

To Gut a Siren

i.

Fille fatale,
fillet, au jus:
served with a pinch
of rue.

ii.

Mantic, ur-romantic,
sincerity whetted to a
blade.

Pierce thy flesh
with promises
made of harpoons
and dusty fingernails.

Eviscerate; expunge;
rinse the cavity thrice,
until an inkling of her heart
remains.

iii.

She lays half-eaten,
tangled among seaweed
and rotting songs,
dreams convulsing beneath
wayward sky.

Media Blubber

Global trade and
the rise of international
competition and technol gy has
allowed the fashion industry speed and
flexibility—all it takes is one designer
to think, “hey, let’s bring back bell bottoms”
& *bam*, they’ll be at your local TJ Maxx

Little Moments

The skies cast down cloud lashes,
brushing branches sick with blossoms.
Students hunch in oversized sweaters
and walk a little faster.

Metal spoon crusted with dried yogurt—
Bacteria culture probiotics, yum.
There was no fruit at the bottom, however.

"Thrift store chic," says my size small denim jacket,
strutting its stuff with mismatched socks and
tired skinny jeans. Fashionable faux pas.

I wish a parakeet would lull me to sleep with its
hoarse trills. In the morning, I would kiss it on the
head and scoop up its poop.

Heart palpitations, the speed of
blood racing at 1.8km/hr.
Three coats of skin cannot conceal
the blueness of veins beneath.

Sweat glands in overdrive, throat like desert air.
Chanel no.5 clings to stiff threads of starch linen collar.
Diagnosis: loss of homeostasis.

Baby birds slump, gaping pink mouths of
plump calla lilies. Feathers grow like
angry rash across their skins.
Warbling, festering,
blind and cold
they sing.

