

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

Stephanie Skaza

Fever

Lick me up Buttercup,

and scatter me upon those poison poppy fields

that seem to capture the memories of our life time.

Our bare body symphonies, our boring bedroom choruses

that mimic the way love is suppose to be.

Artificial affection has been soaking in the dirty bathtub

that I lay in to think about all that we are,

the abundance of eye gazing nothing.

I am webbed into a canvas of camel colored cream, half conscious,

but so aware that your voice will soon be radiating through the heater.

I am stuck in the tight grooves of the wooden deck that had my hello

since the first time we lied there, freckle bathing, seeing purple spots.

And just as before, your tired lips are trying to blow my limbs off in a desperate attempt to send me flying,
but I am grounded,

my pinkies melted like hot honey in the tea that cures your sickness.

And I am fixated, fixated on making you better.