

Nickels

by Erin J. Watson

ANXIOUS as a heart
this device to measure words,
I mean
I'm trying
alone

I'M GONE

I was the downfall –
make seconds feel certain
my separate guts –

fucking shit right now,
HIT
the back of the sky,
pearly leaf-like,
and BEADS
caught by shutter speed
in a knot at the end

OPINION can be romantic
a skeleton
a series with no length

pain is the toughest chalk,
sex is a sign TO SING

arrive with iron-fisted life
painting
this girlvs. symbols
power,

“risk chains me - me, fighting, ambiguous”
I must look naked with poems),
against speeches

things will lose their meaning.

what gift can work?
call it
I'm fucking GOD

GLORY OF starting backwards
using the time, the space, sweat light,
the tide – the rise and the reality,
laugh the flame)

ceilings and walls to be
has to be water from all
MY HEART into the thunder-law
to eat a word,
my letters likely coarse, on syllable –

let's say I loved the world and I was made.

I felt like pronouns, defeated –
I am the cold HISTORY

it's been years still
a new fear.
the stage, drawn – how are you?

the fear of death.
from the grass, a year, a minute –
setting watches.

on/off order –
we must be brave
we strip econo

it makes us all beyond,
the promises shit
all the learned hate
they keep

the castles
the fields
afraid of the face upon their head

BE GENTLE wake me tug my hair
know the outside world
you are there
and never NOTHING
there is no cause, all hesitation

in a machine
describing it's like describing,
the sum is "yes"
my mind just spilled names to our bonds,
names to play my heart,
why the thunder in my body,
my idea of life like a symbol

tell me always
the world is the coldest
inside my house, and falling,
hope this storm doesn't
rip my skin
keeps the storm

STORY

what you makin'
time
a little
then more

try and try
that's the way

you know that
always

a little

a little more
what takes THE WORLD
state the plans,
the verb behind all

the why, the the,
these find truth

Erin Watson is a Southern person living in Chicago and online at torridly.org.

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