

## *Two-day Shipping*

Monday is another victim  
to a one-click order  
Tuesday is vinyl corridors  
unprepared  
                    unrepairable

Recite a plea to God – only He  
the improvisational essayist  
ends a story that never began

Wednesday is a hollow box  
of myths  
and what ifs  
with blue smiles flipped upside down

and the rainbow onesie  
that you bought on Monday

## *Groveswood Drive*

Origins unknown but on the –  
roadside reborn. The brash milk-stained mistress

with cracker crumb creases, greets us  
with the squeak of the hydraulic door stop.

Today Sue drags gifts in the black  
drawstring trash bags. And Kathy sets aside

a plate for Bill, just in case he  
shows. And Bob sweeps up loose pines so they won't

prick our toes. And we live. We live  
like years before, living today. We all

start laughing at once, and I gaze  
into shameless blurred faces unabashed –

unwilling to cheer high on the  
grandstands for her last lap around the sun.

They are but watchers from afar  
hidden behind the half-silvered mirror.

She counts days alone amongst the  
clutter and dust – bitter as pith. Yearning

for an invite to Sunday brunch.  
Yearning for an unexpected phone call.

But that day would never come.

And the watchers turned scavengers  
stripping away the fruit while tossing weeds...

Soon after the leather had worn  
I drive slowly through Groveswood one more time

holding on to memories of  
childhood. Where are the untrimmed bushes?

What happened to the sepia  
spinet piano with broken black keys?

That spot on the wood grain that looked  
like a face? The old entertainment stand

packed with her VHS tapes of  
primetime sitcoms and holiday specials?

Where are the mounted figuring  
cubbies covering the faux-wood panels

filled with the intricate knick-knacks  
collected over a long – short lifetime?

What did they do with all her stuff?  
They cut it into a check and split it four ways.

## *90s Décor*

Disheveled ginger hair  
freckles unchecked  
day-old eye shadow  
blotchy pale skin  
not fair like Snow White  
but sallow  
lifeless  
anemic Wednesday Adams

We met at a post-grunge  
murder scene  
with zombies strung out  
on a legless couch  
of 90s décor  
*Take These Broken Wings* played  
on a tower HP  
CRT – rainbow squares  
hippy death screensaver

She coiled beside me  
on a cluttered couch  
while I sat up straight  
with my potato feet  
rooted into the ground  
Her side-eyeing whispered  
*fuck me*, but her  
disheveled ginger hair  
smelled too much  
like daddy issues

## *Taro*

a paradise trapped  
in the eye of a ghetto  
garbage filled hurricane  
hand cracking  
sub-zero twilight sky  
coughing, sneezing  
anxiety induced puking  
it is a strip of dim-lit  
midnight lovers  
lipless smiles while  
passing co-workers  
inside this tiny white pill  
lies an old covered bridge  
shielding you from  
the violent storm overhead  
leading you over  
the frozen pit below

## *The Reunion*

Today is born without waking  
as so many days before I play  
on the un-swept floor

still shaking, unfed familiarity  
forgotten  
with Spaghetti-O's and Crispix

Your song is pastel  
an effulgent swell of color  
sonnet of yesterday's taking

*Is my sister okay?  
Elna passed long ago  
as have you*

*Where are my ashes?  
You were entombed, now rest  
I'll see you again soon*

And with her words  
the un-swept floor  
as so many times before

is replaced by white noise  
a damp pillow  
and the awakened night