

FLUTTER POETRY JOURNAL

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Vivid

The sky was tinted
with a cakey brush
left out too long
to be able to be drawn on,
burn on
thin invisible lines.

The hue,
hidden crush of violet
is the bruise underneath
what is you
and what is left
teetering on the violence of definition
absorbs all my vision.

Pewter clouds have molted
teeth-stripped white
the moths in London
are finally the scars
of industrial filth and grime
they have turned black
as meaty stuff
belched out of smokestacks
reminds me of my abnormal heart.

O mother, why did you
ever tell me that?
for now all I see are those gypsies
becoming birds
swooping in and out
of the shelter of roofs.

I walk home from an English seduction class
and feel the sky littered with you
such a pale sigh
he walks beside
points to those gray doves
and I believe his watercolor eyes.

A boy who could destroy
through mediocre calculation
and lukewarm tea
a special closing in kind of talking.

Did you too,
ever believe someone
to be so untrue?

The bottom of their wings white
the tops ashen
bits of newspaper
as lost lines fly away.

The boy told me
all daughters fear their mothers
he never liked his.

You lost me
because I was always a screamer
however, sometimes
I see you underneath –
a distance of experience
that will never be gotten to.

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