

Lisa Simpson, the yellow sister

LAUREN JACKSON

walks in with no posse but her own and flips
the dial to tententen so she can think a little an'

groove to a quake she made herself. She
tips the glass just so to see that self swirl.

Lisa Simpson, the *moody* one, parades around a
glass house all fogged up from hot sex and milds,

swinging fast and swinging low and swinging just
swinging with kissy lips and tiny bird ankles.

Ghetto bitch Lisa Simpson don't grow nothing can't
be bought or made more fabulous. Sister Lisa

braap braap braap her beauty shop nails across
the cheap linoleum. A homing beacon for the gods.

Lisa Simpson, my cotton creole sister, strums this
waxed guitar with glitter in her teeth and mama

pearls slung across that collarbone, imported off
some coast somewhere far and very very black.

Our very own, this girl, wafts the world with graced
conjure. Lisa Simpson, honey darling, go go go.

