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The Yellow Store

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Four Poems · Robin Reagler

The Yellow Store

Tonight the moon
is tiny, gold, just
enough to make it
moon and the bridge

which wants to take
us there begins
by the sycamore
tree. Stars drop

from the moon’s
closed eyes down
to my little
brother who closes

both eyes also.
I sing from
your glowing porch,
Yellow Store.

What have you done
with the children
who made us?

What singing bridges?
Why this drizzling
on sycamore leaves?

Repeat that purity:
beacon, portal,
moment, star.
We run from
the sanctified
moon machine.

IF I'M BORED SAYING IF I TELL

1
What I am really thinking:
Bodies of insects
Sliced—sliced open
So all the jelly shows from their worm body
About to be squeezed out
Onto the table.
I like the pink parts best.
I like the gook inside.
Can I help my hands wanting to do things to their body?

2
No. But I will sit here and wait,
Drinking my tea.
Blooding tea (fine fine)
I will let you know
When I feel my teeth and want to do things
To other things.
I look around in a bad way.
I look for a correct thing.
Sometimes I look at my wrists,
Then my hands start screaming.
My hands stop reading
And just scream.

3
I love to watch
Things on television.
I don't care about a story
Or not, just to watch people do things.