

## *Things that will not make me rich*

I don't know when  
inane knowledge set up camp  
in my cranium, but it has.

I know how Harrison Ford  
got his scar (tripped shaving,  
bonked his chin on the cabinet)  
and the rate of repair  
for most cars from 2000-2005.

I don't know pi's decimal places,  
but I memorized a recipe  
for one that's chocolate mint.

I know how many calories  
are in fat free Cool Whip  
(10 per tablespoon)  
and the best route to avoid  
Atlanta rush hour traffic  
(straight on, detours congest).

I don't know the distance  
from Earth to Mars,  
but the character who appeared  
in the most consecutive episodes  
of Star Trek was a Klingon.

I know that cleaning cookies  
out of my computer makes it faster  
and to swipe my security card  
up fast (down slow bars my entrance).

I don't know how lasik  
fixes vision permanently  
but I do know how to wiggle  
my bottom eyelashes.

I know the addresses and  
phone numbers for every house  
or apartment I've ever lived; but

I don't know how to talk  
to my sister who lived there, too.

## *Florence, I bleed*

Wednesday morning sunshine  
peeps through angel wing curtains  
and I stretch and wiggle my toes  
under new sheets in an old hotel.

Silver ballet flats instead  
of pointed-toe practical heels,  
a messy bun and my camera  
and I'm out with a quick Espresso.

Santa Maria Novella  
and double dark  
gelato for breakfast.

I follow the arteries  
until they become veins  
connecting piazzas and palaces.

I do not pay to see the royals  
apartments. The gardens  
spread wide in precisely  
perfect parameters. No weeds  
or wildflowers.

Up and up I hike,  
sweat droplets staining  
ancient steps, my calves burning  
in operatic objection.

Seven hours and twelve miles  
bring a Nutella crepe,  
two bubble baths,  
three local beers,  
and four blood stains  
in my silver ballet flats.

## *Grey Spring*

Thursday afternoon and the office  
tension is thick with lay-off  
rumors and cut hours.

White and green coffee mugs,  
supposed to make us forget  
we now pay for the percolating  
morning high, sit on my desk—  
discarded attempts at slight-of-hand.

My husband is tired of cleaning  
cat litter out of the carpet  
instead of heading into some job  
that pays better than directly deposited  
unemployment.

M\*A\*S\*H reruns get old,  
new recipes are expensive and  
after a while *Oblivion* is uninspired.

I slip out from behind my glaring  
Dell monitor and sneak some time  
in the boss's office to stare out  
onto the man-made lake, wishing  
the sun was on my back instead  
of fading the upholstery of my car.

I count 16 goslings, 5 ducklings  
and smile.

## *Joy Ride*

I am tired and want soup  
despite the 90+ degrees at 6:30.

I worked too much today, should've  
left with the boss but that project  
won't complete itself, I say.

NPR oozes soft modern classics  
from the speakers in my car. I think  
I hear an oboe.

The rust red pick-up  
passes me on the way  
to Publix on Old Buncombe Road.

We're stopped at the same light, Rusty  
and me, his passing doing no good, when  
I see the head of a mutt poke out  
the back window of the extended cab.

Rusty shifts and turns left and the mutt  
bites the air that rushes his face.

## *Spring into Summer*

*a reaction to skip foxes "sic transit"*

Grass clippings sing  
with azaleas and manure,  
children hang by skinned knees  
on jungle-gyms.  
Mornings smell like raspberry smoothies  
and sweat drops blossom  
on a sidewalk during my run.  
Sunsets mean roasted corn  
and cold beer on the porch swing.  
Sundress straps slip  
from my freckled shoulder and the breeze  
lifts my blue skirt above my knees,  
teasing me away from  
finals and papers.  
Forgetting winter's death song  
and a MasterCard Christmas,  
I dance barefoot in the grass.  
The Moon and Venus  
admire my toenail polish,  
sandy pink with silver sparkles.