

postcards from penelope

by Rene Foran

full moon, again

where are you? maybe dead,
probably cheating on me
that's what the girls are sayin'
hang 'em all. filthy sluts
they don't know about us

i'm sleeping in the dollhouse
our bed's just too big for me
too little for all my nothing, nothings
it's okay, but the walls talk too much
and the ceiling is a two way mirror
with a hairline fracture

your "*friends*" are macking on me
tossing me dime store raindrop roses
and car wash love song collections
they are tramps. i am a lady
i keep my legs crossed
at the ankles

saw a homeless guy on Athens Ave
he had eyes like yours and
the wild tangled hair of a boar
they say everyone has a double
ahhh but that's just my imagination
running with scissors again

oh and i'm knitting a shroud
shut up. i really am.
you'll see it when it's finished.

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all for you, babe
fun fact: a doll's legs will twitch
while being scalped
but only for just a little bit

so are you on your way back?
the dogs are howling,
108 of your friends are eating us
out of house and home
it's half past yet another full moon
and my mythological clock is ticking.
Hit it.

