

Lean Back*Christine Weisenbach*

i cross the room and her psychedelic laugh follows me
 high pitched and lit up with diamonds on worn-out asphalt;
 cowering in the corner, she and i- we know every
 blue-blackblack -blue abstraction, and i say
 nothing. i
 hold on to blank walls.

(in)side, my (in)sane brain clatters on amerika's
 liposuck-tion dreams where rubbery doctors implant instruments
 into uncle sam's hands. visions emerge deep
 within face-lifted countries for crazy clash free -
 domination.

i look out the window and behind the tinted political glass
 lies a montage of sex goddesses, burials, orgasms,
 housecleaners, combat boots, homosexuals, femme fatales, bohemians,
 bulimics, prostitutes,
 cops, the lost
 who consumevery 32nd street
 . entering the city below, i
 inhale poisonous leaves and unknown
 rooms. unknown faces morph into a
 familiar six o'clock crowd. newspapers
 and umbrellas in hand, tight grip on
 metro passes, and outside their corporate world
 i wish i could plant

velvet. grow a field of smooth and
 silky non-scheduled acres. back
 in the metal metro, they're driven like dominos
 ,they go and fall one after another
 into the dark tunnel up ahead.

no heat .we light a candle and hover. she still laughs.
 it echoes in the stale apartment. i still cry. she says,
 "turn me on. i'm your heater in december, your back flip
 in bed. i'm your homeless poet, your unknown unopened
 notes, black white asian puerto-rican aussie italian jew.
 i'm your evaporating coffee under the sun's ringing
 in your ear, reflecting the pain in your hands, in the twin
 towers. you feel me? you feel the four kids to a single
 mother breathing fumes in the kitchen? love straight-up and
 marriage mixers and rent unpaid and light bulbs burnt"
 i say nothing.
 she smiles. i cry.

amerika's action-packed "thanks" thrown back as destruction-filled missiles
 enter your veins.
 your homes. your families and our families caught in the
 fragrance of (lies) .i turn the heat up so the pot
 over-boils with false promises. i pull shadows o'er my face,
 scream at white walls and shudder as i think of
 red ink dumped carefully to cover the amerika of the states
 unitedefiled, stretching wash-ing-ton over the globe.
 we gather here today in this room because we're not
 at all gathered together

continued...

laying all over the world. our soldiers' razor-sharp screams fall off
the trapeze line into a confusion of
contradictions.

the door's locked, soldered. the window jammed. i
crawl under my childhood bed and find me apoplectic
meyou – herlaughter, us all sneaking out of place
,hiding under springboards and mattress pads
to find and turn up the

oxygen. gaspair, gaspfreedom while
tom levis hang, high heels swarm and
crash down upon untailored sidewalks
and shatter dreams. while here in this
stagnant air i want to breathe in the
broken-open blind nights. so grab my
hand and drag me to a new place .a
place with no lost screams .a place
where we can cover up in warm
corduroy jackets.

digging deep for change to the beat of styrofoam begging
i'm outta here ;my place is

lost in uniform. it boomerangs back to my heart, my empty
pockets .nine o'clock and

candles light up the black night.
candles light up

the whole room.