boom

By Chelsea N. M. Jarrell
To my dearest Colby S. Walters
Canvas

My mother would say
“Connect the dots”
Her back smelled of baby lotion
Powdered deodorant
Ebb and flow
Weary my arm would grow
I lay there wondering
I wanted to know
About her spots
These types of things
Just have to be earned

Unbridled

Her hair sits around me
A smoky room
Sticky smile wrapped in blushing skin
Cereal milk sinks to the bottom of her belly
Poppy seeds following every venture
Into a lucky charms ocean
Reaching longer than arms can stretch
Feet dangling
Like they do from playground swings
Spinning chains unwind
A kaleidoscope place
I press firmly on my eyelids
Feeling among stars and space
Somewhere without time
Or dings or clings or bells
No heavens hells
Just sights sounds and smells

Unnamed

A friend or friendly
I know not the difference
Each gleaming interaction
Singes my memory
Comrade or compadre
I know not your language
But smiling eyes
Hold a wrinkle longer
Than a jaw could bear
I know who you are


Unasleep

Thirst burning holes in my chest
It beckons
A pang in my thoughts
They deepen
But sleep does not

Untitled

Lonely in a room of chatter
Lonely on a beach of sand
Lonely in a forest of trees
Lonely in a city grand

But listen and laughter fills a void
Pack tightly and a castle forms
Climb high to see which way is north
Actions speak louder
Than lonely mourns

Clarity

I lay with Clarity
Breathing into the pillow beside me
I whisper to Clarity
Keep me company the rest of the night
Begging for goosebumps
Scratch me to sleep
My bones unravel
Our bodies still
This Mona Lisa minute
Museum doors lock tight
“Shh,” says Clarity.
I feel peace
Blanca

Mellow space
between parathesis
Puffy illusions
pepper blue
Sounds of a rainy afternoon
Warm blood, cold feet
fresh linen sheet
Edging crest
of a tumbling wave
Foam of his morning shave
Fajitas with flour tortillas
toasted from the gas lit stove
Sunlight seeping into wooden floors
Pressed knuckles waiting patiently
for crème brulee
Cherry blossoms before June
Sunny days, beams of moon
End of a cigarette before charred
Intersecting lines down the boulevard
Picket fences dancing
Toothy teeth, rested eyes
Nothing near bright
As pigments of white

Give

To have all the wealth
But what is to have?
To half all the money
But what is to half?
For halving a have
Isn’t having at all,
And having a half
Is to have something small—
Or maybe
It’s actually
Having it all
*Pas de Bourre (PBR)*

Cristening clouds crested in fuscia  
Sweetie come near  
I want to share a dusk with you  
We can encourage the regal papaya  
Lend an ear to whispering bamboo  

A cactus pricks the sea in her eyes  
Yearning to feel like fern  
So lazy where he lies  
I used to be a ballerina, she says  
Tip-toe quick-stepped  
Slow  
Like a butterfly  

Radiating love  
Like an orca whale  
Poof above the ocean mist  
Celebration with his tail  
Spilling sea back into the bowl  
Roots waking up  
To take a garden stroll  

How far below the ocean crest  
Must a sailor swim  
To find the Majest  
Iris the wide-eyed  
In her Sunday best  

A cactus pricks the sea in her eyes  
Yearning to feel like fern  
So lazy where he lies  
I used to be a ballerina, she says  
Tip toe quick-stepped  
Slow  
like a butterfly
To Bear

A river lay between you and I
You waded across
Away from the comfort of your bleak cave
And cold existence
You were meant to navigate a forest
Full of trees
Somehow you found mine
My father a laboring honeybee
My mother a blossoming flower
Churned back into the fiery Earth
You put your paw in danger
Yearning for something sweet
Hoping worthy of a thousand stings
I slowly transform from nectar
Gaining amber
Clinging to my honeycomb
I stretch nearer to you
Ready to detach
And satisfy your restless hunger
Warming your veins
In the sunlight of Spring
Grateful to be your flavor

/Love Honey

3x5

Sand sifting through an hourglass
My heart leaps impossibly for you
Becoming a day blooming jasmine
Now I reach for the sun
And sleep with the moon
Tucked under my pillow
Able to pull through darkness
With the very thought of you
Its you, the arson
Turning sand to glass
Egg Beater Ache

Square boxes flood round eyes
    Heavy empty cardboard
    Clings to Your handwriting
    Inside not a piece of me was found.

?

What difference would it make
To have stayed for your sake

What good would be done
Calling you the one

What bad could be had
To see you less sad

Disdain

Wash the stain
Close the door
Light the candle
Rid the evidence
Its too much to handle

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He carries inside him a silent song
But like a heartbeat
Can only be heard when near
A brightening stroke of luck
Given the chance to listen to his silence
Stethoscope thruth
Lying in the thump thump thump
Perched

Swooping for new perspective
Through trees and powerlines
Echoing fresh sound
Their voices change shape
A cluster of cumulus clouds
Tickling my hide
Pressed by the sun
A row of them dances
Their standing position
A constant metamorphosis
Recirculating new energy
Proving progression is isolated
From former flux
Here I am with them
Full of feathers
Perpetually shifting
Dynamic and still.
I can feel the birds on my skin
Ready to break out from within
And they will

Simplicity

An unwanting, a satisfied desire
Practicality emerging unexpectedly
Purging what once complicated
A peaceful path
Web with no fear of a stick coming near
Only simplicity found here
Celebrating Colby

A hometown celebrity
Grace sewn into his face
One could only echo his smile
Casting shadows of light
Flooding every room
Each sand step he walked
Silly stuck like pink bubblegum
Charming all ladies
Perking them up as sun does to daisies
Sifting through the Earth’s fingers
Seemed an impossibility
Too soon for the 26th moon
He stitched himself into hearts
Of those favoring his laughter
A presence dangling around us
Like the tail of a spotted leopard
From the tallest tree
Lazily lounging too high
For our naked eyes to see
His hands clasped behind a grin
Guarding over you and me

Making Senses

For the Earth turns
And we see upside down
Where birds flutter North
Below the ground
And our ears eat
The silent songs
We feel with our feet
Nothing belongs
Until Earth begging us
To taste its beat
Finally for a moment
The World sounds sweet
The End is When We Finish

If we lower our voice
We fear you will yell louder
If we withhold our strength
We fear your return

The Earth soaks up crimson
Miles and miles…
Colors of the flag
Stained black with pain

Families will never forgive
The holes you’ve created
No more bedtime stories
Voices forever silenced

Go to the graveyards
See what you’ve accomplished
Will We ever be finished?
Opinions never die

Free

The proud owner
Of an unidentifiable emotion
Unnamed, unchartered
Complacently confused
Each breath passing through
Treading deeper
Into a sea of understanding
Like new earth under cracked surface
Taken on a new shape
Able to escape
A feeling of grounded
I am finally free
A Goldilocks Story

The once was a girl named Goldilocks
In her home she had a mouse
And when it came out to visit
She took a walk from her house

As she was trotting through the woods
And stumbled on a tree
She came across a candy house
She couldn’t help but see

She then knocked on the chocolate door
Tipper-Tapper-Thump
But no one came to answer her
So she climbed up on a stump

Peeking through the window
She noticed cooked oatmeal
She glanced again and saw three beds
Purple, red, and teal

While walking made her hungry,
Candy didn’t make her full
So she broke right through the window
And tried the small red bowl

Goldilocks was feeling sleepy
And thought she’d have a nap
But little did the poor girl know
The bears would soon be back

Suspicious of the window
The bears busted down the door
Commotion shook the girl awake
She fell right to the floor

The bears came running up the stairs
But little did they know,
That Goldilocks had brought her gun
The rest…you’ll never know.
Boom Boom

Barrel still piping hot
From the boom, boom
All powder clear
Since the boom, boom

Recoil retires
Jackets spill and ricochet
My hollow chamber desires
A refill in every way

So maybe one day
Code white, eye still on sight
Straight into the air and away
Past the breeze

I’ll be thinking of you, Partner
Boom.
And you, of me.

Backstitch

I finally sewed your green sweater
On Valentine’s Day
I am the one choosing to be away
And sitting here asking myself
Why you and I seem grey
It seems I’m missing my seahorse
Together or neigh
And so then

I finally just said
Give me the Guidance
To myself in my head
Over and over
Until that layer turned red
Baked by the sun
Sweat running
Down my string tight spine
All the sound around
Of silence
Birds booming louder
A neighbor’s phone call
Bees beaming through trees
A mower, a plane above, then over
Connection to all the people
Causing the white noise
That’s why the world is turning
That’s why it’s lonely
Me, myself, and I

We need to get inside
Out here, it’s burning…

Shedding

Blood to lining
Cells to body
Cactus to prick
Flower to bloom
Snake to skin
Film to crystal
Bark to core
Crab to shell
Exhale
Peculiar objects
Laid out in a certain fashion
The ability
To all be described as Twix
Tapability
Drumsticks
Unable to stand alone

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I wished your company
Could bring me bliss
But a few harvest moons
Blood orange lagoons
Morning drives through the mist
And forever palm horizons
Have cured me of this

•

The Who

I am not who I intended
Exactly who I want to be
As the tide carves upturned sand
So unpredictably forthcoming
In time draws back to sea
Almost unable to bear
Beauty spotted everywhere
I am me
Untied

Need to find which way is the freeway
look for the fastest and the underpaid
Light and yellow lemonade
Do you like long walks with strangers?

Do you love a cricket silence?
Do you believe that categorizing is the root of violence?
Sometimes I think about an uproot to an island
Torn to revisit things I’ve tried

But in my mind there
are rules by which I will abide
No more second chances
Need to stop all the running away
Pay attention to my own voice

I’ve felt and I’ve cried
Ready to be a spade
Wings of jade
Show what’s inside

I want to live with my windows open
And a love that’s floating
No more backtracking my mind
To days of car doors opened on freeways
That yellow and light
All I see is green now
Across lanes I will glide
I am untied