

Stranger Fruit

In Response to "II Song On" by Thomas Sayer Ellis and "Strange Fruit" by Abel Meeropol

Dear Indiana,
why me next?

history
has forgotten

the strange fruit
on poplar trees.

Will you string
me up

suspended on weak
branches:

executive, judicial, &
humanity

when the sun
shines through

prisms
of crystalline skin that

will cast rainbows
on the concrete:

this hole

bears

our only hope.

Crypts

If the feeling of heavy wet denim
wasn't so disturbing

nothing would hold me back from
stepping one foot at a time into

this calm lake

and forcing my body

to learn how to

float.

Nothing disappoints more than a defective vibrator

Tassel ring, suede ribbons,
with blunt garage scissors,
pubic hair in white cotton panties,
before you even knew about
“Om” tattooed on your forehead
forever backwards in a mirror,

bracelets cutting off circulation from
pubic hair in white cotton panties &
Brazilian waxing for your matador
to fingers, cuticles, nails until
my god says, “no” more than “yes”

you can't feel
your native beads, braids,
pubic hair in white cotton panties,
anything but
breasts and bangs cut yourself
anymore

Are You There God? It's Me Again

A white-pawed kitten bats at a red yarn
intestine of Sarah Palin, from which
birth control pills fall to the floor with a thud
along with a newborn baby screaming.

“I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE!
I WAS GIVEN NO *CHOICE!*”

RuPaul sells his ladybugs for a penny a piece
from a cardboard box outside of a nuclear power plant.
He flits his rigid tongue at the passing men who say,

“Mermaids only exist because men
forced them to breathe under water.”

A young girl, locked in her room
peels back the yellow wallpaper to reveal
a black cement wall and the last trapped girl's etchings which read,

“I crave the rocks in your throat
and hope they make you float
to the tops of my ovaries
where you belong.”

The ghost of Sylvia Plath fucks the ghost of Allen Ginsberg
in the ass with a flaccid white strap-on dildo.
They burst into black glitter when they cum in unison from which

*I rise with my red hair
and I eat men like air.*

Trigger Warning:

holding my brother's hand after his failed suicide attempt

~~My brother's hands—~~ battle on eroding banks* gun medal of honor ~~prays to a figurative god~~
hurtle shiny bullets at* hospital walls screaming silence ~~like the pin of a grenade*~~ taping knives under chairs
psalms exorcising breath your head could be a cherry blossom dipped in candle-wax* vodka dream dances

to a knife making love to a wound* not ready to lose a son of a gun with his soul escaping my body
Russian roulette with decapitated poppy desert fields hot steam rising from my mother weeping 100 years*
a heart too calm & worry tastes too dirty* crushed diamonds and fire* veins run camel camo

~~palms pressed on ear windows—~~ pine tree weaved moonlight on razor-backed shirts
his eyes are escaped caves* on arsenal pledge-of-allegiance running rivers jolting bolting a single match could devour him*
shotgun blast to the faded ground* Afghanistan copper daisies black moon rises & my mother can't close her eyes

anymore.