

# 2001, What I Wanted

*by* Jane Flett

A cough syrup that would make me jabber  
Lester Bangs style, cavalcades of words, and  
a road that went all the way to Mexico.

A green light for the dock of my dreams;  
a Humbert who would see my skin as a ream of silk  
fed to the typewriter  
for his inky letters to press upon.

Fingers round my neck,  
a boy's name in my jotter,  
a ticket to places so far and so wild  
the night hadn't a name for them yet.

A small death of a small town and  
feet that would run until their soles were  
pages of Gideon's Bibles,  
worn too thin to touch, but still

running, still searching for  
a kiss and a sunset and a cliché.

Bruises of life like carnations on my thighs.

Reasons for hyperbole and hysterics.

These days, I want for all this to be new  
and not taste like two-day-old bedside water,

quenching my small thirst  
in that small, dead way.

