

TAISIA KITAISKAIA

Poverty Bucket

Have I sold my soul to that devil No-Money?
Would I be better off with a cow for a job?
These are the questions, my friends. Shakespeare
trades my wintry impulses for his own bulge.
It all comes from somewhere, especially the legs.
I'm wearing my tuskalicious bangles today.
I'm wearing that wooden heart, the one I knocked out
of an oak, to the lunch party. I have festooned
myself with galleries. Once I had plenty of cape,
but even so the wind from my apocalypse bicycle
blew the velvet open. I never felt safe.
Today, like a carcass in heels, I have found
my Purpose—to rot in a valley of conservative
gnats. I do, after all, have one kid in the pouch
and fourteen dogs vacillating round my wrist,
ceiling fans in an Argentinian melancholy.
My friends! Why don't you come over anymore?
You do incomprehensible things in your kitchens
without me. I thought we were in this together.
You tremble, cobwebs in the giant's dewy feet.
(I am the giant, and the feet.) The bitten apple's
welling juice is my blood trying to reach you.
And that beautiful couple ducking under the trees
of your swollen yard? My friends, that's me.