

Flora Guthrie

Mimosa Trees

A minor exercise
Emerging into public space.

A neighboring peak defrosts
under the Sarasota sun.

Slowly
I become myself
under the gaze
of fifty-five-hundred
nobodies.

Easing into nature's
rocking chair,
I pat the graves of my
insecurities, wary of the skeletal
hand
ready to thrust itself

back out the second
one pair of eyes

lingers too long.

Mimosa trees whisper in the back of my mind.

"I will confidently
die alone."

Quarter century of pushing up
the brim of my glasses from atop
my tower.

"Will these people ever learn."

My wriggling hermit shells
create quicksand, clasping
at some great underneath
that I don't truly
want to uncover.

I exhume forced vigor,
jackhammering the body hairs
grafted to my skin.

I will not bait the hook.

I shout into the Void, "Keep the mosquitoes at bay!"
God dispassionately considers the utilitarian calculus involved.
By Four O'clock, we have his answer: the larvae continue to
wiggle around in the back of our minds.

Naming streets after fallen trees, like prisoners of war
suspended above adolescent bamboo shoots. Hectares of
heretical posturing, embellishing their debt of deference to the
Mother. The self-important fucks forget they are her child. My
rotten branch finally snaps.

The skeleton's fingers twist upward.

Context (1/11/24)

We twist
Ourselves
under a
dull knife
like the skin
of a Tangerine
that doesn't
need to be
Peeled
but we peel
it anyway
a fingernail
of Certainty
somehow
doesn't
connote
the precision
we are wishing for
in such gestures.

Mother
of one
of the
kidnapped,
who can
Know
other than
Her
Condemnation
without Context
and yet, we still
get sent to the camps
like smug dipshits
immaterial, circumstantial
and yet, attracting
the sympathy
of those who won't

give a flying fuck
about ideological diversity
about cultural flavors
since no one can stop them
from civilizing their own
unknowing caste society.

How difficult is it
to lose support?
it has to be
a personality plus
something special
the gay sex of intellect
minus the context
of ambiguity
like being choked
without the consent
like having your ass slapped
without the safety of a kiss, after
you'd think it's just
smile and truth
yet in the epicentre of sense
our original minds
are tied up
blindfolded to memory
beaten stupid by advice
loved by opinions
bossed around by someone
who cares.

If I knew
what this
was in reference to,
i'd think you
were hideous
like seven people
who exploded
when they hit the water
after jumping

from a thousand foot bridge
i don't trust it
but someone
has to stop
and I get the
reminders
like a panel of
comic con creators
who interject
with kinks,
apropos of
self-hatred
who couldn't be backed
by megacorporations
funded by biased
distractions
and yet we climb
the nuance of squeaks
somehow startles
our sense of magnitude
and yet we resist
the before.