

Brandi Wells

Agenda

I want to shave off all my hair.
I want to burn old photos of myself
and everyone I know.
I want to break into their houses and kill them because they know me.
I want to throw all my clothes away
and steal sweaters from a homeless person.
I want to make new friends so I can tell them how they will die.
I want to talk into a cardboard box until it is full of words
and mail it to myself three years ago.
Then I want to find the box in my closet and burn it.
I want to take everything out of the fridge and bake it.
I want to tear the house down,
but first I will put everyone I know inside,
everything I ever saw or touched
all the things I said and heard.
And I want to run in circles backwards
to undo that crazy time I danced and sang.
I want to sell jump ropes to the suicide hotline.
I want to spell Mexican with an R.
I want to put a stack of DVD's in my VCR
and play them so slow that they sound like Bob Dylan.
I want to make everything out of some new element
that no one has ever touched.
I want to lock myself in my room and wait on you
to come and eat the door.

Ode to the Sentimental Rhyming Poet

I hope the printer in the library eats all your poems.

I hope it pulls them back inside, licks off the ink,
shreds the paper.

When you lean down to see what happened

I hope it eats your face,
gnaws the whole thing off,
the cartilage in your nose
and the prickly hair inside.

I hope it slurps you up entirely.

I hope the printer swallows the whole building,
the critical reviews of Lawrence's 'Rocking Horse Winner,'
the rack of text books on differential equations,
the copy of Casablanca that you can rent for free.

I hope it pulls the walls down
and the insulation
and sucks in everyone standing nearby.

I hope that one day
in the middle of a concrete slab
there is just the printer
and no one will go near it because
it is killing everything.