POETRY

My Ambassador
By: Charlotte Haynie

There's a skirt in my closet that really should have stayed there—
It
Cut
Cut
Cuts
And smoothes into the Monroe parts of me, leaving no room for inquisition.
It is my ambassador
to those lagging,
lurking,
learning
behind me.
It lifts and makes my rhythm section come to life and secures
lingering
Curiosity.
And now, I have to fight it off.

weekly

by: Charlotte Haynie

Night comes as an ink stain—

black,

bleeding a sojourn

clotted only by florescent destinations,

never dark, always sleeping.

Inside,

the hollow chorus of my dueling Ferragamos,

down the valley of the shadow of looming

death

contrasts with screaming cotton,

bewildered stares,

all intoxicant with pudding

and bleach.

I

am not one of them—

I know who I am,

where I am,

what day it is

and where the exits are.

Your room pounds—

"Essence of Plum"

into me.

The foot of the bed knows me well,

but first names

and memories

jog around the room, entering nowhere at all.

The ripe air of involuntary indolence hangs

low and sweet,

in hand-made baskets.

And I,

I wish I could cut the best parts of you out,

carry you home,

and let friendship seep out of

wicker.

All I Need is Love

By: Charlotte Haynie

Lucy could've had Emeralds on the ground, for all you cared.
And Christ's mother shouted and shared
nonsense and never left anything
alone, to you. What a bother! That

Pepper was a pretty happy corporal though, compared to some. (Enjoy the show, it gets worse).
I went to McKenzie's sermon, did you?
Thanks, Eleanor. Uncle Ben wasn't there too.

There he goes,
But here comes the rain and I, I am the whale.
Goodbye, Jude: You forgot and were apathetically pale.

Help!

You're pretty opaque,
but I can see, I can tell you're still the same as
Yesterday—forsake!
So, please don't please me. Just
Do me a favor: unroll, unroll a thousand times
and whisper.
Let Paul live, too. He was better, anyways. Don't you think?

I am not a Sergeant, your wife or Mother, but I do have some say—
You wanted them to think for us and tell us what to do—Imagine!
The sky that's above us, you chose not to touch. I wanted to away
to a Scandinavian forest in a white truck, but my fingers are sobbing violently.
Our worlds were going to live as one but, silently
We are
Two.

I went to McKenzie's sermon, did you?

Under a soft night's light
Everything is a known, Muggle entity
that's staying home where it's warm inside,
and you don't use mops. Or know how to. No, there won't be a ballad for us.

Can't St. John just rest in peace?