

###moth#7###

by aksania xenogrette

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moths taste like mushrooms. the thorax crunches flavorless. the scent of beets in the dirt. the voices of adults. the music of a couple speaking. the lilt of some argument. the dream when i am digging the dirt in the backyard and i find a TinkerToy but its really a satellite, i tell her about it and she says yeah i have one too. it is blue polished aluminum and has bright writing on it describing where to light the fuse.

2015 i am describing it to amanda in the afternoon light. and drawing it on her tights with a lithium marker. she says she saw it go off. three miles away. it burned with iridium light and she heard a shrill. i show her where i found it and she says dig. this time the thing comes out and speaks. the next weeks the kids all have the picture of the space bear on their backpacks.

getting unruly on the bus. the OilTanker on fire on the freeway. the shuttle blowing up on television. 2015. suburban dystopia. the IcePlants on the edge of the ravine. the doorway in the creek. a roomful of objects. resurfacing with HoverBikes.

13 and six hours a day sitting next to her in class and the BusTrip home. a compulsive liar. unless she really did all those guys. i think she just loved being a slut. with words. the cure pumping on the radio we are leaning down into the rumble of the engine cranked to seventy. jets flying overhead on i-15. i only drew on the ankle of her leggings but she believed me. coldwar solutions to post-stress anxiety.

what was she like you ask? smarter than me for instance she could type alot faster. and she didn't worry constantly about being poor or having a family looking over her shoulder. maybe that's what she did with boys. 17 years later and she is in my bedroom and we barely speak. i had to tell her about the story. or maybe she was telling me the whole time. we lit the fuse. of course

they never speak to adults. what the fuck do adults know. my dad is a surgeon for the navy and i live in a giant house and i sit in class and know more than the teachers.

you are the bug eyed boy i wouldn't fuck with. the whole time i knew you wanted this. so fall asleep again boy, and i will write it for you. until yesterday i was in a loveless marriage. i got tired of cheating on my husband, and driving my car down i-15 chasing pills with coffee and powder with straws. so fall asleep tonite and i will let you draw on my thigh. the hem of this gown. i am trying to remember what my eyes look like in a flat mirror. all i have to look at is the faucet. and the shades.

i stare out the window and try to remember the songs we used to hear on the bus. it makes sparrows fly into view. and the bugs around the light. at night i stand near the blind and see my features in silhouette, but the view is only wet grass in lamplight. the grease from my face leaves an imprint and i dont like it. my breath against the cold glass. mosquito eaters and moths. lacewings and a zillion gnats.

drats the knots of this gown. they only sew them on so we can dream of strangling ourselves with it. like pencil sharpeners for instance. or vials of mechanical pencil erasers. i remember the way you used to click it and push it into your skin when the teacher was making you wanna die. this fucking psychiatrist couldn't make me laugh or make me cry. another few days of this and i will find a way. then neither of us will be alone.

the time i should have drunk in great gulps has evaporated. herds of brutish cattle and slinky vicious beasts overrun the most beautiful vantage. still i have another place where i wait like a tiger. when i emerge from the shade they will know stripes. breathless they will quake in awe at the sight of the teeth that devour them.

your portrait in the window like the weather shifting in and out of indecision. night comes to the hot day in soft whispering wind. owls wake their drowsy feathers, and the garden gnomes fill their pipes. in and out of hot love cool wine shades of fabric and lips puffing

camel lites. electronica drips into the night. weather front the
medicine of stillness. all is vanity except the solace of mu

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