

Brianna M. Fenty

The Almost-Land

My mind's an orchard, chock full of memories,
ripe, waiting to be picked and thought about.
But I'm blue, blue, navy like the night unstarred,
and the peaches don't bloom in the darkness.

My trees are bare,
I've only gardens of despair,
Hollow, empty: vines intimidated by heights beckoning;
flowers scared to bloom.
Unambitious and afraid, they die:
Dead garden.

There's none but smoke and
fog that lurk in my fields,
snaking through the crab grass,
Swirling, choking, miasma in the valley.

I'm an enemy,
My own,

An arsonist, that's me;
I burned down that orchard inside me
My sorrow: the matchstick
My frustration: the flame

That desperation gone unanswered,
that ache for love, lost before discovered;
these things, they're the hand that let go,
That set aflame my garden of Eden turned Hell,
My Holy Land.

Inferno, unleashed:
My No-More Land.
Memories, still there but burnt, charred,
blistering to the touch and even worse to taste,
Hot and bitter, molasses without the sugar
and a side of thorns.

I'm an enemy, my own,
All because I'm blue, blue—
Not blue, not cerulean,
I'm a sad azure motherfucker,
Cyan dancing on the horizon, waiting for the sunrise.

I need my reds and yellows,
My oranges, my pinks.
I need that light in my life,
The color to fill the blue,

To chase the smoke away.

The brightness,

The warmth.

So blue, ever blue, indigo to the fullest,

So light me up.

I'm sitting in my Holy Land,

my Almost Land;

my nest of ashes and of flame,

Waiting, waiting,

Waiting for the one to find the
sweetness hidden in these burnt fruits of mine.

The Brothers East

From the east he does crawl,
Silent but grand does he rise above the fields,
Land leeches of color shall be replenished,
The sky will dance.

The haze and gnat clouds, penetrated might they be,
And up he sweeps in golden wings;
His earthen love, in a warming embrace of life
I yearn to revel within.

Back to the trees I slink,
To the concealing canopies of branch and leaf do I retreat;
For my eyes cannot bear the caress of light nor good,
For my spirit be a plagued one, and before light nor good will
I stand.

With haste does he flee to the western skies
Carrying with him his cape of gold.
When he will set, I will return;
your eyes be spared, I bid you farewell.

I rise with the night, this time of peril,
In the face of the fallen, the empire shall collapse,
The day weakens still; your light is a mere sputter,
And to mine glory will you ever bow,
Despite the love and longing I have for you.

When he will set, I will return;
for, from the east, he'll never crawl again.
I will blot him out.

Silvertongue

My tongue is slitted, steel-plated, and slated with silver ions

That will

Sever your soul and

Slice and dice your mediocre spirit, I'll

Weave the hungry ivy that will slink into your brain

I'll reclaim

What you thought was your indomitable fortress, I'll

Sway the sultry hips of verbatim and slang and

Crack open sweet flesh between punctuation thighs and

Quench dry pores with words that will move you

Beat you

Love you

Hate you

Date you

Words that will make you

Feel like an

Illiterate logical fallacy with feet, spun round

Unwound

Until you realize that my poison-tipped speech

Has forced your slack knees to the ground, now

Soldier pick up your jaw and

Please, turn around.

Because after all,

I was only teasing, of course.