

BROOKE NICOLE PLUMMER

The Apartment Flashbacks Weathered by an Abominable Contemplation

A sleepwave. A decomposing room, dirtied turquoise.
I watched an alligator, trailing an "S" towards the front porch,

while Saturn hovered at the treetops. My friend and I
researched dream interpretations. Jenga blocks and resin

surrounded an alligator's, taxidermied head: glass-eyed and scaled,
disproportioned from its physical form. But does this interrupt

the soul's point of destination? Its center of instinct as a
conversation starter. A gimmick for the ecological domineer.

It pushed its way to God's mountainous inquiry, and when our
species assumes the responsibility of answering to our own,

we also begin to analyze rain patterns: I recall a flooding
that brought me to Shinebar on a Sunday night.

The icebox hummed faintly in the cacophony of voices.
A birthday swallowed the stock of gin. A birthday was

bare-assed and hump-backed, attempting to get into
the Honda. We drove back to my apartment, and I pur

the birthday to sleep. The railing on the balcony lit up
in rainbow spirals, and someone played Radical Moon's soundtrack

as if they were fashioning
nostalgia:

a noun with a fatalistic latch when a specific name appears again.
I was not dismembered, not the glass-eyed taxidermied, No;

but those rooms made me feel like cardiac in the stillwater.
She left the shower curtain from Walmart and snow shovel behind,

and vindictively packed and left with the bluebird's song,
because at 22, I would never shut the fuck up about Bukowski.

The rain began drumming like an orchestration of static again.
And faintly, I heard an animal's cry, as if it were lost in the uncharted.