

Katie Jean Shinkle

Baby-Doll: an Elegy

Down-coast, we find shells shaped
of Texas, a heart; a fingernail or two.

*Part of having is forgetting,
don't you agree?*

I pack the objects we do not,
cannot, do not wish to give

names to. Here are our *things*.
A car to drive away in.

Dodge, as in avoid, a bullet,
as in too fast. The look and feel

of granules. A dissolution
of a competent body.

How the eyes still water
at the corners; the knees

not quite the same.
We pass a roadside memorial.

A young man who told
all of his friends he would

die on his motorcycle.
Now that's loyalty

Things Demons Believe

The moth at the end of the thumb,
a life reigned, a life spent. Today
was dreary with a touch of sunshine;
tomorrow will be French birthdays
(*Joyeux Anniversaire!*), followed
by snowflakes in the early morning.
See the dust; how the body is made,
portion of wing lodged underneath
nail.

The moth lands on the couch-pleat,
shimmers like a templar, a hot-plate's
vapors, sweetwater in bylight shadows.
A curtain memory, how the brain holds,
how the brain softens. No life is certain.
No wing-span, no lifeline—palm or otherwise.
Today's horoscope states with planets
in sextile there will be an epic-death,
a black hole, an event horizon.

Coil-Signs

Time drops us like a rotted lover.

How we are a we for so long,
that I no longer know the definition
of me or I or Self.

The season lends itself
to a proposition.
Intensity so quick and traded,
a certainty of—.

When I speak of toiling over,
when I speak of us, the shift—.

How we can stand as we
for so long that we becomes
a W and E with no recognition
of each other.

So what, I lie.
You would lie too if you knew
as much as I did about expendability,
how lavish distance is.