

Wax

mother, i melted the noun down and yanked the wick
i have a candle holder that i pour the liquid wax into
layers of

summer berries
cinnamon rolls
and midnight breeze
neatly stacked
a graveyard of
wasted fragrance

in youth,
i would twirl down the hallway in her emerald
kimino
ruby kitten heels
glimmering in soft white light

she kept them buried in
the closet for a Dorothy
costume
she wore on halloween
'98
dolloped up for townie
trash
in all her Judy Garland
glory

wouldn't the prairies proudest daughter be proud
the way you fought the monotony of great plains

she would flick ash into burning
votives smacking my hand as fingers dipped into
its iridescent aroma

In Red

Let this captains ink run—I can't breathe
sitting here awaiting sings
this faith I have dares one to believe that all are equal—what naiveté to consider that stars have
purchased names

When one dies in winters grasp—and the cold soil does not open—one is burned
Kept inside ceramic, placed atop that stones shelf
Believe this ash we all become is
no memoir no draft no drifting words

Kafka wished for his writing to be burned *the unfinished works*
Are we not all putting our stomped impression in this grey
It's nothing more than hues of it—to fill the fractured crust
Awaiting that winged tassel to release all these read memories

Tell me of your roaming—how you returned and how we all come back to meet
Conclusion
how I wish to be a part of her becoming that brown dotted line that separate this fucking place
is this imposed exile and all it varieties to make something royal in red painted sand

Goodbye Geryon,
I have done my share fixed those wings and applied that foundation to hide all you are—don't
wallow in that pity
 no sauntering
 quit complaining
we have all had our fair share of his
 torrid sentiment
You keep the cattle safe
 he has mesquite pilled and an itchy flint

where inhalants subdue self-control
I ravage in his musk
son of Zeus
 in all his rolling ripples
 across that pileous chest
dressed in *Lone Star* shit kickers and ten-gallon hat sees me through that hole—not as glory
rather
nothing more than a marbled slab to be placed on diamond grates

Bring me back to your ice castles and bleeding hearts

Atlantic Sleep

keep me locked safe

hatch cranked thirteen full turns—bless the dead in this they give eternal
gratitude

of your grace
my body rocking against your ribs
I envisioned you would keep me
here wrapped in cheap cotton
scratchy linens
and cold showers
I gave my whole
fucking life to you

take your nationalism back to the third reich
cut me deeper and twist that hilt

