

[REDACTED]

A BOOK OF POETRY

JESSE SIMONET

SAVANNAH WAGNER

GIANNA PEZZECA

JO GRANT-GREEN

EL FERRARA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE (E/IL)LUSIVE DEATH

BY EL FERRARA

WINTER SOLSTICE

BY JO GRANT-GREEN

WHERE WOULD YOU BE RIGHT NOW?

BY SAVANNAH WAGNER

LIES ABOUT SEA CREATURES

BY GIANNA PEZZECA

TELEGRAM FROM ST. HELENA

BY JESSE SIMONET

OCEAN MAN

BY JO GRANT-GREEN

THE WHITE COMFORTER AND UNREMARKABLE WALLS

BY EL FERRARA

AT THE DINNER TABLE

BY GIANNA PEZZECA

EUROPEAN EULOGY, EURYTHMIC EUTHANASIA

BY JESSE SIMONET

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SELF PORTRAIT AS LEMON TREE

BY SAVANNAH WAGNER

I AM WAITING (LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI INSPIRED)

BY GIANNA PEZZECA

JE VOUDRAIS T'OUBLIER

BY JESSE SIMONET

POETIC BODY

BY EL FERRARA

FROM: "A SUPERMARKET IN CALIFORNIA" BY ALLEN GINSBURG

BY SAVANNAH WAGNER

JUNE

BY GIANNA PEZZECA

DECEMBRIC DECONSTRUCTIONS

BY JESSE SIMONET

HELP YOURSELF

BY EL FERRARA

THE BEAST

BY JO GRANT-GREEN

IN MY GIRL YOUTH

BY SAVANNAH WAGNER

THE (E/IL) LUSIVE DEATH

I AM WAITING FOR THE BARBED
HAIR ON LEGS
FOR BROADENED-EDGED
SHOULDERS
AND SPINOSE FUZZED BLUSH

I AM WAITING FOR THE SHAVED
UPPER LIP OF MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ
AND THE PLUCKED CHIN HAIRS OF
JUDY CHICAGO
AND THE METALED MEET OF
YOKO'S AXILLA

I AM WAITING FOR THE
AMERICANIZED GUTAI,
FOR ILLUSORY LIBERATION
OF GIRL-YOUTH
AND FALSIFIED DEATH
OF THE BLOOD IN UNDERWEAR.

I AM WAITING FOR THE
HONEY,
SCALPEL,
LIPSTICK,
NAKED BODY,
LOADED GUN,
FLOWER BOUQUET,
RAZOR BLADE;
FLEEING GUILT,
AND
ABSOLVENT CRIME

I AM WAITING FOR THE BLOOD
MOON OF SEPTEMBER,
FOR MANICURED, ICHOR-CRUSTED,
NAILS

PULLING, STRETCHING, REACHING,
TOWARDS THE FLESHED RAW
NECK OF THE UTERUS

TO BREAK THE FROZEN STIRRUPS,
AND ESCAPE METALED
POSSESSION

I AM WAITING FOR MEAT JOY'S
SECOND COMING
FOR THE VIOLENCE OF A MUSCLED
CARNIVOROUS COVE
AND GORE SLICK-FOLDS TO
FINALLY BE SATISFIED.
FOR REPULSION, REPRESSION, AND
SACRILEGIOUS DESIRE
TO BE LABELED LOVE.
FOR THE RUSH OF GOD'S WILL TO
CEASE
AND STEEL WELDED MORALITY TO
MELT ONTO MY
SOFT,
GENTLE,
WILLING
AND ACHING
SKIN.

FOR HIS HARD, LARGER THAN
MINE, HANDS
TO WIND AROUND MY NECK
AND MUFFLE MY WIND
AND "SHUT ME UP."

I AM WAITING FOR MY OWN
HANDS,
EXCUSABLY ROUGH,
KNUCKLE-CRAMPED,
GROTESQUELY SWEATY,
UNWOMANLY HAIRY,
TO SMOTHER US BOTH.

THE STAIN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
SHALLOW END,
IS THE SAME SHADE OF PINK
PLASTERED BEHIND THE CLOUDS.
AND THE DIRTY ORANGE THAT
REPLACES BLUE AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE KIDDIE POOL,
IS THE SAME COLOR AS THE BRIGHT
SCARLET TREE 20 FEET IN THE
DISTANCE.
WHAT MAKES A DYING TREE
EVERLASTING,
BUT AN UNDRAINED POOL LIFELESS?

FOREIGN SHAPES ABOVE ME TO THE
RIGHT FLOAT BY LIFELESSLY,
WHILE WE WATCH THE OMBRE DANCES
TO THE LEFT END.
HARSH SHADOWS LEAVE PAINTED
CLOUDS.
EVERYTHING MOVES WITH THE SUN
EXCEPT THE BOTTOM OF OUR POOL,
NO COLOR LEFT IN THE SKY BUT
THERE'S STILL PINK IN THE DISTANCE.
THE LIFE GROWING THROUGH THE
DECAY IS EVERLASTING.

THE STILLNESS OF THE NOW DARKENED
SKY FEELS EVERLASTING,
PROVIDING PROTECTION TO WHAT'S
ALREADY LIFELESS.
BUT THERE'S NO REBIRTH UNTIL ITS
END,
NO LONGER BEAUTIFUL BUT
DECORATED BY CLOUDS.
STREETLIGHT ILLUMINATE UNKNOWN
MOVEMENT IN THE POOL,
A COUPLE FEET BELOW IS NOT ENOUGH
DISTANCE.

JO GRANT-GREEN

WINTER SOLSTICE

HEADLIGHTS TAUNT ME IN THE DISTANCE,
BUT THE EMPTINESS IN THE AIR IS
EVERLASTING.
THE SHADOWS THROUGH THE WINDOWS
ACROSS ARE LIFELESS,
BUT THE CHATTERING NEVER ENDS.
IT'S LIKE THEIR CONVERSATIONS ARE
CARRIED THROUGH THE CLOUDS,
ECHOS BOUNCING OFF THE POOL.

36 PERSPECTIVES AND ONE POOL,
NOT COUNTING BUILDINGS D AND F IN THE
DISTANCE.
OUR EXPERIENCES EVERLASTING,
SHARING A VIEW SO LIFELESS.
ONE DAY WINTER WILL END,
AND THE ONLY DARKNESS WILL COME
FROM THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD.

NO LONGER CAN I SEE A SINGLE STILL
CLOUD,
THE ONLY MOVEMENT COMES FROM RIDGE
AVE. AND OUR POOL.
RED LIGHTS AND PIERCING NOISE BREAKS
TENSION FROM A DISTANCE,
THAT UNFAMILIARITY FELT EVERLASTING.
BEAUTY LIES DEEP WITHIN ALL THINGS
LIFELESS,
ALL THINGS EVENTUALLY COME TO AN END.

THE BEAUTY IN THIS NIGHT HAS COME TO
AN END,
AND I STILL HAVE YET TO SPOT A SINGLE
CLOUD.
A MASK OF GRAY HIDES EVEN THE PINK IN
THE POOL,
THE WATER IS ALMOST BLACK FROM A
DISTANCE.
THE AMOUNT OF LIFE IN MY VIEW IS
EVERLASTING,
TOO OVERWHELMING TO BE LIFELESS.

*I would be sitting in my
mom's bed and she would be
rubbing my back
and she would be brushing
my hair
while it was still wet
and smelling like conditioner.
She'd tell me to lift my arms
up
high as I can.
Then pull my shirt past my
neck,
pat my stomach,
hold my head in her hands,
hook her arms under mine,
carrying me in the crook of
her neck.
I am small enough to, and
she loves me enough to.*

WHERE WOULD YOU BE RIGHT NOW?

*We go down the hall
into the kitchen
and she sets me down on the table
grabs an orange from the bottom drawer
of our fridge
digging fingernails into fleshy rind
tossing peels into the sink
and I can smell pure citrus
and I can smell her pure love in white
fibers
in between slices
and I can smell it
floating in the air, like particles of her
honeyed orange love
and her honeyed orange life,
when she sits down
and feeds me,
separating earth's membranes
in the gentle way
a mother does for her daughter
and I can taste it when I bite down
sweet juice exploding through my teeth
cheeks stuffed with syrupy fruit
and I can hear it when she asks
if I've had enough
and I can feel it
in the napkin she uses to wipe my lips.*

LIES ABOUT SEA CREATURES

I LIED ABOUT THE DOLPHINS.
I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT THEM, YES -
THOSE MESMERIZING, GRAY CETACEANS,
ONLY DWELLING WHERE THE TIDE MEETS THE STREAM.
I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT -
NOT ONCE IN MY ENTIRE FROZEN LIFE.
SURE, THERE WAS A TIME WHERE I SAW THE WHITE
SEAFOAM
CRASH INTO ITSELF SO HARD
IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE PRODUCT OF A LEAPING
SENTINEL
BUT I KNEW IT WAS NOT.

THERE ARE THINGS TO DO IF LOST AT SEA.
NOTCH THE LONG DAYS
MAKE SMALL FIRES WITH THE PIECES OF BROKEN HULLS OF
FISHING BOATS
CALL OUT FOR OLD FRIENDS AND LISTEN FOR THE DISTANT
REPLY OF MAYBE ONE - MAYBE
DREAM OF THE BEACH
ENDURE MOMENTS OF SELF-LOATHING, AND THEN
EMBRACE THEM
FIND EVIDENCE OF PEOPLE WHO CAME BEFORE, THEN
DESTROY THE EVIDENCE
BE QUIET AND LISTEN FOR MOVING WATER OR THE MOANS
OF A WHALE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY
LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF A BEATING HEART, THOUSANDS
OF MILES AWAY
BE THANKFUL TO BE SWALLOWED BY ALL HOPE AND TO
HAVE TIME TO WAIT
BE NOSTALGIC
RELIVE ALL THE THINGS DID AND IMAGINE THE THINGS
THAT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE
ONCE, I TOLD MY SISTER THAT JELLYFISH HAVE NO SIGHT
BECAUSE OF HOW DARK THE OCEAN IS
I KNOW THIS IS A LIE
BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER SEEN A JELLYFISH IN THE WILD,
EITHER.
SOMETIMES I WANT SOMETHING SO BADLY THAT I LIE
ABOUT IT,
JUST TO BE ABLE TO FEEL THE WORD IN MY MOUTH.
IT WOULD BE BETTER TO BE A JELLYFISH, SHE TOLD ME,
AND I AGREED.
BUT THAT WAS A LIE TOO
BECAUSE JELLYFISH DO HAVE EYES
AND THEY NEVER DIE.

telegram from st. helena

HOPE THIS REACHES YOU WELL STOP YESTERDAY MORNING SAW YOUR
FACE IN COFFEE CUP STOP CRIED UNCONTROLLABLY STOP WORRIED
MAYBE DYING OR WORSE STOP DON'T SEND BACK ANYTHING

JESSE SIMONET

OCEAN MAN

SILENT WIND SLOW DANCES WITH YOUR TIDE,
AND I HEAR YOUR SONG THROUGH MIST.
SALT SYMPHONIES DRENCH JEALOUSY,
THE GREEN TENDS TO BURN MY EYES.

BENEATH HALTED HORIZONS UNTOUCHED BY MAN,
LIES THE VALIDITY TO INFINITY.
UNSPOKEN SECRETS TELL TALES.
OF WHAT YOU BURIED IN ANCIENT SAND.

JO GRANT-GREEN

*I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss
Well, a few of the verses, well, they've got me
quite cross
But the sun's been quite kind while I wrote this
song
It's for people like you that keep it turned on*

with white comforters, surprisingly and
implacably clean
surrounded by unremarkable walls with
messy painted corners and white accented
shelves that bound us in.

I see you newly again,
see the vividness of eczema-covered helixes
and aureate brown that traces around them,
like the grapevine twisting into itself
I notice the choppy layered cuts of a father's
palm and
The lobe waiting for the needle

I feel the four fingers of warm, heavy hands in
my undereye orbit
And a palm fully pressed on my chin,
intersecting my lower chapped lip
We haven't talked since comforters unfolded
You kiss the margin between my eyebrows

*So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do
You see, I've forgotten if they're green or they're
blue
Anyway, the thing is, what I really mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen*

EL FERRARA

THE WHITE COMFORTER AND UNREMARKABLE WALLS

On the third floor, smoke tendrils in ray as
they escape the trajectory of flushed flesh
Soft strands palmed in my hand, and though I
do not ask,

I wonder if you notice the bouncing light on
white walls,

If you wash your sheets weekly,

If you worry about the weight of your head on
your shoulders

If you notice the birds that seem too many to
inhabit the tree

And why you haven't worn your hair back
since it has grown in

And now, on the sides of your acne-covered
peach fuzzed skin, bristles of adulthood
growing in.

my hands,

thumbs grazing over ingrowns

I see the glow of your facial hair and the boned
ledges of your body

your cheekbones plush

When we first started, I had loved only in grief
In comparison and deficiency

And though I wouldn't tell you,

You are vivid in bright light

And warm in the harshness of 20 below days

This though, I haven't intended to say aloud,
for a dictionary would not suffice
and my words too minuscule

How wonderful life is while you're in the world

It is easy to love you.

AT THE DINNER TABLE

In the this sealed kitchen
we only understand what we are
told to believe -
If you cannot see it
it doesn't exist.
My parents need what is concrete
and what is only important
through shared silverware.

My sister
puts her elbows on the table.
She says that she feels she should
jump off a building,
I look over,
as if a crime has been committed
against her -
Pacing back and forth around
her room,
drawing to entertain herself until
the moon ever so blue
climbs in from the slits of her
blinds
always closed -
because what's blue is just blue,
and what's gold is just gold.
What is real is just us
despite the fact that what's heavy
in her
becomes this luminescent hue.

I swallow my food through the
silence
until it feels as if it's trying to claw
its way back up my esophagus.
In front of me
my dad eats fine despite my chest
pains -
despite a second daughter
standing in front of him with her
head down and arms
outstretched.

But it's now that she looks up;
lustrous at the end,
as if the apricot sky blows
flames that reflect on her nose.
With rage stuck in the throat,
tangled by her hair blonde and
stiff
from years of my mother frying
out the curls:
her bugged eyes now fixated
ahead -
she shows no real emotion.
If i knew any better i'd feel sorry
for her,
but i know her better and
she is presenting herself to our
parents.
I know there is nothing they will
react to.
She looks as if she thinks love is
a ditch in the ground
so deep
that maybe he didn't even see
her from all the way down
there,
until my dad -
without flicking his eyes -
simply asks what she learned at
school today.
By then,
because she stares at him for
such a long time
through this hole between us at
the dinner table
that he just repeats the
question.

incontinent inchoate continentals:

suave swiss swastikas,
chaste czech tchotchkes,
salient serbian sensation.

ghoulish gaullish gobbled graves,
cherished trenches, shrewish flutes
rising above tried trite tricolors —
red represents this white army's blue
blood.

balkan babies, baptized in black
bosporus bilge,
balked at the botched battle
for the bailing failing falling bastille.
the boorish borders gore the bored.

a simple cedar leaf tickles my neck.
as regimental air storms my lungs
sent by the never-setting sun.
and all i can think about
is that continental consciousness,
deluded danubian deaths,
ancient aching heirloom.

SELF PORTRAIT AS LEMON TREE

*I am from the cold russet soil
Just as you once were.
The yellow rind of me brightens in
the sun,
and my leaves caress the sky,
wrapping around
your tan fingers, the brown-blond
roots of your hair.
And you lean towards my wooden
middle,
needles grown of bark
puncture the warm veins of your
skin.
Sour-sweet citrus fruit, bitter zest,
a scent you once had.
I remember it from when you
planted me
I could smell it on your padded
fingertips
that dug a place for me in the earth.
Patting soaked, white, seeded soil
gently,
drops of water spilling through your
fingers.*

*Rusty watering can, worn body and
soul and heart and hands.
And I, growing swiftly on my own,
watched you tend to other fruit.
Ruby red grapefruits ripped open,
crimson insides, sturdy with
saplings of its own,
The first tree you'd grown.
Small sour oranges and rotted roots
demanded your attention, the
second tree you'd grown.
And I, desperate for you to rip me
out of the ground root by root -
to hold me and bury me and replant
me, grow me again from the womb -
wait with me in the dirt as I grow
bigger
than grapefruits or oranges.
But I now tower over you and you
can no longer carry the weight of
me.
You cannot take me out of the
ground,
so you sit and watch,
as yellow fruit plunges into soil
below.*

SAVANNAH WAGNER

I am waiting for religion
straight from a movie set
with a box office of two-hundred-
and-fifty million
Religion
set in a song of autumn wind
with a camera flash in a room full of
windows
and a white lie

I am waiting to be alive
My audience is God
and i am compelled to look
beautiful
as i watch someone
wave their arms above their head
yelling about how pain is worth
fighting for
I believe it
but I always leave the door
unlocked
just incase

I am waiting to be tired of lying
for people that i love
I say for instead of to
because i am saving them from the
truth
about the attractive cruelty in
salvation

I am waiting to exit out of the other
end of shame
Soul-crushing
crime-inducing
paralyzingly-beautiful shame
With TVs of color in black and white
advertised to anyone willing to watch
Time moves in seconds instead of
days
and the camera is pointed at me
It is live
but with a ten-second delay
I am waiting
for an autopsy result
and i am waiting
to be reborn again as something new
as the earth unraveling itself in my
bedroom

Some women sit by the window their
whole lives
and wait for something to change
and
nothing ever does change
Some women sit by the window their
whole lives
and wait for something to change
and
nothing ever does change
so they go out and change it
themselves

I sit by the window
pretending i am looking at revelation
or looking at the sun
or looking at rage-induced-silence
Maybe if i stop waiting
i will find something else that's a
synonym for God-like
or something worth waiting for

I AM WAITING

*"BLESSED ARE THE FORGETFUL,
FOR THEY GET THE BETTER EVEN OF THEIR
BLUNDERS."
-NIETZSCHE*

forget you like the rain forgets its color
forget you like a dream,
a solipsistic tongue-tipping dream that would make
everything okay
forget you;
the redness of your hair,
the immediacy of your voice,
the roughness of your hand,
the finality of your name.
forget you like the night forgets the sun
forget you the same way i can't bear to be forgotten

i seem to remember a park, a bench, a face, a hand,
a fear, a loss, your hand, your face,
your afternoon that i found myself living in
and nobody will let me forget red.

my heart was red before i put blood in it.
my heart was red from the moment red was a color.
my heart will be as red as your hair and your heart and
you and forever.
red rain resembles red rediscovered dresses falling
sobbing to the closet floor

and sometimes i look at you
as much as i can anymore
and i wonder was it
sweeter of you to come into in my life
or sweeter of you to have left

JE VOULDRAIS T'OUBLIER

POETIC BODY

I AM LIBERATED FROM WORMED
DIRT,
AND THE ACRE OF TISSUE THAT
STRETCHES OVER MY THICK
BONES,
FROM THE RAVEN-PECKED NERVE-
RIDDEN MUSCLE
AND THE MAN-HANDLED HEART
FROM SQUELCHING FEET ON
MOISTENED GRASS
AND THE APPENDAGES OF
GROTESQUE FINGERS, DIGGING,
SCRAPING, AT WALLS THAT ARE
NOT PRISON BARS, BUT WAITING
FOR THE ESCAPEE.

IT IS NOT THE RELIEF OF THE
SCRAPED WORN SNEAKERS ON
THE TIP OF PROMINENCE
OR THE RELIEF OF A DROWNED
DEATH ON A SINKING PLATEAU

AND FREEDOM IS NO LONGER
RUNNING
OR SEARCHING FOR NUANCE
OR BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR.

IT IS THE CHOICE OF MUNDANITY
OVER ANSWERS
AND THE CONTENTS OF MY BODY
ORBITING THE EARTH

FROM: "A SUPERMARKET IN CALIFORNIA" BY ALLEN GINSBURG

*In my hungry fatigue, and shopping
for images,
I went into the neon fruit
supermarket.
And my parents are pulling meat and
dairy
and love for each other off the shelves,
examining
the expiration dates
My dad reaches, pulls from the back
and says maybe these are fresher
but it's no use, it's all turning rotten
and you can smell spoiled meat and
curdled milk
I can smell the distance between the two
of them
like something sour from my childhood.
But they laugh and move to the next aisle
because I see dad's hand still resting on
mom's shoulder
so the sour smell hasn't reached his nose
yet
but caught in the depths of his throat and
between
his teeth is a bitterness like a warning.
Right now, though, my parents are still
in love
and that means they throw psychedelic
cereal and neon fruit
in a metal cart for their kids
it means mom navigates a maze of bread
and spices
while dad trails behind her.*

SAVANNAH WAGNER

JUNE

I AM ENGULFED BETWEEN THIS RISING SUN
AS SMALL VICTORIES
AND EXTINGUISHING FIRE,
AS I KNOW WELL THE CARCASSES OF DREAMS FROM LITTLE GIRLS
WHEN I GAZE AT SUNLIGHT THAT CARESSES THE WINDOWS
AND SPILLS THROUGH MY FINGERS AS I TRY TO CATCH IT,
POOLING ITSELF IN MY LAP LIKE BUNDLES OF GOLD SILK.
IT TRANSFORMS EVERYTHING INTO A SHADOW AROUND ME
SO THAT FOR A MOMENT I FEEL ---

THE DAYDREAMS IS
POMEGRANATES IN SUMMER, SO IT IS
THAT MY BODY BURSTS OPEN IN PRAYERS.

JUNE HAS BAPTIZED ME IN RIVERS OF GOLDEN HUE, BUT
THE NIGHT PLACES ON MY HEAD A CIRCLET OF STARS.
THE WIND AROUND ME MOVES AS SLOW AS A PUDDLE OF WATER,
GETTING TANGLED IN THE SPLINTERED BLUE SHADOWS OF THE OAK
BRANCHES THAT
MELT INTO EACH OTHER.

SOFT BLOSSOMS FLOAT INTO A JAR OF HONEY
AS THE BEES TAKE THEIR TIME HELPING THE EARTH OF SEXUALITY
UNFOLD AGAIN.

I AM DRESSED IN WHITE,
TRUE TO A BRIDE.
I AM MARRYING JESUS, I THINK,
BECAUSE THE WOMAN
MAKES ME FEEL LIKE GOD.
I TURN INWARD FOR BEAUTY AND OUTWARD FOR LOVE
OR SOMETHING WARM TO HOLD ON TO,
NEVER WHISPERING CATHEDRAL SECRETS TO LOVERS - LOVERS
WHO ARE SIMPLY HUNGRY MISTAKES THEY TELL ME,
SPEWING FIRE OUTSIDE INNOCENT GRAVEYARDS OF LOVE.

EVEN AS THE WIND MOVES AROUND ME,
EVEN AS THE BEES TAKE THEIR TIME -

TO SOME I AM JUST
AN ALTAR OF SMALL VICTORIES SECRETS SILK LESBIAN DAYDREAM
POETRY BLUE-HUE SHADOWS.
I AM ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR PROOF.

I am waiting for the violins to
join in.
I am waiting for this
monotonous monopolized
orchestra,
Pounding its way inside-out of
my eardrums,
Malleus-music,
to fall apart at the first draw of
bows across taught tendon
heartstrings,
like I fall apart at the thought of
—

I am waiting to fall apart, to die,
trembling for it,
aching for it, numb to the taste
of it.
Waiting like the sacred silence of
a ballroom waits to be
blasphemed,
killed by a brilliant piano key.
Waiting like bliss waits for
dissolution,
like contentedness waits for its
upset.
Waiting like the lonesome
musician for heartbreak.

I am waiting to fall asleep,
lying conscious, frustrated,
coursing,
frantic and stymied and
fervent
about my uncupped face,
unheld hands, unglimped
vicinity.

Wait like a mountain for
rain,
like a patient for pain
corporal Cain,
wait like a mother for sun,
like a lover for one,
on the run,
wait like a pastor for spring,
like the wine for its cling,
bitter sting.
Wait like a sibilant tree.
Like you wait for me.
Patiently.

HELP YOURSELF

a keloid on birch, he latches on parasitically.
a child's delicate limbs entrapped between appendage.
the tree, like a Father, holds him on Arms Thicker Than His
Own.
he ascends amongst reddened leaves, mounting a branch's
cortex, nature's Ladder, with collages of roots and a
stiffening sky to keep you steady:
This is the birth of Man's Wanting!
the fog hugs the world, like an apologetic mother and an
unfulfilled son
a delicate blanket enveloping a writhing revolution
would the Raven amongst the crows still be waiting for me?
on the string of trees in a neighbor's yard,
awaiting his human given purpose.
anticipating his own symbolic meaning:
of Poe's insanity, of omens for loss, of the struggle for the
nights of a meal of worms.
of my valleyed palm of carried seed?
to the blue betta fish with Angelic fins,
that my father flushed in a fifties toilet before death are you
enjoying the Ocean Bowl
does the nautical dream treat you well?
And this— this I say to you.
Help Yourself to the Unfolding of an Unfastened Sky, To an
Opening Hand of Seed,
To the Deep Sea of unknowing,
and a Man's Hoardish Wanting.

EL FERRARA

Secrets drift between the void
bound by my sun and your Moon.
Gifting one single breathe to our
universe
but your lungs refuse reciprocity.

Do I prevail in an absence
more familiar than the amenity
rewarded through truth?
Comfort lies within the lies.

There you stand arisen,
the Beast of rebirth,
forgiving what it means
only to be humans.

Punished for taking a bite from
Eternity.
Even the first taste of love,
Was way too bitter to swallow.

Ashing ebony inches closer
and you smell
the haunting decay
of the start of forever.

THE BEAST

Deep blue and burning red
you are the idle void that exists within a
lusting soul.
you are the Guilt that stays dormant until
sunrise.
you are an echoing whisper navigating
blue lights,
sent to die amidst secrets that came before.

However, You were once a shade of blue
deep enough to keep our secrets safe,
You were a pair of eyes wandering outside
of dreams put on hold.
You were a desire feeding on naivety, but I
never chose to believe.

Shedding my skin for you, exposing
damaged nerves,
my blue fades into red.
But you watch from a distance too far to
feel it burn.

Watching you so closely as you watch out
for yourself,
There's no one left to wonder who looks
out for me.
Numb until the infection reaches my heart,
Swollen as it slams my lungs into my ribs.

IN MY GIRL YOUTH

in my girl youth i have been
wrapped in the words of boys
and i have understood myself,
my being, through brother and father
through mother regurgitating father-
words

when a father calls his daughter a
bitch
he has learned the word from
his father, and the father of his father
so you think it is maybe not
his fault, because his world was also
defined by angry boy-words

and when a mother feeds her son
food rising up from her throat
spilling into his bird-like mouth
she will then tell her daughter
learn to fly and hunt your dinner.
in this moment you understand
that she, too
lives with the words of a boy
in her mind, tangling and pulling.
so the daughter flies and feeds
and watches her brother
glutted with mother love

this secret i have known as long
as i have breathed.

If you liked this,
check out what
else the Senior
Writer's have
been up to!



