

2001, What I Wanted

by Jane Flett

A cough syrup that would make me jabber
Lester Bangs style, cavalcades of words, and
a road that went all the way to Mexico.

A green light for the dock of my dreams;
a Humbert who would see my skin as a ream of silk
fed to the typewriter
for his inky letters to press upon.

Fingers round my neck,
a boy's name in my jotter,
a ticket to places so far and so wild
the night hadn't a name for them yet.

A small death of a small town and
feet that would run until their soles were
pages of Gideon's Bibles,
worn too thin to touch, but still

running, still searching for
a kiss and a sunset and a cliché.

Bruises of life like carnations on my thighs.

Reasons for hyperbole and hysterics.

These days, I want for all this to be new
and not taste like two-day-old bedside water,

quenching my small thirst
in that small, dead way.

