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Poetry Re-Submission - Loren Smith

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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.