Everyone Says
I Need a New Attitude

Zoë Regnier
the sky is
alive with lilac
hues
blow

IngCot ton
candy blues

pinks
lie 'neath

lemons
limes

trees

GrOw

HIGH: cho co

lates

orange (breasted) robins

pick apparel rotten sneakers (ratty tattied)

tipTossed over netting

of th in

branches

Everyone Says
I Need a New Attitude

Zoë Regnier

April, 2017

Prof. Sina Queyras, ENGL 225
summer slapped
caught us all by our toes       and my canvas back was torn
(nobody fessed up to the crime so it never existed)
butterflies slumped in and the humidity slipped and fly trapped us
and you were a pirouette of
wh-ee-stling grass
  i don't like my body but I like my canvas when it’s with yours
  muscles better and nerves more
  i like your hows
  canvas stretches across your frame and parts into mine
two rotten grapes ready to ripen the others
(fruit rots faster in groups)
  my green looks good with your red
  (i may not make the best lime green but your bright pinks make up for it)
i like to feel the cracks in your fabric and you like the feel of hands
you go out of hands and return into hands
i will be mov(-
  )ing in the streets of your canvas  trailing through the traffic
  of your brush work
we make the best pictures oh
  ver my veRyLit(tlestreet
where our fabrics meet and a single star is utter
  ed in the SpRiNKLiNg sunlight
  we toss sneakers into tre(e)es
sneeze at cotton that you open blossom by blossom
(our allergies are our victories)
nobody, not even in the sun, has such small hands
fragile rosy lillies float terribly in splintering foam
  but summer whittled you.
rain pistols like rhinestones in the sky
the clouds like black nylons
over the white balloon whose body is fee 1 ing around greys--wet and concrete
(should I get into the balloon? would the people let me yellow there?
would I mix with the blank space as it jumps higher
than suburbs and concrete
over pomegranates and kidney beans ((we sail))
away (and away) until my breath sees tomorrow

and the sun bl(inks and wipes-----
and summer smacks and the blue birds pick themselves.

everyone says I need a new attitude
(red maybe blue soothe the masses)
they think I need less green and sometin
i dun no: edible.
when I try to do something different with my h a i r: it's rat(ty
it always comes out like s-crappy leaf(ves) f l u—
tter ing
brown(ing dull)ing
it’s fall
(ing)
orange, (this ravaged apostrophe) pulpy
pulped (it’s too lumpy)
with pumpkins and s-whee-t potatoes
( a litter of apostrophes crowding a barn
not enough to capitalize them
now I need to capitalize them )

If I focus hard
enough,
I can see
wheen the yellow taxi hit the dying trees
(rotting inside and out)
straight on. Contraction (contraction)
the red ink comes off on my hands

come see me if it’s yours

there is living calamari
swinging over my eyeball (where it latched)
because the roof was sweltering
melt (elt) ing
d----
ah----
on
(deep dish day-own)
brown(ing dull(ing))
octopods sweat too.
a degree anti-persiperant sponge cake. (white with puss)
became a sore thumb
and a little peach pit with a scissor fetish made it a
stUCK UP septopod (purple green and sick
tick looking)
speech therapy for septopods pulling jaws
(a recovering marine biologist)
eye pries
(roof opens rain shoots spongecake stirs)
tentacles cANdy wrap
Coral reef bus railings.
A prodigee pedigree ((he’s silver and gold and expen:sive))

Everyone has some thin tumoring them
Mine’s sucking on my shell
a lazy star dis inte
Grates faintly sweeting the air
yellow breezes
pale
oce cans of dand(y)lion flooff.
1 man: clockface
and twinkling hands among murders of umbrellas
children that litter the yard with toys.
called burgandy for leaving their toys out and out
topples a
slippery periwinkle mess of caked violet shrubs.
floating snakes, who are the wind bring spring and
spring springed and the house
sprung intotears
shingles whisper
and chimneys steam.
roofs are nervous
in soured sunbeams soft fury
While the water drains over the windows and bricks
while bricks and the water drains on the windows
while bricks and windows drain water on the limp greens
((and all these turn into toys on the ground))
a dog barks
Spring leaves and the pigeons tin for cans at street corners
ink drip drops on
my collar and
everyone avoids me
i'm stained
infra red or razzmatazz or cherry cola twizzler
can't remember the shade
play lost and found in teacher's paint cabinet
the red isn't me
mix it with robineggs and cornflowers and inchworms and ferns
mix the best me
and it clays
and it makes people stare
and laugh hand they cry because they laugh and laugh because they cry
sooooooo much that their faces turn into

Eggplants
i laugh: they ro' tting and I twit(ch) it(ch) at their ant hill smiles
the ants farm through the decomposition
(they don't like my colour either)
i put my ears in dirt and climb trees
to feel the earth congeal
the grass blades fracture their spines
and the ants raisin in shell
i climb trees

people and skies and moons

wash my skin (*consider re-fragmenting*)

warm breath against the cold air

(BREATHE)

weak branch snaps and I drop and the

flower buds bloom from

under

neath sheets of sleet

f-

all into bubbles of clover and melted ice

children tumble into games and toys

i meneeelll

IT into books and mold into dish soap and wet birch
desc end into body caught between youth and maturity

in a (c)sea of bodies

str-e---t---ch and constric-t

(BREATHE) blurred borders of skin and miles of hair-
where does my body end (BREATHE) and another body begin

(do I begin?)

i disintegrate through

the currents something colors me because my

borders are careless

fall into reality

my head meets the silver skies the white earth and my tumor

grows legs