

ASHLEY SMITH

Two Poems

~*~

...from the Park of Unwired Asking

Succulents

x
b **X** neath
this wet **X** net x x x

pink threads x
X sister dryness x
sink and harness thirst

suspended row

boats from sphagnum &

styrofoam

motion succulent
as
each edge
a pen pressed to a single word

's
detonation in lilac excess

to part and recall a room

in which the graphite blooms

were equal as graphite pl

plies and petals pl scentless
s

staggered

~*~

mother of millions

glass. entrance. is up. any point. the ends. along the stem.

bottles turned on fences.

or the licked patterned. edge of tongue.

shaped leaves. bristling starred skins.

Tell me a story: resist this story

Tell me a story: reMsisOT tHiEs R stOFry

Tell me a story: reMsIst L thiLs O stoNry S

ell a st y: reMsisOT tHiEs R stOfFy

Te e a t ry: reMsIst L thiLs O stNøSry

ell a st y: MsisOT HiEs R O Fy

Te e a t ry: reM I t L th L O tN Sry

e a t y: M i OT HE R O Fy

e a t y: M I Lt h L O N S y

is any point.

flesh.
tipped.

rosettes.

the seeds.
fell
whole

into
my
hands

& more

will never be tucked quietly into bed.

