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-black-black-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 fatals, bohemians,
bulimics, prostitutes,
cops, the lost
who consume every 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,  
"tum 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 tum 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  
uniteddefiled, 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 — her laughter, us all sneaking out of place, hiding under springboards and mattress pads to find and turn up the oxygen. gaspair, gaspfreedom while torn 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.

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