

# **BrOKeN** Doll & other poemS...

By Donna **Dallas**

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Donna Dallas is absolutely fabulous. "he's snoring / boogers a century old heave in and out" "There's a vicious disease / called malaise" She is both surprisingly soothing and curiously profound. "I wanna be / awanna be – I am" Who can resist self-deprecating humor in others, "my muffin top holds the batter / of the universe" "stir the ice / that clinking sound seduces our anomalies / I wait / encrusted in your eyes" While Dolls our fragile and doubtlessly breakable, her verse is sanguine, intrepid and roundly redoubtable.(Spacing & format poet's own.)*

## **Broken Doll**

The wound is open

she cries

    endlessly

    cries

I want her to stop

I long to heal her

    I cannot

I can only

cry with her

## Heart's a Half Dead Beat

6:50am heart's a half dead beat  
he's snoring  
boogers a century old heave in and out  
I creep out of bed a wandering mole  
like where am I going?? I've  
abandoned myself to kids to teenagers to  
wannabe adults a long time ago  
drop my teenager off at work feel like a monotonous wretch  
there's a boy mowing the lawn out front  
(I would have pined over this one in  
my day)  
I ask my daughter who's this? he's cute  
she sneers and replies *he's gross all men are*  
hmmm way smarter than I was at her age

I vape home  
stare in the rear view mirror  
at myself  
what am I doing?  
or what was I doing?  
There's a vicious disease  
called malaise  
I skip to the front door  
giddy as a child  
(it's temporary insanity from boredom)  
trying to tear my frame  
out from its rut  
I wanna be  
a wanna be – I am  
because I dripped to empty four  
decades ago  
my muffin top holds the batter  
of the universe  
yet I cannot locate  
the source

## **Promise**

I want

to make

her proud

I want her to exit

knowing

she did good she raised me right

I wasn't a bad seed

not a mistake

nor a wrong turn...

## **Jane**

Cigarette Smoke  
baptizes me  
I heard it kills germs  
bubbles  
enlighten me  
I have my smoke  
my drink  
I'll read you  
through you  
stir the ice  
that clinking sound seduces our anomalies  
I wait  
encrusted in your eyes  
I am your mother  
your lover  
your ass-wiper  
the wind a spindle  
between us  
the trees  
so overgrown with gossip  
have forgotten they are trees  
and I  
so lonely for even your shadow  
babble to no end

Take this drag  
from it  
we are one  
the smoke seeps into us  
the moon has crept  
into the frame of our sky  
through the fruit slice window  
that smart architect placed  
in harmony with the sky-scape  
every night around 2 or 3am  
the room is flooded  
with moon beams  
and if I wake to see this explosion  
I shake with excitement as a child would

I think of you  
sitting in your chair  
I think of us running through the trees fast  
and wild  
just running

## **Squandering**

Here is the squirrel  
the dove and the cardinal  
pecking and gnawing at this  
morning's givings – I can give  
what else is available  
from my slaughtered life?

It's as simple as bread  
I think  
therefore I am  
I think myself  
into a gorge  
a valley  
it swallows me  
I am the bird  
pecking for something  
a spec or crumb  
surviving

I don't want to  
survive  
how awful  
there's a good living in this shell  
nestled somewhere deep in this body  
worth trying  
to salvage  
worth giving everything  
to give  
and give again

## **Trait**

I think  
he is  
my father - I have  
his hands  
and my son  
has his hands  
long  
defined  
fingers that are  
timeless....  
steady  
surgeon hands that  
will pry  
bone from  
bone  
to learn  
if we are  
in fact  
one in the same  
hand

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I write of the past mingled with what may come to be. Without getting so caught up in what others want to hear, I humbly pull from someone's pain, and then siphon the rest from my heart. Perhaps I'm a broken romantic since I enjoy writing about things that 'break' me. While writing Broken Doll, Jane and Promise I cracked open. Then I simply recover and start all over, it's a dark and wonderful cycle.*

*Heart's a Half Dead Beat, Squandering and Trait were born from scenes and events.....confessions perhaps, not just mine alone. Along the years, I've documented people growing up poor, witnessed drugs, prostitution, overdoses and death. I bundled stories of lives that fell apart in front of me and with me. Writing is in my DNA, I can't NOT write, so simple yet it takes over like a demon. 5th avenue, 6am there is an old woman feeding a storm of pigeons, her scarf falls to the concrete and hence, a poem boils in my gut - Squandering. I recently uncovered an unbelievable family secret; Trait is a small opening up of this mysterious discovery. Later on, I will write The Water Tumor, to take the complete story public.*

*In the meantime, I travel the world looking for pigeons, for pieces, stuff that will set me ablaze. What else is there to do?*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** I studied Creative Writing and Philosophy at NYU's Gallatin School and was lucky enough to study under William Packard, founder and editor of the New York Quarterly. Lately, I am found in Horror Sleaze Trash, Beatnik Cowboy and Zombie Logic among many other publications. I recently published my first novel, Death Sisters, with Alien Buddha Press. I currently serve on the editorial team for Red Fez and New York Quarterly.