

FROM CONCENTRATE

A tarantula and orange are roughly the same size
Neither have a brain
but 290 squeezed squared
feet for eightseventynine a month,
twelve last supper ribs,
and hip bone squished against molted frame
like the guy whose feet are
too big for his bed bugs
you too can

LIVE DOWNTOWN WITHOUT PAYING DOWNTOWN PRICES!!

Splashed across in neon,
plastic, and tar
the kind they use to fix the
splintering pavement
full of glass and mud
and sliced limes
and dirty q-tips
greased pizza plates
and shards of the moon

I came home one night
to drag queens
dancing in the parking lot
and was reminded once more
in the magic of human beings.

A black bra stretch wrapped
around the electric pole
but Black is not a lack of color
KJM told me so
Black is particular kinds of color.

All at once
it seemed as though these people were
in the room
and then the room became them too
telling him how much I missed
his eyes I began to cry
so relieved to have tears go
in from left eye
soul's eye and
parch my cottoned mouth
that stammered *thank you*.

Cause when I take bites I take em big
Second waitlist and missing lipstick
the cleaning lady asked me if I was pregnant
a discomfortable and stupid peeling
so much rage in one tight little

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Bitch, what a feeling.

It's a shame everything got smaller
when the world got smaller too
Paces back and forth from
Squealing belt to taped down switch
All along that splintercracker pavement
Come on,
Robin told me so
let's keep crawling
and astound them all
when you remove the excess
and yield to something stronger.