

## a fantasia

no movie, not even finished film  
reel flapping like startled  
pigeons. no shoes, no shirt, just lip  
service—so loose, but still can't sink  
a ship with these kamikaze pilots  
taking off from page to sputter  
in the mind. i'm not there, still,  
i'm supposed to hear the whistle  
of bombs, the tree falling  
in the woods and the snake slithering  
beneath it, or pages flipping as a specula gapes  
imagination—my thoughts, still, in stirrups.

if seeing is believing, i'm all out of silver  
lining for the daguerreotype, take me  
to the delivery ward, the bomb  
shelter, the firing squad, anywhere but black—where  
the fluorescent hum still doesn't whittle  
the attic dark to a nub. the teeth of the image  
are dentures falling out of mouth—fill it  
with cotton, focus, and say white.

i blame Merriam-Webster's museum of stolen trinkets,  
the chiaroscuro hoard some call home  
but i call hospice.

i'd call a cab but none can hear the whistle  
over cacophonies of crows. my thoughts  
don't shimmy from their amniotic nostalgia.  
none can smack their backs into howl, into hell  
of mumbles—a gavage of words until your  
mind's eye is fine foie gras, yet, for myself, i can't  
peel back the bitter rind of night.

all i want's the big bang, to taste the windowpane  
condensation from where i sit and stare misty  
inward. i want the quench from the gulp, the loud  
knickknack paddywhack of giving you a bone.  
who sinned such that i'm pregnant with poems  
but deliver en caul stillbirth line after line?  
what i wouldn't give to swaddle your face  
instead of this feathered shroud housing  
aborted fetus, that, for you, reeks of hallelujah.