

Lee Guyette

Anomie

Stretch

Like mascara

On a spider's legs

Length, volume

Like a coal eyed Italian

Crouch

On the balls of your feet

And spring

Across the court

Human tennis ball

Human karaoke meter

Human

Are you sure

That's what you are

Not a mass of tendons and nerves

Straining

To beat a time

First to live

Last to die

Rockabilly

I like the anchor tattoo
Beneath your ear
Tell me
Would you anchor me
Or let me float
Over the both of us
Like a helium balloon
Set free
To strangle a sea turtle
And grant children's wishes
Simultaneously killing one life
And giving wind to another
Every movement
Pushes another
Just a little bit closer
To what could be the end
So every motion
Must justify its worth
What justified your anchor
Was it a boy
In your life
Who walked out to smoke
Right as you reached for him
Anchor me
And I won't float away

Cotton Ears

You are

Like a bullet in my teeth

Chipping off enamel

Sanding down my little ridges

You are

A queen sized sheet

On my double bed

Strangling my late night dreams

You are

Everything they warned me

You would be

But listening to the facts

Cold, merciless

Is like listening to the scratching of your hangars

In my closet where they live

But do not cohabit

With the starched lines of my bow ties

Listening to sounds that mean nothing

When filtered through my ears

Is time I have wasted

Not drowning in you