

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