

Reminds Me of Panic

Push me in, let me
arrive at the late scene
heaving the furniture, tossing

an episode with knobs and feet,

where praise drags on the floor.
No one retrieves it, yet

everyone wants to be there
nearer to the wreck. Hear her tap shoes,
and the invitation's run off.

Do make-up do, and temper,
zip up the case.

Who knew the fashion would be
seams all hanging out and thready?

Knuckle me hither,
a jewel croaks.
Sink your tummy 'til it sleeps
on the rug so woven

in electric blue.

Give us

a lingering moon, and one night
I'll switch the little fire on.