BELLADONNA* 7

12 Horrors

by

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A section of "Sing, Sing" previously appeared in *Antenym*.

12 Horrors

1. they were in every way boats
   except that the specific gravity of their contents
   rather than their displacement
   was floating them

2. lights dimming, children laying down on the straw, stage
   hands watching

3. I press myself flat against the bed
   her voice a happy registry

4. holds on a bucket

5. every night we locked his socks in plastic bags

6. it is melting and they do not know it

Three windows for your superstition
as you perch on my leg blind
flutter
ringing doorbells crinkles the plastic bag
her eighteen inches to breathe are narrowing.

Making new contact with the bruise
a strange white cat promised
with plastic
bags around the block softly
biting you hear me:
lock up your houses and
Latch up your blouses
pull from my legs
the wind is closing it up
she drops bags off the balcony
expanding, full of breath
tear into her lungs
mercury bird's sweat
cleaving or to stretch
we think we saw her pop
haven't heard the sound yet.

Poems in a vase
cuddle the sun of
we'd like to change the water
but in the saline of this breast
microbes cluster

cold the thing jingles in the lunge
stopping gestures under her tongue
ninety minutes = a movie
why the action must rise and fall in patterns
the deepest phase nourishing
hormones, is common
in the second half
they show curtains always
pulled back revealing
the bed.

As a pipe being hit
air encroaching, flushed, expires
he is walking back and forth
talking to men in holes

down on the couch she's absorbing
licking off
a drama popsicle
making enough money
to stay there licking and sucking.

They each wanted a ring for their finger.
Wanted but when forcing her
free except for the skin of her fingers:

she dipped into the acid to get it.

Who would believe she had fallen asleep?
(In a factory one cannot count on anything.)

Her tits jiggle the tassels
rags flap scaring the birds
you judge how long by
her thinness until black moss
in the signal of a cracked shell
people pledge not to ask you questions.

The most beautiful bounces the advances
trying to change the sheets
which must be backwards
but the screen makes you repeat
yes, we really loved how she kept eating.

Pulling things out of the freezer
had stored but now find
your bed soft in the center
selling it, people
are mobbing, wanting to buy them.

Sing, Sing

All the hawks are shown from overhead
a son should speak to his father-in-law in the plural:
"mai butsigi hibekal"
they come in a chorus, floating
"ye-old-man they"

This one carries the dead
tirelessly for the others–
it is the nature of ants to carve out
I am trying to get over the reflex to flinch when bitten.

*The corolla (except in a very few species) is colored–that is, colored other
than green–so that it stands out clearly against the green color of the plants.*
                              Sprengel, Pasentdeckte Gehimnis der Natur

European honeybees are being eradicated in North America by a small mite
that crawls into the breathing apparatus near the bee's eye, suffocating it.

he spent his entire SSI check on a pair of infrared binoculars,
slept on the street, prepared for the Second Coming.

*

sing sing

      (yellow)

All night the nitelight

a precious minute

make yourself happy
                        the clock ticking
to see in your fingernails
the gold of the bible embossed
precisely where you need to wash.

      *
Needing wooden feet to fence out the wind
which strays to outer islands of Alaska
Boreas (at any time)
running his cane through the dust.

How many years they did not know
when they committed to the ice age:

1. They simply entered into their states of numb and

2. They simply entered into their states of survival

what was written
what other mammoths?
was there sunshine ever
and things to

No. You must remember through cold drinks.
*

nothing more can be felt

in the empty lot

in the nothing left
having drained our own doing
crying not our tears
not our wings failing us
theirs all of us waking
angry at how long we took
how we abandoned the edges
how we didn't even save them for last

*

There were scars on the trees
(the high up ones)
because they had made sacrifices
to save those down below

and you sigh when you are
not getting enough oxygen

the blood cannot carry it
when it is grieving

still, little things were
making their homes at the
bottoms of the trees

it seems they liked the charred
places best

*

Go, then, find your own snow
flake by flake encounter melting
in the rhythm of a small ball bouncing to a standstill

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