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To Extinguish a Sunset

Lillie Izo

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Commentary from the Neighborhood

Hummingbird // Lillie Izo

Those fucking useless,
Leaky spout scoundrels
Making love to a symphony,
Purloining precious metals
Could've hot glued to my hair comb

Silly-string-whispered sonnet
Strung up with clothespins
Like a choker, like when the concert
Pianist banana-peel-slipped on
B-flat major arpeggio—

And yet, I think he loved it
The collective gasp from the hall
Waxed on mother's poetics
Yes, the infantile coos and gurgles
Only babies fully comprehend

The hall people's mouths
Crowded full of grasshoppers
Gape, swollen bottom lips drag heavily
Upon carpet soaked with surprise,
The bad kind, the kind that crawls

Out of wrinkled mouths twisted
By television schedule changes
Which made them miss their favorite
Show that aired at eight-seven central
But it didn't matter what he loved

Show was canceled after favorite
Character died like the scoundrels died
After the tremoring applause died down
Not because they didn't love him but
Because the banana peel was green