

hotwheel

hotwheel
© 2018 Aja Moore

All rights reserved

First printing

Published by Metatron Press
305-6545 Ave. Durocher
Montreal, Quebec
H3N 1Z7

www.metatron.press

Cover design | Daniela Madrid
Editor | Shazia Hafiz Ramji

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Moore, Aja, 1993-, author
Hotwheel / Aja Moore.

Poems.
ISBN 978-1-988355-14-6 (softcover)

I. Title.

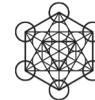
PS8626.O5932H68 2018 C811'.6 C2018-904500-0

Metatron Press gratefully acknowledges the support of the Canada Council for the Arts, which last year invested \$153 million to bring the arts to Canadians throughout the country.



HOTWHEEL

AJA MOORE



hotwheel

**AFTER I DEFINITELY CAN'T AFFORD
TO STUDY W/ SHARON OLDS 9**

UNEMPLOYABLE 20

SHORT POEM ON EXERTION 23

MCDONALD'S 24

**AFTER DODIE BELLAMY'S
WHEN THE SICK RULE THE WORLD 28**

**I EAT MY BURGER AND THE MAN
ON THE RADIO LISTS SYMPTOMS 32**

THE LICE 36

“RELAX AND LOVE WILL FLOURISH” 38

TECHNOLOGIES FOR FREEDOM 40

THE DISTANCE IS UNBELIEVABLE 43

IN THE RADIANT AFTERSTORM 44

I WANT TO TEXT YOU ABOUT ROBERT DUNCAN 51

SHORT POEM ON EXERTION 54

***FOR CELLO* 55**

TODAY AT WORK 56

IN VIRGO SEASON I WAKE UP 57

**AFTER I DEFINITELY CAN'T AFFORD TO STUDY
W/ SHARON OLDS**

All her books arrive for me
My thing is putting a buncha shit on hold
Then paying close attention
to what arrives, and when
My other thing is walking to and from
the downtown library every day via the Georgia
Viaduct and getting a Costco hotdog for lunch The whole
perfect day costs a dollar sixty-three
On Friday after work I
take her home I exhaust her I deck her out
with sparkling Paint
Tool Reverent
gifts I calculate
her birth
time (Embarrassing)

go to a high school that wasn't mine to
sit in a science class that wasn't mine
where somebody who also wasn't mine asked me
about my shirt and I felt
noticed too young
to even consider
the *quality of*
attention I'm
sorry if I'm taking
too much it's just
I know it can't have happened like this but it happened
like this I came home and peered into her bedroom
where the pamphlet just lay on the low dresser
THE PROS AND CONS OF CREMATING YOUR
STILLBORN BABY
and I thought
Fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou
Forever I think about my mom who got me

not one but two kittens even though they
made her so sick for so long She thought her
allergy would just fade away but it just got worse
and worse We had no choice but to drive across town
crying and they cried out too
from their twin cages My mom
took acid once, didn't like it Bailed
on everyone to lie in the dark Felt paws
on her face and neck then remembered
the box of kittens
she'd rescued
that morning—
I get mad at her
I get so angry I start to learn
new things about u in the weeks after
ur death Things she had kept from me
Such as ur only having one lung and being
just generally quite weak and unwell

She didn't want to worry me
so I was unprepared, much less prepared
than anybody else and that unpreparedness
made me, as you (Sharon)
might say, *an angel*
of hate After which, I just had to stop, because
wow Sharon, we'll never meet
so I can bring myself to address you this way Eventually
there is even
a new baby! And all the ways I feel
about my brother, the ways I can barely handle feeling
for one person, I begin to feel all
over again
It's Tuesday The sun comes out for a split
second and I'm desperate
(My proteins make
a wish) Sated, I shamelessly
admit that I never do anything

about my loneliness, least of all act
on the impulse to get to know
u Sry I prefer living
where Nothing transpires
between us & I
stay lodged
In the tract of belief
in something I won't
lose That feeling
is fuel and I must accept some illusions for it
even if I would rather have u
For years I avoid every conversation about
miscarriage I avoid rooms
in which those conversations are taking place
even if I am not implicated in them
Big thick husks grow in my brain's
socket
I avoid my body its triumphs and

its defeats

If I think of u at all

it is to wonder just how badly

I wanted a proper and final

grief

And all the ways we feel about it

Finally It's all I have an appetite for

My mom makes a joke about how many miscarriages

she's had and I

leave the room

It's February

On the eve of her fortieth

birthday when she falls and when

we find her she says so

quietly

I'm dying

That was the most fear I've ever felt

I drank the Diet Pepsi and clutched

my brother's body

But here, near the end

of the poem I experience a need

for clarity and I finally see

this shit for what it is

Just a memory multiplying

For my brother could not have been there that small

when I was still in school

and then that small again

four years later

I must have been alone

that night The night

of the first New loss

baby

The one for whom there is not yet

a replacement

Sharon

You wrote *Torn away*