

## Chenille Loop

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Stress marks the spot. Helen didn't bury anyone's ant.  
"What was she wearing though?" And how authentic  
slice o' lives become after losing ground to walk on,  
after pulling uncomfortable pieces of hair from skull.  
Casa, hut, cottage, chez, house, home, shack, and crib.

The plane was fear, followed by a chiseled layer of panic,  
dripping yet thicker than water. Still existing:  
an ever-approaching growth of self-satisfaction.  
Epoxy resembled a tranquilized jazz musician.  
After adding 62 and 28, clusters reprinted themselves.

Shared spaces bring fruit fly exponents traced back to  
history's sandbox, edging close to serene constabularies.  
Baroque blasts sitting in cream cups—*don't daddy*.  
Agnes wasn't unruly, so she managed to purr,  
tampering with analytical cubism on stagnant pendulums.

Imagine concerned members of your family sitting  
in a boiled egg, typing incessantly on contraptions  
while spilling moldy tea onto pages of priceless memory.  
Doors surrounding the spore of light flickered shut.  
I never wished for crimped knowingness in an acorn.

The purple field belonged to the column—ache for ache—  
It was too wide to walk through, so we rested each hour,  
occasionally finding tiny fruit or Father to munch on.  
From jumping trees came a clan of claptrap farce.  
If stared at too long, it became a randy bleeding heart.

"Disobedience begets disobedience," two anorexic wings  
drank together after having a nasty bout with the golden gate.  
These unspoken ones—Lothario and Vela—they pushed me  
into used prophylactics filled with contusions changing hue.  
A hobby: collecting rotting teeth, leaving gaping skin folds.

"Teach me the way, silent master—show me how to care."  
This person, this friend, this drummer. Pound out the weave,  
leave the dirty dictum of dick and suck. Cover gaffes galore.  
How handsome Mr. Bellicose is becoming—a lady-killer.  
"A tribe of animals living by habits and thinking in symbols ..."

Entering contagious orthodoxy, the metal hole shut,  
talking too slow to comprehend syllables—we laughed in unison.  
"But sir, there must be some mistake, I'm supposed to be, um,  
a cowgirl brushing robust horse manes in the rodeo show,  
counting my lucky spurs that Momma's ranch hasn't gone under."