

—† **MARLA LANDERS** | da capo

nothing says living like cognitive
meltdown. Just when you think that the pills got you
grounded, you find yourself back in the
waiting room, stunted men giving you hazelnut chocolates
and looks. doctor-please-commit-me-or-I'll-kill-someone

once you hit black it's ok to play
drama queen, snarl at the neighbours and
watch your small purpose go (pop). now you take
fits in tim horton's and bully the clergy, say
god made me do it, har har

darkness (however) is not without
light. sympathy boys give you tractor rides; perched on a
plough-hitch you spit at the sky, and it gleams

I and my kryptonite lover are living in sin

—+ **MARLA LANDERS** | 1/2 wit

dropped a chocolate raisin in my navel and
it melted, like a leper on a beach when my knuckle
knuckled it, it
trickled to the secret in my pants. This, I thought, is
what separates me from the beautiful.

—† **MARLA LANDERS** | song of the murmuring pine box

sweetgentle honeylady, speak!

raise yourself, and
shuttle like a phoenix from the earth. you're

three years fled, and trickle from the
hollows of my mind like sound in
sea.

would I be the object of your
positive regard, these three years grown?

(hark now hear), the
jesus days are gone;

somewhere in the pink I lost a
god, and found a
gleam of things-to-be.

still, I need your
bones to bear me up, and
keep the universe in line.