Inside Out

By

I walk the purple carpet into your eye
carrying the silver butter server
but a truck rumbles by,
leaving its black tire prints on my foot
and old images
the sound of banging screen doors on hot afternoons and a fly buzzing over the Kool-Aid spilled on the sink
flicker, as reflections on the metal surface.

Come in, you said,
inside your paintings, inside the blood factory, inside the old songs that line your hands, inside eyes that change like a snowflake every second, inside spinach leaves holding that one piece of gravel, inside the whiskers of a cat, inside your old hat, and most of all inside your mouth where you grind the pigments with your teeth, painting with a broken bottle on the floor, and painting with an ostrich feather on the moon that rolls out of my mouth.

You cannot let me walk inside you too long inside the veins where my small feet touch bottom.
You must reach inside and pull me like a silver bullet from your arm.
