
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Bambi Here: Two Poems

Bambi Here · Wednesday, June 30th, 2021

BOOK HEAD

I woke up with a book on my head
again
this morning.

I can fix
a burning world
a boo-boo ouch child
a clock behind schedule
a murder or two—
who was it we buried in the mudslide?

A Scorpio got a lawyer.
I endured,
but my book head
remains.

I lie abed,
book on my head
under cover
pleading for my dangerous heart
to stay alive.
It hurts so bad and the time—
well—it shortens.

Some days
I can't rake the haystack
pick up needles,
or even be nice,
let alone red lipstick.

I signed up for the *Neptune Society*.
They need my correct information.
I'm not a girl who shares her particulars,
but to be tossed to sharks,

they say, is a sensible choice.

*

KILLING SKY

Don't mess with metaphors—
 how else could I see the sky stitching
 clouds together for a bird's nest
 if I was amongst the worm diggers.

This is not old news.
 Wait!
 Desperation coming near and whoosh—
 I'm old. Old remembers shit
 and forgets Led Zeppelin.
 Can we still sing "Stairway to Heaven"
 without the lady who's sure?

I'm clinging to youth
 as if my memories are walking
 backwards in a pitcher of beer,
 cut-off jeans, long hair tangles,
 and that boy who was a sculptor in Portland—
 he played guitar and sang right at me.

So, I married him in robin's egg blue,
 unbuttoning my brain
 for the two of us.
 My heart is nowhere to be found,
 the poem is still good,
 but my heart splayed onto a fence.

Before I got divorced
 (three men later)
 I birthed an owl and a hawk
 like Merlin was on my back
 whispering his sneaky wisdom
 to my children's shadow balloons—
 Merlin's favorites.

I cut my hair short as motherhood
 was heavy enough
 wearing the uniform of recognizable
 howls in the weary night
 with cupcakes in the dawn.

It's my thickening years now.
 My white roots run maps across
 my scalp

songs of my soon to be obscure.
Aboriginal iconography with dots
show my woman's way across a campfire,
digging sticks.

But me?
I like balloons.
Balloons are my thing—always balloons,
balloons everywhere—never ever deny me a balloon.

Caveat—
Please don't let go of balloons,
they end up in the ocean
and dolphins will choke
and we will not have a sky.

Photo credit: Baz Here

This entry was posted on Wednesday, June 30th, 2021 at 8:20 am and is filed under [Poetry](#)
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.