



2001

Untitled

Kalei Iden

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untitled

Deal with it alone
again
on this damp carpet with
the purples humming back and forth, silently,
mutely. I say let them find the quiet and wreck it.
It is like summer again; my pillow warms
me like no other.

If I could I would bloom
like an umbrella and rise up from here, over the churches,
over the pale arched crane's neck, above even the clover
and never speak to you again.
But as I am only here to be blonde and
fifteen, I suppose that would not do.
Words blow out of me. It can't be helped.

Instead I am stuck to the
floor like sugar. It's just me again,
here deep within the bed, sounding off
and carrying on as
if when I died I would finally be alive.
But I am all clamped in. See?

I do not
move much from this spot....
You shouldn't worry so.

But if I were to say to you,
in a sequence of words and punctuation,
that I do not stay here with myself for long,
would you know?
I can see the days you

spent beating yourself like music.

Shhhhh.

It is only me.

I dwell in these turbulent fields
and daisy mines.

Kalei Iden