

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highlighted roads on outdated maps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<sup>x</sup>

*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.