

## Poems by Meeah Williams

### Why You Feel the Way You Do

**You go out in the morning for coffee and when you come back home you're twenty-five years older than when you left. No one can explain this common phenomenon to your satisfaction.**

\* \* \*

**When you walk into an empty room tell me that the furniture doesn't look smug, as if it had been talking about you while you were out of earshot, and none too kindly either. Go ahead. Get up and walk into another room right now and see for yourself, if you haven't already noticed. I'll wait. I've got nothing better to do.**

\* \* \*

**I captured this sentence and watched it beat its Technicolor wings against the glass of an old mayonnaise jar until it was ragged and colorless and meant nothing anymore. Now I give it to you. You can give it to someone else if you like. I don't give a damn what you do with**

**it.**

\* \* \*

**Since the beginning of time, old women have been sitting on porches painfully knitting with the knobby, arthritic fingers of has-been prizefighters a blanket large enough to smother the whole earth but they never quite finish and that is why you and everyone you meet look a little out of breath, a little blue.**

\* \* \*

**Do you remember that cold gray morning standing in front of the firing squad? How they took aim and fired shot after shot, always wide of the mark, until, disgusted, you took up an extra rifle and shot yourself through the heart to show them how it was done? Well, I do. I was there, standing blindfolded, right beside you. And, man, you were fucking magnificent.**

### **How to Have an Eye Orgasm Every Time**

**My father murdered us all in our beds but it was okay because he left a nightlight on & read us a bedtime story first**

**which always ended happily ever after.**

**My mother was a figment of my imagination.  
She existed at the bottom of peanut butter jars  
& inside of eggs.**

**To feel her I had to wet my finger & stick it  
inside of electric outlets.**

**But don't misunderstand what I'm saying  
as a linguistic form of cystic fibrosis.  
I am looking for no man or woman's pity.**

**Mounted on a central spindle with a handle,  
I learned early that you can look your best  
with just the right amount of adhesive.**

**It's up to you to make yourself a worthy  
member of society  
either as a bug spray or an air conditioner;  
it doesn't matter what.**

**When will I begin my second pregnancy?  
When should I begin potty training?  
When do I begin to lose all hope?  
These are badly worded questions.  
You have to imagine a world lit by fire  
in which most people are cold.  
You have to make the most ambitious effort  
at the most crucial stage of development  
to reverse your image.  
In other words, the yellow journey is taken by  
the rider  
who is not the winner.**

**Despite over a century of interest,  
all the zebras galloped out of New Orleans  
as early as 1875.  
They'd had enough.  
Still, there's a zebra behind every door.**

**Look, Are You Under the Bed?**

**Fire hydrant in the last  
days of platitude**

**I is just another way  
of asking who**

**Pompous is the crater  
that belies us**

**Plenty is the sign  
that cooks the corn**

**Gnome that empty  
spills the water**

**Tree jet crash that never  
greek nor worm**

**Horizon revise  
parkway  
crave imagine**

**Tower walks**

**the poker flat  
& horn**

**Fernando Pessoa Carried Off by Ants**

**Toads  
in love carts  
nothing follows  
nothing fossils  
now the serum**

**time in a cartoon**

**salivating  
salvation**

**if I committed any crime  
it was to fall asleep  
when the meteors came**

**outage  
a final mass  
a nun caricature  
a tree buried in a hole  
all the way to turpentine**

**serpentine**

**my tambourine has a small memory  
dressed in goo  
ridiculous**

**I speak in sentimental espadrilles**

**in English it means:  
to cut off your face to spite your nose  
happy birthday, the bazooka whispers**