

I like a queen
must resurrect
my keeping
I can't understand
an embroidery hoop
for the underwear
and their ways
whose news
scarves of smoke
in columnar want
between lavender
they wife up
my outsized needs
from the store

I am not a Caesar
w/ sexton dreams
dispersed throughout
my own perimeters of
generalized anxiety in
locations on set
feeling swarmed
in my unseasonable notes app
arbutus making
a legacy
and so made
in my party dress
sloppily but fine
my rituals

hate smoke and
the hive of
furious Latin
w/ my shield made of
the white fabric
w/ threaded bees
along it
belies wintering
drool of smoke
in lateral want
spires
the colony
betray domesticity
I order honey

I am not a vigil
my fake gardens
their wilting
100% cotton
specific
w/ unnecessary drama
w/ itself
I reminded myself of
pink clothes pg 298
I've always wanted
for myself
its hem hand sewn
once again outlining
their assurance