

To be acquainted

Summer bodies

Renamed, summer friends

Renamed, the fourth time in his bed.

When he asks to borrow her phone,
To call his long distance girlfriend,
She uses the hand she used to make circles on his back
And gives him the device.
He returns, seventeen minutes later,
Cold and barefoot,
Ready for a meal.

Selfie in a spoon

In a sister-stolen shirt I sit
blending with the denim.

A silver soup container
contains my face,
my skin,
my shoulders.

Their red and scratch.

The muscles hidden beneath silk and sweat.

A hand, my hand.

Tinted sometimes
by paint or blood.

A rose phone capture this moment
and my soul?

Crazy horse said so,
preferred we sketch or write our self portraits.

Now, I don't remember if I used this spoon or not.
For eating that is.

Found selfie in an essay

Amidst a diminishing youth

my mother approaches a friend.

A tall science man with a husband to be.

She with her lonesome fertility,

he with his failed marriage to women.

A union in a doctor's office near the beach, over twelve times.

Needle,

stomach,

needle,

uterus,

needle,

needle,

me.

Twelve times now twelve years in the same bed.

It squeaks, makes me aches,

reminds me of the jungle cats.

A pulsing lip and a 10lb weight.

Gushing Prozac, Zoloft and whiskey.

I am regrowth,

crying with poems beneath my arms.

A new daughter,

hairless,

poignant,

shaking.

The Giveaway

“The hedge-crowned chassis might have been one of father’s own.” after Linda Gregerson

368 days ago he read a poem in his likeness
about my wedding and his absence,
presumed dead.

He is old and fraying and growls when you turn,
fights back.

Silver spare tire on the caboose and

Two cigarette butts,

My piece,

My lungs,

Your lungs.

The carpool boy leaves his
but steals mine.

Little sisters who think songs of pearls and polka dots are hers
while Big Boys play musicals.

One too many trips too far away for an incessant blip on my phone
exhaust you.

I am sorry.

You were my “father’s” own,
now my own,
soon

A rusted mirage for the city,
or my mothers,
to clean up.

I am sorry.

I have yet to press my hips against a body of pressure
near the silver tire,

I don’t think I ever will.

Only one near collision,
only three mistakes,
very few misguided trips.

Thank you poem,

I thought you’d be a vase.

My sand family knows how you are to my ears now.

A soft and tangled reason to get out of the house.

Cliche Origin Poem

I am from needle needing lesbians and a music history man,
from thoughts of myself in July 2016, October 2014, May 2012
from my body a body suit and lunchbox assaults,
from splinters in my thumb.

I am from under desk fits eight stories up,
from celebrity sightings outside the therapist's office,
from seventh grade numbness, eighth grade numbness, ninth grade numbness.

I am from published poems no one understands,
from Amoebas that get sold but are sticking around for a few more years,
from SUVs that stop your heart,
from cats on walls then cement.

I am from the dead flies under my windowsill back home,
from unimaginable heat,
from a tooth-gap long gone,
from curls overnight.

I am from 5 pounds in a week,
about 20 in a month
And excessive consumption of whatever you've got.

I am from back pain, back pain, back pain.
I am from the sponge depths of a Scotch Tape factory,
from forgotten inhalers and too much smoke,
From all of my dead and dying friends,
From second grade singing dreams to Echo Park music festivals.

I am from a too clean bedroom for too long,
from chapstick addiction and hospital dramas,
from It flowing out of me like slush,
whatever that is.

Found Haiku:

Yes, I go about
reminded of the horrible
humbug of dear men