

I want to walk to the cafe

I want to walk to the café
on Mars
the restaurant at the end
of the universe
I want to kiss
a penguin, a saber tooth tiger
and a lullaby goodnight
I want to see my mother again
as I did when I was five
after I cut myself bangs
I want to clean up the mess I made of my life
the mess I made of my hair
the mess on the side of the highway
I want to know everything without even trying
see things that are not there
hold things that are not mine
I want to walk in all of your shoes
six or seven times back and forth
in my bedroom
I want to shake an armless hand
a faceless finger
and a nameless dreamer
I want to live underwater in human form
away from human things
I want to take a piece of everyone I meet
and make someone new
I want to make logic senseless and senseless blunders
into ruby wonders

I want to run loose in Willy's chocolate factory
ride the smellivator
burp blue bubbles and fly
I want to blow it on purpose
by making it too perfect
I want to see America be America
when there is no danger at hand
I want to see a bum with a fat gold diamond ring
a foul stench
and some fruit punch
I want to push pause long enough
to remember what just happened
I want to find a purple frog
that eats lions
and spits orange ants
I want to rake solid ground
make square things round
I want to laugh at things
that are not in the least bit funny
I want to pay dirt
for money
I want to jump to Texas stop the death machine
make thicker prison walls
I want to see what I look like
through your eyes
I want to feel every good emotion
all at once for a split second
I want to throw a ball

to an ornery koala without his claws popping it
I want to remember my birth
if it hurt
I want to find some weebol people
that won't topple over
I want a room full of childhood toys
instead of boys
I want to imprison an idea
that did not work

I want to end this here

CAROLINE SIGMON