

Emalisa Rose

that stuff you say at funerals

it's two weeks now since we
said we'd get in touch again

we left stones and some shells
on Aunt Gina's grave..reciting
some prayers in phonetic
rendition

we laughed how she'd always
just be there, with a broom
in her hand, sweeping up dirt

or chasing the kitties from her
garden of tea roses, how she taught
us crochet and that bleach was the
be all and end all of the cryptics

of cleaning..at the 'goodbye,' after
the 'hello' after all the skeletal years
and the 'stuff' caught between us

was nice to elude into thinking we'd
really be family again.

anything but 'that'

We talk about corn and zucchini
how the crops are now losing libido
the Jets and the Giants
the last train to Clarksville

the book club we've forgotten to join

the dogs on iditerod..how it praddles
the world of the vegan cause

'bout lines on the highway and whether
they'll wait till pre-spring to stripe them
again..we talk of Corona...how it's holding
you back from divorce

and how i've grown hips again after 17
summers. (too much damn couch time i know)

we talk of the Beatles, the Stones and the
man in the man marigolds...how it took
too many years to welcome the Moody blues
to the rock and roll hall of fame...

'bout how Pete's back the pulpit and that Betty
does Boston now

and the contortinist years when we lost roses
to thorns...but right now

we just talk and we talk and we talk

we just don't talk of 'that.'

chopsticks

i heard that she died yesterday
she was the first with the
new angled hairstyle..a black
velvet bow in her blonde
plaited hair..she played the
piano and took oil painting
class in the city on saturdays
bringing back treats of different
ethnicities..first to use chopsticks
correctly..we knew she'd be
famous someday, or at least
venture far from this place we
began with its prefabricated
multiplex dwellings of brick,
almost windowless towers in
triplicates, trees climbing the
sky ladder viewing a world in
which kids that sat bleacher seat
could barely just dream about.

rapture of radio

it was always the same ride
back home..parallel passengers
with you behind Pop me facing flip
side to Mom's lacquered beehive

at the august of crickets and fall
starts to flicker rehearsing the
stage show of its carousel colors

we bookend the window seats with
you reading Tiger Beat..me with a
pencil and polka-dot notebook

composing some cloud poems while
you're batting your lash at the triceps
of truckers

Breakfast with Beatles blasts the
beats of New York and we segue in
sing-a-long, simultaneously miming
the fabulous foursome

we laugh..we high five..like two tye
dyed troubadours..raptured by radio
breaking the awkwardness of the
silence of sisters.

a simple request

I left you some shells
and a porridge of poems
I'd pre-written..on the
cliffside of rock and
redemption

all I ask in return
is a fifth of Jack Daniels
and your pledge of fidelity

and I'll be your
whore of forever