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Alice's Concussion

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ALICE'S CONCUSSION

Austin Wines

Where does neurology end, and the spirit begin?

Looking glass eyes beam blue out
of blonde bangs, gazing at the
Little Dipper scooping cloudy
lint-balls from the wet blue-jean
pockets of space.

Baggy pajama bottom heels sop
in the shallow celestial reflection where
sagging dock tucks under rising water. Cereal bowl
full of starlight, she stands on the spoon handle.

Thirteenth year of mind, bones shying from thirty nine
and they bow, both bending backwards
in semicircle against Gravity, possibility,
and everything else.

Cold ribs echo each other's rick-tick-tickety,
creaking in harmony with wet timbers. Seaweed sucking
on toes seducing her muscles into
a slow, spasmodic sleep. She falls.

Heel to sky and skull to dock, where it
rots and a flash! heat lighting strikes the blue
sky lavender, velveteen veins pump
life into the lake like a hot spring from her head.

Lavender to pink, pink
to yellow, and peach, orange
with indigo roil around red streaks
and red.

The thunder purrs like the crackly reassurance
of old sleeping cats.

A bead of sun bitten by the wind, celestial
fruit juice dripping and mixing and dancing
into the water. The hysterics of hues settling back
behind the tree line, an interstellar blanket of
nightfall pulled over her again.

She lay in the wetness of the world as developing
film, seeping dreams from her skull. Neosporin
does nothing for neurosis, she's mesmerized
by the midnight map she can't decipher, asking
the universe questions it is unable to answer.

"Where does space begin
and the Earth end?"

Mother maple weeps low and slow
and heavy down around her, wispy fingertips
reading the water's textures in brail,
a book bound on heart monitor horizon lines.
Still water reflects still sky.