

James Croal Jackson

You Wanted to Fill My Room

you wanted to fill my room with cute junk so I remember
you forever but that was too much I was always going to
it is february now almost a year since we ended necessarily
fallen branches on green grass after the storm I found it
fitting the wind would tear the roof off as we could
have a foundation together we chose not to build with
broken sticks and barkdust memories a kindling
to use until the house fills with smoke

Outsider Party Guests

the spinning lights these strangers
disco couch crumbs heat and fizz

we are from a strange land, too

& everyone seems to ask what are you we
know what we are (breathing) into
mouth an ancient flame

acolytes of fire tamed by song
we could burn this house down

Graduation

hats in the air
fall down salt
shaker
minnows swim
toward waterfall

Screens

EVERY DAY

I STARE FOR HOURS

Red Dove

songwriter your new quiet guitar
strums music in my mind your mother
cares for horses your father screams
glory be into microphone a devil

we sing *dove* redfeathered
circling I fight my demons
failing past the wall your rosenote
treble clef learns strings

along guitar in a quiet bar
we sit listening to a diorama
of the modern age the things
that keep us apart this candy

heartsong your birdy bones
with me I've got a bad seed
inside you bite into the
core just to break your teeth