

Speech Therapy

A cheerio everytime R rolled off my tongue like stapling papers in just the right way
Because syllables felt like eczema on my tonsils.

Mosquito bites in my larynx.

Wednesdays in a sickly sunshine room
Since every time I spoke, spiders spun webs,
and warped my letters.

My S's don't sound like the sea anymore,
but the mechanical click of lesson timers
and speech pathology textbooks.

An alto forced to sing soprano.

Upper lip sweat and lemon cough drops
wedged between teeth

too separate for you to understand.

Souls scripted by dyslexic philosophers

Scraped away

In a room smelling of algebra 2.

Where Jane crawled out the wallpaper

And didn't take me with her

So I could speak how politicians do-

Without spiders in my throat

And music in my belly.

Picasso ruined me

A blank canvas crisping in fire.
I need to cleanse it, gesso my soul
but he tie dyed his laugh in my creases
knotted his tongue in my throat,
sickly rubber bands.
Where do my vocal chords end and his paintbrush begin?

No one asks how the painted feel.
A dried cockroach on a Jackson Pollock.
We Renaissance women, naked chorus of Eves
dancing for his entertainment.
Only to realize
We never escaped His garden.
Forever wallowing in his watercolor.

If tears were cobalt blue my insides
would be a twilight sky, a twisted ocean.
If his acrylics taught me anything it's black isn't one color,
but many.
Under Plato's cave burns burnt Sienna and umber.
Cadmium red and yellow.
In our cherry pitted parts
carved by his palette knife
lives a willful fire .

I quickly burn
and shed like the Garden Snake.
Slithering out of his painting
and into my own.

And how bright the sun feels on my face.
And how marvellously yellow and
sweet the dandelions are up here,
where air is fresh
and women paint
unapologetic self portraits.

The Meaning of the Moon

Overblown balloon animals in
my biceps
And marbles making
mutualistic madness in my belly.

A battered box of vervet monkeys
Play in my head
Arias of an astronaut's belly
Sonatas of sour snake snacks.

And I wish I could hug her when her pants didn't fit.
because it's normal to gain blubber at eight.
But men beg to differ on Beauty
and the centimetres of a little girl's waist.

What would they know about Pluto
Or stardust circling your ventricles?

Because hydrogen in humans
came from stars
that survived several supernovas, so
I think it can sustain curvy hips
and thighs that like to touch
like DNA.

I thought I had been alone for so long
Until I grounded disco doubts from my muscles,
and found
Life without fat unfruitful.

Ran 6 miles to sweat out stardust -
the sound of grandma's Italian
Her nitrogenous compounds
circulated into mine
But I took them for granted
and I can't get them back

I miss feeling full
of heliocentric moon rocks
and Nana's spicy sonic spaghetti.

Losing fat was the worst type of lonely.

Bisexual Brain Music

Grandmother's album

Crispy chalked photos of her summer in France.

I can still see squiggles

of her lover's left arm.

Geometric jaded madness

of an afternoon in the apple orchard,

playing piccolo and drinking honey.

She wished to double click Her form,

zoom in on the right dimple

Isomorphic irony.

Memorize how her nerves felt

When they held hands

Like she was wax paper burning

In her lover's cigarette.

This was before their

hexadecimal hiatus

To normalize Grandma's neural code.

Re-organize her hierarchical chunks

To hold grandpa's hand.

And hope no one questioned

her love for men.

