Away We Go

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10 Poems, 1 Page Each
I had forgotten I was human
till a perfect
toothpick-sized pit of blood
kept oozing from my thumb.

My adjacent finger smeared it away
and I became strangely aware
of the newly crimson tip.

The toothpick-sized pit kept returning.
Only because I kept squeezing.

This reminded me of the black dot
in the corner by the shower. If I stare
long enough,
it moves, like a small bug.
A bug that’s found itself in a spot
of no meaning in someone else’s existence.

I envisioned tearing apart my own
life. Like ripping old, withered
wall paper from the walls of the lobby to purgatory.

My chest felt like a crowded Last Supper Scene.
Like it wasn’t sure
if it needed someone to break it open.
Down to my ribcage
and host a feast. To see if I’d feel anything.
To see if I’d feel the Lost Sickening Songs.

I started to imagine the photos of loved ones
coming alive
and dancing on the dresser.

I started to imagine myself
shrunken down
and partaking. Jumping into the photos
to be lived again. To see us all
dancing together,
swiftly but in slow motion.

Everyone smiling
because we
have just let it all go.

I started to.

But I couldn’t wake up
from the dream of
the Devil’s eyes
screaming into mine.
I don’t know if I’m more jealous of the dark side of the moon or of my own ability to destroy it. Creating the bang in the sky and dripping in indignation, I won the world’s bloom. Now passion doesn’t mean you die.

I don’t care for your passive ways. I’ll scream it at the top of your hushed mountains. Take a wish from my eyelashes. Don’t rely on it. It’s only keratin.

Our rocks skipped with ripples like a crowd of cheerers and looked like they wouldn’t sink.

They always do.

You’ve been uncrowned.

Run for cover – quick. The wolf’s eye sees you; hollow.

Do it now. Take your last bow.
I imagine you know what it feels like to sleep
while not sleeping at all. Waking up like
a sunset and walking around like
diluted coffee.

I imagine you know what it’s like to lose focus
because you heard someone whose laugh sounds like popcorn. And how
only a lovely person could laugh like that, and of all
the lines you could write on a napkin about that.

I imagine you know the desperation of laying
on the floor, numb from losing yourself the night before. Asking,
Should I just get along with myself?
I never did get along with everybody else.

I imagine you know the sound of water droplets dripping from your fingertips
while your ears are submerged in water. Like small hands
shuffling through a box of sidewalk chalk. Your nose sticking out
just enough to breathe; a surrender flag.
That dead bunny looked like it had
just gone right to sleep.
Curled up and silent
in the snow.

_Thumper_ is a
happy illusion.

I wonder, then, what the point
was in this bunny’s existence.
To be alive.

And then make Neptune weep.

They told me what was going to
happen next. Those painted glass
chandeliers.
The chandeliers told me.
They told me I’d remember them and
their colors

forever. Probably.

They said how dare I
cheat time.
How dare I figure it
all out.

Reshaping the Earth
is not what I’d call a good deed.
Though sometimes
I think I could.
And play it off
as good intentions.

But here I am.
And here this bunny is.
Catty-corner from a building full of infections

that I felt collapse
inside my bones.

I think I began again here.
I don’t think it actually matters.
I became acquainted with every line and bubbled spot in the paint on my walls.

I know each speck and flake of dust personally.

I could tell you the life stories of the discolored cracks on my ceiling.

The baseboards and I have fallen in love.

I wondered if the ceiling would ever decide to cave in like the singed wings crippling inward toward my ribcage.

And then I would fall in love with the rubble.
Puppet Strings

The rain water around the Christmas lights outside
at night looks like melted crayons.

But that sounded crazy to them.

Especially when I told them to follow me
even when my body drips
apart into clumps of honey.

To follow me because I hear the rustling tree leaves
say “stay alive”.

They didn’t like that.

So they made it worse.

Reaching for a bible verse
but they
put a gun there instead.

Here’s a spoon full of sugar.
They said.

Some happy cylinders with happy beads inside
Because
We

Don’t

Know

What’s

Wrong

With

You.

It won’t tell my why it wants more
of me on the floor.
It doesn’t take me anywhere
I haven’t been before. But I can’t
shut that fucking door.

But the one in white. The one in white,
have you ever seen those lights?
It taught me to fight.

But just wait for the next itch
to break my own bones
and we will go through the same
dance again.
A movie within a film, it starts.
It starts in front of the screen in an
empty room
showing *Here’s Her Haze*.

It flickers meaninglessly and
I want to rip it down.
I want to rip it down but I go lay in the
darkened silence
inside the miniscule cube in
God’s hand.

He decides to toss the dice – into the middle of
nowhere
below zero
in too-bright light
under a fish net.

The snowflakes here play music.
They sound like birds at dawn. Birds sound
better at dusk.
There are ice-cubed lilacs and
I’m reminded that all ice cream shops smell the same.

In this part the moon hides its face from mine.
Here I forget
how bad soundlessness gouges into my ears.
How much I wanted to play the pan flute.
How much I wanted to speak up for the less-thans.
I forget of all the tiger lilies I wanted to grow.

Here’s the part where I ask him to
marry me
but choke
on “me” because
“me” sounds so whiny.

Here you’ll catch your breath, dear watcher.
The figure without a face ties itself
to a rope with frayed ends attached to my veins.
If I stray too far
I will be forced to
beat for my own heart.

I stray too far.

Shh… here’s my favorite part.

In a circle of strangers
on a beach
by a well-lit fire
under a salted night sky

I learn to play the pan flute.
Float Away

There is a car in the dark.
There are people
dancing
around it -- around ribbons of light.

My footsteps crack the
uncrackable
panic-stricken cement.

I found the goosebumps of answers
at the barren snow-laced
field speckled
scarcey with trees -- off in the
distance.

It’s all in slow motion and
the truth
is here. It is
right
here.

I’m the black & white
filter on your most
sentimental scenes.

I’m the
remaining embers of
your best night.

Tie me up with a long vowel

    and forget I was ever here.
Maybe Today

Waking up in his closet, he brings a water bottle up to his dry lips. The sensation makes him shiver and imagine his insides are prunes. He realizes he is where the mice live and he is no better than them. A train whistles and it drags his shackled body away for only a moment.

He hopes if he goes to hell, he’ll be granted one good thing – the sound of distant trains. A souvenir of the battle he won.

Still… The orphans fizzle away, the horses scream from the wardrobe and the drapes sway from black to orange.

Go fuck yourself is a wonderful thing to say to someone who took his matches for his last supper, but an awful thing to say when forgiveness gnaws at his gut because he couldn’t do it – weak like the mice.

He imagines her hand held out for him. He shuffles on his knees to lay his head on the chair pretending it’s her lap and the sleeve of his strewn sweater is her fingers running through his hair. He begins to float along lukewarm water and drifts away peacefully. The most relaxed he’s felt in four years.

Still… every day is a Russian roulette day. Today could be the day the sun decides to blow up.
The Home We Know Nothing About

The color orange makes me taste those Runts candies. And I see my dad bringing home a Runts candy dispenser from the 80’s. Something whispers in my ear, though.

I fall back into an oval-shaped nest designed to keep us away from precious circuits developing in our minds that would break all the human ways of ourselves.

What I see now are the Easter eggs and the Elvis records and the lunchmeat pan-fried ham sandwiches up in an immortalizing reflection on the moon that has seen it all. It told me it was not just in his head.

When he went to the river at 8 yrs old to have his own picnic with corn flakes and water. No milk. And he fell in. But he was pulled out by nothing and by something. So fast he thought he wasn’t wet but was cold and sopping.

It shows me a dance we all do while we’ve forgotten that our bones are crushed and our eyes don’t work. But we dance. We dance and it’s good. Come see the Lights. Come see the Lights I want us to see the Lights.