

Memory

Memory can rape you,
Doesn't even wait till you are alone in the dark,
He punctures your lung among the crowd,
like--
when you are looking for your wallet inside your purse
while waiting in the grocery line,
he comes and pulls a handful of your hair back,
and your bones boil up and melt inside you, but your skin is frozen cold.
The coin you dropped but can't pick up, just keeps spinning, rolling down the counter

Memories always *have* to exist at night
--a little child creeping under your bed, edge of your room,
Stairs at you with nail-gun eyes
that punctures through between your eyebrows,
leaving the blown-away candle scent smoke
and a hand coming in your body, squeezing your stomach between it's fingers.

Memory, like a giant spider on your shoulder,
sinks its teeth into your thoughts,
Thoughts that you think to distract yourself,
Thoughts like--
bills that your mailbox vomited out,
new movie coming up that you were excited about,
unfinished book that you left next to your nightstand,
and your tears dangling on your eyelashes to see me like this,
but the poison spreads into all of those thoughts,
makes your head into a merry-go-round.

You search for pure thoughts, that haven't been poisoned,
but as long as that back door of your head is open,
the spider will come in again.