

# Weird Magic

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Found \$200 on the sidewalk  
and got a speeding ticket later that day.  
Two steps forward. One step back.

My friend texts me poems about boyhood and lipstick  
as I swipe through ads for humans  
and fungal cream on Tinder.  
Two steps forward. One step back.

O, hypnotic empty vortex -the blue light and dopamine  
how you surge and then fall  
surge and then fall

surge

and then

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like some dystopian tide  
rhythmically scratching  
this lizard itch in my brain.

So I leave my phone at home  
and ride into the quiet,  
crinkled velvet  
of Belle Isle after 10.

Steer my wonder overhead  
at the pearlescent halo  
of a styrofoam moon.  
Pockmarked but perfect  
floating rent free.  
I got a flat on the ride home though.  
Two steps forward. One step back.

*runner*

The relentless surge.  
The unending fall.

And so: “How can you live as a blessing in this world?”

Perhaps by leaving forward  
and backward  
out in the rain,  
watch as they fall apart  
in the soil, how they transform,  
collecting under your nails.

On Saturday I made a collage  
on a silver party hat,  
where I glued pictures of corn  
around a modified proverb  
and wondered if that is allowed.

It read:  
*grow stalks heavy with sun*  
*learn how to bow clumsy*  
*share your things gone weird*

*runner*