

The Good Campaign



Amy King

THE GOOD CAMPAIGN

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* a dusi/e-chap : www.dusie.org/ :



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The boy who cried love lingers &
strips his new wife's lover leftover,

A trapeze up and down, over her future's
strap-on is every dance move pelvising back

Organized crime into easy access panties
With whatever method gets you by, sings a pink

June Bug baby bankrupt by the dew of clocks,
bulbous eye yawns of bacterial minds

Bled by identity in Rorschach spots
hard across their tortoise shell spines,

Not unlike camera hands engrave
the back of Pinocchio's head.

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Where there's plenty of puppet & blanket,
the smile is Mexico's way

Of saying, Let's sleep through this borderland,
then stray from forty acres forever

After picnic-covered cotton salutes
a cowgirl who makes music without sound,

Singing the road sign that seeks
masked man with clean complexion

And a remedial embryo settled
in the noose between them,

Twirling her taste for the flesh of mimicry,
fracturing this world into persons.

He stands and stretches, a stronger woman now.

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By the next verse, verses blow cool here like
the leaves of Texas are leavening a shortbread

With blows to the head, sugar-coated
pastures posed in blue as a morning glory

Warms with dough into bodies, walnuts
eating through fibrous walls,

Their colored pink shells of former selves
that form a moon

Of champagne bubbles that tickle its own meat
above landscapes for a planet of social investments.

Friend, your corpus harp reminds me
of existence gone missing:

A handheld language in butter cloud fantasy
orbits the milk of human kindness

For the comfort of mothers investing
in their children's second comings

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Who will now lie within the confines
of a sheep's skin wedding dress? Return the pretzels

To salty and water, a thing devotedly familiar,
and take away "I do" for the miracle of blood brothers.

We will not lose a hole to this floor
or spare the swan her ledge,

We who grow atop stability,
with all the grass it offers ...

∴

A similar woman walks by and blows
us all away –

Legs unfurl, brainstems burn, and trumpets
bone the room — I wanted

To be called a good book
religion your crossed-out soul regards

Out loud in harmless glimpses of skin,
wallpaper made

Of mathematical matchsticks
for the romance of gluing together.

∴

Which came first, a graffiti of injury
or the limbed outline across the floor?

Where melting sex evaporates, handwritten
life burned misuse to express it.

Thus others used their final questions
to sweeten the pot, a Leaning Tower

Yet to be corrected, hatch-drawn lines
nested on skull, all fire & brimstone & flash.

∴

Through lip-cracked vision,
my window grows a frame that dilates the view.

Without any interest in facts or that,
I feed backyard bunnies hydroponic carrots.

I'm not invested in mulching truths at all,
I'm merely a fan of the fur that's touched.

Entering the Damascus of downtown,

our carbon-based fuel in an SUV

Barrels furiously toward us, drizzling syrup,
calling for one egg, not two.

∴

After the Big Bang, I cut my blind spot
in an effort to see again. You look like yesterday,

Mother Mary thought, so I spread the shavings
into broccoli-shaped cancer for the page.

Identification is one way to mend written
distinctions. False-bottom scars say another way to talk.

A skeletal sentence waxes into view: someone
else cowers, eyeballed, growls in simpatico.

Did you lasso up my voice? Lying by your hips?
A car appears the safest place in a storm.

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In celluloid fashion, waitresses play
musical chairs, never the same face reflected

In a glass of wine, between sips the napkin
flies, gently off, onto your arm, able all along.

What would life be like around you?
I want a stomach for a pillow,

A film that renders a film sufficient,
crises carried in care. One of us reminds the other

Of a hostage who falls for her babysitter,
anchored sharp on gluegunned I love yous,

This incomplete answer escapes its yes,
a museum-shelved painting as evidence —

Who will seek your footnoted solos
for the gender that sidesteps its name?

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Not quite New York, two women walking smell
like popcorn. I want them

To smell like begonias or lilacs,
when killing night becomes an art.

I keep a suitcase packed in case
of fire or departure by disaster or where

A feminine body needs to slice, not bubble,
the air that masks us clearer.

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Surrounded by instruments of prayer, love
comes the guillotine that splits a bodice for you.

Wear it without your audience fingers. Tell nothing.
Stretch the silhouette that stands loyal beside you.

Explode the picture of people who lure
the owl from a goodness that gloved her.

Congenital lungs rock us through, that this
human traffic is a pattern we get used to.

Now the sun's red roof over building's people
meet the eyes of her funeral maker,

Who by the hundreds before death shoots
blood in a four-chambered heart,

Wearing the shell of words' written words,
worked solid in a comet rock tail resembling you.

You'll have more than this passing ever after,
where skin after sin swallows into us now.

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