

March 25th Poems

1.

"There! In the pink hat. That's our guy." The twins looked up from their porcelain espresso cups at a car that had just pulled up.

Two seats down, under the same linoleum ceiling
the same cloud of listerine- scented air,

A party of five didn't talk about any of it.

In uniform, they kept ankles tight and knees at the angle their profession preferred they be at.

Slowly, a few would point their gaze at the others' wrists.

Desperately trying to locate a sense of neutrality.

One of them dabs at the sweat that insists on making an appearance at the hair-line. Not knowing, but knowing how to pitch this idea he's had brewing for a bit.

"What's ego-death all about?"

Toes sixteen-inches in the sand, that's where her mind was. The other person at the table. One of the people at this table. She noticed the person across from her at the table zoning out to the silver-ware in between them.

At Least two out of three in this party were experiencing that quiet asphyxiation that occurs when feelings are so strong and so tied up in their biome (it becomes a biome).

Wanting to blurt out, "IDON'TTHINKI'M OK-NONEOF THISISOK,"

She instead manages a: "Did anyone order a side of hash browns by chance?"

2.

De-pathologize
De-pathologizing

I'm not broke, you're not bad
I don't owe you anything
And you're paying rent just like the rest of us

The mantra worked. Is it
supposed to be this---- malleable?

I don't know yet, but we're finding
out. Taking away the "1,2,3", the
finger-tapping,
To find out.

Secret website-hunter

I don't want to be anyone's doctor.

don't want to pathologize you.

I like it when you tell me what happened in the shower that time your roommates were at work.

I like looking in the mirror at the "audacity" of how far my belly extends towards the sink
and remembering all the tenderness I hold.

I like that my knees get sore when I walk too far up the hills.

There's space,

enough of it for one less body to be riddled with knots and undeserved tightness.

I like that you present as fixated

but, give it a day or two

And you're just like those bumblebees.

The ones that become biology's "cult-queen"

The ones that are loyal first and foremost to the blueberry.

I like that I'm allowed to be here.

They're called Southern blueberry bees.