

Heartbeat

Black ridges
Lie tacit
Underfoot.
Dark movement.
Shadows lust for signs
Of my **disobedience**.
I am a mouse.

Ritual

Smoky purple hues
Emanate from the radio.
My theme
Is trivialized,
Sexualized
As musicians **trade fours**
Over my imaginary body.

Colorful Breakfast

Brown, purple, **grey**
Then yellow eyes
Pour over
My Cheerios.
I'm not **expecting**
This month.

Myself

I am a woman
Taller, wiser.
I am an **outcast**
Dizzy, bruised.
I am a **masked** whore.

Eyes

My wayward glance
Is a **mangled** collage:
Intrapersonal blues
And pirouettes.
A prism concert,
where everyone drifts and clatters
and squeezes the music.

Nurture

Speculation delivers
A **cutting** remark
As faith walks upstairs.
 Again
I read alone.

Chainsaw

Surprising flowers
Poke themselves
Out of the **dirty** snow.
My cry
Hits the third **harmonic**
And reciprocates.

A Spill

A bitter happenstance,
Spirits falling to Earth.
 Sticky
 Oddly serene
 As it oozes
And finds **asylum**
in the cracks.

Secret

My soft and supple penmanship
Betrays the harsh blue lines
Within my notebook.
I catch myself smiling
Gently
As waves of **black ink**
Splash up and plunge
Into the page.
Too much unspoken.

Imaginary

So we twirl
Friend and I
In the tufts of wandering green.
A Lily from her breath and refuge
From his embrace.

Outside

Golden faeries, seventeen
Glimmer in the furry meadow—
Moonlit **pixies**
And my grim self-portrait.

My Mask

A piercing rod of light
Shines through my fishbowl.
The forgetful aperture
A **piercing** rod, fingers
Of mud and putrefaction
Descends on the chilled
Maroon pillow
As I float upwards
and out.

Vodka

A circle of fifths
Around my **red** paintbrush
Makes a **minor**
Disturbance.
A gloomy anacrusis
To the release
Of fiction,
Acrylic,
And recitative.

Ballet

I stand poised
In fifth position.
A grimy bowline
Snakes from the ceiling
And **threads** my wrists.

Ethereal

I acquiesce online
As last night **evaporates**.
An unwanted benefactor
Was supporting my **pink** shoulder.
He called it plug and play,
And I would giggle.

Ladylike

Speak not bad
Or suffer.
Use only **demure**
Laminar expressions.
The slings beckon,
But I resist
A secret wink.