

Mare Leonard

*When I cannot see words curling
like rings I am in darkness,
I am nothing* Virginia Woolf

I Am Not Virginia Woolf

The upstairs tenants stomp on my head
Their boots dig into my brain, my heart,
My throat, ahem, ahem to clear the phlegm

They split me open like a rotten peach
Stale juice runs down
down my weathered arms

My seams break open, swing
Back and forth laugh push
Like adolescents
I shout at the beepbeep truck,

“Time to close down,
Stop digging into my brain”

Daylilies straighten me up
Their bright orange lips sway,
Dance a ChaChaCha
A sweet Oriole sings a lullaby

My jeans close at the seams
I breathe in the wind, suck it clean

Reach for pockets loaded with
stones
Feel stale crumbs
Feed the ducks
See words curl
Around my head
Breath Heart Brain
I am someone

Mare Leonard is an Associate of the Institute for Writing and Thinking at Bard College. She has published 4 chapbooks. The most recent, *The Dark Inside My Hooded Coat*, was published at Finishing Line Press in 2018. Her first full-length book, *I Always Knew This*, should be available in November. She was nominated for a *pushcart* in 2018 for a poem in *The Pickled Body*.