

“When I get like this flocks of migrant birds look like soot”

Jessica Madsen

When I get like this flocks of migrant birds look like soot
tugged heavenward by winded hooks
and the sky's a swirling cup of mother's coffee
mixed one third cream and milk
and the hairpin trees bear scuttle leaves
that stick and trip my wading feet
and I can't remember whether I left home or it left me.

“I think I fear something”

Jessica Madsen

I think I fear something –
too young to have gained a title,
old enough that its name has been forgotten.

It's when I hide in the closet,
with the antithesis line
surrounding the door to exile –
the nothing that makes the something –
when escape slithers down
the tunnel between my ears,
resounding.

I guess I'm at home
turned outside in
avoiding the unnamed forgotten
by enveloping myself in it.