

I Wanted A Blue Tricycle

By Mir-Yashar Seyedbagheri

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: What does one do with this, other than offer it praise? As one who [whom?] so longs to be admired, I grow tired of admiring others. YES, just this once more: A neglected, affluent child who got the wrong colour tricycle; unloved in the way we all long to be loved. Okay, I get it, and yet: 'pissing in three languages, / le cuckold. asshole who ran off with Mama,' This could be good: '...a European tricycle, / made by some French fucking pedophile.' Wait: Pedestrian, peddler, pedophile (lover of the bipedal?): Such an odd declination. English is not my first language, nor is French, still it seems strange to me. 'Daddy who dips his dick in the fishy waters,' a fine line. 'Fulminating,' I like this word and once I learn it, I will make every opportunity to take to using it. 'Faberge eggs' are meant to be out on display. Auden said, "the art of poetry is to enchant by disenchanting—this is too tight to be obtuse... here it is...(Spacing is poet's own.) HS

I Wanted A Blue Tricycle

I wanted a blue tricycle,

but you gave me a red one,

devoid of gilt, luster,

sparkle the color of

regal eyes.

I wanted a blue fucking tricycle,

Mama, Daddy dearest,

through which I could see my youthful visage

vain, nose regal.

I feel

pretty

no love. Who cares? Just wanted a blue tricycle

oh so pretty

not a red one, I am regal riding mythical blue tricycle

vain

love is smothering in any event. Better that

Daddy should drink,

Mama should run off

so hypnotized by

bon vivant, drunker than a peasant,

pissing in three languages,

le cuckold. asshole who ran off with Mama,
while I dream of
tricycle, ride my blue tricycle
emptiness.
even though they say the red tricycle is
just as good. And worth so much, a European tricycle,
made by some French fucking pedophile.

Give me that blue tricycle,
I cry, years later,
with migraine and frown
astride
a psychiatrist's office, dissecting my drunk deadbeat
Daddy who dips his dick in the fishy waters,

Mama calls fake apologies tricycle
drunk says she can't attend my latest poetry reading,
bon vivant is spraying chocolate syrup, she says

laugh track rising from an unseen

TV

offers me everything else, but

no tricycle.

Not love or diet love, in a Coke bottle

but I just want that

blue tricycle. someone to watch me ride it

pretty, smile wavering.

if only I had that blue tricycle, premium model

wouldn't be. fucked up in a bar fulminating

against the colors of my fiftieth credit card

or the staleness of Chanel No 5,

i wanted a blue tricycle,

you gave me a red one,

and all I got was this life,

a Mama I call Nancy, or Penelope,

or whatever her name is. A Daddy who lives in his

dick

smile crumpled. fuck love, fuck tears

they can be dried away, hidden like Faberge eggs

love still doesn't matter. I think.

THE POET SPEAKS: *"I Wanted A Blue Tricycle," was inspired by a need to poke fun at greed and self-gratification, things which seem to be on the upswing as of late. The blue tricycle metaphor was inspired by a sardonic comment made by a friend in regards to privilege and greed. I thought the concept nicely described ideas of greed, materialism, and unhappiness with people's lives.*

I find it vital to read and write poetry as a form of therapy. I find that poetry allows me to dig into happiness, sarcasm, joy, and a range of emotions in ways fiction sometimes can't. I like to explore the broad visual form on the page, as a form of content in and of itself, specifically. I generally consider myself a Romantic, but like to play with visual and other experimental forms, especially when engaging with the political or the societal. In terms of personal inspiration, there are many poetic muses. I love the witty lyrics of Cole Porter, Queen (Bohemian Rhapsody in particular), the barbaric yawps of Walt Whitman, and Vladimir Nabokov's mélange of poetry and prose, such as Lolita's famed opening lines. In this poem, Queen's "Bicycle Race," specifically inspired the line "tricycle, ride my blue tricycle," and the last lines of "Bohemian Rhapsody," inspired, "love doesn't really matter, I think."

BIO: *Mir-Yashar is a graduate of Colorado State University's MFA program in fiction. A recipient of two Honorable Mentions from Glimmer Train, his story, "Strangers," was nominated for The Best Small Fictions. Mir-Yashar's work is forthcoming or has been published in journals such as Maudlin House, The Drabble, Door Is A Jar Magazine, and Ariel Chart.*