Father

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Father

Lift off the lift chair and shoot brown woodchucks off the deck past my bedtime and let me watch. Bruised boy blue, wipe your black eyes, chase your whiskey with swallows of lake water, from Goguac and dye your beard black.

Call the camper a cocksucker when the tires are flat and the mosquitos kiss with the singe and the stars on their side. Man of army men and summer browned skin, don’t shoot your father when he hits your mother hang him with your belt when you leave it looped around your waist.

Unbraid your veins from IVs and dig from the dusty flesh your fossilized spine. Carve an oar from the bone and paddle backwards. Teach me how to shoot machines in the woods, not animals, dryers that died full of clothes still damp inside them, warm refrigerators and immovable lawn mowers. But Dad, I can’t shoot my own dog. Hug my mother when you make her cry Store the wedding china together “handle with care.” Broken down bodies creak as they crystallize. Native chief, where are your feathers? Lies. Paint the house of colors tan, Tuck your tie-dyed behind the tree line and tell me where you think you came from.

Don’t trust The electric respiration whispering women lullabying you alive. Unplug yourself from the wall and whither your way home.

Danielle Favorite

Metamorphosis

i run to where the moon kisses the end of the world because I’m sick of blanks, just as Plath was.
empty hands reach for empty skies and my lips shed poetry. ghost becomes her the blackbirds cry to each other as they watch shadows lead me to where daylight darkens and i wet my pale lips, ready to transform.