

## ***Ricochet***

Calling all poems. May all the little poems of the land spiral into  
fiery graffiti, ricochet into a rowdy rock & b concert. Fragment  
the cosmos with a warped tiara & a jagged tooth. My dear poems  
who told you to lay down with Plain Jane, bury yourself in  
an old Victorian home? Won't you slip out, skinny dip across a sunrise?  
So many smokey stars out there, take a reach beyond the realm of  
imagination, if not saw off the buttons on your collar shirt, let the moon  
give you a lap dance. Too often your sweet subjects tip-toe  
around rich wildness where leprechauns can mutate to mermaids  
where Abe Lincoln cruises in a roofless lime Lamborghini. Come on  
join me & tee-pee the bridge poems cross to parlay on a modest mountain.  
Let's jimmy the window to your beamy creatives & hopscotch  
through a trap house. Precious poems sizzle out of yourself.  
Nibble on narcotics on a yacht filled with lunatics, scat *Mama Said*  
*Knock You Out* to a ladybug. You got this. Grow guts bigger than  
Goliath & camp out on the edge of savagery with a flask full of Whiskey  
& a can of dull repellent then prance right on down to the cemetery  
& sling glitter on who you used to be. Poems can't boom without electricity.  
So, say it with me! *From now on we're part color & widely uncontainable!*

*Sediments of Black Blood*

I once thought I was a magenta lily/Then a parasite with no afterlife

I was fine being America's vine

Growing through its historical/Negligence with whips then cuffs

Or even its underwater forest

Stuck in a place where I was/Half living and half drowning

Then I was antlers tied in a noose

Then tiny fossils spelled B.L.M./When reality rushed up under me

And snatched me off my branch

*The Utterance of Angela Bassett*

If I could only twirl with words.

I want to waltz with Angela Bassett's tongue,

the elegance of her speech,

a silver rainfall,

sentences sprouting from a golden canal,

rebirthing the potency of English.

Whatever she's made of, may it send for me.

I'll go where it tells me to go, to an outer world

or a bloody shore if I must.

Who taught you the cadence of Utopia?

Do you know when you utter, I absorb,

become the red of desire and a hint of envy.

To spin cashmere words with fine diction.

When your lips part, a giant butterfly flutters into the atmosphere.

May your grace teach me the secret to speech,

to burst with epiphanies.

Let me be a silhouette of your every statement, Angela,

whatever it takes, let the grace teach me,

soothe my gibberish tongue to sleep.

## ***Lexi Makes Me Tanka***

*After Douglas Kearney*

Lexapro lends me  
ladder to climb back into  
my throat, twist my tongue  
into spunk.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! I  
surged more in the last month than  
the rest of my tainted  
thirty years. Ha, up here is  
where I smell like Eden—new.

Depression got to  
pay! Pay for all those lost years.  
I'm going back with  
Water guns! Fully-loaded  
melt Witch, be atom I stomp!

Press! Old stress for sale!  
Buy two sets of stress for a  
nickel, get the whole  
department of them for free!

When I blink, I hear  
chimes, this teal pill more  
shenanigan than me  
or I'm inside out, exposed  
like cotton candy stick nub?

Ta Love, Lexi, Mwah!!  
Bet you two kneecaps I'm not  
going back to house  
anxiety, I've jived, jiggled  
onto soft shoulders of peace.

Rouge please! Rouge please on  
my new wonders; thought I was  
way too dead to be  
extracted from darkness. Oh  
if my Renaissance had words!

## *Sequin-Setted Teeth*

You say you rock razor blade shades,  
strut under stadium lights. Like you're  
secure. Pop a bottle of exoneration,

free yourself of the *punk & pussy* childhood  
foes pinned on you because they were  
childhood foes. Wheel out your intestines

& strangle the remembering. Begin  
the unbecoming, purge the painful &  
coat yourself in bravery. Walk through

a wasp wonderland wearing only this code.  
Glutton your mouth with gold nuggets,  
your words audacious, strike back. You

crack open like a coconut & leak  
blood & leave the teary lad behind the one  
with scary fist & vague aura. Today,

you smear armor oil across your chest  
& let the dirty memories muster you.  
Let a pistol bloom under your tongue.