

GIRL SONNET

Physical memory of the fairy-wings, worn elastic  
wearing thinned threads to sheen and breaking, glitter  
going ballistic on sweaters, everything pink. The picture hit her  
funny later on in life; a little happy thing, too enthusiastic  
and forever overflowing with presence, all pigtails and shiny,  
Zeus and Hades and all the rest just tales  
with more swill. Puffy purple jacket and filthy nails  
and: I think he was flirting with you, mommy.  
*No, honey. He was hitting on you. Assume he didn't know  
you didn't really have breasts yet, assume he is younger  
than he looks, go home and eat Twizzlers in your outer space  
room, open up the book of Greek myths and draw snow  
spiked over Kore's springtime. Man blames mom, fearmonger,  
and the book remains apologetic, defaced.*

HONEY GHAZAL

She dons the nettled drappings, hat, wax-gloves colored honey  
breathes in smoke and sting just for a little home cooked honey.

God's sake don't ever feed the baby that unsavory  
stuff, there's botulism and whatnot in all the honey.

The queen drapes drones across her body; bloated legs  
threading net. Wings warm the air, starved of honey.

Garden party condensation on lemonade glass sweetened  
of course with equal parts condescension and honey.

While stealing royal jelly please note: the queen is  
docile. The workers are not, for sake of jelly, for honey.

I'm real sorry, sweetie, about the whole mishap  
with the wasp sting, you'll get your fifteen bucks honey.

Tiny ladies mirrored ten thousand times over, spitting  
Tacks or insults or maybe that's just uncured honey.

Age seven she painted her room sky to discourage wandering  
yellowjackets but all she wanted was gold-spun honey.

SHELTER, WATER, A BITE TO EAT

no doubt half-missing the smell  
of cat piss the same way you felt empty  
for the scent of weed and brain-eroding  
gasoline when you moved  
out of the city, you say to me: I take care  
of brats.

we are out of the thick of it. the next room  
over is filled to bursting  
with ferals to be spayed and neutered  
and set free, that is, if they can't be coaxed  
into docility. they are all in plastic  
boxes and all spit-mad. we had made  
the mistake of trying to poke  
treats through the bars.

you've got your hands in the staff sink  
to wash a scratch across the web of your thumb.  
I've got my hands on your hands, I've got soap  
under my nails, too. this room is called 'smitten'  
by our coworkers—which someone else thought  
was close enough to a pun.

staff pick up the sweeter cats and dote  
on them here, try out names and take the best  
ones home. you're talking shit to the well  
of red on your hand.  
I am being docile.