

Burst

To peel open a tangerine
 is to be startled by the scent
 of burst & burst & burst
 & to access the memory
 of soccer fields—
 my dad cheering me on,
 the dewy cut grass,
 the worn shin guards—
 to feel my head against his chest.

It is to taste
 the smell
 of the juices
 & to reach for
 what seems gone
 but is really just
 ripening, primed
 to be opened
 in bursts.

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1 **Self-Portrait as ICE as Teenager**

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3 *(at the house, evening)*

4 I've got a job
5 You said I could get a job
6T at the packing facility,
7 and then I could use the car

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9 *(at the house, night)*

10 I don't care if I'm under your roof
11 You know how many fathers I've had?
12 No, I haven't always been this way
13 Get off my back

14
15 *(at school, in office)*

16 Yeah, I punched him
17 but that fool started it.
18 He always starts shit
19 I just finish.
20 What, I'm supposed to take his shit?
21 He doesn't know what
22 I've been through

23
24 *(at mandated therapy)*

25 I don't know
26 How long does this go?
27 I'm just upset
28 I don't always
29 want to be in this body
30 I mean, I do sometimes haha.
31 I enjoy the thrill of a fight,
32 some blood on the ground
33 Yes, maybe that's it.
34 In a way, I just want to please
35 In a way, I just do what I'm told
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Little Dream

you come alive! what world
is this world your world

the dream small we hold
like a diadem to our chests

the way we will hold you
daughter past our fears

& will you be dream
will you dream into my

every future with your spark
eyes your heart beats

we await you like
resurrection of a queen

like coming of the wild vision foretold
you little one our anointing,

cup of blessing
mija how much

I love you already
little dream we've not yet seen

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