

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

*Jay Sizemore*  
**Weekends**

Fresh flowers for sale by the roadside,  
stolen from graves. They won't be missed.  
Might be sold before visitors  
need to blame the wind.  
Blue carnations, red tulips,  
white stains of sweat, dried  
into the bill of his cap,  
fingers dirty and raw,  
pink from plucking stems.

She sees herself in there,  
in the body of her youngest daughter,  
a beauty she smothers with butter  
and a cloying platitude for love,  
eyes like smoke alarms  
at the hint of an empty plate,  
her honeyed ham arms  
slinging paint onto the mirror,  
and guilt onto the dinner table.

Eat and be miserable like me,  
don't you like the bouquet  
your father bought me?

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### Ken and Barbie

Her nudity isn't obscene  
as long as her hands  
cover her nipples,  
and everyone pretends  
that she doesn't have a vagina  
or an asshole down there.

His penis doesn't exist,  
a plastic castration  
of smooth flesh tones,  
a smile on every face  
filled with white paint.  
His hair doesn't move.

Sex.

No pimples.

Sex.

No cavities.

Sex.

No farting.

Sex.

No fatties.

Sex.

No education.

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### What I have learned

You can't fit a square block  
into a heart-shaped hole.

You can't tell love what to do,  
because it is a perpetual teenager,  
take away it's keys,  
and it will steal your car while you sleep  
to go somewhere with beaches  
and oceans bluer than the eyes  
of your memories.

The heart may just be a muscle,  
but it feels like more,  
it feels like a jar filled with bees,  
it feels like magnetic north,  
it feels like a fist squeezing an orange,  
it feels like a bubble of air  
trapped in a vacuum,

especially when she is around,  
she must have tied  
invisible strings to the corners  
of her mouth,  
and fastened them to pulleys  
inside my aortic valve  
so every time she smiles  
it almost kills me,  
lifting me off the ground.

I've learned the chances  
are worth taking,  
even when they are wrong,  
because it puts everything that's right

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in bold print and italics  
in the middle of pages  
written in foreign languages  
you will never understand,  
but you can try to speak the words  
just to feel them on your tongue  
like a hormone flavored lozenge  
or a strip of emotional acid.

If you walk into the wrong house,  
don't ask to stay for dinner,  
because even though they may let you,  
may even ask you to stay the night,  
may even want you to help  
pick out the names of children  
that haven't been born,  
eventually, you're going to want  
to leave,  
to find the home  
you were looking for to begin with,  
and just hope no one  
burned it down  
while you were gone.

You can't fit a square block  
into a heart-shaped hole.