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Post Structuralist Poessay

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Post Structuralist Poessay

1.

film noire

sorrow moves through a cracked door a neglected seam and becomes a tenant in your mind takes up residence in the empty moments strikes in the happy instants kills the dancing thoughts splits words spits tears opens wounds that never heal bruises your temples blue hurls you into a black hole blocks the opening with a nasty garbage can lid cackles at your confinement and chuckles while it runs 8mm scenes from the time of its birth behind you on red brick walls of despair

2.

cracking cruelty

...it was just that the antique plate I held was cracked everything *in* the house was cracked hell the *house* was cracked the air crackled the old woman cackled the old warrior bullied bellowed orders restrictions then dared any inhabitants to move remove or repair anything it's all perfect if you like to teeter very quietly through object piles houses broken apart by the presence of broken minded purpose insanity malice-caused fissures in the floor smashed fractures in pottery broken trust and psyches destroyed futures and humans it's catching I won't throw the plate that I hold but I want to

3.

the uninvited

whether dark moments flow from my life in a trickle or a torrent I am damaged by the onslaught sometimes the uninvited malevolence dances in the dark it slides out of the bathroom in a small black cloud glides along the carpet and nests by the bed it waits for a time to strike timing is everything time provides the excuse even as dark moments sleeps it manufactures the dark drowning sickness power and control violence at all costs it blackmails by threatening harm to kittens trees

and glass breakfronts throws new furniture that can do it no harm it
pushes buttons steps back to savor the reaction wallows in the
stench dark moments putrid smell makes me throw up over the
bedside into its nest I'd run but I can't my dreams paralyze me

4.

fence

stacked stones cracked alongside steaming hot asphalt mirage
waves of water down the road penetrate your stupor you smile without
thought and now you're guilty should life be frivolous in a desert of sand
or ignorance where did the ease go perhaps down the rabbit hole a
fifth world drained from primitive screams sounds to your untrained
ear like the yelp of dogs should you help your dream off the grid of
cultivated fields somewhere inside you must know you can't

e. smith sleigh writes poetry (a fifth collection) and fiction (her fourth novel), won awards for her writing, and lives by a lake and in a desert where she draws inspiration. She was educated in Kentucky and at the universities of Delaware, Michigan, and elsewhere. Her first poetry collection bears the same title as her website: *These Things are One Thing* <http://bit.ly/iionKS>