

YOU vs ME

PART 3

LEAVING

EVERYTHING

YOU vs. ME

Part III: Leaving Everything

Eva Moe

About Me: Scatterbrain

I'm the tall cedar in the center square.
Townies climb up just to smell my hair.
Black pepper and rosemary.

Now come here.
Quit your bellyaching.
Spring is your last chance to explain what you mean by "blooming"
You sprout in my backyard like some type of flower.
All at once.
Without origin.

Here is where the child reigns
Your scatterbrain.
The world is watercolor
The lawn missed a spot shaving

Here is where I play Whack A Mole with daisies.
With this heavy mallet I do push thee back into the ground
alive and not ready.

Anniversary of Grandma's Death

Give me more time to make amends with my mind
I don't want to crack open this can of spilled guts
Imagine the sound of sloppy emotions
poured on the street.

They would not lead me to an oasis
-it's almost confirmed-

Instead of a dozen roses send me a dozen reasons

I shouldn't break the bank I shouldn't cook on open fire right here.

I want to peel the sky back like wallpaper and strap it in the passenger's seat
to warm me and arm me
all through Nova Scotia.

Plug it in and wait for the windows to defrost
and soon all lakes would turn to oceans past the dashboard
and the blankets in back would be hot to the touch

I've spent much of my time learning to become as cold as the Minnesota winter
so that no amount of ice can blacken my extremities.

How extreme of me.

BOTH WERE OKAY

Retelling of Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken"

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
and FUCK my anxiety immobilized me.
I'm just one person who can't travel both
and to be honest I'm not coming back to this FUCKING PLACE

But, I'm a traveler, true at heart
burdened by the fork in the road
and blessed with a gift of not thinking things all the way through.
Like, where will I FUCKING EAT, Y'ALL

If I go down the path blackened by ten thousand steps,
It might take me to safety
But check out this lonely road people are avoiding.
(actually they look identical but I'm getting serious untrodden vibes)
God it's tempting.

And maybe no one's coming for a FUCKING REASON
And you know me, folks
I BE ONE TRAVELER.
Look, I chose the one on the left
and it led to a Five Guys
so I guess I fucking win.

Yellow Amarillo

I almost did not find you because of the sunset.
That fucker took my eyes like a beak to marbles
and the visor in the car? I slapped my face with it.
Knocked the wraparound sunglasses clean off
in a rush to see the road again
but the sun spat, "look at me, you ignorant swine"
and I was like, "Amarillo?"

Tempe, Arizona

is the Oscars on a blowup bed,
my dog saying No to the desert mountain,
mystery mariachi slipping over a wall,
drinking beer at the movies
dining at a hot Mexican restaurant and the check
insisting that friendship is expensive.
Tempe is the place where you find out
you are hotdish and your friends are sushi.

Road

I've been on the road for two weeks without doing laundry anywhere but sinks.
I brought a white flowy tunic for Arizona
now the cuffs are tan in Denver.
my laptop clicks when it opens and I wince because I'll need a new one,
but I gave my money to some waiters in Tempe.
(My friends fawned over the guac
it tasted how my dad makes it)
I'm drinking Folgers in a borrowed mug*
thinking about Minnesota.

*I broke this mug 1 year later in the sink at home just trying to wash it

Omaha

Grandma's yellow raincoat makes me eerie
like a liquor woman undercover
like the man who waves back *follow the leader*

I want to hear the ocean boom from the belfry,
a sonorous bell singing nine p.m.

The town fell dark before I arrived
so I forgot to fear the men
 this city gave me
 new air, wet tires

My hometown shadow scales the tower
I play the old game, follow the leader
and the belfry plays nine thirty.

The Red Dawn | La Madrugada Roja

A.

I'm sorry but I can't write a poem for you. There was nothing beautiful about your death I wasn't even there, I heard about it on Snapchat when our buds were at your wake & thought how fuckin lame is my relationship with my friends that I'm the last to know & then I thought you'd give me a big ole smack of words, you destroyer, for making your absence about me. I can't write about it, I'm sorry. Every literary device I throw down sits in my mouth like raw garlic & nothin's sweet or sour, *Madrugada*. What'd you do when they told ya? look in the mirror & tell your brain "you bastard"? look at your hands & wish they could fish hook it out of your skull like a scab? Did you deny your body's betrayal or did you find it consistent? I can't put it together. You know when the chemistry teacher says a gas will expand to fit its container? It's just like that. All I wanna do is turn these literary particles into liquid so at least they'd flow like the rushing stream of your laugh [to be honest it's more of a guffaw] but I'm all dried up. All I could do was pour rum down the sink, I gave you two shots but didn't tell because my roommate was callous and would hound me for wasting alcohol. I thought about you in Malaysia during a sunrise & spoke your name, *La Madrugada Roja*. I've kept you alive for these seven months but if I finish the poem you're gone so

B.

I heard the tumor sucked your weight away and tucked you into bed.
I never asked about your AKA but with the red hair dye and how you wouldn't sleep
til the sun came up, it's not so hard to see
in life you were The Red Dawn
in death you become *La Madrugada Roja*
it's an arbitrary rule I made up after 1 week of Spanish lessons,
hope you like it.
I heard about you in the kitchen
got some freezer Bacardi to toss into a shot glass two for you
two for me, I rimmed the glasses with tears
and folded your memory into my passport and

Broga, Malaysia on October 11, 2016

As her puppies play,
the Mother, the unseeing
Hound, lay cold and still.

Her family screams
at the sky, at the place she
marked on the sand hill.

Animals, knowing
blood dried in their family,
cry at funerals.

Malaysian Heat

When there is a breeze
however light, I must say
“that’s a welcome breeze”

Return Flight

If you see me projectile vomiting fire ants
don't call the cops

it's only me back in my homeland
it's only the jet lag curdling my marrow it's only

my curdled marrow poisoning my gut it's only
my gut reaction to AH HELL

ARE WE DOING THIS AGAIN, GIRL
it's only my outburst sounding the alarm

to my gag reflexes
which in turn upturn the anthills.

I bought this shimmering pain with sweat
and it was worth every bucket.

Stings swim in my sleeves,
slithering through shirts in my backpack.

Little shock collars.
Phantom souvenirs.

This is Star Wars.
I resist the call to the light.

If you hear me rewording stories
as I say them it's only

me trying to find any way
to un-kick my hill.