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Tinkerers

Heather Barry

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Tinkerers

Heather Barry

Heather Barry is a Mojave Desert native living off-and-on between Grand Forks, North Dakota & California. She's an English major in her senior year. She (hopes) to be joining the North Dakota Army National Guard in 2021 & continue to write poetry & short stories, but mostly poetry & social issues more widely.

Our shadow box is like a small hearse we make pretty
 In it, the crimson rouge for you has gone rogue, Cirque du soleil—
 A circus of your Sun
 I signed off on this project & our secrets did as riders.

We're set in these errors, up on a wire
 No finger on the pulse or ears to the ground
 I coast off into the blue—the blue blocks of text
 Aimless & wanting, wanting you to speak up once in a blue moon or when you're
 blue
 You never made a sound
 Gone. Blocked.

I coo over the black box of Memory:

Soothe

Soothe

I am nuts
 A word will not link us like I'm the great Blue Tooth Viking
 It will not nest us together in a sweetheart booth
 A word will not work. A word will not prosper,
 We are goners, Caspers as it were but *soothe* is somehow soothing
 Soothe

Soothe is not the name of our death

Humans usually like to name the things we've packaged and put to rest.

What did we ever get from just tinkering?
We were not artists playing with paints
We were shadow-boxers & I kept missing
I kept missing you because I misunderstood you
I mistook you for me
I thought I was circling us, getting better but maybe I just looked like a Vulture.

New shadows start to give us shade & discernment starts to seep
How did we let it in? Hearses do not have sunroofs & the casket's is no flyleaf
We will not tinker with it anymore!
We will not make it pretty.
I will not say a peep!
I will not, I will not
I will still think to when we dug in in that dug out on the bright side of night
if Hearses have moonroofs.