

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