

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.