

~switches and shade~

by aksania xenogrette

she stares down every corner.
fell all the way down
in love with a silver dime.
there are no floors.
only motors.
they go grrrrrrrrrr.
cause the pictures are bankrupt.

they go.
whrrrrrr.
along the banister...
the runningboard...
the wheels thrill
on the hardwood floor...
they go winding.
go wishing for her.

minding the the pictures on the wall..
fuck you james dean,
take me to the hospital...
forty fiffiffiffiffity sixty hours

mis-placed
the change
she goes looking for.
her folks
missed another hour..
her worth-while spent wasting
the voice wouldn't leave the leaves alone.

damned curtains in the window.
these carpets give me no peace....
no piece of mind.
damned flower.
petals all red...

shoulda gone dancing instead.
now all we get is ashes...ashes...
cause if the chimney don't work
it's fuckin' dead...

well, i love spiders anyway.

they spin when it's coffee.
they spin when it's grey.
they spin whenever
i'm not lookin'
i'm not lookin' in the way
i've got to get my clothes out of the corner
throw the ones i love away.

every worthless thing
i dragged into this house...
is always dusty in the corners.
cause i always close my mouth.
is full of sticks and stones...

no thirst
no slake
no want
no wake

the aquarium burst.
like bubblegum in a dish.

the basement noise
the boys
the boys
fell face first.

the tank drawn red
its head exploded.
now the aunts are black
they're dead
they read
eyelashes
taste sweetest
when they're burning
red----black-ash and eye-liner.
stop
think.

she's walking it to the corner store.
fingers turning a bad tune.

slabs o' ce-ment
weeds and dirt
sticks and mud
and bad bad bones

she speaks these things to the ditches
she hitches her day-glo socks
they don't even match
she tells them over and over again...
there aren't any pixies in the ditches...
just switches and shade.

grasshopper wings are scarlet
and box elder beetles are brick brick red
blood don't melt like crayons

in sun lit corners
when i tell them orange is vermillion
they look all around me for bat wings
smashed beneath the wheels
of radio flyers

there aren't any right words
for the damned things
she just knows...

when her mother-fuckin tennis shoe hits the ground
she's down like the bugz in the trees
the ones she chases back into the ground.

cut-offs in the summer-shade.
stop. think. stop speaking.
those bugs aint worth nuthin
she talks to the sole of her shoe.

she says, fuck if it don't rhyme
it's my fuckin' hair gets stuck in the vacuum... every time

she will never know
how everything alongside that ditch waited
for her stolen moments
the crushed flowers from her pockets
the bad words from her lips
her spit
blew the lazy ants away

she came back 20 years later.
and there were no more cracks in the sidewalk.

