It Is Especially Dangerous To Be Conscious of Oneself

Jeff Alessandrelli

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It is especially dangerous
to be conscious of oneself

My mother is my latest idea, only in yellow
this time, furtive hints of mauve and hot pink.
And I choose to believe that as a child
someone at the county fair told my mother
that the bright stars above her were really fireworks

that neglecting to burst, neglecting to fall,
were left hanging up in the sky, stuck,
gradually losing their greens, reds and blues. Luster.

You celebrate the same old celebrations
night after night after night after night

I choose to believe my mother was told.
My grandmother was a horse
that could not talk but loved to listen.
How she galloped down every road available to her,
uncontrollably sneezing with her entire face.