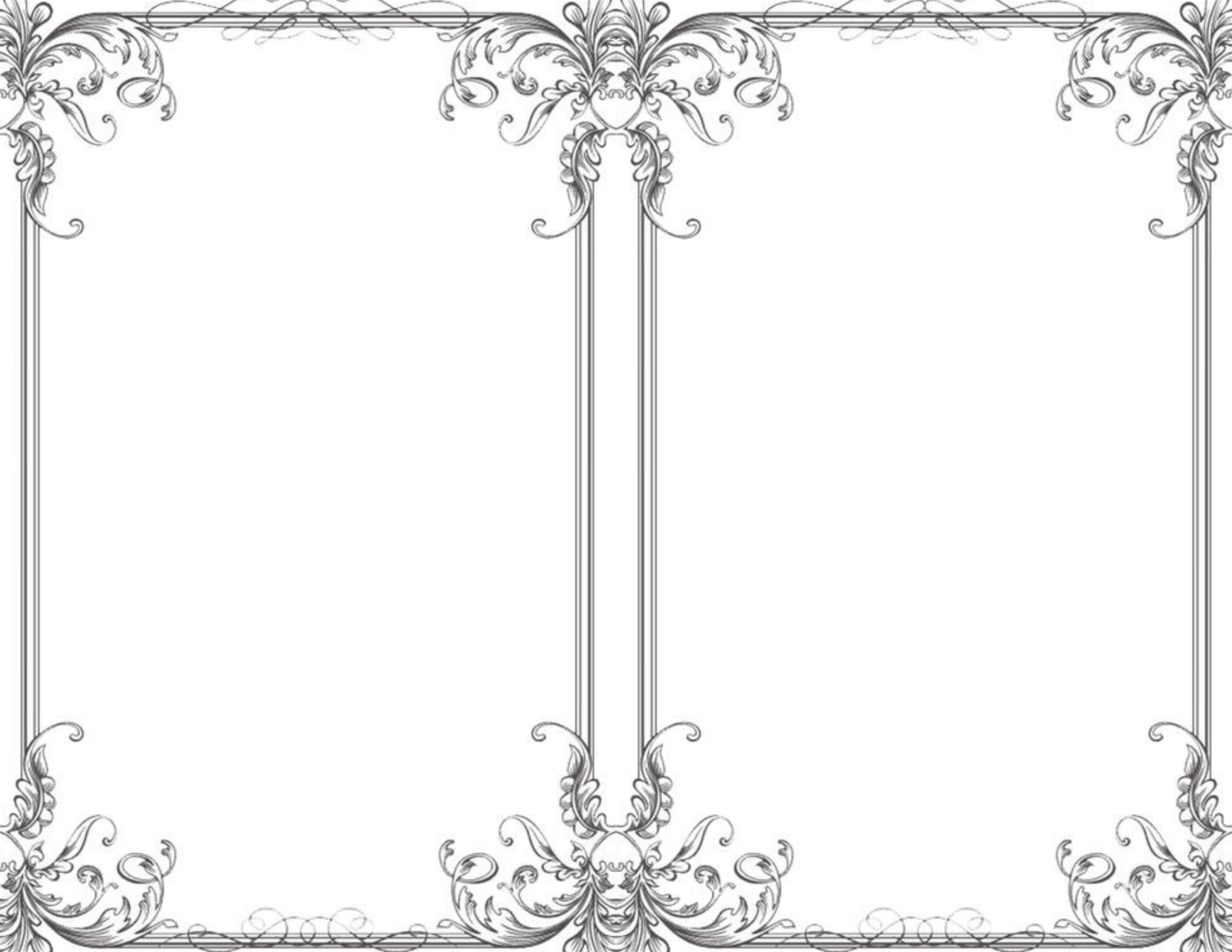
Everyone Says
I Need a New Attitude

Zoë Regnier



the sky is
ali ve with lilac
hues
bl
    ow
        IngCot ton
      can dy 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 t h in
                branches

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Prof. Sina Queyras, ENGL 225

summer slapped
caught us all by our toes a nd 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 pir ou ette 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(ee)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 and bells and black nylons:

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----- tears

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'stoolumpy)

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

whee-n 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

m alt (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:ansive))

Everyone has some thin tumoring them

Mine's sucking on my shell

a lazy star dis
inte
Grates
faintly sweeting the air
pale yellow breezes
oce eans of dand(y))lion flooff.
1man: 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 b ~~eggs~~
(b)arks
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 s t a r e
andlaughandtheycrybecausetheylaughandlaughbecausetheycry
soooooooooooooooooooh much that their faces turn into

Eggplants
i laugh:theyro' 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

the dark is abully
the sun shrivels ---------- away
royal blue shields of clouds
naked trees:peeling ash
paint and frozenamber: peak
Under
doll(ull)glares of goldfinches
n murder their leaves nd trim
their own branches
lakes of black tar
whistle and hug shores
evergreens flaunt last season's coat (everypin(e)t)
cotton balls coughed up by clouds kiss ground
and are scolded into men by ginger children

cold snaps people have hushed yard sales
to flu the fight
cardinals steal muffs off ears of those who
don't remember when they read green

All get gunned down by slush
climb from chimney to chimney to avoid it

in jackets of pine,
sugar plums,
and checkered flannel,
they sing lullabies every hour of the day
(oh) . a m) .
theres O(o)
o : (n

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
un der
neath sheets of sleet
f-
all into bubbles of clover and melted ice

children tumble into games and toys
i meeeelll
llt 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 c-onstric-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