

## EAT

*EMILY KENDAL FREY*

I cook down  
a pot of plums

to make jam  
and the color

is a hole  
in my future

## VELODROME

Burn me to a hole  
you can't see through

An eye is a place  
on a landscape

The moon is an eye  
I can't see

## SPRINGTIME CAN KILL YOU

I'm falling in love with not falling in love  
again. I'm like that cheap  
movie theatre in Somerville that plays  
all the good flicks but months too late.  
You already know how it ends.  
There's no rush or glow going in.  
Right now my dying laptop

is trying to erase this. Everyone  
plugged in, new ways  
to escape fate. Out in "the world"  
people migrate to me, feel safe  
asking questions—what time is it,  
what day, where to switch trains.  
Yesterday someone asked if he could see  
one of my cheap sequined shoes.  
Summer is coming. There'll be  
stars then, even in the city.  
Watching baseball at Fenway Park  
I'll pretend the giant lights are planets  
or bugged out alien eyes. The blazing  
will comfort me.

## SPRINGTIME CAN KILL YOU (2)

Your words make me want to shit rocks.  
I get clogged. After I've consumed  
them I'm filled with air and heartburn.  
On the Silver Line on the way to Chinatown  
for a spicy tofu sandwich I got stuck  
talking to a woman with trout lips  
and sunglasses. She went on and on  
about Easter and Thai food and places  
in the neighborhood now closed.  
*I like fish*, she said. I couldn't object  
to that. It's not that my stance  
became more generous (too late)  
but that just before my stop I allowed  
for her existence—I'm writing you in  
to this—as it happened. Her mouth.  
On the ride back I thought how hard  
this would be to relay to you. I got sad.  
My fingers smelled like carrots and  
handrails. You'd never know this.  
It's the difference between rocks  
and everything else.