe warm and peach fuzzed

tanned from the season  
and soft

~ a surprise to all the boys

buying three cookies and eating them all  
consecutively

Agreed that it is better than the skin of a plum - though what a beautiful color!  
In both circumstances she'll bite down  
hard  
squirting juices into my clothes and hair

come back

i modeled at a school  
for figure drawing  
it was two men, and they gave me beer  
and than wine  
and told me i posed pretty  
and than after one man left  
the other showed me pictures of the stone henge  
dug up to reveal bodies  
laying under the ground  
for so long until someone thought  
to look at them

he kissed me  
and he said "you're a biter"  
and than he gave me 60 bucks.

-

pure little hot fudge brownie

a pint of ice cream

i've eaten many Oreos while thinking of you.

Kansas

How is it that

while I want to be the one touching fingertips gently

to the inner flesh of your elbow

right at that curious crease

a small graze of finger tips

as a comforting gesture

you're the one with the girlfriend

touching me.

please don't look at me

as if you thought

i was beautiful

in several ways

again.

but maybe if we see each other

you still could

i saw a vase of flowers

all yellow and white and pouring out the top, dripping with droplets

pearls of water

and remembered myself

and envisioned i was this vase of flowers

all ripe and pep, speckled

and fading

as my life's source of soil has been replaced

by this small pool of cool water

“its the simple things in life that are most beautiful”

said a boy from Kansas,

seated on a bag of coffee surrounded by Kerouac, Steinbeck, and wine.

and my face in your hip, nibbling, as you rubbed my shoulders and we thought through our hazy minds

“damn”

we're not in Kansas anymore

and you're in love with a girl who plays the fiddle and works three days and spins her own wool

and is buying a house.

but what about that girl who asked

“are you together?”

no

“you guys have good chemistry”

oh

as we bloomed the coffee grounds and made a strong cup and we only had the two of us two beers

and you drove me home

and we hugged you looking dumb as I pulled away and

said

“good luck with your girlfriend”

who weaves her own wool

and plays the fiddle

and is buying a house

but what about that day dream i'd had on that car ride back to home

of waking up to your mess of a head of hair and small kisses in my tiny room on my big bed all

enveloped in sunshine pouring in

and surrounded by false flowers

to remind us of the simple things

like a coffee bean that traveled so far

to brew you a cup.

grounds blooming like petals in the morning

as the water caresses

same as i'd like to do to you

“damn”

