

# Buddha Vibrator

*Erica Anzalone*

---

Will hot air balloons do it? Fur  
in the closet? Higher self made-  
to-order, buddha vibrator. E-bay  
nirvana, you want me to yes sir

I'll get on it. Hobby horse, little  
girl who gave them all away. My  
mother bought me the models,  
a black Cabbage Patch, fly

swatting lessons. I went round  
the world in one minute. Barbie's  
bathtub filled with iodine clowns,  
bubble gum tiaras on a plastic sea.

I may be coronated or kicked out  
of Narnia, box cutter queen of an hour.

# Albino Styx

*Erica Anzalone*

---

Bunny and scotch, six bucks  
for a handful of tokens. Back  
porn room, jack splashed on the floor  
like a milk balloon broke. Where

are those babies who used to watch  
as they climbed the T.V. tower  
with one hand slingshot and latch?  
They fell off. I miss their acid

lullabies, their G-spot certainty.  
To come to this: crushed tomato  
embryo the dog scarfed up before we  
knew what it was. How sad albino

styx, and nine to then, let's Reisling heaven  
or turn heathen when you spindle me into gold.

# Harvey

*Erica Anzalone*

---

On her sixteenth birthday, her cousin slipped LSD into the gift pony's feed. The pony dragged Harvey for miles. That's why her face is a patchwork quilt.

Swore lacy bloomers and prison-stripped tights.

Cawed *dulva virgin* and cracked a whip on my ass as I approached the mike.

"He looks like a prepubescent Ewan McGregor," I stage whispered, just as the music stopped. His tongue extended to the floor like a slide.

We went back to Harvey's apartment in the Mission. I put my hand in her cockroach puppet and said hello. We kissed as though McGregor wasn't there, we kissed each other into air.

Construction workers were dismantling the 7 Reasons sign on top of the building across the street. 7 Reasons for what? Who knew? Maybe that's why it failed as an advertisement, and instead became a shot of the sublime.

Harvey's tongue was a suction cup between my legs. At the top of a hill, the driver told me she'd been to a beer festival earlier, but no worries, she didn't drink. At the bottom of the hill, we almost flew through a red light and into a rush of oncoming traffic.

Below her window, young Mexicans waved their dicks like flags and pissed on the roof. It sounded like a wind chime or lullaby.

Carried a rubber chicken and invited the gaping homeless to choke it.

I painted her into a Pollock, she painted me into the fridge, scotch taped with stars. Took my leash and walked me into a paper mache vagina and out a grassy cocoon.