

Firecracker to the Dome

by Emily Smith-Miller

pulling my bones apart, fingers are supernatural beings
and the breaking is a back stab building bomb
beaching whales with napalm flames
loving in a heat wave
my occasional misadventure
with the wrong man
under graveyard dirt
rolling in the Puget sound
dont you smell like a teen romance
you can freelance me to the end
i wont keep these secrets plain
ill lace them in my mercury saliva
im alive it seems
today is such a themed trip on daisy dukes
in your back seat, dont we keep each other down
drown baby
in the coldest
salty lungs scream silver in the moonlight
crushing with a knife point and your crowbar
sliding up my leg
good thing this M80 love affair
only packs a pinching punch
knock my breath out
blow my hand off
leave me splintering,
not until i wake up
on blood soaked carpets
will i tell you
what it means

