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Alice's Concussion

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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 roll 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 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.