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Untitled

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Untitled

I am a magpie, seeing one beautiful part of a man, collecting it quickly, hoarding it with the other small, beautiful parts I've collected.

My trinkets stack and rub and tumble together, creating a glimmering kaleidoscope man.

He's the book he bought me for my birthday then he is staying up til 6 in the morning watching YouTube videos then he's the blu-ray boxed set of *Avatar* he let me steal for 2 weeks then he's an overly chewed on floss stick then he's a hook-up that involved 3 separate bloody noses then he's young and edgy then he's old and crotchety then he's looking at a chubby baby in a stroller and squealing faster than I could clock the baby and squeal then he's absently singing my favorite Eagles song under his breath...

He's a fae's glamour that I can't quite hold in my sight because his edges are blurred and he's forever shifting.

I think he's pictures of beautifully plated appetizers, no he's a rushed car makeout after 2 years of flirting, or is he the smell of cigarettes and spilled Hennessey, or the echoes of indie rap bumping in a NoLa Air BnB? Is he an evening of Super Mario Sunshine? Is that a neck tattoo?

This new man is the old men is all future men
Is an addition to my grotesquely gorgeous chimera man who holds all of my horrible taste and wonderful experiences and rebuilds and breaks my heart until...

About JoJamba Matthews

JoJamba Matthews is a graduate student, poet, and activist originally from St Paul, MN. She moved to Grand Forks for the Cream of Wheat, and stayed for the Old English Coulee. Her work usually explores love, loss, loneliness, race, and poverty. Sometimes it also features her dog, Ziggy.

