

Chelsea Arsenault

Tinseltown's Curator

Always identified as an embodiment of her city--
The duality of appearance versus reality--
She regards the streets
That crawl
With last night's memories,
Floating in the postcard azure that exists only
On laminated paper.
She ordains herself as the ultimate curator.

Surveying humanity from the seams of a billboard,
She is eternally adhered and revered mid-orgasm.
Silently advertising her fertility
She moans
And groans
To sell
Perfume.

Innocent eyes that perceive her complexion,
Invoke a desire:
Impregnate us
With the lust of consumption.

For Sylvia

Caressed in my chest-- you will always remain:
Weaved into the rhythm of my life
That pulses through my veins.
As the batons blaze, as I remember your gaze,
The tender sentiments that trembled,
And my love that still pains.

Perched on a swing set while enjoying our youth,
You told me forever;
But your "forever" wasn't true.
Your restless soul, eternal freedom finally accrued,
You promised imperfect immortality,
But your body is no longer you.

A singing bird that coos my soul to sleep,
A blade of grass that strokes the soles of my feet,
Teary-eyed I smile, and plucking at the earth for a while I see that
It is you.
While gently resting my head on nature's bed
And regarding the vastness of impossibility that the azure sky pens
I feel as though I ascend, and comprehend, that
All that is forever,
It is you.