

Samantha Tansey

RICOCHETS OF LOVELY MOMENTS

All the ricochets of lovely moments
Taper to rough rivets of your boots,
Undaunted by my unstrung laces
And running, running nose.

I lull my lullabies to bed when you're home,
Elegizing the binds between "beauty"
and the Beautiful--Fathers don't
look away, I thought.

Meandering your staggers in the grooves of gutters,
Grinding your toes in homes of the homely,
I hold my own hand when I face
Your Boogeymen. And wait

As embers of my profundity
Evanescence before you.

AS I WAIT

As I wait, as I hesitate,
I hold the fumes of lilac undulate
To the brush of death
And hope that I was good enough.

I rummage for memories of delight, of resolve.

I wonder about chances, redeeming the undone.

The inert, the uninspired saplings of choices I made have idled my tides,
And now I wait

For the best, or the worst.

SEX

Sex is a cochlear implant long overdue:
A hard itch on your mind too pricey to scratch,
A collar found on foul monkeys at the zoo,
A craving with no pill, gum, or patch.

A gentle touch tenses that eager spot,
Playing with it amid drugs, toys, and tools.
Soon your head lightens off that moist cot,
And you drift to a realm of fainter rules.

O, wake from that bed and listen to that praise,
Dare you stand new ground as hearer and lover.
But sound has a steep price in this new shrill haze
For that speech impede will never recover.