

Genevieve Pfeiffer

A Disturbance In The Surface

We are either strong willed and close minded,
or malleable fools whose hearts are all too yearning.
But no, we must be more than that.
We are admirals dashing
into a tryst with pearled tears,
dancers of war,
hunters of truth and winds.
Far more than grains of sand trying our magnetism.
Hoping to be more than darts flung,
twisting our own hearts to miss the bulls eye
if we think our will has been bent back
by another hand.
Knifing our shards just to see how much we can take,
we are survivors of our own identity.
The stagnated sweetness of the maple tree
pushing out it's life,
amber time chrysalis with
a morbid, selfish, indemnified
genuine mind
worming for a way back inside.

Socrates' Phoenix; An Allegory

If
I
could
be your
fire I would
burn you, just so
you could feel. Jump
out your shell, a lightning
shock straight between your
eyes. Down your spine. Grip your
insides. I could never be your campfire.
Do not toast marshmallows in my name &
suck melted sugar. The roasting stick will only
warn you I'd be a forest fire; scorch your throat
with the heated orange zest of burning bushes you
forgot/to listen to, I'd be like a thousand paper cuts on
fingertips, reminding you every time you picked up a
pencilpencrayonbrush, keyboard or touchscreen, to spread
fire to the cobwebs between your fingers. I'd be a brushfire
racing along spider/web/lines woven into your skin, the visceral
palpitation of lust for each particle of life smoldering, I'll leave my
charred handprints on everything you touch. Don't touch me If you
can't handle me. I'm red and black, leave embers and charcoal in my
wake. You can see waves of heat rippling behind me, I'll be your lake
and I want you to drown. The last thing you hear, the sound of your
own breath and find peace in it. Then I would lap the words from
your mouth in heat, you'd speak nothing but your soul's language
back to me & we'd commune as a sacred candle's Morse code,
the flickerings of Wholy worship, flames licking shots off
tongues at screens (I bear the message that shadows
are not as far away as they seem) and I want you
to see what Gods see, before I roll the skies
on their backs and douse you
in your own skin.

Clothes

strung out in the hot summer air
hanging on a line
ready to be wrung out and take their shape.
Ready to wear.
To wrestle with little brothers, sit at the dinner table,
or be worm into town.
Hung with anticipation
of slow-dance nights
hushed with sweat.
Or taking-on-the world
Business-Wear.
Some toughed out
with a raised fist and squinting eyes
ready to stand tall
in the face of bright colored collages pieced into law
with speakerphones
and judicial enforcement.
The just-let-me-live cut.
Forged mail and armor over skin.
An orange jumpsuit,
hand-written mail,
to an amour
who is also the sun
drying and shaping words
sitting on shoulders
breaking backs.

Earthworms ⇒

The Earth has no straight spine
but worms the winds to her will.
It is the nature of the straight things,
the backboned trees and towers,
skeletons of bumblebees and eight-tracks,
to snap.

Like blades, pushing
apart outdated flesh of blacktop
bending back considering the winter
making room for rain to freeze
and bust open cracks,
we are guided.

Shaped and molded
by the uncontained
yielding to propensity.

Butterscotch Fingerprints

I can still hear you.
The last eye lock
Still burns
Smoldering in the synapse
Between my tongue I taste you
Sweet like butterscotch
Sticking to me
Droplets collecting
Still smudged across dresses
And books
Scenting my memories

On your Birthday
I sat in the kitchen
Dinner and the taste of us,
Burned.