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GLASS ORIGINS: I & the Other

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GLASS ORIGINS

I & the Other

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“SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ARTS OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK”

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::W::

Say What? ... Ear Waxing

she choose gum and pops it
at those whom bend beneath
the waist

time ticks terrible
since this buckle brings
slight amplification

as annunciations
become flavored windmills
of brand-scented wonder

::W::

Wishing Upon

“Yo, Vegas!” as incantation
Yes – pray

This deity dances then sleeps ‘til three,
She levitates lids in decision of trashing collected numerology,
except the 7’s
these she keeps wrapped in two-year-old tissue paper

They become gifts to un-sun-glassed survivors of her smile
For the ungifted, she throws coins at their eyelids,
Wishing them a safe journey

Vegas implements hudna,
Existing only in realms of selfish temporariness
The start button has dual functions – play or pause

So does she

Pick your pleasure if you please,
party or poison?

Her lights twinkle a blackening temperature
atop islandic sands
as she sings her verse of the swallowed sword

::W::

Ageless

I'm old enough to know wings of angels
choke just as hard as
human hands

I'm old enough to become
offended by the inquiry then forgive
I'm old enough to understand

I'm old enough to want
to live (not simply survive)

I'm old enough to know I don't know
enough, and never will

I'm old enough to raise the bow
and aim the arrow

I'm old enough to shoot
and kill (then be charged as an adult)

I'm old enough to keep my eye
on the sparrow

I'm old enough to realize
the end is the beginning,
subtracted and reversed

I'm old enough to breathe
unrehearsed

I'm old enough to meditate
on acts of violence

I'm old enough to appreciate
silence

I'm old enough to quench my own thirst

::W::

Beath Day

My son!

Don't even know if I want one (anymore)
Strangers even askin me of an invisible child

Will it grow to be an

Invisible Man?

Not on my watch...
I'd put him under someone's stricter gaze cuz an ass beatin at that point just won't
cut it
Slave auction block to postin on blocks outside

Over my Dead Body

and I'll be dead to him if he won't live right

He will be left,
isolated.

Till he learns to be a king and put his shadow on the throne

::W::

Breakfast

we are sharing pancakes and fun-colored syrups:

tornado blue, rocket red, electric orange

when she mouths to me of a secret she owns

my hair dangles over her eye and cheek as she cocks her chin

to tell me:

“I remember when I was a baby and I couldn’t talk, but I wanted to tell you I loved you.”

removing the cup from my ear

she sits back and we mirror syrupy smiles that smell sweet

::W::

Chronomentrophobia

Eye engulf gorgeous like I like your angles, like I like math like I like digits exchanged.

Digits like years, I can see the kid and the man at the same time like I like leaping through.

Leaping like my stomach like I like butterflies.

But butter flies like time when I break bread like I wonder about “What’s in your head.”

Why is subtracted and (h)ours are born.

Bourne like Jason and I like switched identities so many times.

Like I can’t come between we, like I’m French because my answer always seems to be yes.

Seams like this life force is stitched back together again. (Like Janet, I like dancing and I like that you do too.)

Like I’m beating sunlight like I’m true like this isn’t forced, but I still like to use Jedi mind tricks.

Like I’m Eddie and you’re Aykroyd like we’re trading places.

Like I change my view to look at you and I like what eye see.

::W::

Past My Shades

When problems reside in brightly lit caverns
what is there to be expected at the end of a
discovered tunnel which is shadowed by leaked beams

Lately this has been my support system
these beams I am balanced atop
"point the feet win the meet"
and I never forget to smile with teeth

No dollars to rain above,
but plenty of bills collecting below
empty crackles of momentary giddiness

It's all the oxygen layered
between puffs of chalk and scattered applause
regarding just-under-perfect scores
Good enough to make it to team semi's only
No one to witness individual fabulous feats

And I whisper, "At least I'm on scholarship."

::W::

One Tree

if I'm on a plateau of my own
how'd you get up here to stare me in the face?
Perhaps you climbed, clawing debris beneath your obscenely long pinky and
thumb nails
or maybe you stunt-biked your way across these sharp blades of grass, covering
this hill

if I'm immeasurable, compared to all the others
why do you passive aggressively comment on the placement of my step stool?
Kicking it away from the full dish sink, knowing you won't sud your hands
tonight
Folding it behind the fridge when I'm cleaning elsewhere, knowing I'll need to
reach the
 paper towels

if I'm your everything
Who am I when I feel like I'm nothing (sure)?
With you, I've lost my old self
With you, I'm no longer sure of where I'm going

if you want to make me happy
Allow me to walk with you on the even ground, without readying yourself for
battle
Allow me to build our house atop this hill,
instead of letting me stand up here alone while you have the leisure of marveling
from below

::W::

Impact

*“New York City, center of the universe.
Times are shitty, but I’m pretty sure they couldn’t get worse...”*

This is the place I’ve always
wanted to leave

I’ve found my own Eden
and this ain’t it

I’m longing for a different latitude,
to adjust my scorched attitude

This is the place which stings me from within,
instead of lightly tanning my skin

Luxury Curdled

carved pumpkins scream
dried-out expressions
for a month or slightly more
the same happens for some humans too,
except they have longer to live
or quicker to die

I remember my college mate Ramona (wasn't close enough to call her my friend, but we'd say "Hi" to one another in the hallways on the way to our separate classes) –
really though, I remember not remembering her when she went missing before the Spring '03 semester was over her face is etched in my memory ever since I glimpsed it in the paper and then later around school

“Remembering Ramona”

“Remembering Ramona”

“Remembering Ramona”

followed by her face beneath the calling caption with a room number and date as I entered the meeting space that Fall, there were a handful of us Hunter-ites I remember me remembering as they passed out a smaller version of the flyer that I wished Ramona didn't have to be remembered like this I remember her mom crying to us in between details of her daughter's murder, like how they found Ramona wrapped in a blanket stuffed beneath a truck not too far from where they lived, but far enough

I remember pondering how my own popularity and fold of friends may have helped had I been in a situation like hers or what strings my parents would have pulled to find me

we are all guilty, the difference is the degree in which we are punished

Ramona was a Guyanese-American, she probably didn't fully participate in many typical October festivities. I wonder if she would have eventually let her children visit the doors of neighbors or parade in the streets with strangers herself.

I wonder if Ramona would have been safer at an away-school, with her demeanor. I'm more than sure she had the grades for it. Maybe there she would have gotten to be artificially terrified temporarily.

"Remembering Ramona"

"Remembering Ramona"

"Remembering Ramona"

in moments

::W::

Stealing Signs

mid-conversation with a rotting head
we are interrupted when
a black bird swoops itself into my periphery

briefly believing it to be a person
my shoulders and face flinch

“we will go on no more”
my thoughts echo aloud
as black bird’s flight cinches it to the world

I can’t care if this rotten head with a hole in it
places me in a crazy box

checking out on my own
away from the emanating stench
shrink-wrapping myself for survival’s sake

I say farewell
to the head of dead space

Snow Women

It's actually warm and I am drier than my host
here on these fluffy white hills
she watches me from the seats at the check-in lodge
she has quit due to sliding into the parking lot on her knees

My first time in skis as well
I'm much better than my bruised friend
At least that is what our teen instructor says

I simply steer with more precision,
nothing special really
I still am scared to ride up the slope
the night sky comes and I don't

the boys fly by us on snow boards
as we make our way to the tires
and I am jealous of their speeds

the two of us are clicked and roped up a glistening iced mountain
to race each other back down positioned in tires
on our butts or backs
only inches from the iced slide

we savor heat of the van
as we head back home,
hoping we don't get lost like we did on the ride in

Dear “Food” Diary,

I. Life Isn't Always

Every other Friday, the grand ceremony was the same.

The bed was a comforter-cushioned medical examination table.

Laying back into rigidity looking up at warmed hands spreading lumpy opaque jelly around the feeding tube tip, summoned her body shudders.

She watched this tube's tip with as much caution as a snake's rattle.

Swallowing with apprehension and hurt at strict motherly direction, this artificial tube now hung inside somewhere past her esophagus.

The outside end dangling just above bellybutton was plugged into a milky bag atop a beeping machine wanting to be unclogged, which interrupted her dreams when it lit up nightly like a decorated tree.

II. Sweet

The stuff in the medium caramelized-glass square-shaped bottles was known as “Weight-On”

and tasted like stale melted-plastic-room-temperature-pudding, mixed with sprinkles of iron pill dust.

Not sweet as falsely promised by the slick packaging, that barked bold lettered flavors of BANANA, BUTTERSCOTCH, STRAWBERRY, VANILLA.

These concoctions were cringingly consumed twice a day, three times on weekends.

Elementary school never seemed so inviting, despite cheek-fat comedies from other kids.

Her fatness would be an aesthetically abhorred emblem of lonesome achievement only to eventually be shed just as quickly as her teenaged tears.

Going to Church

Building's front is now a white all around
Door is black, not red like it was in 1989
Lobby inside is cobalt blue, also no longer red
Furniture by the fireplace has vanished

Elevator is the same
Pull door to enter and small as I remember it
Just large enough to fit one family comfortably
I see my younger self, tiptoeing to reach the bottom button
that always revealed red
I would never get tall enough to reach the green arrow above

I get out on my old floor
I barely can recall our apartment letter – 3B or 3D.
Tiling on the floor is how I saw it as a five year old
Red tinted on the edges, as the walls and doors use to be

One day I will see the guts of this old house
I wonder about the renovations within
I want to be distracted by the memories the atmosphere will bring

I want to walk through the narrow halls to glimpse the large kitchen and living
room
I want to see what takes the place of where my old bed without a frame use to be
I would hope the green carpet of my parents' room has been long discarded

Just like the harsh reality of indiscriminate violence we waded through while
existing in Brooklyn

::W::

Glass Origins

He thought I lived in Queen's
Could it be he came to this conclusion because I'm Korean?
I doubt it since I'm definitely Black and was born in BK.
I mean I'm Korean,
I mean I'm Black,
I mean I'm Korean,
I mean I'm Black,
OK! I mean I'm Black and Korean.
I still wasn't born in Queen's though...

I floated on foam from foreign lands of sun and sand
Either way my skin still tanned and my eyes did squint
still I did not quit on my quest to confined conquista-tourism.
My rhythm well stocked from sways of waves on boards and locks of
chains that pained,
blood still stained, soles of feet flew forward toward a fork in this fable

Some years ago side A able to shine thru magnifying glass,
managing to mold memories of old home into mini marts while keeping meek,
great great grandma saw and said that would be enough of cropping from
cut-out cultivation.
So they maintained money-market accounts from those mini-mart millions
after the move,
all the while losing trillions of traditions with the tenacity they
had as travelers of sand.
This was not the plan, to end up in the land of Yucatan.
They now boast as best on the coastal west,
thinkin they've come correct when really the file was corrupted before
their test
Keepin' these A's in Oakland was a thing that destiny would not manifest.

No fault in finding fortune in a stolen vault of money made from
chattled slaves,
my side B screams,
reminding me of how this side came
to breathe.
this reality is tender to me as i'm weighed upon justice's scale.
finding unfair in the lack of straight hair,

when on da real we all lye'in the same,
tryna find our way towards dat horizontal highway.
kinda callous while i'm ridin' wif my cousin tho,
popo think he slangin' dro. no yo, we jes' relaxin' on vogues.

Dey b sayin 2 me, she's saltine 4 serious?!

At the office I use right tone on da phone
And da second cousin who I jes met via wireless connect five minutes ago
Is asked by another little girl next to her, "is she white?"
I wanna say to her nah baby girl, I'm at work
And now I see why my ma was always so troubled by teaching me
About us hangin' from trees and bein' beat by da beasts.
She was afraid I'd pass that by -- thus pass us by.
I can't hide my black pride, some days I've cried and clenched fists
in a fit at dis shit.
The mask I wear is my own as I say to ya'll Yobosayo*.
this side of me has already reached da sun,
more hearts won than lost
and I'm unable tuh find friends the same complexion that my birth marks.
Yea, maybe one or two, but das far from few.
Til that's no longer true
it's this that I must spew.
My eyes may preside from within black pride,
but i still know i'm from
lands of sun and sand,
no matter which side of the spectrum i make
plans.

*a Korean greeting

::W::

A Figment of Malignant Imagination

At the beginning, I scratched the scab of sinning

Gears grind, finding the only wrinkles that matter are grey

Lead licks lines as mics mimic melancholy – “can’t you see I am crying, or am I lying to
find the yang?”

Sometimes we must sacrifice the savage in order to die the damage

At times the embers must glow, for rope burn is enough

Some may settle, but the sludge is always stirred again by the spoon

She makes milk of made-up memories

Some days spent trying to remember to forget to remember

Locked into something and unabashed to think beyond the box

Written history attempted gone wrong, thoughts ooze ill since sneezes can’t seem to stop

Beans stalk in shadows lurking like loosie cigarettes, illegal ‘cuz sometimes tender be
tight

Grant me three wishes and I’ll be one to polish peddled metal to a shine

We will look to them to learn about harshness

Sick of the salted stench in snuffles of snot... forget me not

::W::

Flash Bang

Roars

bellow

from

basement below

shopping center central

Whole buncha squares

geeked out

at top and bottom shots

Smokers, snipers and grenades

are game

to these boys

and men

tucked away in a corner

by graffiti'd stairs

Bookbags,

messengers,

snacks,

::W::

Blues 4 the Horn

Constructed realities
burst like a blueberry beneath thumb
pressed just shy of gently

Like dabbed handkerchief on invisibly sweaty forehead and dancing in a dimmed
lava lamp lit labyrinth, moves are quick to rearrange location of space

They avoid one another
They avoid one another
They avoid one another
They avoid one another

And join again as intertwined fingers in couple-hood

It is to be like to be is to be
Scaffolded and holding strong beneath architecture

::W::

Moose

You wouldn't be too wrong to wake from dreaming
Lungs to brim, the skin to sting,
Of red, the tiny beaks of yellow
The nights there were scumbled with light

Of all omens the soul provides the sole
You fondle that hefty *What if...?* as if
All three villages cover their faces with the wind

So when you go wherever it is you will go
Lone penguin keep sturdily waddling
Like these towers of loquats & glittering scales

::W::

Limestone

down
down
down
down

down for
down for life
down for life
for down life
down for life
for life down
for life
life for down
life for down for life
life for
for life
down life
for
life
down for
for down
life life
for life down
life down for for
down for
life
for life down
down for life
for life
life
life
life
life

::W::

5:47am Field Trip (no permission slip needed)

it is a marvelous instance having a visit from out-of-towners,
even if they're only from upstate

the bark of "walk fast!" echoes in ears
and they do so on excursion to apartment around the corner

this is a rich place of people, sounds, colors put in whiz mode by brisk pace
quivering giggles and gurgles explode into murmurs
once inside walls
eight floors up and two blocks

blasted shells cry out past speed of light
pausing polite proverbs and fables

gorgeous view of justice by about a week is missed
when ballads of borough ring out as,
"YOU!"
then silent movie of hands-up,
crotch searches ensue, with stinging ease

and roses, carnations, teddy bears placed near stairs
soak in rain drops

::W::

Concord

Graffiti'd wooden crafts
hang from angled handles

Sunlight scatters red, refracted
by a segment glittered –

Sweetened batter smells swirl above
the fallen spatula

Gray-stained grout
enhances tiles treaded

beneath a heated stove,
which cradles a kettle

Things to Do... Atop A Ladder-less Loft Bed

Appreciate the exploration of limited movement. Approximate nineteen inches from mattress to popcorn ceiling. Try not to stretch vertically. Maneuver in very slow *crolls*. Wish for telekinetic powers. Cackle in disbelief at the toppled ladder on the floor below. Imagine sprained appendages after thoughts of a jumped escape. Realize there is no room for jumping at all. Dangle feet over the side anyway. Dust the ceiling out of hair. Preserve the cup of water in the crevice of a post. Wonder if falling out of the bed while asleep would have been better. Flick the popcorn flakes off the mattress. Surrender to the pillow again. Hope no one rings the phone. Meditate. Speculate about the bed frame's easy acquisition. Sigh. Breathe. Snore.

With Company

he wakes up with a stare at my open eyes
and tells me his dream
(i lust to remember my sleep-films so vividly):

“I am on some kind of mission with a team.

We all have swords with special sayings engraved in them that grant us powers.

We’re being chased and I hide mine on top of a roof and try to climb up behind it.

I get dragged down, but run away into a house with an open door.

There are children everywhere and I find a room with just a boy on a bed inside.

I see two closet doors leading two different places and are two different colors.

I hide the boy under the sheet just as my attackers find me.

They beat the boy who passes out on the bed.

I put the doors together and they lead to outside. I run and run and run.

*The children have their heads out windows and I yell to them to rise up and fight
for their friend on the bed.*

And then I woke up.”

i also have a dream of running
except I’m looking for his hat –
brown, orange and cream and hand knitted
to match a scarf.

we’re in a park on the search
in fast forward
when we pass his friend who runs with us
and laughs the whole way.

we find the hat on the ground
he picks it up and wears it then
walks away chattering to his giggling friend

i'm left alone to walk back home
i wake up

::W::

Red Rum

Hiroshima August 6th, 1945

&

Nagasaki August 9th, 1945

two bombs dropped

W.T.C., North Tower September 11th, 2001 8:46am

&

W.T.C., South Tower September 11th, 2001 9:03am

two building fell

“SPEAKING OF THE THREAT AND IMMORTALITY OF TERRORISM”

“OUTRAGE HAS TWO NATURAL FACES”

the color red begins the rainbow

::W::

Each Night

he never had a bed of his own
he had a spot to rest

he never had his own bed
he had a home to hang out in

he never owned a bed which didn't deflate air
he had dreams to wake from each dawn

he never had a bed of his own
he had a flock of friends to share his day

he never had his own bed
he had running water to cleanse

he never owned a bed which didn't deflate air
he had lungs and the cheeks to make it rise

::W::

Kicking the Habit

limited editions

minus seconds of sleep

all for the allure of

painted plastics & reinvented rubbers –

“one to cop, one to stock”

greeted the day with fresh feet

boxes of onyx, silver

&

tangerine, tan

(medals of honor boasting those bunion battles)

now replaced by

occupational flat wear

allowing no toe-room for linoleum-level fluorescents,

balanced bulbs

hanging overhead

provide

the necessary

illumination

Kill the DJ

Harlem Shakin' beneath
kitchen lights
at a magic-brownie party

Doin' the Dougie
damaging stilleto'd toes
in a blackened basement
elbows knocking shoulders
knocking into chins

Swag Surfin'
slicing away summer months,
sweating out southern roots –
the stove top a rooftop chill spot,
throwing moonshine's cousin
off the edge, clapping its crash

Limberness
and flexed toes
and stretched Achilles
and yogic stances
give justice to
melodramatic
minute-long moves

the best dancers,
the worst grooves

Strange Her

Standing up to give his bus seat to her,
he is inadvertently-purposefully, slapped lightly on his butt
in adult applause to his politeness

He doesn't retaliate,
instead he laughs at the light-skinned cock-eyed lady
as she inquires about his schooling.

By surrendering to her rear-end rendition of affection,
allows her to open her manual mouth –
he listens with false intensity,

side-smirking across the aisle to his friend with the gym bag
gives away his real thoughts
of his delayed verbal reaction and quick regret.

At his stop, ignoring her salutation
he rushes off to meet the curb,
which is more familiar to him than this lady could ever get.

::W::

Duffel Bag Boy

He carries a duffle bag of considerable weight,
along with his ARMY pamphlet in his left hand,

His right hand swipes a metro card,
but may soon be used to swipe at an insurgent or someone else.

With enough dexterity, prepped by periods of gym
he may get to see those collections of
college credits he's yearning.

What is the definition of earning enough?

Space
Land
Food
Water

::W::

Little 6oys (or Girl 6)

Dedicated to the Women of the 7th House

She gives up hoop(s) | explores new bumps of sensation
He plays trivial pursuit | pounds against fresh flesh and pavement
Whistle signals end game before classes and final braid are back in

She four years his senior | fails Health 1 for first time
He don't yell mean words | bails once thrust is done
Framed squeaks silenced as braids are left almost unraveled and fuzzy

She plays mother for first time | laughs with child by swings and slides
He never dances at parties | rhythms quake from brainwaves withheld
Ancient boulders break backs while ceramic plates straighten waves

She uncovers satisfaction at last | even what seems like love becomes unmasked
He twists familial ties into bizarre | allows foreign seed to break bonds tied tender
Gel residue cracks between caked parts, dividing spaghetti strands

She enjoys the serenade | dances to New Orleans beats
He summons Poetic Justice | but his scale's heavy with disease
Fish tail worn well helps in navigating flooded caverns

She feels the déjà vu | mistakes it for the truth
He never unearths comfort | leaves with four words and no more
Cancered curls cut into a cute bob atop the dashboard

::W::

Buried Treasure

a used couch is moved,
splintered hole has chewed through wooden floor boards

despite darkness, depth is obvious
the hole houses water and pennies and unlit candles

the discoverer becomes filled with dread,
in her head
his laughter echoes as he admits to being
newly-wed

she is jolted awake,
wearing the residue of his evil ways

::W::

Here Lies the Truth

a bit over a year later,
he's attempting to be friends –
letting loose announcements of
appreciation and forever-type-love,
while holding his heart between blades
which cut wedding cake slices
with the assistance of another

exploration ended
by viewed vacation picture (or so he said)
across stated lines,
“Forever I Do”

Blue Elephant

sterile yellow spills
itself into gravity,
snaking its way out of pitchness,
droplets dance onto the
white strip

initial thoughts run rampant,
letting enough room for chapped flesh
to part

“my god!”
has nothing to do
with the bust
which shuttled necessity of the
white strip,
now turned a faint red

fingers trip over keypads,
the texture of cement
knocks behind teeth

there will be no ducking
the truth that transforms
into prayers for a friend’s forgiveness

no space nor economy to afford
another premature birthday bash

::W::

District Nein

Now he hears why her accomplishments
of child rearing are castrated after compliments

Only one was conceived “in da crib”
the other two are a dead issue, entertainment-wise anyway

She saunters slowly off the kneeling rear stairs
ignorant of the afterbirth, post conversation’s delivery

“I don’t even know how the fuck she got pregnant even once.”

“Prob’ly prostitutin’.”

“Walkin’ up to cars at a red light.”

No guts

No glory

She’s rewriting her story

::W::

Age of Aquarius
for Storm

with what he gave her
she now may not have
what can then give

it's okay, she don't
need to hide behind
the eyes of
non-judgemental
mommydom
anyway

yea, she not crying
just yawning
tired of this loop that's seriously playing over and over again in her head,
the probability of this situation

“it's ~~m~~your fault”

you are the crack that began this canyon
she handling the pipe to smoke you out

welcome to her synthetic sweatlodge

she wish you death
by water

::W::

Exiting Eden

Whispers cast lines hooking anvils into anger
“I just want my X-box back then I never want to see or speak to you again.”
With no console he remains playing games of the psychological persuasion

He was the dodged bullet of six years back
Best friend wasn't as fortunate
She got hit real good in the gut
Nine months later remnants dislodged

The “little string bean” is tearing, unable to free herself from the onions around
her
This isn't Thanksgiving, even though her pops plays a Pilgrim – spreading his pox
while mom models moccasins of an Indian
Both are out for the kill

Cops come after best friend shouts for assistance
He locked up in the absence of keys
She granted access to her own apartment at last
Furniture is left a bit beaten, but better than her face

(for her I wish the fire of Lilith's locks
and an aversion to apples)

::W::

Big Bother

Thoughts of a brother absent in language on sibling count

"there's just me and my sis"

But being in wrinkles of brain wave activity,

make present like an unwanted gift during inopportune solitary melancholic moments

"Never and don't need to know you"

However knowledge actually owned is oddly not enough

Curiosity killed more than a furry feline

and at nine was when this maternal half brother became no more

Remains consist of cellophane encased photographs and muddled recollections of brotherly advice

"no tears like a girl"

::W::

Sín Co

their speech is harmonious
dissonance rings his reality awake
meaning dons a garbled cape of inflections lost

they are free to carry on conversation
he is imprisoned by enemy anvils
adjectives curl his MEfro tighter

he's Orpheus dipped in black, carrying the sun
over a crystal rim with insight about milky ways
the crunch becomes melodic

truth is discovered
beneath their bagged verbosity
at mouthfuls' finale

singed nasal plumage
as result of his new wattage
breathes like burnt toast

::W::

Small Claims

To cut
To hoard

Tourette's	searching	weighing	breathing
OCD	scratching	itching	
ADHD	biting	wiping	living
Autism	whining	screaming	
ADD	gagging	shouting	living
Deafness	hitting	scrubbing	
Down Syndrome	kicking	drooling	living
Bulemia	bleeding	combing	
Anorexia	crying	chewing	
Phobias			
Dieting			

“a consciousness that tries to claim all its legacies...”*

::W::

Water Bender

eye am painting textured wall paper of gold foil and velvet
in the living room of a stranger's dwelling

we become best friends and go on a night time adventure together
eye see stars like sparkling nuggets caught in the caverns of a giants nostril

we take a double-decker train from the States to a place in Europe
(most likely eye've been there before)

this may be the future
the night welcomes our arrival into expansion

we travel some more until we reach daylight again
there is water all around us, but we are not stranded

actually kids have claimed us from atop an aquatic romper room
eye am small enough for fun, but still suspect to seven-year-young'ns

we must hurry away from the floating playground
the boy shows a way to get across the waves with awkward agility

white foam follows our slipping footsteps on wet rope,
my fingers are blistered above my head as eye hold on

there are no sharks, but if eye fall eye know it will be the end
we reach a raft and the boy says he can make our travels faster

now we are sucked into an underground portal system
eye experience 'worm hole sickness' -- eye am about to spew my guts

we slide on our rumps from one portal to the next
we almost arrive when I am shaken awake by a \$0#^d!

my ma has stubbed her toe on the edge of the exercise bike
she thinks she has broken it

i get some ice
she says she's sorry cuz i was "sleeping so good"

::W::

Melt

These memories matter,
Time tells no tales

You melt away amidst
many minutes of observation

Remembered forever,
even if only faintly –

Like the fog,
creeping around the corner
of a metal plank

::W::

Flock

Black

Bird

Wings

Skim

a

Silver

Surface

Willing

Up

this

7am

Sun Rise

Lovely Mourning

::W::

MagiQ

And the puff
whispers off
as always

Minus the pig,
this blanket lies flat

Perhaps a tent should be constructed
so all demons can be smoked out

Lungs blackened by residue,
there is no patch for this

A transplant must hold itself steady
While new soil settles, but earth quakes

Copper crusted hearts plunge

Only to be pierced by thorns of angered fish

::W::

Day Dream

Denim shorts drying on the line,
threads drench themselves in
tropical rays of warmth

Fixed gaze away from clothes pins,
eyeing breadfruit, remembering
plates of flying fish with
freshly cut greens

Wishing to stay until the next
Crop-Over comes,
or at least until it's time to pick
the green beans

::W::

Untitled

She mourns herself because he never said
“Hold me tight”
or anything to her for that matter
in an elevated voice of enthusiasm

She learned what the suck was early on –
prematurely, she played with pains of others
her harp has become a hardened thing with worn strings to match
tough fingers fumble and foul the melody
her memories keep the pin-pricking pace

Life isn't ever fair, but it at least should be your own...
at least for a little bit