

Most of Last Year and the Years Before It

SADIE DUPUIS

Everyone was smoking the bad kind of gossip
and when I got there it was Sunday
when time makes its anger loud

You could build your whole past with enough leaves
Screaming a breath of soot, throwing a handful of cobwebs
That's how it was to seep into vigilance

I had tried a lot of kinds of cobwebs
Largely bland blind items, long nails in locked bathrooms
and metalheads swaying to waltzes

But then sometimes I'd get up, go outside
feign ninety seconds of deadpan, reveal three small words
automate feedback, belljarred vibrato, and a little shadowbox

In a neutral place I'd douse every secret
Like medical kids on electrical rocks
Optimists, wearing shorts, getting their legs jacked

It shouldn't have made me laugh, but did
All that money could fund
ambivalent chugging, foxes fanning

owls swarming, a baby, or a mass
spectrometer, one our city needed
But our city threw its kitchen out as always

I had dishes and straws and was poised to write vindication
romantic tempos and high stakes discomfort
The worst case is never good for the logical

So I bridled the woodland horror
past a quip, took a break on a bar's dime
with my memory's windows smashed

Thanks for sticking through my anger
That's kind of like love
I steal cobwebs or I don't

