

# 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