

# Firecracker to the Dome

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pulling my bones apart, fingers are supernatural beings  
and the breaking is a back stab building bomb  
beaching whales with napalm flames  
loving in a heat wave  
my occasional misadventure  
with the wrong man  
under graveyard dirt  
rolling in the Puget sound  
dont you smell like a teen romance  
you can freelance me to the end  
i wont keep these secrets plain  
ill lace them in my mercury saliva  
im alive it seems  
today is such a themed trip on daisy dukes  
in your back seat, dont we keep each other down  
drown baby  
in the coldest  
salty lungs scream silver in the moonlight  
crushing with a knife point and your crowbar  
sliding up my leg  
good thing this M80 love affair  
only packs a pinching punch  
knock my breath out  
blow my hand off  
leave me splintering,  
not until i wake up  
on blood soaked carpets  
will i tell you  
what it means

