

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.