

a depression is a hollow

a depression is the angular distance of a celestial object below the horizon

the world is not wrong i am wrong for this world
the world is what it was is and ever shall be
i am a star shining below its horizon

tears are a cheap constant -- my leaking psyche
won't drown the demons. my beautiful phantoms
don't scream but whisper tiny circles don't bruise
but caress. i don't talk about them: they are mine
and not for the world

a depression is a hollow

that comforts. a dent in the world in the shape of
my body: a place to lie one with the earth to rest
when i am so tired of being so tired of being tired
so tired of being tired of being me

when i snuggle with the earth i don't stop feeling --
my emotion runs true and deep invisible to surface
dwellers and i am anchor worthy for i dare not move
steadfast for i dare not fly. the depth of my despair
grounds me more firmly than any anchor
i am going nowhere

to depress is to decrease the market value of

i am never so attractive as when swimming
in mysargasso sea of sorrow -- survival instincts
make me charming and funny: i laugh a lot and loudly
but my knuckles are white my left ear screams from
jaws clenching. i startle myself with witty responses
to droning conversations
i am perfect for everyone and no one is perfect for me

i am my own dark star and i close my doors gently
against the world -- no creaking no cracking as the
lovingly polished wood swings on well oiled hinges:
shuts in my celestial light

or maybe she just likes good girl poems

that is giving her
entirely too much credit.
she is more than a little
obsessed with you
and doing you harm.

and i think that every overture
she makes
to anyone remotely connected to you,
has that connection at its

foundation.



katrina grace craig 1997

katja lives with simon andtessie and too much stuff in
issaquah, washington, but if you really want to find her, try
ketzle@cyberspace.com

please take the time to visit A Small Garlic Press,
<http://www.enteract.com/~marek/asgp/chapbook.html>

and Agnieszka's Dowry, their online magazine,
<http://www.enteract.com/~marek/asgp/agnieszka.html>

kneejerk reactions

seven poems by katrina grace craig



random drive-by flowerings

i don't know nothin bout no random drive-by flowerings
but let me tell you bout nonrandom acts of kindness
not yellow roses lose their beauty when left on the living
room floor the door in splinters red when beheaded and
left on the bed

and yes there are worse things

after the pinches sterling may well have complemented
the purple and green black blue but i usually settled
for a matched set of slurred sorry and scrambled eggs
served in bed

only the best

go ahead drive me by comic me book me fill in my gaps

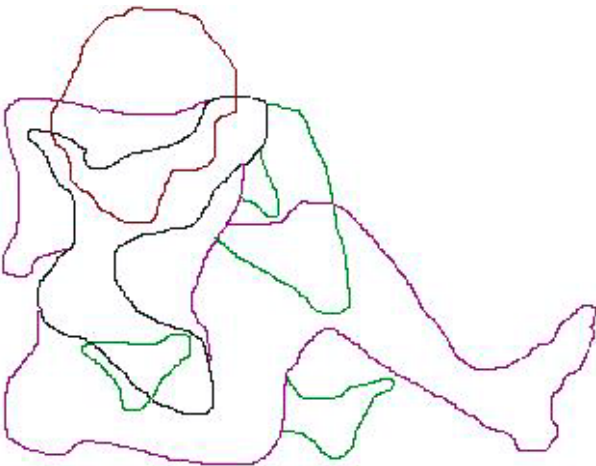
somebody's gotta save my soul

i am an &droid not a real human
multilayered onion grrlrobotic
sheet like dat, flannel chromium tapes
programmed to please

and i
 want to convert
 want to convert
 want to convert

want to peel my perversity; find sweetness and light
and sugar and candy and all that is dandy
want to dance with old men and girls with twon's
be the belle of the ball in the shawl

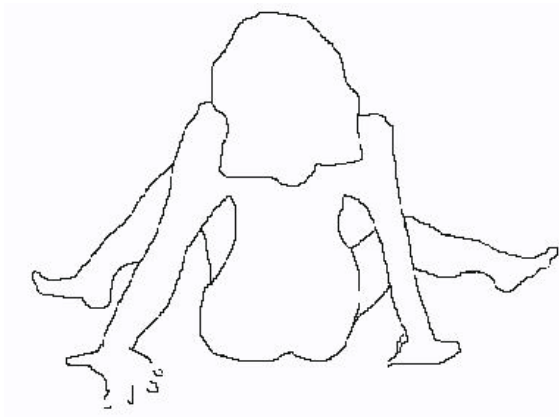
carefully woven from carelessly shorn locks



school uniforms

for two years they made me
wear a uniform to school
assuring me that it cut down
on cutthroat teenage competition
would make me fit in

as if a blue gray skirt and a
white blouse could hide my
six foot frame and my
american accent



school uniforms ii

with the colors and the cuts
of our clothes dictated
we competed in the arena of
skirtlength and footwear

leaving me with a passion
for undressing in front of
auburn haired girls in short
skirts and white strappy
sandals

it was hot there

let me tell you what i wore...

all the cute bras, the ones i really wanted
to wear hoping they would show through
white blouses -- the lacy ones midnight blue
satins apricot florals black strapless bustiers --
all made for the itty bitty titty girls

so whenever i could i shunned the guidance
of utilitarian white industrial strength elastic
seams across binding cups more hooks than
a tackle box -- shed the cage that would have
contained my want

bounced my way through teen ages displaying
my need -- defying gravity for the moment

