Antidote

Corey Van Landingham

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And Badly, Too

You do not want to be the girl who cries during hospital sitcoms, do not want to say yes please when what you mean is fuck off.

I want fireproof retinas, incombustible like my grandmother's safe, which someone tried to dynamite even though there wasn't anything valuable inside.

You do not want to be the bag of bones, the girl spray-painting Brian Eno is God on every stop sign. No silver huffing. Not the pretty ring around the mouth.

I do not want anything almond flavored. But I want to be bit numb, to be bit blue.

You mean you want to write an elegy for the cyber bully?

No, I want a cameo in a slasher film. Quiver and fletching, I want the arrow and the apple and the stand there trust.

Well, you want the hunting map, the hymnal, the white fur winter coat?

Quetzal, spoonbill, blue-footed booby—I want to catalogue all the wacko birds mother taught me.

You do or do not want a lozenge.

I want to lick someone's neck goodnight.

Yes, and yes you want the day to break into one large mirror-ball that metals its way into churches, saying silly things like it will all be okay.

I want to discover, finally, whether blue cherries and white raspberries exist.

You want to take a boy nap. To remember every lyric.

I want to remember—small song small song small song—the many silences I could dip my feet into.

So you want an alias.

I want a new towel, a scrap of faith, a clean tool.