

*en(try)*

A key inside your front door's lock withholds a knock-knock joke or Houdini mind-trick. I interrupt its ambition with a force, hello.

Opposite, an ajar sliding glass patio door, wind flooding an august chamber. Most of the day. Birds mock Pollock on your car. Become driven, Jedi cognition of the father, who art.

I'm not interested in the word according to Luke. No illiciting on my star step. Incant be.

All chili dogs go to heaven, that mouth I bliss. An opinion, then *Did you know that?* An ion walks into a bar and orders a catatonic.

Karaoke, name that tunic. I put a lace on anything that is your favorite.

Electoral volt. Benjamin Franklin my dear I don't give a Hoover dam. But I do draw from the grid.

Unlike Houdini, you survive your appendicitis. Your organ emigrates, leaving behind one wordless line.

One out of four legs break. This is not a statistic but a moment of your kitchen chair. I am sitting in its partner as you are cracked to nadir, seated as startled as a hatchling.

A friend once thought you give chickens milk. Shake chocolate. Carrot at the end of a stick or cherry at the end of a stem.

I pluck away buns, fork and knife double meat. Pickle wisps cheese tar glittered lettuce. Mayonnaise be merry and bright.

You frown at any vinegar, but I've tablespooned. Balled chocolate over roasted Brazil nuts.

You fail at correcting a kitten that claws two of your forearms. The mammal sits behind you for a photo. Those ears polygon wild appearing at your headtop. German on the mount, Liebling.

The three-legged chair stands, unnatural. A rugged pirate gone redundant with pegged limbs. Cook what grows in the eye patch.

*(sw)um*

When you walk into the cold pool your face looks like it took a bad taste. I wait with dead bug surface tension at 4 ft.

My dark long hair infests your rugs. Egg-drop soup crossing the placemats.

Later, pandas on appropriated tables in a Mexican restaurant. If bamboo were onomatopoeia.

When you hear me, think of the phonetics of hunger. Shake crickets from a box for an orange fat-tailed cold blood.

We polylingual spoon nutrients, crave and carve and cave of deepening morphemes. You paint an inside without representation. Presentation. The climate ax swoosh, but I regain my temperature.

The real trees bark outside the window, but for now one language is enough.

A mathematician parallel parks. 6<sup>th</sup> Street in Austin with buildings non-rhombohedral. Hipsters move like original chess pieces in the hand of an unknown Romanian.

Fail at alphabetizing because order is arbitrary. Mere memory, a vintage bought cheap in Kindergarten. We all speak English with the accent.

The accidental listener winds the box to hear the ticks again. Cog of mouth. We both habitually have hum spurts.

A cinema is showing *Aliens*. I strain my face between my fingers. This is my first viewing. I laugh my fear and fear my laugh in an audience. My sound a butter on the seat.

Recurring sets of thorax to thorax. Whisper lymphatic. Is everyone else really *that* boring. Am I no *common* denominator.

Every reptile needs its cave. We use one pillow. Fat as an algebraic letter. I do the same thing to both sides of the sign.

Vanessa Couto Johnson earned her MFA from Texas State University. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Really System*, *Eratio*, *Hot Metal Bridge*, *shufPoetry*, *Star 82 Review*, *100-Word Story*, and elsewhere. She runs [treksift.com](http://treksift.com) and blogs at [meansofpoetry.com](http://meansofpoetry.com).