

KELLI BAER

Disco Boy

disco boy why do you offer me
the raw turnips that rot from your wrists
as if they were magnolias
worth blossoming inside me

what turns your ankles jaundiced
to the baby's breath flowering on each wave
of the ocean?
what has silenced your flutes and dulcimers?
don't ask me again
if you can rub your oiled cigar meat
against my thigh

the goldfish pools in my lower lid
mutilate my cheeks my lips my clenched fists
that bleed from my shoulders

all for you boy
all for your crowded trousers
and the treeless horizons behind
your bone white eyes

By The Hillsborough River

I came here to die
with the crab floating
my head in the submarine
my feet in the roots of the avocado tree

the city spits its hieroglyphics at me
I wave my arms and shriek like a broken bird
the exchange bank hangs its feet
in the river
shakes its head

I waited for the moss to cover my body
but the breeze kept licking me clean