

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 your 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