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Poetry Re-Submission - Loren Smith

Loren Smith
Oklahoma State University

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Motorhead

My brother adopts orphans from
grease graveyards. He adopts children
with twisted turbines and dead pistons
and with his wrench he teaches their sparks
to explode again. He teaches their axles to spin
and their engines to roar and then
he does his children's hair with blow torches
and clothes them with spray painters. He puts
new shoes on their feet with tire irons and
zooms on back country roads with
a hand wrapped around their hand.

My brother is tempered fire. A father
to the strays and the lost.

Prayer Of An Eighteen Year Old Man

Don't let me die in the suburbs,
my neck strangled by a tie and my
fingers wrapped around the keys
of a minivan. Don't let my heart give
out lawn mowing and don't let it
bleed on the Home Owners Association Fee.
Don't let my feet stop moving in
between cookie cutter houses and
home décor stores. Don't let my
eyes stop roaming beyond the horizon
of the local diner. Don't let my tongue stay in
the back of my mouth forever. Don't let
my nose stop aching for the sulfur of
adventure. Don't let my skin stop
sweating for the sand of a beach.

Please, God, don't let me die in the suburbs.

Jealousy

Happiness sticks to you
like color to a bird.
It wraps you up like bark.
Like scales of a fish
that shed water
and shine sleek in
fragmented light.

It ferments in you like wine.
Whirls about you like campfire
light on burning logs and sings
like a siren when you're gone.

Happiness wraps you up
like rain in a blanket of clouds.
It makes love to you like the
sun to a horizon and I'm jealous.