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Mineral Spirits and Entropy

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Today the bumper of a Toyota Camry told me that “happiness is being Finnish” and I’m thinking about my ethnicity and deciding I won’t let it get me down until I’m walking behind the house under the balcony when unhappiness corners me between the tree and the fence and says “Hey, you’re boyfriend doesn’t hug you enough and you’re bicycle isn’t even the right size, I saw you crying on your way out of the dentist’s today, why you gotta be talking shit, huh?” So I start off wincing “uhh, uhhh my parents love me,” wringing my hands, “he would hug me more if I asked him,” and unhappiness glowers there with the sick neighborhood beer smells sneering at me sayin’ “you timid bitch, you aint even Finnish,” So I get my fighting face on, say “hey-I may not be Finnish but I just saw the harvest moon up in the sky like an old tangerine or a Dutch man’s weather beaten face (uppercut) and the guy in front of me at the cafe ordered a whole cup of milk it was lovely,” digging my toes in the dirt now thinking of the way kids in high school said ‘scuffle,’ and I go (jab-jab) “you should see me giggle at bedtime, hear my bicycle squeek and ka-chunk over the railroad tracks at night when I ride home from my love’s house, my old Schwinn singing as we fly through neon ditches my hair exploding and so in love like a novel. Did you know that my great aunt worked in a button factory, just like that song? My grandma gave me a mason jar fulla buttons some of ‘em big and bright and others that look like elephants.” ‘Unhappiness is panting now, holding his bloody head, but I’m ruthless, I keep going: “I live in a dirty yellow house filled with typewriter noise and anarchistic basil plants, when I dance it’s by accident, don’t tell me I’m unhappy.” “I got a sweater that covers my whole hands