

Trimming Lavender

Thoughts and purple
headed boys
their mouths full
of skyscrapers
pronouncements
about the streets and
terms of all
right and not
gesturing toward
but never
within
Follow, lamb,
beautiful lamb
which belongs
to me
beneath a baptism
of assurance
and saliva

We too can spit
Secret or alternate
variegations, we,
on the underground
railing systems
tracked as veins
between sorrows,
post

The pale
wisdom spins
and spins,
but who is it tending
the lavender
in the sun fact

Who will take
the remnants
and weave
a circlet of protection
between this furious
throat
and you

In formation

You with your ear
ear to ear
with the fault line
tell us what it is
to be a part of this
wild listening

Take a picture
of the land, then
erase all inter
ventions-- shops
houses street signs
mailbox palimpsest,
pull up the streets,
riiiiip--
like duct tape

what remains
remains
relief nodding
leaves and the shadow
ponds beneath trees

when in doubt, stick
with what the mountains know
Gather your position
Piano your way
to the inevitable
outcome,
orange and
viable

as a bruise
melts
like ice
caps or teeth
finally
into the eager skin

amends are over
rated--
make rocks

*

Mumbled, in his sleep,
I'd like to think
We are a race

(erase)
singular, 99.9 percent one
circulating
bloodlike

(or loss)
around the round
planet, fix the rope

Tug at two ends
of a diatribe
and there they are
die and *tribe*
(snake eyes)

out here on the rough
it's luck or nuthin

*

and we?
open as warm skin,
breathe
I will teach you
what I don't know

How to prevent
a funeral

*

Pert,
in the marketplace,

"Fight crime, shoot back."

Practice the Beaches

What may be murdered
or willingly unzips
and murderous kings and rats

I saw your mouth
laughter
I saw the drowning floor
I saw the dream
on a wind
from a futureless head
A spore

I saw the sound
of the middle
with no light

Monday's Child: Confession

Speak and be true
I shake the glass
And you spin
Everyone loves me
And no one can say it
No one has a mouth that big

*I have given birth to a train wreck
I have danced the mountains to dust
I have buried hope's bastard carcass*

I pass along an ache to you
Parcel post
The sky worries itself to death
Takes up a prescription
Every single thing we know
May be a lie

*I have kept congress with stones
I have filled my veins with Kool-aid
I have traded it all for a place at the stake*

Carried away with the fissure
Of his own endless mind, self
In the near universe
I can never be carried away
That way
All I ever wanted was you entire
But couldn't say. I am restless
A clap of hands in a crowd
Yes, I say, hand over the petition
I will sign

*I have felt the lurch
I have tossed my birthright to the wolf suits
I have shaken and played dead for their approval*

What we make is sound
What we make is carbon dioxide
Write down the names of the things that die
We are only human
Running, wireless, in the air.

*I have broken bread with angels
I have counted and lost
I have thrown in with the dead*

Who will collect

All that I have dropped, sweep it up
In their little dustpans. That way
doesn't work anymore

*I have left rivers to rot
I have wrung from my hands bread and blood
I have believed a lie. Hard. And at will*

Approaching the blank
Space at an angle
We must chop the wood
We must carry the water. All the days
In between are still
Days. Before the place of commitment
Is placed before you
And the walls unite and become
One single breath, or years
Or orphan dinners under the sprawl
Of limbs and light. The world
Is a hole that the wind blows through

*I have believed myself, a fool
I have shunned the honest sin
I have pretended to be asleep*

The neighbor knocks
Asks for change. Can you spare
A tire
A night of laughter, a plunger to dislodge
The past fourteen years

*I have built doorless rooms
I have climbed into the sun and kept going
I have tuned my strings to the trees*

This page is unhinged
See,
no revolution
Around this bend
We stack the stones
In the pocket
Of an era
What will fill its final
Speech bubbles—
weight and sea

Shawnacy Kiker is a mother of seven, and holds an MFA from UC Riverside. Former poetry editor for the Coachella Review, her first work of fiction, *Donald Duck, Surprise!* was self-published in her bedroom at the age of four. The work is currently out of print. Her poetry and prose has since been published by various kind people in print and around the web. She regrets that she cannot fly a kite to save her, or anyone else's, life.