

Sometimes—My Mind Isn't My Home

“Hey, little thing”

-I close my car door

“Hey, how are y'all doing?”

-it smacks back into self

“We doin' good. How about you?”

-like thighs that have been licked by the sweet, summer heat

“Good, I'm just gonna head in and fix me somethin' to eat”.

-my hand glides into my purse for my keys

“Alright, that sounds good. We just made some pound cake”.

-but it's stuck in a maze of wine lipsticks, sunglasses, Germ-x

“oh really?”

- half-eaten granola bars, pens,

“Mmm-hmm. Johnny Ruth can pour a glass of wine to go wit it too,
so you can relax baby”.

R e l a x/

Refuse

-and ripped pieces of tissue

“Haha. I'm workin' like a two -time divorcee with three kids”

-my fingers kiss the key's familiar ridges

“And one baby daddy you picked up at Wal-mart, chile!

- “Found ‘em!”

-I yank them out

- “Ok, that's good then. Come on if you still want some pound cake”.

-I twist and I turn

“Ok, I will!”

-I turn and twist

Damn
is it to
the left
or the right
to open this door?

R e l a x/
Refuse

Click.
Unlock.

I guess it was the left then.
I drop my purse off
in its resting spot on my desk.

and I shuffle the few feet to the kitchen
where my eyes hover menacingly
over the back door

as it formidably guards the kitchen' entrance
with its milky, cream twin
standing firm in the living room

I am not gonna do this to myself today.
I am not gonna do this to myself today.
I am not gonna do this to myself today.

Girl, is the door locked?

Shit. She's back again tonight.

R e l a x/
Refuse

did you not hear that delicious click sound it made? Hell, it's locked.
But, it's probably unlocked now again. Go ahead and check.

really?
Yea. Just check one more time, and I'll leave you alone about it.

Unlock.

Lock.
Click.

Sooo you cookin' dinner before you respond to that email?
i'll respond to that email after I eat a little somethin'.

Alright but ain't you worried about getting behind?
what doesn't get done today will get done tomorrow.
That's what mama always tells me.

Ok then, you gone put those clothes up you washed this weekend?
fine. i'll do it before I cook.

I flick the light on in my bedroom
careful not to mar the soft edges of my white rug
as my hand sinks into a pile of bras, panties, and sleeping shirts
R e l a x/
Refuse

You know,he still hasn't texted you back yet.
wow, we still on this?
I was just sayin' since you the one thinkin about it.

he was in love with his ex's
even though he said he wasn't
one had boobs so big she could use mine for nipples
- if she wanted to

you don't like yo own tits?
most of the time I'm cool with them
but with the right bra they look incredible.
Yes, ma'am they do look good in that one push-up bra, though.
Mmm-hmmm

Girl, go lock the door!
i just did.
The front AND the back door?
mmmm-hmmm.

Why you still folding clothes when you know you hungry?

i'm trying my best to finish them, so I can go ahead and eat. that was the plan, right?

Yo brother just randomly called you! Call him back!
i don't feel like talkin' to him right now. I'm still tryin to forgive him.

But what if he dies tomorrow because you didn't talk to him today?
Oh my god. Stop. Just stop. Stop.

R e l a x/
Refuse

The remaining few clothes in my hands fall to my bed
as I walk to the kitchen to
grab a teapot of water
and turn the knob to step outside

to taste clarity
under a sky
that's blanketed

by the working hands
of serene darkness

"Baby, you back outside?"
-an awkward chuckle leaps from my throat

"Yea, I thought this plant needed some waterin' "
-one curled, brown leaf snorted at me
as it relaxed in its hand-crafted moat

"Oh ok, We don't get too many clear skies in Mississippi as pretty as this one".
-the water pours from my teapot

"Yea seems like the state's always mad at somethin, baby".
-a string shimmies down into the pot

"There's a lot here to be mad at honestly"
-and water pours
"It is but sometimes we get mad and sad baby because"
-from me

“we don’t know how to calm the storm in our heads”.

R e l a x/

Refuse