

CARNIVAL

AKRON SERIES IN POETRY

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CARNIVAL

Jason Bredle



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I'm at the crest.
—Juphouto Bayasi

for Giancarlo

PROLOGUE

*How many crescendos
can someone feel at the same time?*

*Where does body end
and skin begin?*

*Why should we pull the butterfly
from the soap?*

*It's all I do.
All I do is think about it.*

*I'm afraid my teeth might be controlling my mind,
right now there's a star exploding above us*

*and we don't even know it
and so forth.*

CITY OF LAVENDER

I had everything I ever wanted to say to you organized in my head but forgot it all when you took my palm in your hand and with your index finger wrote “disaster.” If you were to ask me how I ended up here, I don’t even know. Every night at 8:25 I can’t believe it’s already 8:25 and I’m so happy it’s only 8:25. Sometimes I find tragedy reassuring. Sometimes I want to cry. Sometimes I want to sit in a quiet place. It’s within me to rip my own head off. I don’t want to think about where I’ve been or where I’m going. Can’t you see what type of person I am? Let me tell you about the city. It’s a city of lavender. I can’t remember its name. There are a lot of bank holidays.

HOLE IN MY HEART

It looks like I'll be cuddling up in the warm, soft arms of depression again this winter. I'm already hearing the voices. Major in political science. Get a job. Go back for a Master's in political science. Why don't you ask your friends how they imagine their funerals and who they think will attend. Do I look like I'm falling apart? A cookie appears in my hand and I eat it. I'm an idiot with no lips in a city where everyone is whistling. I'm preparing my boat to sail on the high seas of despair. Will this be another declaration of suicide? Reality has become obsolete. There's a reason night has a feminine article. The hole in my heart has gotten so big I can feel it and I can't deal with it anymore.