American Airlines Flight 161

I'm not that depressed,
considering that this
gigantic silver bullet with wings
is blasting me away from my whole entire life,
away from Lizzie Brody,
my best friend in the world,
away from Ray Johnston,
my first real boyfriend.

Not that depressed,
considering I've been kidnapped
by this monstrous steel pterodactyl
and it's flying me all the way to L.A.
to live with my father
who I've never even met
because he's such a scumbag
that he divorced my mother
before I was even born.

I'd say I'm doing reasonably well,
considering I'm being dragged
three thousand miles away from all my friends
and my school and my Aunt Duffy
and the house I've lived in ever since I was born,
three thousand miles away from my mother,
and my mother's grave,
where she lies in a cold wooden box
under six feet of dirt,
just beginning to rot.

I'm not that depressed
considering that I'm trapped
on this jumbo poison dart
shooting me away from everything I love,
and there's this real weird guy
sitting in the seat right behind mine,
who keeps picking his nose
and eating it.

Depressed?
Who? Me?
Watching Murphy

He is so homely,
so downright ugly
that none of the girls
even think about him.

He’s too lowly,
too pitiful
to even bother
making fun of.

So something must be
very wrong with me,
because I want to kiss him.
I want to kiss him real bad,
even though his nose is crooked
and his ears are huge,
even though his hair’s a mess
and his lips are tight and scared.

I want to kiss away
those circles under his eyes
that make him look like
he’s never slept a second in his life.

has just bubbled up, burst ablaze,
and cremated me,

And those arms of his
seem like they’re just aching
to hold on to someone.
I wish I could let them hold on to me.

When no one was looking,
I’d walk up to him
and say, “Hey, Murph.
Would it be okay if I kissed you?”

And he’d look hurt
because he’d think I was joking
and he’d turn away
to hide his face,

but I’d touch his shoulder and
look at him with gentle misty movie eyes
and say, “Come on. I mean it.
I really want to.”

And he’d look dumbstruck,
and all the gray
would fade out of his eyes
and this light would come into them
and his lips would look like
they were getting ready to smile and then,
before I had a chance to change my mind,
I’d kiss him.

And he’d wrap his skinniness around me
and his arms would be shaking,
and suddenly I’d feel all this love,
all this need pouring into me

**His Touch**

So soft
And smooth,

swirling
across my wrist...

His thumb
tracing circles in my palm...

The pressure...
so achingly light...

I close my eyes,
and imagine

Its his tongue...
Levitating to my Sixteenth Birthday Party in My Brother’s Mustang

Shooting through the night
like an arrow on the wind,
we’re zooming past the orchids
with the top down.

Breezing down the road,
listening to rap,
my fingers have to tap
have to dance to the music of the ride.

The car and I are one,
swaying through the dark,
swaying to the rhythm
of the drums.

I could drive like this for hours,
I could drive us anywhere,
drive us right up past the moon
to the stars.

To the One-Pound Bag of Oreos I Just Bought

It’s so sad
to think

that just moments
from now

you
will be gone

and I’ll
be a cow.