

Bobby Parrott

The Habitual Hamster of Free-Falling Truth

You accessorize your ego in snowlight, a rehearsal
of death, the blankness you lie down to find, so smooth
your soft sighs. You hold yet-to-be assembled worlds,
daily-dying your way to building the pocket foundation

of the universe in its many forms. You're already perfect
and complete, but maybe you've forgotten. As if rain
could be singular, malleable, unblinded in its own light. I
find squadrons of helicopters circling senility's sandbox,

and accidentally vacuum you up with a thunk, pet hamster
Bok Choy Baby, pulled into the next world, fuzzy foxhole
at the other end of the trip. A pay-as-you-go guru frees you
from the heart-conditioning called "I'm sorry," throws

all your residual angst like a suitcase into the trunk
of her nuclear orange car. Longing for a home you can't
quite recall, you dream for rubies, forget the heart's
archive, see thru the blood-pink eyes of Bok Choy Baby.

Like When a Real Duck Impersonates My Phone

Hey, blowing kisses to frogmen may not be akin
to amphibious cross-pollination, but it sure beats hell

out of opening an umbrella in the shower and pretending
you're in a sub that's been hit. We're all headed there.

The Earth's crust is the larval tombstone to the Romantic
notion of the Sublime, pupation our foxtrot into a vapor
of daffodils without the zing of robot mind games. Children
know this, just not in words. I mean, take one outside

and tell them we're going to howl at the moon until
it wheezes and falls off its shelf. They'll show you what

that game is. Too much rainbow and too few crayons,
as if the dead were changeable, or even dead, okay?
Try not to confuse that new car smell with the ability to look
foolish walking a tiny dog in a sweater. The lunar module
masquerading as this poem is doable only inside a vacuum

of logical paradox, with which even NASA has yet to
impregnate a space-shuttle. So go figure. Nothing escapes

singing without paying the price of its own collapse,
though a good soup with a crusty bread can often help.
Thing is, we're all consigned to eternity, requited

in the coffers of would-be angels, frozen in the ancient
flame of hemoglobin rusting in place. But then, you know
how all this ends, when your phone quacks you awake.

**Filling Our Godlike Girth thru the Lens
of Smashed Plastic Tail Lights**

A piece of charmed sea-glass after its glow
internally animates a child's eyes
Wrestling shells from a sun-studded shoreline
into the powdery limbs of ghosts
Your plastic flamingo's folded shroud as it fills
the box gaping in my chest cavity
The blue lozenge of your death, mourned
in my tongue's descant of viral sucking
Statues of our gods chiseled over and over,
our own likeness riddled in fingertips
Blips of lust refurbished in the purr
of Jimi Hendrix's six-pound sledgehammers
Hyperion's edge, reframed by various skeletal
titans dethroned from Keats' poem
Electronic displays of simulated heads
rewired to throb in place for Armageddon
Dark morning rain on the roof of a prison,
expressions of dandelions in wet grass
Globular galaxies spun into garlands, carnival-prize
replicas of your smashed tail lights
Intellect gentled by transmissions of ruby insects
coiling scarlet in their glassy hives
Wide-eyed mapmakers in stillness intent
on the inclusion of every roadside rabbit
Plight of the repeatedly perforated, charting
the findings of fierce but tender pilgrims
Earth as she shifts further from her solar bedroom's
pull, her expressions of adolescence
Like hydrogen in a disembodied blimp dreams
of ignition in its blank promise of homecoming
Pre-birth brilliance reinstated, phony persona disowned
in the venue of where we go when we die

Laughable Late-Night Slice & Dice

Even Jacques Lacan was not without
his abrasive array of superpowers

bent on the sacred unthinking virus
of childhood. We who compose

with Alpha-Bits at breakfast bend
to an irrational logic, language

our brightest heat. And yet we subvert
the frosted letters into a certain

psychedelic illusion of coherence,
versify in our narrowband hive-mind

a mammalian meniscus. Curious
then, how my dal's red lentils

ignore the Symbolic Order, then
disembody, feign otherworldliness

in their boil. How each simplified
sarcophagus spooned into the shade

of my alimentary ether, without even
a pretense of intention, tells me

to watch the movie unfold, leap
head-first down the volcano's throated

version of The Real. I mean, what else?
Like Rilke writes to the young poet,

*Perhaps everything
that frightens us
is, in its deepest essence,
something helpless
that wants our love.*

**Planet-Faced, Every Miracle
Tenders Another Living Thing**

I stride into the gaping mouth of a candy store
to ask how sugar has become so deliberate.
If the dip of my limbs mimics a happy-dance,
who can explain language? I slip watches
into your eyes, watch the moss-flecked radial

grips muscle contractions, velvet permissions
like Mothra's furry genius of wings. And through
the moon's dusty cellar door your eruptions

of light dilate the nostril in firecracker bouquet
like a baseball game's lazy afternoon pop-fly
warps its trajectory, slowing to a stop, its highest
point a contemplation of descent, its sounding

into the infielder's glove a pop pocketed
by hotdog-stuffed fans. Ain't the beer
cold? A curvature knows when to relinquish
ascent, like those mango-flavored popsicles
you mouth in the hot shower, psychic tempo

a song you've decomposed in detuned clarinet-
speak. For Keats, Truth is (in secret) the *opposite*
of Beauty. Like paisley to plaid, Tuberculosis

tremors to orange-frosted heads, Hyperion
his youthful roll. This brainstorm of light
modulates syntax while it muffles the sound
of snow falling. Like a cliff swallow's arc
snags a dragonfly over the twinkling marsh.