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whatareyoudrawing

Jenni Swegan

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whatareyoudrawing // Jenni Swegan

Afternoon apricots mutter
an avalanche along average-sized
homes, which flutter but are sturdy
the way we are sturdy, in rows. We're
stapling leaves broadside and juicy,
we're spindling out of Chicago,
we're nimble nodding like new pollen. The trees
flex here, all fingers and napes. The man
to my left strains to chew his saltines.
Who plays baseball on these tongues?
Whose coo cozens the marbling creek?
No there are no people on the plate,
and no one plays chess, though some diagonal
clown will tell me all about his sinuses.
The geese in Omaha are hypnotized,
marching to the stream with stones
in their wings. Ghost salts of snow; and I'm
every mirror away from which a single blade of grass
spins. No stars, just porridge, just our own
curdled foreheads. No stars, but we
are a choir or we are long
and erect and I can piss my coyest smile
on any stranger I choose. Giant red
refrigerators which eye us and sidle
to our side; it's a Bernarda Alba moon
tonight and the raisins will hold out,
will hold out.

Tiny black trees like widows in Spain,
church-bound, and the impossible
rocks and the yogurt horizon—

we're splitting the lake which has
already been dead, and now we will find
us a herd to concern. Veins! Headspring
of happiness! Typeface hills interchangeable
like the clergy or policemen, and bush tufts
foxing at the tracks. The pinecones all
blow and a navy blue ribbon
lilts aloft, to our left, and I was on the right
but now am on the left, and the ice eats
and is hungry again, and whole families rustle
under the fur. Headlong and numerous,
I dream about the deer again, the teeth again
and the hand, which is still bleeding
when the train stops.