

Death of Detail

I know the Death of Detail is coming

I know it's coming because I saw the pringles man lose his face
The color from his hair stolen,
the texture in his mustache shaved down,
and his signature bright red bowtie stripped.

The mascot once so full of life
reduced to a graphic designer's
ten minute, half asleep, running on fumes and celsius powered
mediocre pay, half-assed work
Dots for eyes, parentheses for eyebrows, and a rounded W for a mustache

I know the Death of Detail is coming
I know it's coming because Dunkin Donuts lost its Donuts
I know it's coming because HBO Max lost its HBO
I know it's coming because the bird at Twitter died

I know it's coming because I saw buildings turn into sticks
A glass picket fence erected between the park and Midtown
They stick out like Yao Ming in a crowd
The top floors with the same population density as Chernobyl

I know it's coming because even the Middle School looks like an insane asylum
nothing on the hospital beige walls and metal railings that line the hallways

No ceramic pots cobbled together by the 12 year olds forced to spend time in the studio
No pictures of field trips, sports games, science competitions, or debate tournaments
No murals painted by the overqualified art teachers in their spare time
No science projects or experiments with baking soda and vinegar volcanoes
No flyers for the school dance or sign ups for the school play

I know it's coming because I saw the pringles man lose his face

Someday We'll All be Free

When we give ourselves up, someday we'll all be Free
At first I was reluctant, afraid to lose control
I write to remember, life without remembering is deadly

You won't regret it I guarantee
Is that not the goal?
When we give ourselves up, someday we'll all be Free

Regret and embarrassment God did decree
Are the ruler of us all, it's ingrained in our soul
I write to remember, life without remembering is deadly

He runs and climbs up trying to escape the debris
Yet he can't escape the smoothed wax bowl
When we give ourselves up, someday we'll all be Free

I can't find peace, unless it's beneath this tree
I'm trapped within the walls, encapsulated in this hole
I write to remember, life without remembering is deadly

The man the next room over is begging, I can hear his plea
He writhed and screeched I could hear it in his soul
When we give ourselves up, someday we'll all be Free
I write to remember, life without remembering is deadly.

Last One Left

Hugged by the forest and smothered by the brambles
I darted into the green abyss
Avoiding the five petaled blooms
Coating the bushes like snow

I waved goodbye to my grandmother. She hugged me,
her only grandchild, tightly pressing against her face. Not wanting to let me go
Reluctant to let me face the world and whatever it may throw at me.
Terrified of letting what happened to the rest of them happen to me.

For the many before me picking through the mud frogs
stealing breakfast from a blue jay.
For the many after me slithering between rows of bushes
fighting to survive.
For those protesting for fair prices
Paid while they're still on the stalk.
So they won't sour
and rot like the rest of us.

Allegro Barbaro - Bartok 1911

A strong cross erupts from the left,
He ducks so fast you'd you think
his head gained 50 pounds,
springs up like a cat,
sidesteps around the outstretched arm,
he unleashes a flurry of punches
a thunderstorm into the ribs of his poor opponent.
CRACK

He drops to the floor,
the bell rings

Pool Tube

Sun rays shimmer through a magnifying glass
amplifying deathly heat.

They excavate uninflated pool tubes from the back of the trunk
through mounds of towels, garbage, packed turkey and swiss cheese sandwiches
and water bottles that couldn't fit in the cooler.

Flat and heavy,
the same feeling as plastic covers on your grandma's couch
And in the same way the emanate a crimson red and green,
but not christmas colors,
warm 70s and 80s colors.
the deep red that has faded over the course of years or wear and tear
the muted green pants as they drowned in detergent.

Along with uninflated tubes they dig out noodles,
but not soba or fettuccine
gatorade blue and green apple green pool noodles,
the rubber ducky already lays in the pool,
it swivels back and forth
subject to the current of the pool.

The overgrown vines creep towards the pool,
the ivy threatens to make the house a part of the forest,
on top the roof and the ivy lays an eagle,
and in his mouth is your grandma's pearl necklace.

Besides the eagle is her purse, laid on its side
its contents splayed out on the side of the roof
some candy, an old ring, bandaids, a shark keychain another good list
from her time in the bahamas, a pair of earrings, her wallet,
a hearing aid, and lip balm.

He dives for the rubber ducky
talons extended, claws sharpened
against the metal wire fences he hates so much.
He dodges a kid, who lets out a screech,
and goes for the rubber ducky's eye

The tip of one of his claws puncture the cornea,

the compressed air sounds like a gunshot,
air escapes out of the duck like streamers,
the lifeless flat rubber duck falls at the bottom of your feet.
In front of the uninflated pool tubes.

Ribbit

Atop a red lipped, flat bottomed lily pad
one to the next,
green canvases paint the water,
valentine pink splotches bless the canvas,

and at the center of the scene,
a red eyed, tangerine footed, irish green bodied,
sticky, slimy, high energy, frog,

A water droplet falls onto her head,
coating her eyes like a fresh coat of snow turned to ice,
completely solid, yet translucent.

On the hunt for flies, spiders, bugs,
whatever may satiate this biological spring.

Lightning, overhead flashes blue and white,
yes but that's not what it was,
God begins to cry,
the floodgates are open.