

tick



tick

trying to keep time
I pulled down my clock
to change the battery
there sat a tick
I crushed it with my thumb and
stopped time

spider parable

“boing boing”
goes her tongue
into something tropical and icy
theres a spiral
dancing in a cup

“fuck fuck”
she says at night
forgetting how to relax
there is a spider on the wall

“it’s okay, it’s okay”
the spider chanted
to the wall
all into the night

canyon air

oh Carrol, the prick of a cactus
I don't know how to say
that it has no meaning

the desert air is empty
full of whistles

victory makes sinners
your salty arm
made me fidget

oh Carrol, you have no idea
how your blood falls behind you

a patron with no change for booze
dances ageless
on the last day of summer

ladybug

red sisters
stab fruit
finally open

seven women
inside out with their sex
gripping the past

we still make love
in my secret life

the taste of pennies
was erotic once
I swallowed the pit

firefly

a firefly sits on a leaf
wondering why
a bright light flashes nearby

Stopping everything to ripen to a peach.
doubtful anyone would notice she screamed,
“I cry juice!”. A sparrow cocked its head and chirped
twice. “Finally, someone who gets me”, she said, crying.
It wasn’t summer yet but she was creating a stir at the
office. men were unsettled at their desks.



tiny crap everywhere
as small as sand

residue of patio furnishings
& deck boards

i mentioned the infestation years ago
now everything is dust like the rest of LA

It was 4 in the morning when she woke up. Her room smelt like dust and the dog was groaning. Something tickled her wrist. She looked down in the half dark of the half moon night to see that a moth had died there. It had been in the room for two days battling the lights. For two days, she left the door open, inviting freedom to the creature. The moth stayed inside, content to cling to lamps, completely panicked by the artificial brightness, perishing in the dead of morning.

cooling finger

a stroke of estrogen
flipped the diamond

plain progression
filled the glass of prosecco
here at last, in full silence

baby, we have cups of fruit
solo moves and cloying lips
make a certain silence

branches and distant cousins
sway together at the park

the long goodbye

sure as the sun rises, it sizzles
sure as god has no name
I walked fearless for centuries
used vents for air

you keep me rested
as long as you need me
mirrors stray in the background
no spoken eulogy for you

well, I've got no jeans
priceless visages strayed from here
fixed by lonesome cowgirls
un-grown fear is powerful

you keep me full and rested
in villages full of staged tombs
you keep me full
and rested



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