

Harmony Button

Dog

I overheard
lift here & lips.
Tit for tat,
teeth for boot tips –

eyelashes for browsing

& peroxide
(dab dab) browning
at the eye
& growling

moonshine. This is

egg based; a lug
at the muzzle & his
ugly mug
(sin on a stick) –

shaken and win-win.

A Visitor

Came by for tea today.
We all gathered 'round outside,
chins on window sills.

– it's all held up with thumb tacks,
she said, waving all her hands.

Instead of nodding to say yes
there have been thumb tacks,
yes to snake oil and yes, you do need me,
he pulled wads of chalk out of his pockets.

Nubbins. Fingers
to the bone.

Go ahead then –
go ahead and rub *it in*.

Chalk like sugar cubes
melted in their mugs.

Outside, all us kids decided
this was gross. Argued
if she caught us if

Avert your eyes,
she'd say. Or else,
Please mind your bees.

Just then, a hornet tapped its heavy ass
against the inside of her window
and *zimp* like that
he pinched the life right out of it.

Did you see? Did you see that?
We gloated and weaved.

Inside, she was looking sad,
so we wandered off, picking
the dirt from our wings.

and spiders
in a saucepan
morning wet and
frozen garden –

I.

Thought I was
uncommon. Thought I was

another
woman

these things come to those who –

*I bake pies, and coffee cake.
I tie twine in bracelets, cut the bark
and steep the tea bags twice.*

I *step lightly*
am frowning now
the lip thrust that you love

and holding things between

...break a tooth like that,
along with
chewing ice cubes. Reckless

and indifferent. And you.

You, who I called tulip
(you said *tulip?!
you said, and I*)

Yes, or Buster,
Easy, killer
makes me glower,
glow, a ruddy hollow
pleasure foaled,

*like new born sheep
they fell among their curdled birth
in bloody chunks, gut-hot ricotta, I –*

That's so gross,
he interrupted. Hey. I said,

I'm sorry. It was what I

see here. Now.

A diplomat. I have become so very

emotionally intelligent. Aware.

Capable of making truly

rational

decisions.

I can say,

I'm not really mad about the sheep,

darling,

I'm upset because it makes me feel like

shattered

shatters. Shattering.

Perhaps this needs explaining.

Like that time when we

in front of all those open windows

even when I

and you

with your arm and

glass fell on the floor and

shattering

you grabbed me so I wouldn't hurt my and and –

go to bed, baby

you said and I

believed you, not because

I *was* but

you *said* I was. You said,

III.

, *baby*.

You said. And I –

You were so
certain in this. I heard
sweeping coming from the kitchen.
I knew.
Dutiful. And did you darling cut your feet?

A Basic Guide to Science

Science is better than math because
you can be Luxie Sanford's lab partner
if everybody else is absent.

The teachers can wear jeans
and wipe hands on them, while
English and History are all khakis and skirt.

What other classroom has a sink
and dead things and
is cold and smells like creek bed all the time?

One time I reached for an icepack
and cracked a frozen rat. Science
can be gross.

Still, it weighs me. Science
is a bitch. Luxie, please don't
laugh. You're ruining

the experiment. Calling it 'science'
is just another way to say
it's not my fault

His Jesus Isn't Anybody's Jesus

I read and loved a poet.
He's a Christian
but I loved him anyway.

He never said –
and anyway, his Jesus
isn't anybody's Jesus.

At what point can a girl
buy a fella underthings?
They're silk ones so
I did it anyway.

The poet man is dying.
Who says I can't say
silken things
next to death and Jesus?

Sex death Jesus. There.

By now we have hopscotched
up and down the only stairs I know.

Ambrosia
purple up at midnight –
exhalation:

lessen

lesson

listen –

Sex death Jesus.
I clap my hands and laugh
delight!