

Ambiguous Patriot

Remember Mom and the seeds she hid
in her blouse across the Atlantic? Now this green plants its roots in your ribs.
Veiny fingers tap your chest cavity, coat your lungs.
Your favorite color is green, but not green like shards of metropolitan grass;
dignity winces at flat American lawns, and even
the stature of a weary sequoia won't clasp your sympathy.
You pledge allegiance to the green triangular wall in your kitchen, a flesh which
breaks symmetry, seventeen white squares split in half.
Your mother chose this color, a mouthful of spite
for ashy suburbia, instead a teaspoon of olive and pickle juice,
white vinegar grooves on the plaster.
Are you a beige square soldier, smile camouflaged
or will you drown gurgling in stabbing gazes,
mouths agape, mouths on fire for you are
multi sided. Multi colored. *Multi-anything*. Three is Mom's compromise.
So is the green, you come to realize;
Primary enough for Them. Cold enough. Fresh enough. *Conformity*.
Yet foreign. Yet Hidden. *Obscurity*.
And now no one can hurt you because you bleed a defiant shade of green,
a cut in the skin of your nation's dichotomy pulsing neither red nor blue,
your heart beats ambiguous patriotism.

Shadow Puppets

The light will always escape you
through the diamond gaps in your palm
above the callus on your writing finger
it'll slip and reform into a cluster till you tilt your chin
and suddenly there's a crick in your neck
but a story on your wall unfolds the more you rub your eyes
and your ripened hands sing in shadows:
the time you picked your skin so hard
it bled disappointment
and the night after your bandaid
crusted over like a syrupy sweet until you lost it in your sheets.

Don't try to squeeze away the gaps
your skin will split again
let the light hug the nicks in your palms and wrap itself around your raw fingers
and whisper you the warm truth
that each crooked nail or blue bruised knuckle is you;
and the shapes on your wall
are the pill you must swallow
because you'd never
prefer the dark.

Sutured

My arm recedes into itself like a broken promise

seams undone, my flesh cries anemia;

I thought cuts screamed red

I bleed white and if a loose string sticks out it unravels

stop pulling it hurts.

My eyes cling for dear life onto

an eroded hair, beads have lost their shine

like tempered glass ten degrees too low on

matted brown - once golden fur, a sutured body.

Body: a collection of limbs.

Am I only a puzzle to you?

where does the leg go? is the belly plump enough

am I sold and bought like hardware

like a silver spoon's life purpose

is to mix your tea, warm your mouth

is mine to soak in your tears

your blood, when I don't have my own

your sweat when your sleep is but dark

if my bones can bend, twist to fit yours and my skin may only warm yours

how am i destined for the bottom of a bin;

manufactured, stitched, not enough soul.