from ‘You’ve Got a Pretty Hellmouth’

Michael Sikkema

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FROM ‘YOU’VE GOT A PRETTY HELLMOUTH’

Michael Sikkema

Are we the last one standing? Is there room in that car? Is that our blood? There are only two reasons to be in these woods and I want to fuck them

*

I’ll die right after the first joke, the second jump-scare. I’ll die all the way through

*
The flat tire. The distant window light. The upskirt with panicked breathing. The empty train car. The cabin porch after hours of walking. The warehouse party pitch black. The deserted whatever.

*  

To walk away alive, burn it down. Don’t mind the frame. Breathe. Burn it down. Don’t wait around to scatter ashes.

*
All the expected plot twists assure that we’re the killer again, the detective tracking ourselves up the mountain, into the ghoul forest, away from the street lights, out past cell reception. Probably our skirt is torn, the camera angle’s soft dominance, probably we’re white as money, we’re understood as food.

*

Are we still alive? The fault lines and our weak punches. Our savior, transparent albino-bright, 3-pieced blue-toothed, buying out the ground from underneath the killer Bugs Bunny style

* 

We’re running through the fog where space is a woman where we are knives cocks sticks axes
hands burst through
the stitches the slits in
light stuck again stuck
like the camera is
a sewing machine

*

You think
the daylight's different
but bleed the same. A
better shot of the sexy
grave. Tourists
flock around
decorative holes

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Michael Sikkema is the author of 3 full length collections of poetry, *Futuring*, *January Found* (Blazevox Press), and *May Apple Deep* (Trembling Pillow Press). He's also written several chapbooks and collaborative chapbooks, most recently *Time Missing* from Grey Book Press. He is the editor of Shirt Pocket Press. He believes in you and enjoys correspondence at Michael.Sikkema@gmail.com.