

ADVICE FOR GIRLS KNOWN AS WHIRLWINDS

Name every cricket.

If one reminds you of another give it the same name but add the suffix "ling."

Call forth worlds until your reckoning is complete. A world

my darlings is a place where one or more creatures sleep.

Find family outside. Remember family is a presence and singlehood is *comme il faut* in dashed-off wonder and wind-blown bob.

Make as much noise as you want.

Lay out the history of your surprise attacks.

Locate your favorite form of levitation.

Enter a day when nothing happens with your feet two inches off the ground.

In a moment the doors may open.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, STEAL SOMETHING

There's an ocean of wanting and cups for having
and it's up to me to ferry the future to a smarter place. Walk with me
little soon
up to our knees in creek where sunlight splatters in the birch leaves
along our path of summer
and breezes sweep like secrets across a sudden cheek.
It's the sound of a dog barking at a flower bluing and the best songs are landscapes
that can read your mind.
I know about furnishing planets and wolfhounds.
I'll weave baskets of mothwings and sing.
Even now just beyond the garden wall I hear pebbles speaking.
Nothing bad can ever happen here in the first person singular
present tense.

VISITS OF EVERMORE

This is why she hangs bouquets upside down and watches
as gravity pulls
at the buds for hours. Sleep and remember nothing of the dream
stretched taut
as a kite string in a sudden gust. That is
love turns to the pillow's cool side
when the nightmares come
and if she had a painter's eye she'd tell you some shadows are darker than others
some leaves curl to thorns.

WE DO NOT ALWAYS ENVY HER HER TALENT

Alone is a feeling like a tawny nurse shark
like when she realizes in the dream she's only dreaming
and wakes up improvising *there's no female equivalent of the word virile*
on a bassline made of rain.

From her room she smells other people thinking
understands dancing isn't the same as pressing her hips into someone else's summer.
She could lust after a placid disposition.

Driving through the countryside she comes upon a store called *Pumpkin and Gun Shop*.
The question she's answering isn't the question asked
but still we're curious what she's going to say.

THE LONGEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO PLACES

We were looking forward to stepping off the southernmost point of the country.
Instead I'm eating spiny lobster alone.
Bougainvillea makes me think of you
specifically the hairs chesting your throat. Parrot's hard whistle tells me everything
is thin
everything is short. A woman on the corner is eating her hair
an aninga wings above her
pointed and dense. Misery is nobody without the right friends.
Shipwrecks ring the flats and shallows
seagulls hang heavy in the low-ceilinged sky. All a starfish needs
to become two
is half its original self.