

THE MAD GIRL FEELS SHE STILL HAS SO MUCH TO LOSE

tho tuesday seems a  
gulch nothing could  
fill only night  
slithering in, a  
black emerald, she  
presses her head up  
to see something  
more than red eyes  
in she feels her  
hands are tied  
dissolve behind  
her she's a  
hostage feeling  
her wrists burn  
lace bikinis stiffen  
under the bed as  
her thighs itch  
for what she  
knows will never  
help her

DEPRESSION

onyx moonlight  
glazes the wrought  
iron that's rusting,  
a steel grey exhaust  
turns air to soup.  
cars collide in my  
wrists. May is a  
cloverleaf highway  
the exits come up  
on too fast. love goes  
on near a dune I can't  
get off to get to  
like weather in an  
atmosphere where  
wind pushes seaflowers

COUSINS I'LL NEVER KNOW

like books I wanted to  
read but never got  
around to cities in  
countries I hadn't  
learned the language  
for but remember a  
dream of lips on

Rue de Feu the  
smell of brandy  
4 o'clock plum and  
canteloup stained  
glass light fresh  
cut maple burning  
as snow blurs  
trees in Dresden

MIGRANTS

the light pale  
lemon and canteloup  
icy still, chattering  
in candle glow  
water bugs in dreams  
long sleeves and  
denim pickin'  
clover spiders  
crawl over cotton  
sweat the sweet  
rot of oranges, limes

AFTERWARD

where what had  
pounded is numb  
a woman punched  
on for so long  
she could be meat,  
feels bloody as  
hamburg, that  
unique. light  
nuzzles and moves  
away from where  
shapes in the  
dark were fire,  
lick stairs she'll  
never whistle up  
as she had