

Inheritance

Begin to grow a crown of bone.

Pronounce your skull: symmetrical

posts you forage out of seeds and

greens of April. Divide them in

stages of heat. Wave them toward does.

Raise those velvet arms from browsing

and then, steal your own skeleton.

Shunt calcium. Leech phosphorous.

Embrittle frame to display this

pointed rack of lofty weapons

when you confront other deer. Heave

warning toward stags with equal spears.

Turn their tails white or rush and clash.

Win your harvest season harem.

Mate to impart vestiges of

millennia's investment, your

offspring, sure to inherit war.

Transference

Rituals are made of smoke, you drag on
into days, puckered mouths with hazy
shadows hanging out, and you diffuse
nightwardly, over silhouette-etched sky.

When you headache, it is behind the eyes
where you see skulls, in clusters
inflamed so, they cripple you alone
into a blackened space, to swear on schedule.

The wear of your layers, long denim over
faded summer, tattoos your skin in blue
spikes of adrenaline, and your hidden
withered frame, defames your intellect.

I give; I give in, to lust for your neglect.
Let me fix your supper, sew your clothes,
listen idly while you withhold. Seduce me
with lost opportunity, to forgive my father.

Hot Flash Soliloquy

Yes, the photo with your breast exposed
(in the album from twenty years ago).
Share it casually on a smoke break
and see if he doesn't lift his shades.
Ask him if you should get a divorce
and if your shorts are too short.
Pay him to watch your dogs.

No, he can keep your spare key
(until you decide to cross the river).
Just, don't take your husband's car.
Don't pretend to be interested in—
guitar or ask why he doesn't join a band.
Don't call it "bohemian" to sleep
on the floor and eat dinner from a can.

Would you really get a tattoo?
You could move into the guest room;
the girls would have to understand.
Oh, your eldest buys makeup now.
She spends time on the phone.
Leave your body in the mirror;
you won't have to die alone.