

DITCH, THE POETRY THAT MATTERS

ANDREA DEANGELIS



Andrea DeAngelis is at times a poet, writer, shutterbug and musician living in New

York City. Her writing has recently appeared in *Heavy Bear*, *Clockwise Cat*, *Calliope Nerve*, *The Blue Jew Yorker*, *Word Riot*, *Denver Syntax*, and *Writers Bloc*. Andrea also sings and plays guitar in an indie rock band called MAKAR (www.makarmusic.com (<http://www.makarmusic.com/>)).

mis-seeing

Waking mid-motion derailed
 mis-seeing twisted tree trunks
 for drunken suited men with washcloth faces
 wiping off the wasted nightscape of midnight misplaced
 before a caked men's room mirror.

Wipe saliva thickened glass
 last night's travel grime
 not to see but to mis-see
 to shudder inside
 what could have been.

The man's face is blurred with
 deliberate cysts
 creating and collapsing cheeks
 bleed before the caffeine steam
 stream of seamless mornings.

Stale faces and
 rusted crusts of mouths
 forgotten in the lost and found
 constant consumptive warnings
 of clockarms upon beige lives staining
 expertly folded and tucked frowns

starched backaches
and steam-pressed foreheads
crushes upwards
hours upon hours misplaced.

Look in deeper
the pockmarked men's room mirror
an eaten-up tree trunk man
wavers across yawns of railroad gasps.

Does he find himself asleep
standing over the urinals cocooned
inside the Hoboken waiting room,
losing hours while wringing out his expressions
in the sink?

Evenings are half-digested
as he fails his wedding band
the drain crawls with torn-out hair
as a woman she simply doesn't understand
his need for erasable eyebrows
and moisturized alligator hands.

Rubbing through
this train's window
waking the day away
enclosed
inside the men's room mirror
picking at skin deeper
to see clearer
stare through to a man
practicing his face
to make it taste
like dissolving peppermints
to the silver of her
that will soon disappear
without a palatable trace.

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