

Stacy Elaine Dacheux

Serious Spring Poem

I think about you in this

falling asleep while driving me home from another state

no, really
you could--
with your narcolepsy
I'm not--
being poetic

(okay I'm being poetic)

leave the car door open and allow me to fall out

follow my lead

if I pretend to snore too loudly on the asphalt and you pretend to snore too loudly on the curb,
then pretty soon we would be competing against one another for the loudest snore, and you
would win, because my snore becomes a laugh rather quickly, and this, we sigh, is only the
beginning

stop faking it

get off the ground
let's fall somewhere else more manageable
where jokes can be jokes
stop scribbling on my Marxist brow

(I'm serious)

someplace with silly hats and streamers
literally, as I jump on your leg
outside of this

bullshit poem

amidst the karate kids and reo speedwagons, we could move
together
into the desert of forgotten blonde assholes

names for time sequences

1. Morning.

waken to a back taken we are
shared feet upturned under

slow orange soft red

plants who respond only to classical music or classical images of us
not framed, nothing framed is worth missing

2. Afternoon.

an other of another

fingers lingering

and we became a they decided to become

a they

a sleeping in to they, a brushing teeth arms-length to they, a listening to variations on

they

were not comfortable with each other's comfort ability
were not comforting each other's ability
were not aware of were as

we are

past tense pluralized-- uncomfortable with we and were

a they

a defunct differentiation on us

a they

3. Evening.

only asking for only asking for no, one only

distinguishable no

only

body with dress on floor

looking at dress on floor, like dress on floor, tossed around on floor

overly adequate outside of self as dress on floor

distinguishing dress from floor and face from dress and body

underneath it all,

there is a body underneath, a heavy over simplified no statement

under a standing, we stand and we stand and we stand before another

arms tucked in

asking only to be taken,

to be taken back,

to be taken aback

Los Angeles. Part Two

to sit to sit to sit and be sitting.
so bored with this sit shit.

to sit up and up and up and still be fucking sitting

in traffic

we wave over songs we wave in these thoughts of we
we do, we do, we never, this is never, this is the we of never do

we think on cell phones we think over cell phones we think about talking on our cell phones we
think about what other people think of us thinking about our cell phones

and we're sick of this sit shit

we're sick of exits and signs or signs of ramps and this sickness, we have, seen this sickness,
signs that, we are this sickness, we are in this.

and we want only to be above, want so deeply, to be only, something other than sitting, other
than other, we need more

to say

we need, we sit, we're sick, we fold, we are encased in metal, we are folded in so sick,
we sit, we fold, we are a folding sickness of metal, we are in need of this metal to never
fold, to never be told we need anything, to never be told we need sickness, to never be
sick, to never say these things, these things that we need

so, we sit, we sit, we sit

we're sick

we wait

we're a waiting sickness

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Stacy Elaine Dacheux believes the Russian language is an abstract art, that cats are true astronauts-- metaphysically speaking, and that orange is just a slow red. She works as caregiver for the homeless and elderly, in addition to teaching creative writing. she lives somewhere in between Los Angeles, CA and Boulder, CO.