



Bad Girl Gone Badder
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Origami Poetry Project

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Little Red Goes In For Elective Surgery

We can never kiss.
You with a blue square
that covers your mouth,
and me, just anatomy.
The sky is held with four
strings and this turns my knees
inside out. I wouldn't be able
to understand your coffee breath,
the way you leave
incisions on the table,
tiny yawns which need to be pinned.
You have the drip, and I the beep,
and there I go—another representation.
What have you done with the crowd's
chorus, that small cloud of outliers
that I still haven't gotten over?
Can you, for once, bring the dirt
to me?

Little Red Embraces Militant Feminism

It gave up its water to hold water.
This basket of dried reeds held
to her head as she travels the well-worn
path trodden by many women.
This is the greatest palimpsest effect,
a sentence laid out from their doors
to the seeped-in well. One woman's footprints
alone would not be enough to bevel
and harden the earth, she would know,
too well, the stomped out story.
On the path there's a cacophony
of sentences spliced together and just one
woman hoping her basket springs a leak
one that rages with the memory of its birth,
the scent locked away for some season
to come and release it. She will not boil
the water this time, she will come home
as all things come home, with the desire
to create or destroy.

Little Red Tethered to the Bed

She makes the raft to handle the to and fro.
There are padlocks in her brain: if you bring your eye
to the keyhole you will see sparkling water,
industrial blue, women in bikinis who dip
their legs in and rub lotion on their arms
to reveal the secret. She remembers what it was
to love herself, to piss in the pot, her leg tethered
to her husband's bed post. She wiped so gingerly,
so tenderly and ignored the tugs as she beckoned
the disease closer and closer waving some wand in the air.

Little Red Considers Symmetry

Birds flit forth,
one-half coursing with little color
the other white as Little Red's
dream bubble where they pass
presenting stiff plumage,
asking for horse hair to nest.
Only one eye is needed
for flight, but the birds expose
their white-halves and draw
the violence towards the head—
pencil circling for symmetry,
where the other eye should be.