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Pray for a Chocolate Wind

as I sit on the back porch
the tannery spreads its
sickly sweet odor along the river
and into my neighborhood
it smells like baby powder and burning skin
if you don't breathe too deep
you can only smell the baby powder but
if you breathe like that for too long
you'll pass out for sure

my only hope for peace
is a southeasterly wind
coming from the chocolate factory

The Slow Death of the Ice Cream Man

I can hear the ice cream van
far away, getting closer
the twinkling clown song
distorted by a
heavy July wind, tunneling
through the thick air into my
screened window

I always picture it in
a swarm of children
but when it rolls by my house
it's always alone
the song is sharp and painful
and the man behind the
chicken-wired windows looks like he
hates ice cream
Child of the Future

the air is heavy with particles of industry
the street bristles with mechanical flora
the ground is coated with
brazenly colored food packaging material
I haven't set foot off pavement for days
my bike wheels churn the debris beneath me and
a sudden wind pushes my hair to the side with the heavy perfume
of the chocolate factory

 I turn my face into the wind
 I breathe deep
some people call it ugly
I call it progress
I want a fast train I want to call people while I'm on it
I want to buy shrunken heads on ebay
I want to see five movies at the same multiplex
I want to play dance dance revolution in between them
I want the internet in my head a hard drive in my temporal lobe
I want a hormone cocktail in my milk
I want to donate my eggs to science for money
I want a goddamn flying car

I just want to ride this wave of invention until it crashes
if it ever does

 copper sunlight filters through the dust and I turn
the corner at the light

 on the street

 a dead pigeon with its skull flattened

 its face stuck to the sidewalk the eyes gone

 like one of those feathery Halloween masks