

Inside Out

By Diane Wakoski

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.

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