

Stephanie Rioux

Home is Where the Dill is

So what I said was, I want to change my major, and I want to add
a minor,
and she gave me the paper, and I said thank you and gamboled off
into the sunlight,
intending not to hurry,

WHEN

ALL of a sudden . . .

he appeared with a new pickle for me.

I pulled my pants down,

but first I bit into the pickle,

puckering dill washover,

and he held me where everything counts.

I screamed **HI**

I LIKE YOU

into his pinky white ear,

and all cos of a little sugar pill named moon

we creeped up the ivy walls,

deposited the bomb in the ivory tower,

and scurried to the airport which was **NOW OPEN TO ALL**,

and hopped on a plane to Austria

where we smecked on Kaffee and sunk into the dark red couches of
Europe

holding hands, never to be ripped apart, always ready to

pull our pants down. The moon whispered hold as tight as you can!

and I screamed HELLO and he screamed I LIKE YOU
 and my ears were ringing for hours.
 Then the purpley blue ripple
 quenched the sky
 and I looked into his big bolshy eyes
 and a dragonfly buzzed by after sucking long tall
 glasses of orange juice with elephants of
 Malaysian descent,
 and it buzzed pickle la pickle loo pickle
 so we lampolted to the airport which was NOW OPEN TO ALL
 and flew off to England green faced and powdery place
 where pickles grow in cospse belliesand
 the crowned jewels are made from Peek Freans
 bisquits and
 Ready Brek the futile friend of all will ride
 in your warm hat for a bite of the dill.
 BUT, he screamed, OLIVES! he screamed,
 and taking the last bite of bread pulled me
 by my hand into the warm boot of Europe,
 where we sucked olives through straws blackly and
 the moon sang harpsichord oh harpsichord. We
 jumped into the fountain, and I pulled his pants down.
 Where is my mouth, I asked —
 Here, he said.
 And where are my eyes, I laughed —
 Here, he said.
 And where shall I put my hand? I whispered —
 and he looked down.
 There floated an olive waverly like in the clear waters
 of the fountain.
 I put my hand Here. He squinted puffily
 and the moon screamed, I LOVE YOU BOTH.

Home Home Home Home Home
 Home is wherever you pull your pants down.
 Let the moon into your belly.
 Accept the dill.

*Tut tut, it looks like rain,
Tut tut, it looks like rain*

— Christopher Robin

“confiscate your balloon, son,
it’s going to rain.
If your balloon pops in the rain,
all of your psychology will ooze out
and we won’t be a family anymore.”

The son, sitting on his red wooden stool, with its
paint chipping, began rocking, and singing
ya ya ya —
he knew his sister would think it meant something, something —
but the clouds they looked like rain.
He wanted to grab the bars of the iron
fences around all the statuary parks
in the Eastern Bloc,
but, he thought, they would surely fizzle listlessly,
like chalk in water,
and the sky would open vaginally,
and shower all down on him.
The bleb in his psychology would soften in the wetness
and break, break,
like father said, like he said.
He chewed down hard on his shoelaces,
sucking all the dust out,
and let his balloon fly away.

All the statues would be made out of squares.
The iron fences were really sparkly anode mud
coated with licorice.
The balloon went zipping out of its direction through
the opening in the clouds.
Oh my,
It looked like rain.