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Breakfast in Marblehead // Like Robins Devouring

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Like Robins Devouring

The trees behind fidget, and stretch their spines with gnarled cracks and leafy expulsions. Eyes cast below at Donny with the Sox sweater, his tobacco spit sucked up roots, latching to the waves of xylem tissue, folding nicotine and phosphorus and snuff and nitrate,

And I’d play in parks, down slides, hit the ground floor, my body pitching forward, clenching flowers and weeds, fingers so deep the worms mate with my digits. I’d pull myself free eventually, but the dirt cakes sweet under nails to be sucked dry. Crumbles between the now webbed hands. Crunching on splinters, feasting on mutton of earth.

In the last days of living there, my sister’s three-year-old best friend eats too. He popped wood chips salty with rain down his throat like greased frogs. For months they’d slide smooth to stomach, classmates’ gleeful giggles filling suburban air like manicured lawns and condescension until one turns.
Sideways it sticks, and
my sister
watched him
turn blue
with regret.
Her eyes gain a lens over them from then on,
like oil rainbows over muddy water.

I weep so loudly at the funeral my father
carries me out like antelope in lion’s jaws. Maybe it’s then and maybe it’s now, but I
stand by the side of highway, in the shadow of Charles River cherry blossoms,
and water the ground.
The robins come out early in the spring with worms drooping like moustaches between beak,
but the boy
can’t laugh once the Massachusetts roots finally claim him in their teeth.
Breakfast in Marblehead

I duck my mother’s call as the
Jet Blue cuts the sky
perforated by clouds.

Two coats lie dead on my shoulders,
and everything I touch seems to
either keep me warm or hang listless
as I ignore the call from my mother.

When the sunlight bleeds down chest
because the shades were
left slack jawed and
in awe of every lactic acid shiver
and the mini strokes had in sleep.
my face drips now, steadily, and freshly squeezed
orange juice with waffles and my mom’s mumbles
stroking small strands out of my eyes
while her chin lies in her hand so her head rises every time
she whispers.
I feel sticky, and it crusts white on my face,
all maple sweet spit on cheeks.
My phone rings,
and unanswered,
I wonder how the message machine sounds
to people overhead.