

Stirrings in Tribeca

My girlfriend is an anarchist
collecting history books,
cutting out the photos
using them to make obscene collages
to paste over the glass doors of banks,
the brick walls of town halls.

On thick summer nights
she smears herself with the blood
from canned beets,
lies in the street, arms outstretched,
telling the cops that she's a wounded
kitty, a stray camouflaged in black leotards
and a leaf patch button blouse,
that hit-and-run drivers are all
one-way sociopaths
who never look back.

After she's released from the state mental hospital,
she tells me that she wants to run for mayor.

Cat People Again

They yearn for love
while avoiding the rough surf,
they find dead fish
under a stranger's bed.
It's enough to get them
to the next unsuspecting lover,
memories of starvation
obscured by fur balls,
the both flying through hoops
over the dark waves of night
before they realize
they're beginning to crash.

Birds of a Feather

At work, the bird women
pretend they don't know me.

but during the night
they scrape their nails

against my tongue. I know
it's them. I wake up with sore gums.

At work, on a stairwell,
I kick off my suede Dockers

outstretch my arms and prepare to fly.
I yell out the name of each woman

who, the previous night, undressed me down
to eggshell heart and dusty echo.

I keep falling without the chance of a flutter
or a soft vowel.

I keep falling until one of them catches me.

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