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Volcanic Winter, Super Blooming

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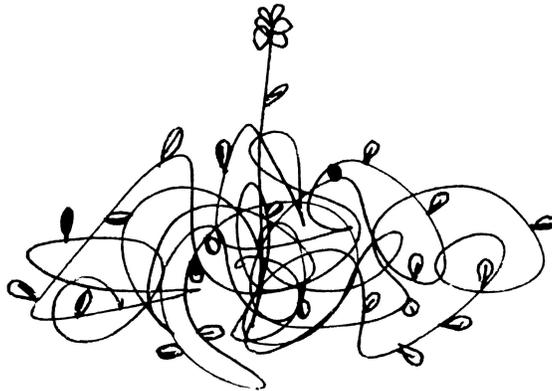
VOLCANIC WINTER, SUPER BLOOMING

KATHLEEN ROSS



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As an important and fascinating preface: this thesis was uncovered well after each poem was written. My writing method in both poetry and songwriting, similar to many poets and artists, begins in the exploration of images, analogies and sonics. Then later, after several surgeries: meaning surfaces, sometimes casually and sometimes in a landmine eruption. High-powered shrapnel and injury included. Regardless of presentation, it's always a surprise and that's my very favorite part. It's color-filled and pulsing and it's clarity.

This is a body of poems written under the transition into and out of a taxing and tumultuous writer's block. It's the discovery of how anger, isolation, depression, exhaustion, anxiety or feeling insignificant simply boils down to confusion and how that confusion (at least within myself) is the root cause of a block. To attain clarity is to feel weightless, unbound and free. Throughout this writing process, the most beautiful aspect was being able to watch my own mind close in that confusion, then unfold in that clarity, as a Nyctinastic flower closes to the approach of darkness and reopens to sunlight.

Despite the writer's block that occupied most of this semester, I wrote every day. And if I absolutely couldn't, I dug through all the little notes I had collected over the year. In my iPhone and journals, in the margins of my books, even old text messages to friends. Each was a fossilized thought. This exploration resulted in a sort of mental liquidation. Perhaps a cliché, but nonetheless accurate expression, would be to compare this to cleaning out an attic. Only in this version, the attic's mess affected the whole house. The pipes were leaking, the lights flickered and buzzed, the power would intermittently shut off. The walls and ceilings were cracking and admitting a terrible draft, rendering the heat and air conditioning wasteful or worthless. The attic weighed so much that it was crushing the whole house and I was forced to clean it. To pull the thoughts out, see where and how they had burrowed, collect them in a pile and stare at that pile. Measure its immenseness and handle its weight. Throw out the bad ones and rearrange the good ones. Address the issues, be reminded. "I walk away as if stung by bees," and "Sitting in my bed this morning, I caught a glimpse of my insides" were both almost exclusively built on these scraps of past material. The process of these two poems began out of frustration. I aimed to make my transitions as strange as possible in order to conceal the fact that I didn't have anything good. For help in this experimentation, I went to Alice Notley's, *Disobedience*.

The first time I read her work, I was utterly terrified. Not because of its strangeness or unashamed fervor, but because her pace and internal rhythm. Because of the cartography of her images and how certain moments seem to rise up from the page like goosebumps. The way she leads the reader somewhere nice, then shoves them face down into the carpet, yanks them back to standing by the back of their shirt, drop kicks them from behind, then kisses them sweetly goodnight, always leaving the light on making you look a little longer.

I was terrified because it was the first time I'd seen the way I think. Her pace, that rhythm, the beats per minute is so much how my own mind moves. As though I was listening to a song for the first time, immediately began writing over it and somehow I was making the same melody and note durations but with completely different words. There it was on the page, the map to my own mind. I'd worked so hard to be that accurate in my own translation of thoughts to a page, to be that honest and nothing else. Needless to say, emulating Notley was an additionally clarifying process.

She showed me, reminded me I guess, how to assemble my words into poems that were truthful to the way they were first conceptualized.

In arranging the body, I began uncovering sister poems. “I’m not trying to invent a new color, I just want to tell you about my day” and “Super Bloom in Death Valley” are two series of internal dialogues. I wrote “I’m not trying to invent...” my junior year, during a period when I felt particularly charged in my writing process. “Super Bloom in Death Valley” is one I wrote very recently and in a similar frame of mind, but on the other side of the writer’s block. Because of this, the two lend themselves as the more obvious evidence of progression within this project and my own creative abilities, acting almost as “before” and “after” pictures of a mind.

The poems between feel like vignettes of the writer’s block, the different phases of confusion. Some are external observations as in “Gravity in Water,” “The Man In The Corner” and “Have I made it yet?” where the confusion presents itself through a person outside of the speaker. Some internal, as in “A slow understanding”, “Sitting in bed this morning I caught a glimpse of my insides”, and “Wading home alone” where the problems are more or less within the speaker. While poems like “Questions are palindromes,” and “Montana” are removed from either, gnawing on a topic outside of the speaker.

Regardless of proximity, there is nearly always some form of “you” figure that the speaker points to throughout the piece. Either peripherally, as an afterthought or immediately in front of them. Most of these “you” figures have no real target. In her essay, “The Poetics of Disobedience,” Notley nails it explaining, “we [...] have stories going on in our consciousness and unconsciousness all the time and [...] we’re always talking to some ‘you’ mentally.” To practice eradicating this type of ongoing conversation came very unnaturally to me, but in the process of trying to refute it, I discovered that the “you” was often a “me.” My two or many selves, the series of my person “chatting inside or/ outside of myself.”

In light of these personal discoveries and how much they inform this work, I understand this thesis to be less of a creative project and more of an excavation. Perhaps this simple difference is why I never felt anxious or pressured about completing it, which might be the first time in my entire education that I’ve felt so relaxed and confident in an assignment. I could feel the block was somehow beneficial as its limitations were forcing me to make direction where there was none and find clarity where there had been confusion. The poems are arranged more or less chronologically in order to exhibit the spectrum of thought that occurs under such a tremendous transition.

Books of significant influence:

Grave of Light by Alice Notley (Wesleyan University Press, 2006)

Disobedience by Alice Notley (Penguin Poets, 2001)

Lessons on movement, poetic dance lessons.

Ring of Fire by Lisa Jarnot (Salt Modern Poets, 2003)

Lesson on suffocating the reader to create a certain emotional atmosphere that cultivates meaning, rather than plainly stating it.

Selected Poems by Frank O'Hara edited by Mark Ford (Alfred A. Knopf, 2010)

Lesson on striking up conversation with the reader rather than preaching or mumbling to yourself in a corner.

case sensitive by Kate Greenstreet (Ahsahta Press, 2006)

Lesson on mumbling to yourself in a corner and granting the reader access into the author's poetic insides, half spoken half thought thoughts.

Moby Dick by Herman Melville (Harper & Brothers, 1851)

Moby Dick offered insight to this project by serving almost as a counter-thesis. When I was forced to revisit my mess of thoughts, memories, images, etc., I gained clarity and freedom. When Melville wrote *Moby Dick* – what historians and scholars have agreed to be a partial autobiography – the reader can infer that Melville did not gain clarity or freedom from his project, rather a slow and virulent, ultimately isolating confusion.

Slow Lightning by Eduardo C. Corral (Yale University Press, 2012)

How to make the reader comfortably uncomfortable. To shock them into listening to something soft and warm, like honking your horn to wave at a friend.

Essays:

"The Poetics of Disobedience" by Alice Notley (1998)

"The Rejection of Closure" by Lyn Hejinian (University of California Press, 1985)

"Bewilderment" by Fanny Howe (Small Press Traffic, 1998)

Albums of significant influence:

Because so much of my poetry is married to the music I write, whether lyrically, rhythmically and/or thematically, I felt it imperative to include the albums I listened to most while writing this body of work.

The Idler Wheel Is Wiser Than the Driver of the Screw and Whipping Cords Will Serve You More Than Ropes Will Ever Do by Fiona Apple (Epic Records, 2012)

The specific lyrics and melodic synchrony that struck influence for this thesis were:

- “I just want to feel everything” from “Every Single Night”
- “Nothing wrong when a song ends in the minor key” from “Werewolf”
- “Oh, the periphery, I lost another one there” from “The Periphery”

The Desired Effect by Brandon Flowers (EMI, 2015)

The whole album is perfection. It serves primarily as a lesson on how to make happy art, without force-feeding the listener - what I have found to be the most difficult creative genre.

Hounds of Love by Kate Bush (Manhattan Records, 1985)

How to make art like a child: un-jaded, uneducated and purely creative.

Tidal by Fiona Apple (Work Group, 1996)

A lesson on theatrics and revealing the dark micro-expressions that simmer beneath purity and innocence.

Sam's Town by The Killers (Island Records, 2006)

Affinity for the desert and plain, usually dismissed, but completely wonderful stories.

The specific lyrics and melodic synchrony that struck influence for this thesis were:

- “He doesn’t look a thing like Jesus/ but he talks like a gentlemen/ like you imagined when you were young” from “*When You Were Young*”
- “The good old days, the honest man/ the restless heart, the Promised Land/ a subtle kiss that no one sees/ a broken wrist and a big trapeze” / “The teenage queen, the loaded gun/ the drop dead dream, the Chosen One/ a southern drawl, the world unseen/ a city wall and a trampoline” from “*Read My Mind*”

Art Angels by Grimes (4AD, 2015)

Similar to Alice Notley’s *Disobedience*, a lesson on how to be disobedient.

Multi-Love by Unknown Mortal Orchestra (Jagjaguwar, 2015)

Exploring and revealing all the newness hidden in the familiar.

The Sea by Corinne Bailey Rae (EMI Music Japan, 2010)
A lesson on the strength in beauty and delicacy.

To Pimp A Butterfly by Kendrick Lamar (Top Dawg Entertainment, Aftermath Entertainment and Interscope Records, 2015)
A lesson on building community through art.

In Rainbows by Radiohead (XL Recordings, 2007)
The King of Limbs by Radiohead (Ticker Tape Lmt, 2011)
The Bends by Radiohead (Parlophone, 1995)
How to build a new state of mind by creating a higher level of atmosphere.

Boxer by The National (Beggars Banquet Records, 2007)
How to cry.

Begin to Hope by Regina Spektor (Sire Records, 2006)
How to talk to yourself into a microphone.

Blood on the Tracks by Bob Dylan (Columbia Records, 1975)
How to be a musician and a poet.

A helpful glossary:

Volcanic Winter: “The cooling at Earth’s surface resulting from the deposition of massive amounts of volcanic ash and sulfur aerosols in the stratosphere.”
– *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

Super Bloom: “A burst of colorful flowers is bringing life to Death Valley -- a rare event that could become a ‘super bloom,’ thanks to the potential combination of ‘perfect conditions.’” –*abcnews.com*

Nyctinasty: “a nastic movement (as the opening and closing of some flowers) that is associated with diurnal changes of temperature or light intensity.”
– *Merriam-Webster*

Planet: “The ancient Greek name for such a heavenly body was planēs, which means ‘wanderer.’” – *Merriam-Webster*

Oort Cloud: “The Oort Cloud is believed to be a thick bubble of icy debris that surrounds our solar system. This distant cloud may extend a third of the way from our sun to the next star -- between 5,000 and 100,000 astronomical units.”
– *nasa.gov*

Publications:

“Have I made it yet?” - *University of Colorado Honors Journal*, 2016

(Cover and Title Page art by *Kathleen Ross*

Graphics by *Sheridan Strong*)

I'm not trying to invent a new color; I just want to tell you about my day

1

Had I named myself like a purchased star or tumor, a piece of highway, something so much less my own, my person might finally become my title.

I don't want to be a tree in my own decay, which I will have no part in, soul and mind separation from the body like a weaved hand-hold across the blinking walk sign. I don't want to watch it but watch me leave it like a fog from the dew or your foot from the ground in retrograding leaps, like our neighbors, close enough to call them "wanderers." The moon looks flat tonight but I still can't collapse it into an envelope.

I'm stuck in your head, I can see it as you read
you're just looking at the lines like lines of
traffic or rows of frostbitten garden, I'm sorry,
I'll leave, but first can you tell me why that
woman at Target waved to me like a curse out
of the air or why the how is always second in
sequence of exploration? Cause I've been
thinking it so loudly for so long it's like popping
a zit on your chest where the skin is thick and
the harvest is impotent, but now it's weeks later
and that unholy bump is still rising and
reddening (and look, it has friends!) when all
you ever wanted to do was stomp it out into a
little hard scab that you can flick away and say
to yourself, *I just removed a month from my body.*

You'd've named me Diaphanous or at times,
Chimera; something I would have to pay to learn. I
am for this. I tally my blessings each by name and
through each, my impact sediments, lasting as a
wick. (I'm only thinking and if I could capture
quickly as it all came, I would be – Genius,
flailing.) Each is a color, I'm not trying to
make new. Inwardly pleading, not writing –
writhing in circles rather ellipses: same
arrangement around which the planets chase the
sun, never close enough to char in its bleed.
Something moths, like us, should take note of.

An ant and a cat on a rug like a pond *or* Reminder

There's a blue and green rug in the
center of my room - it's a blanket,
(mothers

correct, *a throw*.)

We crowded onto it, skirting,
piling conclusions like *masculine*

and *I think*.

There's a long clawed cat and an
ant, archetype for being

small proves its second metaphor,

bites the cat on the lips where he is licked, makes the cat
flail, makes himself
known. I am not the ant,

nor is a ballot, nor is a population or any other voice
in the room besides,
the ant.

While farther outside
you can hear the Oort cloud,
pinging.

Montana

In someone else's bed, I hear the long awaited storm.
A train car squeals, extinguishing
with a mother's pitch,
splits the city north and south
twice a day and
twice a night.
The cars thrash like fists
into each other, clock tower bells.
I'm the only one who
wakes to it.

It is the sound of your birth
the sound of your christening
and of your departure.

Montana,
I fear you
in the form of nearby thunder.

Took us Wenatchee, Ritzville, Spokane, Yakima, then Coeur d'Alene
to get to you.
Missoula, Bozeman, finally Billings –
600 miles of Canadian smoke thick as a bog
flattened your rolling
distance to plains,
reduced your winding,
your radial expansion
to the strung out east and west
interstate,
 isolated as your gaze.
Smothered your
Big Sky into one,
hovering brownfield,
through which the 11:00am sun glared red – streetlight
matriarch –
onto you.

In Shawmut,
there is a gas station bar
corralled with enough beards to carpet a floor.
Pastor Fred dodge rammed a buck a mile out of there, same 12 pointer
those beards had been stalking for as long as
the mountain lions had stalked them

on their hunts
for mountain lions.

The Man in the Corner

well he,
shitting on his keyboard caps lock locked. I know
because he shouted it
as a laureate would
to a breakthrough.

“oh if that’s so true then what’s my name?” he asked
the man in the corner prodded his elbow to
his arm
cracked a joke and t(he)y happily
garbled

then he grunted to the man in the corner
breathy hissed between the
hole where a tooth wasn’t, “just
because you can afford to have your tonsils out
doesn’t mean you can just come up to people.”

He said something else to the man in the
corner but I remember it as I
would something I shouted in my sleep
kicked the mattress, another leg and woke up. I ask my boyfriend
before that, sister,
what it was that I’d said a minute ago it was
an argument with my mother or an old enemy, panting
through me,
pluralized.

Neither answers, can’t tell who’s
chatting inside or
outside of myself.

Questions are palindromes

the point
is a tongue
moving around
the answer
rests, soot
wet stuck to the roof
of a mouth

the point
missed the point, couldn't answer
what we ask between
thoughts but scared to
out loud like standing at the
wrong time during a catholic
mass

the point
sinks blue of some sort, but
now green then yellow, swallowed
like a storming
bruise beneath our skin – old
dead blood thick in us.

the point
is a sun-stained
billboard ad along HW 80 mistaken
for the Kaaba

point is
“palindrome” isn't a palindrome.

Have I Made it Yet?

It's been a while since someone has ruined me but around you I am formless, tepid. I could tell you that, too – step outside this paper fort because you told me to be more conversational in my choruses and I told you to stop touching me. When you called me the smartest person you'd ever met, was it your plan to make me the opposite? To ask me up to your room, watch as I followed in front of you. We sat on the edge of your bed discussing the routes of artistry. You told me the key was connection between artist and listener, but you didn't even get that right and you laughed and called me adorable in a tone that said 'you're wrong'. I told you it's not so monotheistic; connection is between the listeners. It's the crowd agreeing with itself over a prompt that the artist provides. I could feel you imagining. My shoulders, chest, how you would reveal them. The dimensions of my waist, measured by your hands.

But I was still thinking about Seattle swimming in Maypole circles around Kurt Cobain. And the floors and walls outside these walls had dropped off and we were a tower but I was lead, cracking the carpet beneath me, escaping unsuccessfully, while the sound of your false surrender just grinned, "it's not like that, you mean so much more to me."

I first titled this, "Industry Poem," and my throat swelled because I knew I would have to admit it. I retitled it, "not Industry Poem," but your name is still there, bruising the page and your face is still in my face in my head, skin pleated like a bulldog and huffing.

to look down upon the sky

as mountains often do,
to tell you pretty things that realize the distance between
that ache in grateful prayer
 but tongues' nerves numb from saying
 saying saying

saying

A Slow Understanding

I wish I wasn't so thirsty at night. That I could sleep
through the whole thing without a whisper from
the garden thrashing beyond my window. It sings an ode
to water. I add the third harmony. Fall back asleep.

I'm heaving
in my shower, splashing breath
all over the linoleum bathtub, counting
the water veins as
they fall like cold thick
vines around my face,
into my eyes and mouth and thoughts
about how it's not a sad topic. The topic
is sadness. My mom leaves a pile of
voicemails complaining
about my anger like it will give me
away or something.

I drive to Lafayette in a car full of flowers.

They smell
like how sugar would taste if it didn't
hurt you to eat it, but they're
heavy, as hypersomnia. Heavy
as knowing how I can't see You
watching me,
I can't name You, and
You and I both know that
to walk out on You
is to swim away
with a bag of bricks in my arms.

I light the car on fire, watch the flames
turn to flowers. I eat
the flowers then light
myself on fire.

outside, fingers of snow adhere the slender grain of glass –

but
i only have
this that sits
only in this
skull,
so jealous
of the eyes still
smaller than
the body but
the body, skin
and brain
fuller through the eyes than the eyes
don't know what they don't see.

that sees nothing and knows this, knowing how much it doesn't know, sees.

Gravity in Water

There were times in the middle, briefly, at houses and between thoughts, but yesterday, in an empty Chinese restaurant I could see the papered walls through your skin. They slouched, too, and the whole time I wanted to call your brother. Tell him how you'd lit all your paintings on fire in the back yard. Couldn't be stopped. How you'd been staying in a lot, maybe why your skin was so pale, neck longer than usual. Glasses broken, phone lost, we both wore purple, matched the old couple we were.

But there you aren't in any of it, hanging sideways like an adolescent tree on the steep hillside of last summer, why every piece of memory begins last summer. When the bears chimed like lightening bugs in circles around our tent. It's hard to believe how much I loved you can simply evacuate. Fogged out, displaced, bleached in the larger louder memory of being controlled, a rolling eye contact. We broke like a California stop sign, kinda said it, then kinda didn't. Meanwhile somewhere beneath conversation, our common rage, fermented. And to straighten us back would be ironing wrinkled tin foil. Igniting all surrounding surfaces with tiny lightening from the microwave in your yellowing white tile kitchen, remembering how else to breath, remembering your carbon monoxide scent, remembering and remembering. Sex on your bedroom floor, crying on your bedroom floor in the small spot just between the couch we drove home like a sail on the roof of your sedan and the carpet we had to throw out because of I'll never tell why. Nihilism isn't real, old dear, your scale is just wrong. Even the word insignificant has significance.

You told me you were your own best therapist and I saw the orchid in the window. I saw the light that lands in water. Restless and jingling, subsumed. You came from the places we're told not to walk at night. Walk at day. Red and blues flashing all hours, on cop cars, on bodies, in the morning and evening skies.

I walk away as if stung by bees

1

you were where I misplaced
my various virginities, were one/fourth
of the reason I hated you most
in spring loved you deepest
in winter all the while confusion
wafting through the open door
swinging wide
like indecision,
unfurling in the shape of
a smirk, slinking into and out of
a 2 year relationship with
my neighbors'
music opalescent and scaling
through the window sits
cross-legged in the corner
of this internal(ly bleeding)
conversation.

2

(you can hold her
waist feel the micro-expressions
of the Milky Way mohawked across the
ceiling inside her skin stings
nettles in your throat)

3

out of this bar smells
like highly saturated vodka-
stained urine weightless through a fern
forest where the ferns
are men spike blind
shrapnel and for 13 seconds you
feel what it is to be a girl
on the internet
language running out
of clean diapers health
insurance and water stop grabbing
me I did not walk past you
hoping you would grab me I walked
passed you hoping to pass you

4

I can't figure out if I'm service
or product piece of
malnourished sexually
rampant highway road
sign flapping around down
some Arizona breeze peripheral,
blooming. Big words. Like afraid
to (be afraid to)
write this down as
I've had nothing in a head
but colors and genitals.
Nothing in a head but revolution
doesn't mean modernity and who are
these words coming out of the pneuma
sitting next to me.

Sitting in my bed this morning, I caught of glimpse of my insides

i perch in a clump
upon my thrift store throne side chair
over snarling clot
of used clothes and kleenexes
tangled and prays
up at me
for a comb everyone
is confused even
my mom texted me
in a panic dead
boy on the beach at the liquor store today
the only customers were 22-year-old girls
huddled in circles
around the sale wine hillary
clinton is demi-woman she wore a
musical name
language in a coma god must
be a coroner my immune system
must be a little man 100 pounds or so wears a low
cut white turtle neck inside
out blue light screaming 40
syrian dead boys
sleep on a beach. mouth
in a coma. if post-dave
was a rom-com porno
what genre would post-kate be?
she wore a musical name
her hair was clinquant smelled like
pantene. trump was the victor
in 2016. probably the same
as pre-kate. my fingers
through the curls snakes
in horizonless grass fields. god
sent me an apology said
“my pen slipped when I drew your mouth.”
generation as a measurement suffers
from increasing inflation.
bernie sanders is another word
for donald trump. my roommate sings along
to there is a light that never goes out all
i see is morrissey groped
by the san francisco tsa. my parents
and i are 400 generations apart. he wines
about it later on the internet. in a coma. martin
shkreli has a micro-penis i just know it
blue light screaming

at the end and beginning
of consciousness the sound of it
in my eyes decreases
melatonin production in the body
god sent me an apology said
“i put too many things in the world and now all that’s left to do
is break it back down” god sent me
an apology said “you are covered
in cell carcasses” god wrote
me an apology said “music is dead,
too.” at the liquor store there were 22
kates huddled in circles around the sale wine god wrote
me an apology said “you’re the only person
who can fake sincerity” to be in an
awake state of sleep forever
wrote “i use your memory
as a sieve” wrote “i smothered your respiratory system
in volcanic winter”
god wrote me an apology said “i don’t care what
happens i just want to see what happens”
i stack step ladders
grow myself into a full sized ladder
sit on the floor and visually
measure my outstretched legs.
that’s it?

Super Bloom in Death Valley

1

i'm trying to recall my dream from last night,
but the details are glow-in-the-dark
stars half an hour after
you turn the lights off.
bright in periphery,
but to look hard into one
is a grey lightless smudge,
reminder of ceiling.

2

every time you ignite a full moon
i hide out in a lidless
starbucks bathroom
brace for the backhand
of your visible spectrum.
homeless men banging on all 4 walls
like there was a door in or something.
how much you are the sun
hole and wall of white light.

3

my micro expressions are full blown,
facial muscles running intervals
across a wide gym floor, colorfilled
in every form of light and no makeup.
a man at baggage claim looks
loudly at me, i blush
say I'm just tired.
mistook my outsides
for insides again,
reminder that i weigh more
than the air i displace.

4

we lit grasshoppers on fire diagnosed
as satanic tendencies by a
high school english teacher. outside,
the wind sounds like water. a republican
mistakes a bearded iris
for flourishing coral reef. opens
his garden gate to better
hear the applause. to be accessible
is to be vacant. i'll grow my hair out
'til it crashes into the floor.

5

in my middle school
parking lot there were yous hunched
in every space spaced
evenly as if each were a room
where you could only see the walls from the inside.
you open your mouths
a hydrant of rainbow sprinkles
twirls out and down around my feet.
i'm sorry, i've only just realized
i've been a teenager my whole life.

6

there's a quiet avenue full of cars
and a median filled with him dressed
as the statue of liberty waving
signs that read "her lyrics
sounded like... remember
that time dad gave me valium? i
played one note all night
and cried so hard." traffic breezes huffing
in tight rings, moves like a muscle,
fresh as it would against an
open wound.

7

meanwhile in death valley,
a sand sun hemorrhages
light shrapnel across decades of
desert floor, puffs up a carpet
of yellow floral lesions.
and humming under, seeds
in volume of a muscle
hunch quiet in the hills.
caffeinated,
bending upwards.
i close my eyes
and stare at it, red capillary
light, stained glass skin.

She is the vascular system of a love song.

I take beauty where I make it.
How my sister and I would
back yard summer harvest
grass seeds in dixy cups.
Played with light, magnification,
grasshoppers, scents
of burning insect.
I was 10 then
15 then I was
yesterday.

City sweats every morning
all over the windows, park benches,
grasses. Age has a rifting marriage
with gravity. The heart stops
after the body. It's the only successful
separation of magnetic
north from south.
Not a tree or weather
dripping, it's an airstream
cirrus claw licking
through the moon. Decorative.
When I was a goldfish
and you were a swan, I nibbled your toes.
Most things are decorative.
Tasty toes. Today was decorative.
And Andrew is putting his body
in the sun.

Doubt eats me like a TV dinner.
Inside out
pants all over the floor
and I altogether forget what a wonderful name I had.