

Winter Cinemas

Emmalea Russo

FLIES

We begin painting everything itself. Lost insects swirl in hurried circles as the storm starts. Your hand covers a portion of your mouth. In the dump and in the cosmos. A fizzing puddle of seltzer moves toward the ant trap. A cloud streams through dirt detergent haunted jewels as Marguerite Duras watches a fly die. Television on the floor flutters color bars.

MILK PAINT

Shaking stranger's reflection in revolving coffee. Milk and gem. I sit beside my brother and begin to paint on a five by five-foot canvas. Stinger in the cream. The café scene loops. I make the glittermilk spin, paint. More than ever I have to look around me. More than ever I have to look around me more. Than ever I have to look.

BEFORE VISITATION

that light swells
tongue, spleen

black cherry seltzer
hisses prodigiously

confectionary nausea
crushing frosted flakes

on the kitchen floor
calico cat on purple blanket

and record player
prostrate angel calendar

away from Plato's sun, a gold locket
dangles high above the dishwater

in the French film
Hermès handbag on fire

uprooted cord of the varnished world
faux fur coat with gold clasps

some people will walk through
that door any minute now

apple skin on the counter curls
into paused soda water

BETWEEN

Pythagoras heard the voice of his dead friend

from the mouth of an injured dog

his mystic cult of math was popular

a heart drawn around the words

a human heart in a candy box

whose hue extracts then spits back

interregnum between steel and cloud

a heart is a recording device running loops

around grandmother's old house

