

From *Post Moxie*

We look at a statue and feel uncomfortable. I am backwards light, which isn't as cool as it sounds. Later, after I watch him eat his fake meat, he decides that he already knows everything there is to know about me based on a conversation we had about third grade. Because I'm afraid of change, I wear the quilted pants emblazoned with pale peach skulls and crossbones. From a distance they look like geometry. From up close, well, you can see what they look like up close.

Julia Story 2008

Time is a series of pellets. The gerbil that sniffs them reacts by scratching his neck ferociously. It's my own fault I'm anywhere. When the rain in my mind begins, I don't run for cover. The pellets get wet and form a death paste. I stand there holding a cardboard box over my head. Or, more specifically, I have been standing there for weeks. Since after it rained.

You stretch your arms out to crucify yourself
but then change your mind. There is little to
no weeping. I've made a pact with myself to
not be crazy, but then there is that tree in the
distance, clinging to itself and solid as a leg.
Small dogs creep around the periphery of
foliage. The nun in my head is of little to no
use. The sounds of her lilies are like paper
hands. When I wake up, it is to the white new
air, no curtains, pedals outside spinning a
cathedral.

Acne forms a delicate design, like pins in a map. It's important to know where stuff happened. My Nissan is broken. My dog won't stop barking. Everything would be ok if I could just rig up some paper lanterns and find a long extension cord and had the right kind of birthmark: a map of where to find you since the day I was born.

What I hear is orange. A vase of fingers is
like a picture of a hand. A pitcher of hands is
the red haze under skin. The red maze under
all of us. I try to turn this into something to
rest on or the sky. Pieces of people under all
of what we say, dingdonging into now.

Julia Story 2008

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