

Noe Venable "Oktober 29th"

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Wallgreens opened her door to death today
And she rode in
Taught and saucy from the facelift
Beaming her made for this little while smile
Tall as a tale, legs long as a lie
Cross my heart and hope to die, I'm mulling over which
razor to buy
Hey baby, says a voice like a song
You drippin' sorrow, you lookin long!
She smacks her wet and wild lips
Snips her scissor thighs, says
Come on, lithe and on the sly
I'll give you a hand, you give me a try...
And I never let nothin pass me by, but she's slippin
round on the linoleum like she's sweating petroleum
So I excuse myself back to the nail care shelf, into
Which one, bluest midnight, or jealous jade?
Bluest midnight, you got it made, she say
A tear of spit lands as she presses my hand to her jaw
I'm having a vision of eyes in her hair
There there, she says, you're so young and alive
So in your prime
So BI-O-LOG-I-CAL
(the syllables roll around like marbles in her mouth)
Bluest midnight like the window of a magic eight ball
that when it finally comes to
LAUGHS at you in the midst of its endless blue
Your future might be drowning around in there
If you could just smash it out
But those balls are unbreakable
And past that lucky little laugh, into the oil night
Aint nobody gonna see in there
Aint nobody gonna see in, understand me?

Unhand me
This is the part where I bustle away

Take my card, she say
Eyes by the pair blink in her hair
And she reaches into those inky nylon tresses
And pulls out
A red eyed cleft lip buck toothed knock kneed little

mister something or other
And I say
What's that?
And she says
That's a promise
Not now, but some day

And the little thing grapples onto my hair and burrows
and is gone
And I'm gone, got the hell out of there and tried to
bend my mind back to nail painting
But on my lonesome, with the trees septembrin'
I get to remembering about this time a bus spit out a
blind woman
And she fell into my arms like a long lost lover and said
How come you look like that?
And I say how do you know what I look like, you're
blind?
And she says
That's how come I know
I say what you see?
She says the hospital's that way
The doctor can look at you
Have a little lookie while you have a little shut-eye
Tell them it hurts, they'll ask you where
But aint nobody gonna see in there
Aint nobody gonna see in

I'm
Sick.

So the next time I see you in the hygiene aisle
Cracking your back like a whip
Lighting the tabloid underbrush on fire with your
matchstick fingers
I'll take one good long stretchmark look and say
Who are you really?
We girls shrink from inside our skin like aging fruit
You were born shrunken with a hundred different skin
bags
Who are you really?
Weaving promises in our hair
A mask like a million dollars
Sign of the times plastic skin
Eyes too blue not to be new
Like two of a kind
But what's behind?
Aint nobody gonna see in there
Aint nobody gonna see in!

So

Pants on fire if I'm a liar
Tree me down if I tell a lie
I'll be mulling over which razor to buy
To raze myself slick as an eel in the fountain of youth
Soft as a new lamb with ears perked up white and
wide...
My dawns will dress in their winter clothes
Their hurricanes and rain
When you press up against the frosty pane
Crowned this time in waving insects
For we two shall suck on sweet memories of living days
Red eyed
Promises
Broken

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