

American Drama

by Gemma Guiomard

Ideas billow against the steam
Gnawing tightly on dewy stones.
The young Italian men
In rows down the super market.
Half off!
Let ignorance blister and crack,
As Fefu and her friends run in circles
Trying to define through little eyes.

Jane Austen's pen is out of breath
But the picket signs stand tall.
My words pool in my boots.
I glimpse the ideas
But can't catch the phrase.
Trap the bird in an iron cage.
Cut the flowers for the bouquet.
Burn the trees to make it warm.
What a strange idea of life we hold.

Keep the dinosaurs from getting cold.

Rococo Channel for President.
Let's fight for Gibraltar
Til there's no one left to own it.
Let's wait in the pits of Enron.
Quickly before wisdom finds us,
Let's run into cracks of dynamite
and erase the lines we're not meant to cross.

The world can be condensed
And lives paraphrased.
Our minds retreat,
The armies of thoughts disbanding.

Skyscrapers made of French fries-
Lives built on salt but not from sweat.
Sweep the Native Americans under the rug
It's not genocide it's colonization.

Do my seams fall straight?
Please lick them into place.
Quick! The president needs his nightlight!
Drown thoughts in Everclear
And identities in paparazzi.
We drowned with Fortunato,
long before we realized we were chained.

Crush me to death as soon as you can.
All this staring at myself is so lonely.

