

Four Poem *S*

By

Chelsea Pybus

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Chelsea Pybus is, in the absolute, fabulous. In 'No Time, "All that sunday felt like no-time time" Another flawless thread, "Once I had loved you like this / where I could read the set of your mouth / your clothes, as familiar as mine / the fabric of you" Whoa! I gotta get a new taylor. As for 'Wild' "Future faked myself and / Rolled your name around my mouth..." As a most welcomed guest at Fleas, she passes each and every test except maybe in 'January,' "Take a pregnancy test and its immediately negative / Decide to drink the whole bottle of wine / Picture how the test looks in the trash" For a window into her world, don't miss a line. She's a must-read. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

No Time

All that sunday felt like no-time time
and I thought of you
as I often do
in the grey of the afternoon.

I pictured your curtains
pinned together
to shut out the grey
and you
moving from the kitchen to the living room
in your soft sunday clothes
also grey
or maybe blue
maybe red.

I pictured the exact curve of your mouth
also soft
but sometimes hard

picturing it though, how I liked it best-
perhaps chewing something,
or just smoked.
Plaintive almost
when you'd also be soft with me.

The whole memory feels like no-time time

Once I had loved you like this
where I could read the set of your mouth
your clothes, as familiar as mine
the fabric of you.

Haunted

In December
In the slushy snow
I take an Uber to your house
The city flashes by
Soft light in high rises
And it feels like a real place
Drunk
In the back
I say outloud
What a terrible person I am
Headed
Nevertheless
Towards you

Wild

Thought of you while tidying my kitchen
Roughly throwing out things that don't matter
Future faked myself and
Rolled your name around my mouth
Thought about your hands
Rolled those around my mouth as well
Pictured you being mine
How I would come to know

Your shoulders
Your eyelids
Your moods
Wild
And maybe dark
Or maybe not
For those might be my moods
Might be my shoulders
Might not be wild at all

January

Take a pregnancy test and its immediately negative
Decide to drink the whole bottle of wine
Picture how the test looks in the trash
No one finding it
No one picking it up and being surprised
Scroll tinder
Scroll skip the dishes
Order neither
Drink more wine
Pick up my phone and think of texting you
A picture of yourself
One you sent me
A selfie in bed
When I was still fresh to you
When I hadn't let you down yet
Open a conversation and text my number to someone else instead
My phone pings
Bodybuilder thighs
Dick crunched up
Too tight shorts
Here's a picture
For you to fall asleep to.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Why do we love who we love? Why do we fall in love? At one point in time the answers to those questions may have been just as mysterious and ephemeral as the feelings themselves. However, in an online world dating and connection have been grotesquely transformed into a marketable desire to be consumed with every swipe. The commodification of sex via the creeping tendrils of consumerism and global capitalism has rendered something so*

uniquely human into an economic exchange. My profile picture being the price I pay for a 'like' or a 'swipe'. Despite this or in spite of this we long for connection. These poems speak to my experiences trying to navigate a digital culture and the systems of belief that underpin it- while at the same time honestly yearning for authentic connection. In that sense it's a dichotomy. Much like the feeling of reading poetry itself which offers the unique ability to intuit dualism, I hope to make visible the somewhat hidden but shared phenomenon that we are all experiencing and must work to grasp.

AUTHOR BIO: I am a poet living in Calgary Alberta. My work focuses on human experiences of love, addiction and loss. Previously unpublished.