

Driftwood

One day you are ordering extra
olives and the next day, one
of The Damned.

I had worked this carapace,
that I lived in: modular, notched,
pieces of oak. I built myself
of driftwood, cables.
My face forced yet nonchalant.
Sometimes I was an artist's
wife, my dress long, hair
a sheaf. Sometimes
I was an extra on
the show *Cop Rock*.
A singing policewoman
waiting for crimes.
I was pleated,
a follower, collateral
damage on the sands.
Sometimes I prevailed: a memo,
lithographic, afternoon-like, sharp-edged.

The stamp of unbelonging
had always belonged to me.
Soon I returned to anywhere
but the beginning.
Homes of cockroaches.
Sunken rooms of bruisers.
Islands of police Sirens.
Each year I lived was broken
back into pieces

of driftwood, as if born
to lose. An explosive device
in every fucking pot.