

Courtney Prather

Spider Suicides

In the dank basement,
clumps of spider carcasses,
charred in dusty silk,
decorate the corners
of my childhood memory
like Christmas baubles

i have run out of ways to tell you

i have run out of ways to tell you
how i thirst for You
though i haven't drunk You
in ages.
when You last flew away
it meant nothing to me,

but now i collect every petal
of every blossom,
all the branches and
twigs

fallen

from

cherry

trees

and

make

elaborate

formations

with these small things
along the dark earth
like a lovesick crab
scuttling shell gifts
across sandy floors
to woo a lady crab.

i go about my day
as if You don't exist
i put on my makeup
speak ragtime to strangers
everyone is a stranger to me
when I am certain
that You are the butterfly half of myself
without You I cannot fly

but,

Boston

You have not been kind to me.
(your winters have robbed me clean)

You nearly killed me.
(dozens of times)

But,
(in spite of all this)

I would kiss every brick upon your streets,
(sleep in your green bellied salt bed)
(swallow the spire of every skyscraper)

Forever,
until your topsy turvy streets crack like a spine
crooked as a question mark, and gape,
envelope me in knowledge

Kelan

your name
is a constant hum
between my thighs.

surrendering-
they want to take flight,
like a bird's wings.
wide and full of promise
plunging into your skies

At the Crossing of Boylston and Tremont

Sunset peaks over the state house.

Common leaves brush my hair from my face.

Sunlight dawns on my nebulous mind.

Charcoal breath,

sweet flowers of whispers,

City sounds muffled

by the smoldering Charles

Beacon sky raises its blue chest.

Electric neon ignites the eye.

Greenery drapes like a shawl.

The trudge to enlightenment is paved by a bed of grass
and a tired street

as the sore feet of traveling Bostonians

clap on and on and on.