

Roosevelt

by Samantha Budd

A small red brick house
to force down your throat.
I arrange my thoughts
into a bedroom,
forcing everything into a corner,
painting your voice with my
fingertips,

I peel back a layer of skin
to reveal a passageway;

chase me.

My veins are a map to
a plastic garden.

Pluck your styrofoam dreams
from the trees &
wash them down the
kitchen sink.