

Lucy Falco

Solitary Confinement

Short-haired lady  
With a mood ring lick  
Hand claps syncopating  
Lackluster leaf flights

I lied so many times  
It was a language  
I walked in the  
Canopy of the fur trees

And the forest forgave me

Ayn Rand

My pliant framework  
Buckles in reverse  
This alabaster architecture  
Texture of bleached molars

Fountainheads  
Prisoners of latticework  
Wrought iron rib-cage  
Chain-link tongues

Aneurysm

I'm burdensome  
In my other tongue

Weary in the  
Western wilt

Oh, I could be a normal

And maybe, the eyeless  
People will keep away  
From these windows

When I put up  
The duct tape

Perhaps I'll stop  
Finding footprints in  
The yard  
And the swing set  
Won't creak at night

Ave Maria

A simulacra of  
Ply-weave fabrics  
She hobbled among  
Splint thistle  
Bee-swarmed with  
Concentrated gunfire

Serpentine smoke tail  
Golden star, she's no shiksa

The heavens were yawning

Hymns kissed her with neon syntax

Comedy of Errors

God won't send winds  
To drag you to this door  
Studded with fingernails

With your boy clothes

With all those nothings

With your uterus carrying  
A forest fire to term

## Prayers

I have spina bifida of the soul

Phosphene flint strikes  
Flickered in my optics

Rogation, invocation  
Supplication, imploration

I hum this fizzle of grace  
Disintegrating those in earshot

Halation turning me blonde

Joan of Arc

Those silkies  
Said a girl  
Couldn't wear  
Her hair like that

Young graves for old men

The Virgin  
of Orleans  
Knocks twice  
On the church double doors

To make skull caps  
And throw rugs  
Out of perverts  
And whisperers

Amen

Valley of the Dolls

My wings are more  
Feather-dusters

A prosthetic head  
In the flux, gelatin fillings  
Wig that's called a "bob"

Quarter horse in a quarter-dress

Hemingway's fishing line  
Pulling me together  
That corpse in the hallway  
Asks me for a glass of water



A Pillage

Again, the claws  
Amber crust loll  
Womb sags with laws  
A molesting, a maul

A structure in it's prime  
A rouge streak on the streets  
Groin folds under pantomime  
Her wounds, lye secretes

The "loathsome hag"  
Swaddled with nights  
She is given a plague  
Yet charged with the vice