

*"For Silver," & other poems*

*"For Silver"*

Silver hung around by the coffee shop  
Drinking everybody's last godforsaken drop  
She never said a word, just stood there and sold  
Her eyes of silver and her blood of gold

I tried dancing by but couldn't lucidly defy  
Her peppermint lakes and pineapple skies  
Her raspberry breath was filling up my chest  
And I fell into a defenseless hypnotic trance

Silver started off slow, injecting me with gold  
Firing up my veins, shooting up my soul  
Couldn't bring me down or speak any logic  
I was helpless, powerless (robotic, robotic)

Silver spilled her poison into a sleek and sterling cup  
Her venom thickly trickled down my esophagus  
And slowly it began to tranquilize my skin  
Vessels tightening— walls caving, closing in

Nothing felt as pure as her cool, narrow hands  
And her neurotic glance of complete predominance  
Not much I could say 'til she pulled the needle out  
I was already dreaming, or had I woken up?

I opened my eyes and turned to the left  
To find I was her victim of cold crimson theft  
Shoulders to the east, ribs the west  
Nothing behind me but a sign proclaiming "death"  
What happened here, how'd I grow so old?

Can you do that again for me, Silver, but turn me into gold?

“Carcinoma”

1.

sorting through delusions  
conversing with atoms, maybe it's  
hereditary because it's all  
in her head  
zealous at best for intrinsically  
offering her finest possessions,  
having to question  
rabidly existing  
namelessly  
in  
allusion to breathing

2.

choking myself into a daydream  
seems like a promising resolution  
morphing everything  
to make sense of it all  
filling pockets, arranging boxes  
is organization enough?

3.

neurons of “why?” and “if what?”  
keeping things gold-plated  
with a name like Cancer  
summer is better accompanied by rain  
mirrors magnified by mosaic  
fragile fingers juxtaposed by heavy veins  
candy-coat weary eyelids,  
“I had trouble sleeping through the night again”

4.

if only for a minute  
I would soak up the air  
from the day you taught me how to tie my shoes  
and wrap myself in vivacious beginnings  
to exhale the pain of every fifteen minutes my lungs have endured  
since malignancy became magnifying as the sun over an insect  
I would frustrate over learning how to tie a knot a million times  
to see your face light up in a million watts when I got it right

“hush.”

*The woman came out through the curtains with two  
glasses of beer and put them down on the damp felt pads.  
'The train comes in five minutes,' she said.  
-Ernest Hemingway*

hush. you are a fucking single-celled bacteria versus a vicious flood of antibodies in a child's immune system. hush. you are worthless and diagnosable. you are no special case for psychiatrists— treatment being sought for fucking clinical insanity. hush. alcoholism. “yes, we see this all the time.” hush. your organs are failing and nobody wants to fucking walk in on you dead. hush, hush, “it's going to be okay” — until it's the 365th time you've said those words, 8 years later. SILENCE, please. your excuses are getting boring and frankly, I'm tired of hearing the fucking aching in my mom's esophagus every time she's forced to explain how you're doing, or what you've been doing. *nothing*. “hasn't changed since Tuesday...” hasn't changed since 1998. *silence*— do you hear it? it must echo in that empty apartment, pitch-black and indistinct. the scent of alcohol and cigarettes dressed with blood on your hands, in your hair. HUSH. adorning the floor again. HUSH. hospital bills, hospital beds, doctors, clinics, checking yourself in. “her pancreas is failing.” please, say no more. “I'll pretend they aren't there...” liquor stores, or demons? they'll haunt you anyway. they'll chase you into bed. haunt you as your throat is biting the last sip. demons. the end of your marriage, the end of your mother-daughter, the end of your dark apartment where you fucking blend right in. HUSH.