

# BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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*These poems are indebted to Sylvia Plath and TS Eliot*

Letter

Tug at my heart strings, love. The coaxial cable plugs in to my lungs, my rib cage. Adjust me on the turn table until I am perfectly aligned, perfectly in tune with the bass and treble until someone else's soprano pours out of me and fills each room in which I walk. I have nothing to do with explosions, love, yet wires so often short and self combust until I am a Buddhist monk engulfed in flames; I protest this spontaneous conclusion, this ashy decay that tucks into that space between fingernail and bed, calligraphies lines that no soap removes.

Gnaw on my tendons, love. Your metronome my meter, its murmuring blub stealing my circadian rhythms until I am a cicada's exoskeleton left far under the soil while the bug burrows to the surface, lulls everyone to sleep with their click-clicking, their unintelligible song indiscernible when no one takes the time to listen.

## Journal

I am hiding in this manicured green behind the mausoleum. No one will look here, forgotten along with the forgotten, their names so weathered from these hunks of stone not even the blind could read their Braille. It's peaceful before the lawn melds into forest again, the perfect turf giving way to roots, stones. If I inattentively cross the line I am reminded I'm not welcome: slices on my soles like sections of oranges peeled open.

If I could transform it would be here: a stormy-eyed witch doctor prepared to un- the dead. Their skeletal hands push through the soil until empty eye sockets and dislocated jaws finally appear. They set off in drones to figure out why they were discarded. But what could they expect? They're unrecognizable: fleshless faces, grubby bones, no vocal chords to say *I, I, I*. "A Halloween prank," someone says, even though it's not October. Eventually my undead friends collapse out of frustration, piles of evidence to be filed into *unidentifiable* cabinet drawers. I am here with my grandmother's shovel, filling in the holes with earth as if someone would notice they were missing.

## Letter

I am a hollow girl.

Or maybe a stuffed girl.

Except I'm not sure what I'm filled with.

Sometimes I think that if you sliced me open thousands of orange circus peanuts would spill out of me and my skin would collapse into a pile. I like to think that they could feed hoards of carpenter ants for weeks, but they'd probably just sit there, covered in my coagulation.

What would you do?

Consume me, recycle my insides into you, continue my existence vicariously?

Or walk away, leave me to ooze into the pores of the concrete and dry out in the sun?

## Letter

Maybe this loss is less than I imagine; our bodies do not smell of each other and we never breathed in unison. How often did my hands smell of turpentine, my nails yellow with its base? I shoved them under overstuffed pillows at night so you wouldn't notice. We slept back to back, our bodies melding in to butterfly the bed. I didn't know we could be so close without touching. I wanted to paint you, to paint us, exactly like this. But I was a part of the picture too, too much of me, and every time I tried the canvas just turned black. Too much water in my watercolor, sliding down the muslin and enveloping it whole.

## Journal

I'm far away now, but I haven't gone anywhere at all. I'm watching strangers douse their hands in sanitizer, refuse the ice because they do not know its origins. I'm losing my appetite for their conversation idling between the weather and the politics of lonely. Their laughter slithers from their bellies through their open mouths and under the table their hands wander over clothed legs; an attempt to imagine the skin underneath, the way it would feel naked and inside and outside and pressed up against walls or sweating under cotton-poly blends. It's as if they can only know each other inside of one another, where it's most difficult to hide. Or maybe it's the easiest. Sometimes I confuse them.