

Metrophobia

Stephanie Leal is originally from New Jersey, USA. She received her MA in Creative Writing at the University of East Anglia in 2007 and is studying for her PhD in Philosophy. She currently lives in Norwich.

www.stephanieleal.co.uk

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Stephanie Leal

Penned in the Margins

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To Mom and Daddy

Metrophobia

Metrophobia, *n.*
Fear or hatred of poetry

This is not a sonnet

Remedies of wine and miscreants
eaten by sand, rolled among
jellyfish to sushi.
They used to laugh like that.

Now it's tears tucked next to noses
under sunglasses and wide brimmed hats.
Are you going to Ascot? lingers
around winners of the Kentucky Derby.

Modeling days are numbered; cigarettes in a box.
Anorexic purple roses petal the laminate flooring
like shoe strings twisted in the night 'round necks:
liver of goose puffed through feathers.

The duvet changed with one razor cut.
Each year jealousy asks for a birthday pony.

Little Brother

Unabashed, uninterested little brother;
can't say anything but no.

Music rips at hot-toweled tongue lashes,
herniating intestines, scandalizing the pregnancy
tests of his girlfriends, left used and opened,
refilled like coffee in a diner.

He leaves a condom as a tip
and a mobile number without a name.

She called it anyway naming herself Sydney,
stolen by those coffee-stained eyes.
Miles apart, syllables indulged on artificial lips.
Eyes like brown hair on marble floor, coconut soup.

Settle down in Key West, little brother, take a wife!
 (stop taking injections into the left hip)
Move to Georgetown, little brother, rent a sailboat!
 (it will break in the morning)
Golf and hot chocolate shacks up with first tea instead.
This river won't shoot far enough.