

# ORDINARY

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By

**T**essa

**F**lores

**WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...** *Here are three works by Tessa Flores. She appears to have a very unique way of arranging her thoughts. 'Ordinary' is a curious look at something or other. "Time goes by so fast I can't seem to catch up to now...It would be nice to be still answering what do you want to be when you grow up..." Time being neither linear nor circular is not lost on her. "The dish drain is never empty, my roots are always coming in..." 'I'm an Artist,' vengeful, perhaps, "...and / one day / when you give me nothing for the last time, / I will shrink you right back down to scale..." And 'Celibacy' is hilarious. Even if you have no interest in brushing up on your SET (Sexual Economic Theory). "I tried to have a crush on a man today to have something to do. / It was tiresome...When they approach my oasis / I direct them to the mainland. I tell them they wouldn't like the climate here." It's rare to hope that someone never runs out of things to say...(Spacing is poet's own.)*

*Five Stars.*

### Ordinary

It would have been nice for this all to be easier.

When we were kids while my dad napped we piled random things on top of his rising chest until he woke or it toppled over.

Whichever comes first.

There was a line between fullness and the sandpapering down,  
the run into the sunny ocean and getting the sand out of your bathing suit,  
the getting paid and the paying rent.

Time goes by so fast I can't seem to catch up to real-time.

It would nice to be able to take the hats off my head and doze off,  
leaning on a tree.

Monkeys stealing them and then getting them back.

The sky blue and sun yellow.

It would be nice to be still answering what do you want to be when you grow up,  
to still believe in bedtime and prom.

Ice cream and primary colors and the presidency.

Apple juice and the Powerpuff girls.

It's likely that my asthma was caused by my proximity to 9/11

and likely it will never go away.

It's likely that I messed up along the way

and there's no time to go back to re-read my answers

and choose another multiple-choice option.

I would be nice to still believe in erasers and Sundays and Chapstick.

To have heros again instead of falling in on each other and ourselves, making makeshift crutches out of whoever's nearest, walking eachother home.

It would be nice to play foursquare again and not just Jenga,  
to unclench the jaw and to remember how to breathe.

### **I'm an artist.**

I am bad at art but great at mirages,  
and I have turned you from stick figure to 3D king and  
one day  
when you give me nothing for the last time,  
I will shrink you right back down to scale,  
crumple you up  
and toss you into the trash.

### **Celibacy**

I tried to have a crush on a man today to have something to do.  
It was tiresome, I felt like a fucking peacock showing my beauty and it was ridiculous.  
Every glance I saw of myself, real skin showing, drowsy lines under my eyes, lips jutting a out a bit,  
I could have been an ant  
but I got all this body.

When you think of it that way you just can't be upset.

I retreated and was satisfied in my lack of effort. I don't want a man who is holding court under a pavilion in Florida with the blondes who ask "where do you live?" "west palm" "what part of west palm."

*Ugh*

His eyes glinted and he bounced around like a weird animal, thirsty.

They liked him and they videotaped each other and words stumbled out of their mouth, like candy out of a dispenser with a broken stop, laughter like staccato in a slow song.

A little off key but then what would I know about sexuality?

They were hungry for him, he was full and a glutton. He was present for them speaking loud nothings in a British accent.

I watched them orbit around each other, their beige clothing and their tinny laughter.

Him and his red pants and thick head of hair and the accent, and the jokes and the jokes.

I mean, I guess, it was good enough.

I'm a judgy bitch when left alone, with my grand observations and rolling eyes.

*You don't have to do much really. Wait for them to come to you. Otherwise you'll play the fool.*

Once I knew the peace of being in the clear water on a private island I spent a thousand days building, there's no boat good enough to be allowed to dock.

When they approach my oasis I direct them to the mainland.

I tell them they wouldn't like the climate here.

The snakes whose venom I'm immune to would kill them with one ferocious look.

*"I'm sorry baby... it's for your own good".*

And I wave from the dock, as queen.

*Thank you for stopping by*

I can't strut without wanting to chuck myself off the corner of the universe.

The ecosystem of lust, the jungle of desire and I will sit back and watch, amateur national geographic journalist.

The world spins around me and I lay in the grass and smell everyone wanting everyone else, my hands interlocked with the grass

Shrink myself and open the tiny door at the base of the tree and sleep peacefully inside.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *These poems were inspired by the realities of everyday life, particularly the complexities and contradictions of relationships, emotions, and personal growth. My stylistic influences range from conversations with my friends to classical music to black and white films with a focus on language that is raw, honest, and lyrical.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Tesa Blue Flores is a wedding planner, house cleaner and poet in Brooklyn, NY. She loves dollar pizza, stray cats and hotel robes.