

## Earthling

Sometimes I feel like when my body is ready  
The world knows  
I want to swaddle myself in a pastel cloth and blend into the wall  
Everything in my world seems to be trying to present itself to me  
All of this energy  
Good, bad, light, dark, red, heavy.  
I don't want to receive any of it.  
I want to run  
I don't want to consummate with that energy  
I want to turn from all of it and become of no gender  
No touch, No skin  
I want to come from nothing but the ground  
Become the earth below me  
I twirl around in this inside-out balloon  
Let me break free  
The place where my womb hides is softer than the rest of me  
Struggling for weeks with this plague and then...  
butchering of something I have no control over  
I don't want it  
My brain becomes fried and my emotions lump in between my breasts  
like a tumor gnawing its way through  
the fleshy surface.  
Hard and Black  
I hate being of women then.  
The stigma that comes along with being a woman.  
People see power, the ability to endure but I feel that many see the vulnerability that is  
wrapped in  
the soft exterior, the small exterior, the exposed exterior.

I guess I'm sexist.

## Coney Island Dream Team

The sweet smell of summer skin  
Rush of lily white against a pale blue sky  
Eyes colored button black in the centers  
Spinning around slow in a cold metal tea cup  
My hands were skeleton purple  
Framed in black and white  
Locked smiles in a moment  
Strawberry strands fraying in the wind  
Swiping the damp of my cheeks  
A sweet ice cream daisy dream song dancing in the background  
Ribbon sticks flashing over our heads  
Everyone's alive and breathing wet air  
It's you there beside me  
Face curled up into your best cheshire cat  
I think I see your best Sunday shoes too  
The constructor of this circus orchestra  
Wears a dusty top hat that's just a bit too short  
Humming a tune that's just a bit too sad and suddenly I'm feeling dizzy  
Butterflies dropped from the sky into my belly  
Hot air balloons welled up in my eyes and it must be all over soon  
I think  
Face burning from the wind  
Maybe a bit blushed too  
But it's just you holding my hand  
You've said it before  
It's just a whirling dervish taking us away  
It's just a whirling dervish high in the clouds  
A one way ticket for a couple of kids who could never quite grow up

To you, dear friend and stranger.

I will let go of my current thoughts while also acknowledging them as they pass. I am an oar in the water. I float on, cutting through the lazy waves with nothing but joy and intention. My keeper is the dove. She lands on the side of me that is always awake with eyes wide open. She is graceful yet still sends the slightest bit of vibration through me. Despite this disturbance touching the deepest parts of my body, tingling in trickling ways down my spine, I will not slow my speed. I will continue to cut through each lazy wave with just as much intent, joy and curiosity as I have been for all my present moments. If there is any sort of knowing in me, it is the knowing that my existence is small and large at the exact same time. I will forever relish in that. Nothing else can peak my interest except for what my own soul sees fit to accept in and to explore. I have come to know I am my own keeper. The white dove who makes her presence known with vibration is accepted in to me just as much as she is let go as she ventures off into the clouds leaving me behind. The tingling in my spine may linger for a while longer. I may even think back on the soft landing of her feathers on my stem but when it comes time I will acknowledge her exit just as much as I had welcomed her visit in my experience and I will let myself be love and compassion all the same.

## My Marlboro Moon Man

My baby's got a pack of soft marlb smashes on both sides of his 517 Levi's  
Always called em' marlb smashes bettin' on the fact by the end of the day they'd be  
crushed real thin  
That's my baby for ya  
One pack in the left front pocket  
One pack in the left back pocket  
Right pockets worn real thin from a wallet inscribed Pete for his late father whom he told  
me he never met  
My baby's got a sky light in the back of his beat up Dodge  
Looks like a truck bed to me but he tells me it's just the same as a fancy sky light like the  
ones in the luxury  
cars and when he lays me down back there and peeks at my chest I think we can see more  
stars than if we  
were covered under a tin roof any how  
...Something tells me he's never been too interested in the honey bruised skyline  
himself...still looks beautiful  
to me  
My baby rides solo home from the bar some nights with his eyes looking in opposite  
directions  
He's always on the lookout for trouble  
That's my baby  
Left eye lookin' on the right  
Right eye lookin' on the left  
Me lookin' in the rear view of my mommas VW until he's out of sight  
He always said he did this bettin' on the fact if I got home before he did we could make  
believe it was the  
first time he snuck through my bedroom window and fall in love all over again...and on  
account of the fact he  
just really liked watching me walk away  
That part always made me feel a little weak in the knees but I'd never admit to that  
A lady has her secrets  
My baby had the biggest smile around town  
He always told me it was on account of the fact that I was his and he was mine  
Forever yours, forever mine, forever ours he'd whisper in his sweet tobacco tongue  
My baby learned how to swim one day way down passed the lake and then he learned to  
how to fly  
Spread out into the clouds  
Two hands spinning dead on the wheel  
One neck caught outside  
My baby went away one day  
Leavin' me behind