

Spokes

Pond

she tattooed her failures on her arms which ran wrists to shoulderblades

she wore them above her charm bracelet given to her on her birthday

a silver wrist bound carousel given to her by her father

so bright back then but tarnished since, she used to be the favorite daughter

that no longer applies

expiration date went by

you used to be so pretty

knuckles crack from faulty swings leaving memories of him
imprinted in the purple yellow browns that only recently began
to fade back to the colors you are really supposed to be
in sickened ways you guiltily found them to be so pretty

your long face wears long sleeves

to hide what's underneath

everyone just thinks you're clumsy

the blue backed cards could only be used for flimsy construction

after he took the royalty and lined his spokes with them

ferris wheels of noble men spray out the perfect rhythm

the dirt hill jumps were always best he found out by the prison

that's where your real father lives

he didn't go down with his ship

that's just what your mother told you