

Commute

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A single bud of baby's breath

Punctuating the terrain
Of hairline, corn starched

And naturally-derived-aloe toned

Face

Thank God
The zit I popped
This morning stopped
Bleeding down my forehead

I'm like a good-looking restaurant
Pioneering on the corner of
A dangerous neighborhood now serving
Rustic fare to brave settlers there

All jogging up the stairs
Rosemary and mint scented hair, wet
With preparation for open floor plans, shifting
desks

Eagerly rushing in to sit

To give the next great pitch
Selling clarity in object choice
Selling the sell as a verb and
Jocking vocal exercise

All nice white noise in waves
Filtered as if it were water, blank
As if the residue of exchange

Weren't an industry itself
Of trauma or Xanax or 5-HTP
I'm waiting with a sail folded

Assuming mast's stature bent
And leaning might justify sculptural decision
To remit responsibility
And coast on to next bay

In my time in transit, seated
I gaze at matching folding seats
Iron on letters body pairings
Posed in line for photo-op, freeze family
Not daring to ask me to trigger-

I'm not anti-futurity but you seem anti-present
This train car turned caravan
This day a teeming piñata waiting harmless crack

The balloons have nets and
They can stand the street
Your chair a rip-stop nylon
Made military grade, waterproof

We talk about power outages
How inconvenient to land
On the eve of Thanksgiving
A brown out and
Cannot speak his name
With hourly looping playback
Of Sheryl in Paramus
Cutting mirepoix by candle light

The effect of onions garnering tears
Masked and discounted through the flames
Of holiday spice candle wafting
As she chops

I'm lighting a candle too
White, soy, whatever I
Read is toxin free and do
Some hokey Google witchcraft

Sometimes I catch sentiment floating in the air
Like something the CDC flings
And maybe I like to be flooded
Contagious and infected by crowds