

Cara J. Okun

sleeve rolled up

scrawled notes on backsides of receipts
counted hours with rectangles from fortune cookies
highlighted roads on outdated maps

this poem still does not exist
the moon is

un lit and there

its charred
that space on the horizon where a fireball used to rise

I fell into the mirror. I am
the reflection. I beat Narcissus on my way to bottom of the well and
that white rabbit

has nothing to offer.

I have cathartic recognition
trading limb for limb
call this choice
call
too, am
the art of this thing called love

is not what is
call this sustenance
do not dial I
unlearning

arrival time: late.

Is this what they call

poetry? — i wasted

one sun

she

painted, re-painted ~~my~~ face.

Flesh flakes fall

from skin a-raw

over-scrubbed, i suppose. i am

out of soap.

~~Each day~~ grey silk nestles

sinks her lower lashes in

a prison of butane

no ignition

I am

~~not for a~~

The milkman's empty grin haunts
the eyes in ~~my~~ ears and the key
to ~~my~~ pocketbook is on hold at a grocery store;
electricity
out for months^x

bought a box of matches

an unspecified date on the Gregorian calendar at an unspecified time after sunset

here in heaven

the living write about photography no one cares to reproduce; fireballs
that rip hearts from the ribcage or

atmospheric locations of recently discovered planets; why do I wonder
why I am wondering when I read this headline last ?

that
might be me. In descent. She is not deaf; I can not hear
but for these damn serpents'
whispers echo cackle .

They wrap
their vertebrate
click click clack
around my ankles

pin my limbs
against the kitchen window.

I wipe its glass
of streaks my mess.