

FOREIGN BODY/FLYAWAY

-- sable b. boltz

You're awake awful early for a Monday.
Granted a few more hours to putter around
a bedroom that's almost yours.

Time to get up.

Instead you wish the morning away,
sweat linens to the floor and shut your eyes for a short moment
before your audience with the esteemed mister daytime.
He doesn't want to see you, you think
not like this.

For real now.

Your mind is full of to-dos on top of want-to-dos
and want-to-want-to-dos:
change your sheets
clean your eyes
float through the clouds
until you wind around a power line.

Get up.

Before I was whatever I am now,
my balloon ran away from me.
I went on a wild goose chase
to the highest step
stretched my arm over the railing
but it was long gone.
I hit my brother in the mouth.
It wasn't his fault.
He didn't realize the sky went on forever.

Mister daytime greets you with a wink
creeps his hand into that thing you call a stomach
There's something in there, he says.
Can't you feel it?
Can't you feel anything?
You shut the door.

Some people remember flushing their first fish,
I remember mylar foil glinting in the sun.

Mister daytime is tall and broad and solar flare hot.
He kisses like a god and holds girls by the scruff
when they can't walk straight.
It's a tricky game to dip your fingers in,
a pile of ash is hardly a temptation.

The most beautiful thing in my tiny world
trembling in the elevation,
nobody to pull her down to earth
nobody to drag her around the apartment
until deflated
by all the love a 5-year-old could give.

I scribbled pictures at the kitchen table
of the bugs in my tummy:
scorpions spiders centipedes
every evil thing I could name
colonies growing in colored pencil
faster than I could keep up with.

So now you're alone,
dropping bits of intestine into a wishing well
picking yourself apart to find whatever crawled down your throat
somewhere between the last drink of the night and the first of the
morning, you think,
but you didn't ask.
Nobody asks enough questions anymore.

Like when did this wishing well become a toilet?
And how the fuck did you get to the bathroom?

I was overcome with the need for a violent event
teeth into shoulder
copper flavored tongue
a small body smeared on drywall.
This was my sensitivity,
my solution to the pincers
leeching venom into my bloodstream.

I didn't want a replacement
or a comforting hand on my back.
I wanted an exterminator.

Take a long hard look at yourself.
Hit that porcelain, why don't you,
see how your face ripples and twists
back to exactly how it was before
the sound of footsteps at the door
He's back.
hands snaking through the lock
then round your waist
thank god there is only light and not pain when he cracks you open
softness of your abdomen giving way to white knuckle grip
undoing rib by rib until you get down on your knees hunched over the bowl again
you always seem to end up back here
hacking up what's left of your insides, intestines in hand two fingers down your throat three
fishing through last night's dinner trying straining every pathetic muscle in your body to
GIVE IT UP ALREADY
but you can't
GET
IT
OUT

I promised once to tell you the truth, so here it is:

i do not know why the balloon was stuck in my head
in my throat in my entire
essence of being the helium is taking me higher
until i can see my entire life strewn out on a coffee table one leg
propped on a book none of us have read in years sometimes i think
i do not know how to read anymore the books do not suck
me in the way they used to i cannot devour a story i am too full
of balloons and spiders and cars
that i will never see again if
i am lucky i am lucky
to be alive to have a shiny birthday balloon to vomit
in a toilet not in a snowbank frostbitten
fingers digging searching fruitless
hurtling toward the atmosphere or cement i cannot
see too well this time of night
nothing to excavate nothing to remove
picking prodding poking

pop.

