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## See a Daisy, Pick it Up // The Goats Grow Bigger Every Spring

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# See a Daisy, Pick it Up

The first time I fell down, I had my father  
to pick me up. My knee curdled into red jelly pieces,  
and my tears started to roll. *Drama queen*  
my sister shouted. From then, I promised  
to never play in the rain anymore.  
I sat on the benches as my cousins  
threw around a muddy soccer ball,  
splashing wet dirt, neglecting each and every rule.  
They called me referee. I watched  
the sky meet the clouds which morphed into mud  
caked onto the wings of a honey bee. I remember the walking  
and tripping and falling,  
and not having my father to catch me anymore.  
A daisy padding my scarred knees as I crashed  
off my scooter on a bright day. There is something  
about the throbbing, I do not remember.  
I knew when it started to rain every day, I would have to  
break my oath and swallow my crystals.  
Protect me from the tripping and falling and  
pad my face, so when the soccer ball came at it full force  
I'd be left with just a bruise under my eye. *Tough bitch*  
my sister shouted. From then, I promised  
to ache and trip and fall and  
smell the flowers on my way to the ground.

# The Goats Grow Bigger Every Spring

In my head, I weigh down pockets with stones in exchange for the clearing of chrysanthemum fields.

I stuff petals in my ears, I drown the world out, I just want to hear honey.

To stay as high as I am, I beg long enough that my molars stop breaking through the glitter. There is no room for soaked sheets.

Sometimes the angels gossip about the feathers in my hair. I cannot remember the last time something I swallowed stayed put.

Wait to hear a pin drop, for the fat to keep me warm. This sweet-toothed jabber too loud.

I tuck into a new gown. It brushes the floor, I am floating. Buttons scallop the skin—zippers indent my back like an opening paragraph.

Say thank you for freshly scraped knees, for the handing out of pastures. Roll in the wind that coats the grass with pesticides. They're no good for me either. Swallow them with mouth closed, I still have manners to uphold.

The solstice is too yesterday to think about now. I gut myself, sell the rotten parts for market money. I eat all the sweetbread the world offers.