

JENDI REITER

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

CONFESSIOIN

I have asked the rain to stop so that I might drive faster.

I have thrown away a seed, that little shut eye inside the plum,
because I had nowhere to plant it.

I have considered sex inefficient.

I have wondered what pleasure produces beyond itself,
whether it is like moonlight that warms no one.

I have hoarded empty rooms, repainting them in possible colors.

I have wasted tinfoil.

I have measured my thighs against those of others.

I have washed my window bright enough for birds to make
mistakes.

I have argued with crows and insulted cats; truth is no defense.

I have spiked my heel through the blacktop and stood on my rage.

I have snapped the highway like a rubber band stinging
a child's neck.

I have seen entire days smoke away into the blue.

I have stared.

I have pressed hearts and tongues like roses in a scrapbook
of honors.

I have asked the rain to stop so that he who is under a
cloud shall praise me.