

## Denim daydream

—From “Blue Velvet” by Bobby Vinton

*Feeling the rapture grow / Like a flame burning brightly /  
But when she left gone was the glow of / Blue velvet*

I will forever miss the feeling  
of staining my jeans and the  
yells from my mom; rapture  
when she's mad, I wish to grow,  
but come to regret it later like  
I did on the monkey bars a  
long time ago. Feeling the flame  
of the metal slide was burning,  
but it became joyous; brightly  
the highlight of olden days, but  
those days are fuzzy now when  
I try to remember the way she  
told me to behave when she left.  
Leaving isn't always, but gone  
she'd be with no stopping. Was  
I a bad daughter? Jeans—the  
way they can be washed. I glow  
when I see the remains of blue  
knees. Yells fade; become velvet.

## **The Break of her Wake**

What if Eve was a woman of many ideas?  
She was a partner; she wanted to provide.  
Adam was hungry, so she allowed him to eat,  
as any wife would. She didn't mean trouble.  
But they were punished when he tasted it,  
and she was doomed to the bottom of Earth.

Women are crafted for beauty on Earth  
but their bodies are considered trouble.  
They are lusted and punished for it.  
They beg of him to disintegrate any ideas  
he has to pretend her body is his for him to eat,  
but what else does a woman have but to provide?

A creature whose duty is to provide  
and the man who has scorned her for doing it.  
She remembers that to survive, she must eat,  
but if she doesn't look faultless, she is in trouble.  
Beauty is her construct – quite volatile—on Earth.  
She, with a brain, is inadequate; no time for ideas.

Her husband's succeeded in having the ideas,  
so she must open her legs to provide.  
If she doesn't, it will cause her great trouble,  
and without it, he'll harm her time on Earth.  
Closing her trickling eyes, she goes along with it,  
letting her only life be defined by letting her husband eat.

If she would've known that allowing her Adam to eat  
would cause her to be only an object of desire on Earth,  
she would have denied her ability to provide.  
Her existence—manipulated by a man with sensual ideas,  
will cause her mind to never wrap itself around it.  
How could being truthful get her in trouble?

That man who loves her has threatened her ideas  
of being an individual with more than flesh to eat.  
A social commodity who is meant to multiply Earth  
and fear being abandoned if she's incapable to provide.  
A life of disarray because her intentions brought her trouble;  
but that's the fruitful life of precious Eve, isn't it?

## **Find Me, Lover**

Love me as much as a writer  
loves to express

The way your fingertips caress the keyboard  
Watching the cursor fade in and out

You question your worth without having reason  
I want to be loved for the way that

My hips curve  
My nose arches  
My hair falls  
My lips pucker

I am a North Star in a night full of fog  
The writer tells a tale about the constellations in the sky

What they mean  
Why they are  
Who they affect  
How they became

My constellation is big enough for you to find,  
I promise. Just take a look

Can you find me?  
I want to be your muse