

This may be a Court Hearing but What I hear makes More Sense

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This is not a game
I will not lose my head
without a damn good fight

One more night may be all I have
before my world blows up

until I cockroach across sand
until I crow-tumble through air
thick with lead obscenities
and plastic phallic symbols

This is not a game
I'll not *Bleak House* next Thursday
I'll come out shitting purple
Alpha Bits and butterflies
with rent receipts in their jowls
or else discard such useless language.

I'll huddle, a defiant dragon
brown blanket pulled over my shedding scales
brew herbs to dress my wounded armor
read candlelit tarot

Pale smoke will spiral
thin pencil line
from my nostrils to the ceiling
designing new map from ancient legend

Some dusty lawyer may blue his knuckles
knocking upon my door
yelling his defunct words
through my key hole
but I will not listen
forest-deep in search
of my own tinder and a match.