



Booth

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## Monkey

Liz Robbins

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## Monkey

### Abstract

Redcapped like rage I am, and adorned with your metal necklace. The fetid, drying starfish you've thrown me to eat lies at my feet: my habit, swallowing your points. Otherwise and so, I am whittled too long, a kind of homeless.

### Keywords

poetry, performing monkey, monkey

### Cover Page Footnote

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# BOOTH

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## Monkey

by Liz Robbins

Redcapped like rage I am, and adorned  
with your metal  
necklace. The fetid, drying starfish you've  
thrown me to eat  
lies at my feet: my habit, swallowing your  
points. Otherwise and so,  
I am whittled too long, a kind of homeless.  
Too far  
one of your mealy strays, my dance for  
the public, rehearsed  
as a wedding. My little striped jacket, a jail,  
and you picked me  
for my unveiling, how loud my buttons.  
That I'd perform for  
a squeeze. All I want is the dead's perfect sleep.  
And to trick you  
into collars, curfews. Have you ever written  
a song in pencil?  
Your certainty drying, you give me wine,  
not milk. Such  
organ grinding. To show our differences,  
I defecate your pages.  
Now off to the disapproval woodshed. But  
my smile turns  
others smiling. I wander up freely to children.  
And you are left

blowing hard across your mind's scorched  
valley, a garbage bag  
torn. Your depth without heartreach, without  
give, mouth strung  
with lights of unknowing. You, mister, who holds  
just the one side of a leash.

Liz Robbins' third collection, *Freaked*, won the 2014 Elixir Press Annual Poetry Award, judged by Bruce Bond. Her second collection, *Play Button*, won the 2010 Cider Press Review Book Award, judged by Patricia Smith. Poems are in recent or forthcoming issues of *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Cortland Review*, *Cream City Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, and *The Kenyon Review*. She's an associate professor of creative writing at Flagler College in St. Augustine, FL.