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Three Poems

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Build the gyrocopter
out of rotating joints
left suspended, wink,
in the box-home
made of mauve sheets,
wet sticks, & curry smell.

To have the home
blow open, line-dried,
& to reveal to strangers
stars are actual walls.

from *Knit*

My eye painted
church tops where
the day before
was sky I pushed
my body against &
the red wall
slid gripping air
around the
stop-sign
shaped room.
I fell onto
the floor beside
dying plants &
terra cotta,
drank a vial of
poppy juice &
felt 100
hands land
on my chest.

from *Knit*

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church tops where
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