

Three Poems

Sophia Ashley

A Different Summer

a different zeal to go awkward against the dazzling resin.
her dry spell — skinned bayonet exacting water works on brown bodies.
so in motion find me irrigating farmlands, apportioning stains since salty;
they never nursed a sapling.
but in a way nursed my yearning for food.
worms crammed my grief-septic guts, unrobing their docile ribs for sparkle.
I convince the process I'm no calm breed.
each date reaps haunting.
heaven births from my skin: one saint from the order.
my faith, calving.
sometimes, the sapling shields itself from wrath. a fractured stem.
nature piecing harshly while I'm torn to shred.
I'm of the claim teff grains should yeast into injera, where loam profiles with blood:
evidence I am nearly religious,
lit as awful persimmon under a primed space.

Everything in need of Serious Quench

dessert kicks my thirst research,
the wasteland of onion sap.
cups, stripped of tedious water cure,
how tides are raw & tasteless, when in plastic view.

tongue aborting trace, & the odourless pleat of sputter at straw race.
you awake in series of blonde moment,

scatterbrained,
miscarrying a pitcher.

pouring & purring,
and fondling mist—till gas becomes our timepiece:
a fuming stopwatch, strapped to apoplectic wrist.

I squash my cheeks,
lifting the poor medal of white waste to the sizzling splutter of sulfur
splashed across ceilings.

we eye the binging attics & ethanol trees shedding peach gasoline,
to find this place in need of serious quench.

withstand summer like firefighters.
like we approve of its scourge & yellow rant sprawled atop space:
a shoreless ashtray.
& we its exceeding flint, massing like quick bread.
the cloud—a leprous tongue; chewed by vitiligo.
here rooms no appetite for raindrops.
the birch alone bears that psudenonym to ashing.

how well we raid winter with our bent bodies,
dissecting an ambergris fished from the folds of a sperm whale.

the autopsy in beads; impregnated.

I pull my sweatshirt to wear the heat costly as it is in the Bible:
my warmth of gas plant.
burning bush.

a rustling fuel,
spilt on kitchen slab as land mines stuck in all our wrenched veins.

The Earth Never Forgets

wine, top spilt wouldn't buy the notion of cups to our tusk shells,
bus to private beasts.
we learnt web design from the wrong spiders,
thumbing our worst sites in ambush for sleep.
out there, soldier ants trade pact with world peace.
snails weaved their spineless bodies into a fork duel,
that abates with the silvery flash of knife & chopstick.
here denies gold the luxury of a pale sun,
asterisks to book the stars for the slated now, making space lords out of our loved ones.
queer as it sounds,
couples take cats for next of kin,
& bring their sons to see to their litter box condensed with milk & victuals.
& primordial plants you'd be so drawn to hoard some for bath salt & palm sunday,
and share with the chewed garden and hairpin bend on main slum.
we all have that one pet keen on deforestation,
ripping where it did not sow:
a leverage on our honest quest for meals, riddled by throat chores.
trivial things brings this world to its kneel.
the ambience of rusty green,
trimmed to sphagetti straps.
say a global warming, & the world is hot naked.