

Poetry Series

anais vionet
- poems -

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Im 17, a high school student, 11th grade.

I like writing, piano, I'm on the school Varsity Frisbee golf team & I have these awful Tiktok and pizza addictions

I live in Georgia USA. I was born in Paris France - which is why it says that next to my name but I'm as American as pizza.

I've lived abroad a bit in the UK, Paris and Shenzhen, China.

As far as writing goes, I apologize - in advance - to anyone who actually knows what they are doing =]

12 Days

School's starting in 12 days.
A thousand kinds of torture
in a million different ways.
You work and have a boss
who's awfully hard to please
in school, we have 6 bosses
do you think that that's a breeze?
Virtual school's the worst
it's like school without the fun.
No flirting, dates, or parties
so it's good training for a nun.

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4 Random Thoughts..

(3 Haikus)

Immature - is a
word boring people use to
describe fun people.

I should start a book,
a thick notebook to keep
inappropriate thoughts.

Ever look at friends
and think, "Wow, we're gonna
be some weird adults?"

Sleep is my drug, my
bed is the dealer, my clock
the cops and school the jail.

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A Hunting

Ignore the roses' glory lass -
for this purpose you were born!
Virgin princess - you are needed
to catch the elusive unicorn!

I stumble as if to music -
for I know the sordid truth.
That abstract love burns brightly -
in the hearts of maiden youth.

I'm a secretly broken angel -
so this magic I can't perform.
I was seduced by boyish powers -
by clownish fumbling I was transformed.

I've been avoiding hateful mirrors -
for unwelcome truths they seem to know.
I can but join this dull adventure
and a hunting we will go.'

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A Small Room

What a small room - my finger traces dust across the plain table.

What did Grandma DO here? I glance around for electrical sockets - none to be seen.

Her life was spent staring out the window, at 3D life, but only seeing memories.

I go to the wall and test the switch

a bare light bulb illuminates an area with a hot plate.

"Jesus", I mumble.

Why would she live in this shabby room?

Was this a punishment? Like a place where a nun would live?

No, *I self correct in my mind* Gramma was the sweetest person on earth.

I walk three steps, twirl and flop on my back, on the bed.

Dust explodes off the bare mattress in the sunlight

slanting through the grimy, half-open, shadeless window.

I wave and blow the dust away and now I'M lost in memory..

She was ninety-three - I never heard her say an unkind word

In that tiny, sand-papery whisper of a voice.

She always wanted me to sit in her lap, she wanted to brush my hair.

From 10 on I was bigger than she was and afraid I'd break her.

"Don't you worry over ME", she'd say with a chuckle, "I'm an old piece of leather."

Her cheeks were pink and wrinkled like old rose petals. Her hair a white bun.

"I miss you Gramma", I whisper.

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A Stormy Haiku Story

thunderstorming skies...
my tongue reaches to catch the
Important raindrops

the lightning's flash
causes me to flinch in surprise
Then an after boom

A squeak of fear
static electricity
makes my hair rise up

maybe inside is a
a much better place to be
in a thunderstorm

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Actual Poet

This actual poet writes me silly poems.
He's there and I can't explain it.
A lifetime of experience and things lived I only imagine
and this actual, *famous, poet writes me silly poems.

I wonder why me? ? Why is he wasting time with me?
This sapient, hopelessly encouraging, ego-boosting poet
who writes me silly poems.

It's confusing.
My mind paints countless canvases of doubt,
like our connection is fragile tissue, perishable suds.
Surely one day I will find him bored and gone.
This actual, famous poet that writes me silly poems.

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Addicted

I think I might be
addicted to exercise -
I'm a street walker=]

I walk in the dark,
every morning - I even
have my workout gear.

I don't go alone
- heaven forbid a 17 year old
go frikin' walking alone.

At five am, my "to
be named later" partner, is
where we assemble.

And off we go. Even
writing of this makes me want
to go "lace-'em-up."

But no, I am NOT
addicted... *quivering hands*
- I'm stronger than that.

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Alarm! ! !

I'm a sentinel, fair Romeo
- scanning the liquid dark,
and ready to whisper alarm
at the first sign of romance.

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Almost

Thanksgiving is almost here,
annoying school bells have stopped ringing.
Turkeys are huddling, out of sight,
and the garbage men are singing.

We're beginning to prep side dishes,
slicing, dicing, mashing, peeling,
and I'm smiling 'cause I feel myself
swept up in holiday feelings.

I hope that Macys is ready
for their seasonal parade.
We'll be watching as we start to cook
the banquet that we've made.

I'm wishing everyone plenty,
as we shelter in our homes.
On this tame 2020 holiday,
that we're spending home alone.

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Artwork

Write on me - I'm a blank page,
here to meet expectations.
Scribble, erase - copy and paste,
refine me with your impatience.

I'm a canvas for you to paint on
make of me what you will.
Make of me art - I'm ready to start,
paint me into a corner.

Showcase me in your gallery -
display what you've acquired.
I'm a mannequin for undressing -
arrange me with your desire.

Put me in your drama
I'm longing for the part
improvise, I'll close my eyes
the climax will be art.

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At The Party

A party scene, in
Senryus - from last March, when a
party could happen.

He looked at me
like a treat. "You," he said,
are looking hot girl!"

"I'm only hot in
in the dazzling reflection
of your lust," I said.

"Then you're on
FIRE," he said as he put
his hands on my hips.

"Your girlfriend's looking,"
I said, - she and I nodded.
His hands retracted.

He brushed his hair
back over his ears, "some
other time." he said.

"He was set to Jump
you," My friend Kim teased, "No,
not really." I shrugged.

"You disappointed?"
I snorted "yeah right,
His GF was watching."

"OH!," Kim realized,
"You were posing! ! You're
STILL a virgin - I KNOW! !"

"SHUT UP! !" I laughed,
putting a hand to her lips,
"That's secret info!"

"Sophomores are
ALWAYS virgins." Kim said, "Not
Lisa, of course."

We turned, smiled,
and waved at Lisa - she

was dating three guys.
Kim says, "She could give
us both one." "Leftovers, " I
said, "should mean pizza."

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Baseball

It didn't work out. *sigh*
What were the odds? Statistics...
- love isn't baseball.

Where do regrets start?
Should I regret the sunset
- or mourn holding hands?

Or shame desire?
Baseball.. Well, at least he
didn't get to first base. =]

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Besties

Some Senryus about
Bestfriends - the kindred spirits
we're lucky to know.

Boys are "whatever, ";
but bestfriends are forever.
That's the way it is.

We tell our secret
fantasies - that we exchange
in sworn secrecy.

Bestfriends: the girls you
only stay mad at briefly - 'cause
you've news for them!

A bestfriend would push
you into your crush and yell
"get some! " then run.

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Better

Girls have naughty thoughts,
like boys, but we're better at
hiding evidence.

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Boom

I'm overthinking,
tired of endless waiting,
about to blow up.

Even my mom sees it.
She starts some cutting remark
only to pull it back.

Me: "Argh! I have this ANGER, just below the surface."
My brother: "Uhh, it's not THAT far below the surface."

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Boredom

DOOH!*whispering* Don't look now, but that pasty loser boredom is here.

You can always find him waiting, hanging in the silence of empty rooms.
To acknowledge him is to sink into vacancy where the real is shattered
and its pieces spread out until you exist without thought or desire.

Quick, turn on some music - let it become an extension of yourself.
Dance and recreate fun - before you are struck helpless.
Tell him jokes and he'll leave..

"I thought the neighbors were nice people - then they went and put a
password on their wi-fi."

"A lot of people cry when they slice onions - the trick is not to get
emotionally attached."

"There's a new restaurant called Karma - no menu - you just get what you
deserve."

Oh, look, he's gone =]
still dancing

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Borrowed Things

(3 Haikus)

No - don't kiss me
unless you're planning to
start a new habit.

Don't borrow kisses
unless you can return them
with real interest

Remember boy-O
it's all fun and games 'til
someone falls in love

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Breakup Senryus

The question arises - in high school - "how do I break up with....";
So, as a public service - may I present:

Handy break-up Senryus.
Pick one to quickly, cut that old
relationship cord:

I'm sorry, What'd you say?
I can't hear you *confused look*
- we're breaking up.

You're the guy that
every school girl seems to want...
- today's their lucky day.

It's time we took
our relationship to the
previous level.

I still cherish the
initial misconceptions
I had about you.

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Break-Up Senryus II

More break-up Senryus
to quickly, subtly cut that
relationship cord:

You're a guy, I'm
a girl... it turns out we're
just too different!

Look, It's not you - it's
me - turns out I don't like
you much anymore.

Allegory time!
You're a turkey, ok? And
I'm going on a diet.

You smile at him,
and then say: "You've helped
realize I'm gay."

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Breathlessly...

What I want is someone to love,
and for someone to somehow love me.
Not right now and not tomorrow...
but some day - eventually.
I'm still a child, those mysteries are vague,
but I pray it will happen - breathlessly.

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Brice

(a flash fiction piece)

My brother (Brice) left university, 6 months ago, like millions of other students, to shelter from COVID. After years away Mr. Annoying was back in MY world, bickeringly close and way too frequently in my business - like some half-assed adult (he just turned 22) .

As school planning recently started though, I awoke one night, unnerved at the thought that he might be leaving. It was a shocking awakening to how much I need him, draw strength from him and shelter in his lee. The heart-wrenching realization of how much I would miss him was breathtaking, like that Disney ride where they suddenly drop you seven stories. I bit off half my fingernails before I finally fell asleep. =/

In the clear light of morning, it's obvious that he'll leave again at some point and I'm dreading it now that it's flagged my awareness - and I face him with a whole new, creepy appreciation.

*Yesterday afternoon...

*Brice is on the sectional, with a bowl of pretzels, watching some BORING documentary.

I sneak up behind him and take his drink off the side table.

I plop down next to him - very close, I squeeze next to him, hard, like there's no other room on the huge sectional. He gives me the side eye.

Me: "What? ?"

After a few minutes he reaches for his drink to find it missing - he looks around, then at me.

Me: With a mouth full of pretzels, "What? ?"

He gets up to find his drink (which I put in the kitchen) and that takes about 20 seconds.

While he's gone, I change the channel to "Miraculous Ladybug", my favorite cartoon.

When he comes back we wrestle for the remote - it takes him a couple of minutes but he's too strong and as he begins winning, I yelled, "MOM, Brice is hurting me!" (which is cruelly ignored) .

He finally gets the remote and back to his show - I straighten my hair, out of breath, and wonder how long it will take him to realize the pretzels are missing.

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Bright Unknown

a Haiku

You don't know me
Not really. You just might see
someone smiling bright

you might hear a laugh
skipping off my dark surface
inside I am rough

I am scrubbing on
interior surfaces in a
measured tyranny

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Bye Boredom

(Senryus)

If I don't have
a hair-band on my wrist I
feel out of control.

When I was a kid
I thought teens were the coolest
people in the world.

Now I know that teens
are the tireddest, most stressed
people in the world.

How fun would it be
if ceiling fans could support
our weight - bye boredom.

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Capricious Creatures

Senryus about those
capricious creatures that rule
over our lives - our moms.

Studying. My phone
beeps, I look at it - mom says,
- "you've been texting!" Argh!

Mom: "Why is it - that
everything is on the floor?"
Me: *thinking*... "gravity?"

"SORRY! , how could I
know answering your question
would be talking back? ?"

My mom can hear me
mumble a mile away but
can't hear me yell "what?"

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Careless Whisperer

Dear careless whisperer,
Some sharings are dagger-edged
and there is no escape when they're turned on you
no countermagic for the soul crushing embarrassment
dropped as if from a great height.
Did you hear the gun-shot thunderclap of confidence
leaving the room?

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Changes...

Fall changes erase
the cheap substance of summer
with holiday joys.

Multicolor leaves,
multicolor lights with turkey
delights and kinship.

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Chants

There is a CD of African chants I listen to. They are so beautiful. Are they prayers, songs of love, lullabies? I don't know.

Oli-oli-O, one chant goes - I can't understand it but part of me responds to it. Like your name, the rhythm of your speech - a thrill ride, I am still trembling.

Nothing is what I expected it to be. Intoxication, sudden and sweet.. how could I protect myself from that? ?

I want to be with you - not eat, be with you, not sleep. The words gushed forth - we talked of EVERYTHING and when I was distracted - you stole my heart.

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Cheap Childhood

(each stanza is a haiku)

Barron Trump will be
attending virtual school soon
his Mom is careful

Should you send your kids
to dance on the battlefield
careful mothers?

Take you one last look
at faith in your kids eyes
- teach them their real worth.

What is the story
they will tell their kids - if you
push them out the door?

Those small trusting faces.
Cemetery roads are bricked
with silly gambles.

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Clouds...

Where are the clouds going
in their hurry between heaven and earth?
Why do clouds cry?
Intangible mountains in the sky...
wait - that one's a bunny!

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Conclusions

Don't let anyone
with bad eyebrows give you life
advice - it ends badly.

I don't mind seeing my ex with
someone else, I usually donate my
old things to the less fortunate.

I wonder how many
calories I burn jumping
to wrong conclusions.

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Conjugal Forms

*each "paragraph" of this poem is a haiku (5-7-5 syllables) *

I need to avoid
unimportant distractions
so my parents say

Exhausting yourself
in intimate situations
is dumb at your age

This is a yearly
lecture that I know by heart
- they must think me loose.

Surely you jest...
could you be suggesting a
conjugal visit?

Where do I find the
form needed to apply for that?
Do you have a pen?

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Coyote

I used to be excited on Fridays.
I used to have interesting plans.
My weekends were non-stop hectic,
my time was in high demand.

Now I live in repeated patterns,
I'm a servant to boring routines.
A fleshy teenage automaton,
waiting for science to intervene.

Oh, I'm readier than a girl-scout,
I'm more prepared than a marine,
I'll be out the door like a cartoon coyote,
the second I'm shot with vaccine.

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Cute

You're such a cute guy! !
You always look relaxed and detached
and a little confused or bemused.
It makes me want to enlist in assisting.
Your lips look seriously delicious.
Your eyes are green and serene.
You're simply beautiful*sigh*
Damn these binoculars are good!

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Dark Boredom

Oh! This eternal, infernal lockdown
I want to strike out, in ill-natured rebellion,
but all I can do is grip at shapeless hope.

I'm free to dream, of course, and I dream
my fill - I've become a dreamaholic.

My omnifarious dreams are deliberate,
whimsical, vengeful, hopeful - they even
tiptoe love's erotic, cutting edge but reality
soon returns - stealthy as a parent -
to induce dark, ordered boredom.

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Dark Shows..

No, I'm not ok.
It's amazing what a
smile can hide.

Monsters aren't under
your bed - they're in your head
And hard to ignore.

No one really knows
you until you show them your
internal, dark side.

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Death At The Door

Death's at our door, it's right there on our Ring.
I told it we're busy but it's patient - I think.
Death's at our door and - yep - it looks - viral.
But if you listen closely it's singing a carol.
"come out and play - it's a beautiful day"
"you can hide from the virus like a rat in a cave"
"but you'll just end up dying - some OTHER way."
The tune has such rhythm, the voice has such charm.
The pull is profound, my fears are transformed.
Death offers a beginning, not just an end.
and the offer's delivered with a wink and a grin.
Death looks like a cross between an angel and a prince.
Death seems kind of funny. Mom! Should I let it in?

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Democracy

The smart, modern boys
who'll shepherd satellites
and parent sly AI -

live blocks away and
spend sunny afternoons with
digital zombies.

I talked with one - once,
I think, he mumbled some
strange techno-English.

He was pale and
skittish but attractive
In a shy, goth way.

"Who are you voting
for?" he stared blankly, "for prom
court?" "he stared blankly.

"Madison's nice, I
say", handing him a ballot,
He checks her name "Thanks!"

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Desires

I'm like a Vulcan when you aren't around -
logical, distant, evaluating you
like a product with my friends,
the consumer with a lifetime of buying.

But near you I'm a prisoner
of some consciousness independent of thought,
like a fever or the dreamer,
with the merest semblance of control.

You are light and loose, hair like Spanish moss
and skin like cedar resin, all laughter and agonizing beauty.
The way you lean across the table I only think of kissing you.

I'm sure at times it must show,
like a red stain on a white dress
or some inconvenient erection..

You have some license on me,
a key to a place in me I keep hidden and close,
you fit some interior template of desire.

What good is freedom if I can't tell you! ! ?
Oh, The ragged vagaries of loves games.

1000 emotions and I am deserted
to silence by some rule of thumb -
by a faltering consumer confidence
or some feeling of inward nakedness -
when all I want in the world is an open kiss
or to give you an intimate scented something...

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Different In Dreams

I'm different, in
private dreams, where there are no
ramifications.

I'm more - adult? I
handle things decisively
- no second guessing.

And I KNOW what I
want - is that because it's all
erased on waking?

Do we practice life,
in our restless dreams - trying
on other selves?

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Disappointed Angel

I've disappointed heaven
and I can tell you why -
I angered a silver angel
who came down from the sky.

She said, "I'm just a messenger
sent to share the word."

I stood stone-still and waited
and this is what I heard:

"The coming Judgement will fulfil
- the rightful verdict of the Lord."

"OK..." I answered, shyly -
in an effort to prompt for more.

But the seraphim started fading away
as if the message finished her chore..

I said, "Wait! I need a message I understand
- you have to give me more."

The angel's face turned angry
and her tone became unkind -
she flipped her hair like a mean
girl and muttered "NEVERMIND".

So if you're messaged by an angel,
I hope you fare better than me
- I couldn't decipher the message
- and she flew off angrily.

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Disregard

You know a girl is
really hurt if she calmly
starts to ignore you

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Distanced

I saw you on the lake.
You have a nice tan,
you glistened, wet, and smiled.
We waved halfheartedly, at a distance.
It was one of those 2020 moments.

We are distanced by discipline,
desires sheltered in place.
Mine are burned, as fuel,
for piquant eclogues or rest,
unused, like nuclear waste.

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Don't Dash

love doesn't dash, it loiters
with repeated movements like music
and beautifully crude endearments

love doesn't dash, it lingers
with rhythms like dance
and boastfully rude aphorisms

so dally with me, my love
lollygag, lounge and in a while
we'll share breaths and mess about

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Don't Know, Don't Care

I swear, my parents act like they were never teens in a pandemic growing up.

I was watching "Perry Mason," an HBO show set in the 1930s. Perry gets mail out of his mailbox and I think "no GLOVES? ?" This pandemic has a hold of me.

6: 30am I'm finishing my shower - wrapping my hair in a towel.

Mom: *from my room* "I have something for you!"

Me: "OK." (I'm curious)

I step out of the shower, wrap on a towel, and my mom steps up and gives me a flu shot without so much as a "by your leave." Dr. Surprise strikes again.

My arm hurts=/

Writing a paper, on my computer, in class - I try to use the perfect word but I spell it so badly the spell checker gives up and in effect, says "I got nothin'." I switch words.

Telling a girl to calm down is like trying to put a cat in a tub.

My parents think every guy I talk to is my boyfriend.

If I'm texting and smiling my parents think I have a boyfriend.

I say, I don't know" when I don't care.

For ALL of its downsides virtual school is better because:

My two BFF and I have a facetime call going ALL school day so we can say snarky things..

I can listen to music on my headphones during classes.

I have multiple screens so I can web-surf during classes.

I don't have to wear shoes or a skirt!

I can put a video up so it looks like I'm paying attention.

I can snack/take a bathroom break whenever I want to.

I don't have to carry a backpack or make locker stops.

I can be late or leave early and blame it on "tech issues";.

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Drunk Love..

I'm in LOVE - drunk love,
look stupid love - and I
expect a harsh trial.

A hurricane is
due - the sky is coldly-gray,
and the wind is fierce.

Tech issues have school
on hold and walking is a
peak-experience.

Then - the blue gray truck
rounds the corner and I'm hit
with Christmas-like joy.

I LOVE shopping,
like a lush loves drink or a
gambler loves risk.

It's nigh erotic.
How can YOU resist it? Please
- tell me your secret? ? ! !

** Amazon trucks are blue gray =]

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Dueler's Thrust

What's the scariest book you ever read? ... Some Stephen King book like Salem's Lot or The Shining? For me it's Kate Millett's Sexual Politics... Oh, man... Now THAT will scare you to death if you're female.

I discovered a man, overheard at my church, who actually believes his sex is a sign of power and of superiority. WHY am I so startled? Some childish trust not yet scrubbed off? "Or worse yet, some belief, not yet strangled, in a better world? See, stupid me, I thought this bill had been paid, by sufferance, by real people like Elizabeth Stanton, Carrie Catt and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.... by entire generations who ran through those tangled woods emerging cut and bruised... if at all.

What is it like for HIM? I see him eyeing us, his little inferiors who bleed with the moon, with secret, catlike distaste... regarding female opinions as slightly impure... then, with calm, Godlike grace, granting females the forms of servant to assume.

Can I, can we, be forced to accept this inheritance? I don't know... All I know is that this prejudice, so strangely without substance, strikes me like a dueler's lucky thrust, robbing me of attendant rights and wit... springing a tender trap of doubt in the future and abandoning me to stammering.

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Effects Of The Heart

*(each stanza is a haiku - I think I'm in a Haiku phase) *

I never think of
drinking tea - that's just not
me - but I like it

there are a thousand
things like that which define us
- our many small choices

Are our passions choices?
"Our wild passions instruct us"
- said wise Shakespeare.

I don't choose to
quicken my heart at the sight
of one special boy

so I'm not sure
how that works, the pushes and pulls
of attractions grab

But the effect stills
and taxes the heart like maple
syrup thickened blood

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Empty Nights

My palette is empty
after over-busy school
and tense homework.

By the time dark night
staggers onstage, sleep is my
longed-for, sexy muse.

I'm greedy for sweet,
numb sleep or perhaps to dream
love-flushed fantasies.

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Exercise Is Important

Kissing burns 6.4
calories per minute, so,
you wanna work out? =]

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Fake

fake

I snuck into the party with an ID I hastily made
and stumbled, out of step, into the poetry parade.

In this beautiful country club, I'm surrounded by my betters.
I wave my kindergarten rhymes to show the men of letters.

In the echo of the learned men who came this way before me
I hear the patterned minuets, that if followed, lead to glory.

I chafe in those traveled ruts and I long for something varied
and I hope to spark a unique verse, between school and the cemetery.

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Fires Along The Tree Line

American citizens in "bread-lines" to get little boxes of food. How desperate do you have to be to join that line? The sad, generous, little boxes of nutrition. We are all human, we all need our next breath and our children's next meal. We all need shelter.

It's a carnival of pleasure to mock human need. Tell me my mistake.

Watch our President's Daily Briefing. He doesn't mention bread-lines. He chooses not to. How counterfeit is his competence. No "fire side chat", no promise of hope. How mean is this fat, grubby, "rich" man who s***s on golden toilet seats and ignores starving Americans' desperation.

The tyrant's plea, as the collapse begins, is "I'm not responsible". Tell me my mistake.

We have lost our immeasurable strength. We are become callous. We are robbed, of our better, more generous selves by narrow focus, by zero sum greed. Our collapse will be just, like verse set down in primitive times when the margin of error was clear and understood.

It's a calm discrimination to choose carelessness. Tell me my mistake.

This unfolding viral nightmare is but one of the fires along the tree line. The encroaching environmental disaster, the loss of our political system's integrity, the militarization of police racism.

Maybe China will do better - if I'm reading my score card correctly, it looks like they're up next as the world's great superpower.

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For The Moment

Dear unanswerable creator.
Oh, merciful and carelessly brutal lord.
We are alive for a moment.
We have our pleasures and despairs.
We seem but episodes in a series.
A question whispered, like gentle breathing:
Do our frolics play on in astral syndication
or are we recycled into cosmic dust?

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Forever

Theoretical physicists say that there's really no such thing as "time";
That our perception of time is just how our minds work but that, in reality,
everything is happening at once.

Somewhere, Harry James' trumpet is crying out to lovers. Do you hear it?

Romeo is about to take stage for the first time - Kennedy is climbing into the
convertible - and I'm about to meet my true love - will I know, did I know? Argh!

Time passes by or stays, unseen. Contrails forever linger, flowers never die and
kisses don't end.

This school day certainly feels like it's lasting forever.

anais vionet

Free Time

When not slaved to school
work I rush to do all of
my favorite things.

All at once in a
mad multitasking-fun-storm
of pleasure-chaos.

I was just sampling
Spotify tracks, playing my
iPod and writing.

While backing up my
music collection, planning
dinner and sewing.

And I thought maybe
I should make more coffee and
print my homework.

anais vionet

Free Will

You don't own me - I'm not your atometon
a gadget, an app, with a selection of options.
Sit this way, stand up strait, fix your hair
a doll-like disaster in need of repair.
You rule my world - but I'm not a slave
you can't prescribe every way I behave.
You make some good points - I try - and I listen
but it's hard to exist under klieg light inspection.
Maybe you think I'm your other daughter
I have bad news - I'm a later model.
An idea strikes me that I'd like to proffer:
swallow the pill of free will, Doctor.

anais vionet

Frenchy

Sometimes I stick out from my friends a bit - I think. It's the French in me. Americans have this excit ment about things - that's, well, exhausting.

Sometimes, when friends are jumping about, they practically plead for my engagement. I think I have a genetic, French reticence, an observer gene.

True, I have my moments of bitter COVID lock-down angst but I'm doing better than some friends. Maybe because the French live slowly - life is just moments - once a moment has passed, it's gone.

I wait, in my secret gardens, like a cat on a settee, sipping small pleasures. The poet in me refuses to zone out - there are poems in the stillness.

anais vionet

Friends...

These are some
Senryu poems about friendships.
Who knows us better?

Friends are family
by invitation - accepted
gifts to each other.

We don't care what
your specific gender is
we're calling you dude.

I love to hang out
With people who make me forget
to check on my phone.

We all have a friend
who thinks of everything
in a dirty way.

anais vionet

From A Distance

Oh, absent one, I miss you.
Darling, an empty place awaits you.
Thrushes chirp their dissatisfaction in
the garden as I doze with boredom.
I send my well wishes from a distance.

Oh, absent one, my digital ghost.
You're here when I call but not here.
I brush my hair with discontent, I
eat bitter, lonely meals to stay alive.
I send my love from a distance.

anais vionet

Fully Charged

This is an age old story
it could be a country song.
Some may find it enchanting
while others say it's wrong.

I like home automation
and the feeling of control
the response to simple voice
commands seems to satisfy my soul.

I got into it slowly
but it soon got out of hand
when on a cold black-Friday
I bought an automated man.

His physique wasn't all that defined
and I wouldn't have called him handsome
but soon I was trolling the aftermarket
for jail-broken enhancements.

He can't take his eyes off me,
his omelettes are the best,
and when he puts his arms around me
- he never needs to rest.

My mom appreciates him,
his work ethic has her impressed.
She has no idea how handy he is
as he helps me get undressed.

My friends say, "Wow, you look HAPPY!"
I feel I'm blooming like a flower.
I anxiously wait for him to fully charge
and we have unscheduled hours.

anais vionet

Furrocious

My cat's become so critical
of the pieces that I write
he kneads to express his opinion
and he always thinks he's right.

He twitches his ear-itation
if I don't write in Senryus.
If what I write displeases him
he's under the bed for refuge.

He's worse than many teachers -
his reviews are seldom neutered -
he pointedly wags that twitchy tail
or cat-calls disapproval.

He laid across my laptop
for half the afternoon
'til I promised an ode to tuna
which earned purrs of hallelujah!

anais vionet

Ghostly

What if a ghost loves
me and using its powers
to keep boys away...

That would explain a
lot. Does that sound crazy? We're
seeped in illusion.

I spend my entire
day with the inhabitants
of a virtual realm.

anais vionet

Grounded

You "adults", you exasperate me
with your evasions and delays.

You're going to have to change
some of the ways that you behave.

You aren't doing your homework,
you haven't cleaned the planet,
You aren't standing up to bullies,
you haven't been sharing your things,
and you're even playing with guns.

And you're pretending everything's ok.

You were taught better than this.

Sorry, but.. You're all grounded people.

And hand over those phones!

anais vionet

Happiness

Money can't buy happiness,
but it buys fast Internet
and that comes so close.

anais vionet

He Broke (Up With) Me

What a lonely, peculiar, eccentric figure i must be. A girl, in a garden, crying at an iPad, in the dark.

Earlier, at school...

It was a clear spelling out, like steel cuts thru fruit.

As he spoke he looked down and away, his gorgeous face blank and indifferent, as if I were wasting his time or he was talking to a child needing an obvious truth taught quickly.

When he finally looked back at me, I saw no pity in his impersonal, hazel eyes.

I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, I needed time to contemplate the universe's new laws.

Can a girl just suddenly die of heart-ache? ? because I was sure my heart had stopped, locked and frozen.

Finally, I gasped in this impossible new air - the force of it made me hold the cold-iron stair railing - the game is rough.

He's so... male - all chase and careless passion - intelligent teaser, a skilled steersman of excited climates... Oh, you simply have no idea.

And now he was, gone, still there, but gone to me - as if he'd transformed into a hologram or had begun to orbit some other sun, he just...

"You made me feel special." I said.

I had lost my balance on this faithless and unequal world, where heaven so cruelly punishes desires.

"You made me feel I mattered, such a favor." I said, absentmindedly, as I turned, and went back up the three steps into school.

I don't think I looked back at him as the door closed. After all, he wasn't there any more.

I think he called my name, like a question...

anais vionet

Hhhmmm...

arrgh! . Zoom didn't connect? - more tech issues
USPS can't deliver any more - Trump's America!
I wasn't dragged & dropped - is wireless down?
no Facebook notifications? - ok, who uses that
My image wasn't swiped! - I knew my hair was..
My email was returned? - call that Alphabet guy
No Amazon deliveries. - a probable traffic issue
FedEx hasn't arrived! - there must be a mistake
I didn't get pinned? - maybe there's a pandemic
I wasn't upvoted. - I question the entire process
No iMessages - maybe the upgrade was buggy
No likes? - is it me or am I seeing patterns here

anais vionet

Hope

I've felt the stir of resolution
to throw off careless greed.

I've heard the soothing voice of reason,
long thought to be extinct.

So pound your plowshares into words,
turn your anger into votes.

Let's march together towards sanity,
reclaiming fragile future's hope.

anais vionet

How To Flirt

Just get me something on the dollar menu.

OK, deer balls..

What?

They're under a buck.

*rolling eyes

I like you.

Oh, sure - how many girls have you said THAT too?

Lots.

Huh?

I've told lots of your friends that I like you.

I was thinking of you.

Aw.

In my time of horny-ness.

Euw!

Wanna know how to flirt with a queer girl?

? ?

Just keep talkin.. =]

I heard you like bad girls - It's your lucky day - I'm bad at EVERYTHING.

*winks with both eyes

anais vionet

I Search In Dreams

I pray to that dead
criminal Jesus - to set
us right - restore us.

We're a mess - like
spilled salt - remember the
fresh air of freedom?

In dreams I search - there
must be a cure lying
around somewhere..

Eyelid shades
open on chiaroscuro
lit, moody mornings.

I keep my head down
I'm doing my fey best, to
let nothing touch me.

anais vionet

I am unkissable
I am unreachable
I am semi-innocent
I am under pressure
I have an impassioned mind
I need to be taken in hand
I need to love soberly

anais vionet

Immoral Hands

a haiku story

Trump is attacking
TikTok - let him rape goodness,
let him be a Nazi.

He works for Russia,
is that news? He cages children
- some adults love that.

That fat bag of lust
has put his soiled, immoral
hands up the law's skirts.

Now he attacks youth,
- no, fun itself - in TikTok
- there is no justice.

anais vionet

In Concert...

Pay Shylock his pound
of flesh, give Richard his horse,
let Juliet love anew.

Let go of the ghost -
Shakespeare's doomed heroes
- pronounce them all dead.

Fight no more battles,
release strings so puppets
finish their dance.

Dismiss the actors,
set horses to pasture,
lower the curtains.

Ever-refreshed
villainy, once banished,
has taken new stage.

Human suffering,
in concert - you won't miss it
- it comes to you.

anais vionet

In Seine

The Seine river banks,
with their lack of guardrails, freaked
me out in fourth grade:

"Avez-vous entendu? ! ! "
My best friend rushed to ask it.
"Did you hear? ! (the news) "

A woman drowned! !
She gushed - the horror tale
punch line delivered.

My eyes were wide with
shock and fear - the monster takes
another victim.

The dark Seine river
slithered, like a green snake
- feet from my front door.

There was no railing
- a misstep would drop you some
12 feet, to your cold death.

No parent could save
you - a terrifying thought for
a nine year old girl.

Walking to school, my
brother would sneak up, nudging
me near left-bank death.

I would scream, amid
cat-calls and boyish laughter,
despite our au pair.

My best friend, Chloe, shared
my caution, if not my fear,
and loved to tease me.

That rapid river
loomed large in my dreams - as fears
can - for many years.

Last year we were in
Paris and I still couldn't go
near the riverbank=]

anais vionet

Intermission

I was dazzled - in
a summer spell - did we both
name it as special?

Was it the summer
freedom - the sparkling lake
that summoned magic?

The constant sun sent
a subliminal message
with its rise and fall.

It won't last, it said,
there's an expiration
date approaching fast.

The short-lived summer
proved a brief, insubstantial
memory making.

anais vionet

Introductions

Let me introduce
David Dennison - wealthy,
dirty-minded man.

Credit card in hand
and his pornographic plans,
for sex on demand.

Little girls attract
him - his daughter's body
teases and distracts him.

Of course Jeff Epstein
knew the way of it - the pay
& get away with it.

David's lawyers
smoothed the way - and he's the
President today.

*David Dennison is Donald Trump's alias in non-disclosure agreements with
prostitutes*

anais vionet

Jet

Like Mozart's Cherubino, I know nothing of love
but I am waiting on the runway, idling like a jet
I am burning my composure
I am inviting trouble
I have hidden gifts
and a steely will

anais vionet

Key Lime Pie...

Breathless summer heat retreats with the sun. People come out after dusk - like nocturnal animals. We're hunting ice-cream, at a carnival-painted are four serving windows, hundreds of flavors and crickets serenading from the dark.

My BFF Kim and I are with my older brother - we run to the line and he follows. We're waiting in line when the noisy muscle car roars up. The driver is Kim's ex-boyfriend - Rob. Dumped but still, somehow, on the planet.

We fear the contamination of simple ice-cream pleasures with sour drama. We turn our backs as they park and they join a nearby line. I feel Rob watching us, we're tense, like maybe there's a spider nearby.

Rob comes over - he wants something from her - she's bored with understanding. He stands close - private-space-invader close - he's high-school-junior smooth. His assertions have no creativity - just history repeating itself - the talk is brief.

After a minute, he storms off - his friends are disappointed - I think they wanted ice-cream. Tire squealing and motor roaring announce his departure - his reputation is upheld.

I got two gigantic scoops- one Banana Peanut Butter Ripple the other Key Lime pie.*YUM*

anais vionet

Knowing Care?

Thou hast my love and I desire thine.
Dost thou know or knowing, care?
I keep the nymph's lonely station.

But my impatience grows savage.

If thou carest not, my love
the stars will keep their motion
flowers will still need water
I will learn stillness
the feeling will rust

anais vionet

Last Words

Sometimes I
want to yell "I don't CARE"
in my mom's face.

When she blithely tries
to measure my sad prison
world to her own youth.

That prehistoric
reality, of phonebooths and
whatever, back then.

But I know those
words would freeze in the air
like a neon sign.

And very probably be
etched on my tombstone
as an epitaph.

anais vionet

Lights

Christmas lights are starting to bloom,
showering multicolored holiday grace across
increasingly bare, late fall suburban landscapes.
I LOVE, I NEED, the perfectly placed, perfectly timed, whimsy.

anais vionet

Loot

I'm daughtering in place and it's a full time job.
I'm a posable figurine, like a barbie for my mom.
She's been shopping in a frenzy, to fill the empty hours.
I think we have an Amazon truck dedicated to our house.
I needed another closet so we took my sister's room
It looks like a Dior outlet-store or maybe King Tut's tomb.
"I think you've gotten carried away, " I said to her last night.
Looking at all the loot arranged, she said, "you may be right."

anais vionet

Love Coverage

What stands guaranteed?
The moon's drifting away, oh
inconstant cosmos.

Gravity fights us,
taxes come due, boys will orgasm,
some things are certain.

What about love? We
need extended warranties
for consumer faith.

Permanent pressed
love - no crumpled hopes
- investor safety.

"Love bonds", or "emo-
care? " No worry, we'll find a
marketable name...

anais vionet

Love's Positions

I'm loves iPad ready for embrace.
Steve Jobs got credit for the touch interface
But mine's up and running with all the updates
I'm love's police laying out the pace
"you took that curve a little fast - this isn't a race."
I'm love's surveyor drawing the lines
"the pilgrims want to explore a new area this time."
I'm love's conductor - whew - hear the engine whine
"A tourist wants the tunnel - he's ready and primed."
I'm love's waitress
"sir, that's not on the menu."
Love's entrepreneur hosting the venue
I'm loves umpire right there in your face...
"sorry pal, but your out at second base! "

anais vionet

Mamá

Senryus about my
favorite - my one and
only - mom (so far) .

"Mom! , I understand! ! "
5 minutes later - wait, what did
she want me to do?

Eating my breakfast
cereal, "Mom! , let's go to the
lake! , " Mom says. "Can't"

"I can't wait to be
a lifeless professional, "
I say to my bowl.

Mini-heart attack:
Your mom says: "OK, I need to
ask you a question."

anais vionet

Marvelous Monkeys

What I love about Star Trek isn't the plots or even the characters, It's their casual, daily use of fantastic technologies (think replicators)- for them, the ordinary. It mirrors our own banal use of magic-like wireless, google searches and air travel.

We are marvelous monkeys.

I'm a teenager. I am new and agog - Jesus, I have a lot to learn. How are the many marvels that elevate our lives actually made? The millions of cars, the fuel distribution systems, our skyscrapers. Who thought of all this?

We're marvelous monkeys.

We can almost cheat death - I saw *Marilyn Monroe* on TV last night. It wasn't the real star - of course - just the image of her purring sexuality. The her without the messy adopted-child neuroses, chemical dependencies, loneliness and deeper longings. But it's early days - her DNA is lying around here somewhere.

We're marvelous monkeys.

anais vionet

Meditation

As a teenager, I can sometimes be frantic,
unfocused, stressed and anxious.

Luckily, I was introduced to meditation.

I** love **meditation and the way it makes me feel - solid.

So, how does it work?

First I set a 15 minute timer and get
prepared to look a little foolish.

I sit somewhere comfortable, cross-legged.

I close my eyes and focus on a point
in the center of my forehead

between my eyes, relax my mind,
and think only of the sound of OM.

When your mind wanders, just go back to OM.

Existing in that territory of nothing
there is a silence that must be listened to.

You end up giving sharp attention to nothing.

It is simple, compelling and satisfying.

When you're done, a new stillness will remain in your mind.

anais vionet

Memories

I've memories saved for future use
they're gathering like a storm,
and they're all mine - fruit on the vine,
I'm prone to dreams and poems.

anais vionet

Midterms

All my #2 pencils are chewed and the erasers are gone.
Half the pages of my books have been folded.

Sections are highlighted and notes are scribbled
in all over the place! *shaking head*

The page margins are jammed with doodles,
of flowers, cats, stars, hearts and names.

flipping pages to early in the year

September doodles are all John, john, JOHN.

Who's John? *thinking back*
Oh, yeah. *smiling*OH YEAH.

It's good to review the book before midterms.

anais vionet

Morning Dew

The day is new and not yet lost to summer heat.
Flowers blush and preen in morning breezes.
Let me whisper fears before the day consumes you
My fickle friend, another shadows your affections
Distracted lover another twirls for your attention
I'm losing confidence, and I think I'm losing you.
In the remaining shadows, leaves still brandish dew

anais vionet

Morning Mind

3 haikus

I am enjoying
this dull time - this decayed life
of extinguished hopes

Each sublime sunrise
finds my morning mind childishly
wishing for freedom

If wishes had power
If young tears were a vaccine
If our thoughts mattered

anais vionet

Mutterings

mutterings

I see you in dreams,
those inconsequential things,
shaped in busy slumber.

I call to you - with
continual mutterings
- but do you listen?

anais vionet

My Lord

I'm imagining
MY lord - NO, no, - not GOD! *snort*
my future husband!

So, how will it be?
How will he persuade me - or
- will I entice him? ?

Relationships can
erase people - they seem to
disappear, sorta.

I'm not going to
do that - if alpha there be
it'll damn well be me.

But if he plays me
- just right - I'd surely acquiesce
to the score, like music.

anais vionet

Mysteries

You've stopped talking to me and I don't know why...

I hate this - this feeling - this anguish, with it's retinue of mysteries.

Was it something I said? I'm sorry - I curse my rebel lips.

Was it something I didn't say? I'm sorry - I was the unaware child.

I'm just a girl - not some faultless machine

There needs to be a manual - a manual for... everything - so i'd know.

Is there a more contemporary narrative than disappointment at the hands of this Internet plaything - this toy-like trap we hope will inform us and we think we command?

I know questioning destroys some things.. but I don't understand.

I don't understand.

anais vionet

No Appeal

There's no appealing the sentence - with our virus destroyer.
There's no appealing the sentence - I checked with our lawyer.
There's no appealing the sentence - to this prison like experience.

When my alarm goes off it's ground-hog day.
How long can we all go on this way?
I scream into my pillow so to not cause alarm.
This virus lock-down has lost all of its charms.

anais vionet

October Daffodils

Eight months since the virus shut the door on the world.
It's October and it's like we're hiding from the law.
You called me yesterday - but it quickly wore off.
Sometimes crushing hungers, for our old normal blossom
but wither, like confused daffodils, denied sustenance,
in the reality of "second waves" and body counts.
This renewed viral spiral has me all wrung out.

anais vionet

Ode

I feel like we could
sing one of those righteous
civil rights anthems.

"We shall overcome"
goes to the pandemic point,
and we could hold hands.

Our kinship is dear, and earned,
with simple sacrifices.
Our struggle isn't over.

anais vionet

Oh, Brother

(tales from the viral lock-down)

Brice (my brother) is cutting through what smells like a stack of cinnamon french toast.

My stomach growls at the aroma like a hunting cat. I jump out of bed, grab my robe and rush excitedly to the kitchen.

I see the pan in the sink.

gasp "You didn't MAKE me any! ! ? " I accuse, in indignant shock.

Brice, looking up, "JESUS, get on some fu-kin' clothes! "

He waves his arms like he's fighting a flock of birds.

I look down, "GOD, I AM wearing clothes, you PERV! - and a bathrobe"

"Who says THAT'S a bathrobe? ? " He says, sarcastically.

Me: "Kiki Montparnasse! ", I say, indignantly.

My mom enters to fill her coffee cup.

Brice: "Will you please tell YOUR DAUGHTER to get on some clothes? "

My mom inspects me and I twirl for my audience.

"That IS a little sheer", she pronounces.

"ARGH! , FINE, " I say, before stomping off to change.

I start to fume. "HE CAN GO ALL OVER IN BOXER SHORTS BUT I CAN'T WEAR A BATHROBE? ! ! "

"And HE didn't make EXTRA TOAST", I yell back in pointed accusation.

"Get to work, " (on more toast) I hear her tell him, just before I slam my door.

another day...

My brother Brice is fighting with his girl-friend on the phone.

Of course, I'm only hearing 1/2 the conversation - but he sounds like a jerk.

Me: "apologize, " I silently, slowly, exaggeratedly mouth

Brice: "fu-kovv, " he mouths back, silently

Me: "I'm your sister, " I say, "I get to boss you around, besides, I KNOW what's BEST"

A minute later - He actually apologizes! ! ! And they make up.

(I dance around the room like Rocky)

anais vionet

Old Fashioned Christmas

It'll be an old fashioned Christmas,
with Santa due down the chute.
I bet he Purells his reindeer,
and Lysols his hazmat suit.

It's an old fashioned Christmas.
We'll all have on our masks,
and our muffled yuletide carols,
will be just like seasons past.

We'll observe all the guidelines.
We'll eat six feet apart.
We'll have disinfectant under the mistletoe,
and keep safety in our hearts.

Sure, it's an old fashioned Christmas.
One unique to the times.
The love this year might be careful,
but the feelings are genuine.

anais vionet

On It

I need to stop being
sarcastic all of the time
- yeah, I'm on that.

anais vionet

One Or Two

300 nights I've been here a-pacin',
I've got clothes, all shiny and new!
This whole year, my time's been a-wastin',
someday this endless virus will be through.

On the news, they say there's a serum,
soon I'll have to take one or two.
Crowded clubs, where music's a-playin',
I bet I can get into one or two.

There are boys, out there just for kissin',
and someday, I'll kiss one or two.
I'll find out, just what I've been missin',
I'll bet I won't get home 'til one or two.

There are boys, of nineteen or twenty,
and they know, just what to do.
Shiny toys, just waitin' for choosin',
I find the idea amusing - it's true.

anais vionet

Open Ears

"The open ear of youth doth always listen" - Shakespeare

I want to listen, when adults give me advice but it's not easy. The wind-up, the slow methodical narrative to the point drives me insane.

I know you're trying to build a bridge - not a wall - so spit it out - I'm right here, behind these blue eyes. Whatever hurtful idea you've latched onto - let me hear it - STAT.

Maybe you'll find your message returned - unopened - but you're like earth - I'm stuck in your gravity - so for the love of whatever deity you worship - spill it.

Upgrade my life with your insight and I'll be forever changed and improved.

anais vionet

Opposites

(2 haiku)

A boy will make you
think he's in love with you
When he really isn't.

A girl will make you
think that she doesn't love you
when she really does.

anais vionet

Oracle Whispers

Oracle please tell
me, (free of charge)about the
future that will be.

Show me the bright secrets
of love - be a mystic guide
for my bored heart's relief.

What kisses may be played
on sweet, future nights with no
tentative whispers please.

Help me conquer the
confusing compresence of
desire and unease.

anais vionet

Orphic Spells

Ex lovebirds of
the tamest passion can turn
so predatory.

Passive aggressive
schoolboys who mock whistle at
ex-girlfriends for spite.

Who scatter book bag
contents in mock accidents
for supposed revenge.

As witchcraft conjured
by the nonbelligerent
to silence the bully

I summon some sweet,
musical, lascivious
words as orphic spells

In self-effacing
defense to tame the awful
beast with dirty magic.

anais vionet

Other Names

On cool, starry, fall, indigo-blue night walks, it's so beautiful that it's hard to believe we're mid-catastrophe.

That sunrise will dawn on countrymen whose heavy burdens our national leaders won't even publicly discuss much less address.

File hope under other names - we need changes and new leadership - hey, you adults - can we please just try a government of concerned professionals?

anais vionet

Our Novel

You can think of this
pandemic as an novel
slowly unfolding.

We are characters
caught up in the plot - we're the
heroes and cowards.

We bring our desires,
educations, biases and
social reflexes.

All the small sins and
great vanities of mankind
have a home in us.

The challenges we
face, in chapters yet turned
would scare the angels.

Will, we, the people,
psychologically flinch
in this, our great hour?

If so, expect no
Crispian Day speech of legend
to mark our passing.

anais vionet

Parents

Parents, the keepers of the door to this amazing universe..

To them I am a fragile sapling, staked for its own good. Protected from sweet kisses, funny and salty, somber and delicious.

Parents, those figures of authority - from whom our true lives are kept.

Protect me from scars no deeper than a blush, from rustles on a soft battlefield, caressed curves, tousled hair and appetitive breaths of each others air.

Parents, who guard against loves bombardment, the persistent courtship. Giving ground in slow but immense movement, like those of continental plates.

Parents, whose power will fade with no more cause than time, gentle as mist, as powerful as a waterfall.

anais vionet

Please Care

Please care.

Love's slants and spins have me dizzy.

Thy laughter's the star I navigate to

Thy voice a song I listen for

Thy touch I long for

Please care.

I make heated love's impious oaths.

Thy sigh is my pleasure as well

Thy smile is worth gold

Thy look my is my sun

anais vionet

Plots

Some old movie plots
can't happen now, with changes
in technology...

You know, in a movie
when someone texts everyone
at school by mistake?

Who has EVERYONE
at school on their contacts list?
No way that happens.

Parent-less parties
where scores show up - with modern
surveillance systems?

or ditching class, heck
my parents are texted my
quiz scores real-time.

"why'd you get an 88
on that Calculus test, I
thought you studied? " Argh!

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Poison Darts

Shakespeare said, "make
pieces of the beast and his
confederates";

My parents voted
today - filling out and then
casting their ballots.

It was a pleasing
privilege - even as an
anxious observer.

Their two small darts at
the heart of the snarling beast.
Saints let them strike true.

anais vionet

Practical Algebra

A lot of people hate algebra - they think it isn't useful.

They are SO wrong - here is some practical Algebra:

Chocolate comes from Cocoa,
which grows on a tree,
which is a plant,
therefore: Chocolate is a salad.

You're welcome.

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Pressures

force, punish, burden,
insistent coercion, and threat,
compulsion, tension.

Stressful stranglehold,
urge, force per unit area,
fuss, influence, duress.

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Promises

(a series of haikus)

I will not woo
until this virus is cured
or there are vaccines.

I refuse to kick
my brother until there's
some police reform.

I won't fight with
my mom 'til we focus on
the environment.

I'm going to hold
my breath til the election
- go, go, sleepy Joe!

I won't buy any
makeup until - heck, who wears
makeup anymore? ?

I'm giving up
pizza... wait, no I'm NOT.
Forget about THAT!

*promises are subject
to cancellation - any time
- without prior notice*

anais vionet

Quiet Boy

There's a boy at school, he's SO quiet.

But sometimes he'll speak-up and say something that's ****so**** funny

A couple of times I've tried to talk to him, after class,
to tell him how funny I think he is, but he practically vanishes.

Kim & Bili (My two BFF) think he's super shy.

I find funny ***very*** attractive.

Now, even in our dull virtual class he can say something that fractures - even the teachers think he's funny - they never get mad.

When this lock-down is over I'm going to lasso him and tell him.
We might have to work like a posse, corral him from three sides
like a skittish colt.

I'm not going to tell him I find him attractive - ***duh***.

But I will tell him that if someday he's a famous comic,
like Seinfeld or Chappelle, I won't be surprised.

There aren't enough complements in the world - I love
those delightful moments, when I can surprise someone
with the miniature perfection of a complement.

Does he see the enchanting power of his humor?
Maybe he won't care ***shrug*** but I'll wake up that
morning to the thrill of the chase and just doing
it will make my day.

anais vionet

Quiet Night

How well I know this place
with its multicolored, sloping gardens,
it's glittering, fountained pools
but it's beauty is fleeced by repetition

Loneliness tests the resolution of the young
with our howling appetite to experience
and be shaped by exposures.

Like the gleaming barrel of a gun,
the clock points at nothing
and the crimson sunset leads
to another empty, quiet night.

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Quiet Thoughts

It's in quiet
moments of thought that we create
our identities.

anais vionet

Reassuring Smiles

Smiling at old folks
to reassure them you're
not a teenage thug.

Even though I'm in
my school uniform and look
like Mary Poppins.

I don't like talking
in front of a group of teens
- they're so judgmental.

anais vionet

Remember Summer

Remember summer,
as fun's residue fades.
Well, try anyway.

Now we live prudent,
virtually schooled lives - it's
all a million laughs.

Humidity clings,
grasping, like an ex-lovers
unwanted embrace.

Get your bikini,
hit the pool, frolic - drown school
worries in cool play

anais vionet

Republican Magic..

(A 5 Senryu poem)

I'm excited - the
republican convention!
I love magic shows.

They will reveal, with
sorcerous skills a new Trump
- bighearted, and selfless.

The man we all know,
the emotionally crippled
horror, will wear disguise.

Who will be deceived?
The children in cages will cheer,
the virus dead will smile.

Our Nazis will march,
ghosts of veterans will wail,
What a fine party.

anais vionet

Ring Like Music

Murder with callous authority
Murder with casual face
behold guilt and indifference
behold helpless public pleading
cries to mothers past and mothers now
behold public death - oh, watching eyes

behold the citizens' fear to interpose
behold the helpless sheep, oh lion!
where came such fear?
behold the face of arrogance
behold the face of tyranny
are you safe in your coop, chicken?
where came such power?

Share the barking dogs' epiphany
wake the half-asleep and world-weary
clutch the scoundrels
Let the pain of others be warning
And the alarm of villains ring like music

anais vionet

Romance Rambling

The conversation
takes an crushy turn - so my
brain starts making quips.

My experience is
that my amorous impulses
are unreliable.

With my friends, my flawed,
carnavalesque attempts
at romance are legend.

Unless I'm starved
for embarrassment's grief
which I seldom am.

I will dodge, slither,
obfuscate and stall attempts
at intimacy.

What if I'm the
Kind of girl that guys can't
just fall in love with?

anais vionet

School Bodied

School's started up. *sigh*
I moved up a notch, of course
but virtual school sucks.

We should be walking
- no, swaggering - ivied halls
with new dominance.

Seniors rule, true,
but with one foot out the door
- Juniors set the tone.

One more viral theft,
that renders long traditions
unapproachable.

This virus changes lives
- bodied within its limits
- what future will rise?

anais vionet

Seaward

It's hard to feel like
your growing up when you're moored
- sheltering at home.

I am patiently
waiting to take the helm of my
life's navigation.

My life, so far, is
prelude - I long to cast off
and exit the slip.

anais vionet

Secret Signs

How well I know this place, I'm trapped in these interiors.
I refuse to step on cracks and I avoid the hateful mirrors.

I'm watching like a cat the many motions of the heavens.
I'm straining like a witch to extend my intuition.

I'm looking for hidden patterns in odd numbers that show up.
I'm sorting out the tea leaves that my mom leaves in her cup.

I'm sure I hear the whispering of the moon on predawn walks.
I think I'd hear the angels - should one decide to talk.

Oh, God, I need some answers - I've become a hopeless mess -
show me secret signs or release it to the press.

You know I wait impatiently, with several billion friends,
for my vaccine miracle - when will this virus end? !

anais vionet

Sentenced

I wear my heart on paper
Ink fills my veins like blood
reviews cut like a razor
I'm addicted to the pen.

I pump words with every heartbeat
I hoard paragraphs in my room
I take interjections like a junkie
I wear verbs like perfume.

I'm feeling the contractions
as I erase awkward phrases
I write sad poems that feel like skin.
and fill sheets of diary pages

I blush at lurid pronouns
that I conjure then,
I consider putting word-play off
but I'm sentenced to the pen

.
. .
.

*Inspired by Michael R. Burch's poem: At the Natchez Trace

anais vionet

Shopping Lists

(a poem in Senryus)

You don't have to count,
when you lose a boyfriend, you
know. There was just one.

He was gone before
I knew it - he wasn't, you know,
tied up or anything.

For a moment I
toy with saying, "Alexa, add
rope to my shopping list."

In High School boyfriends
come and go - it's like shopping
- where you return things.

anais vionet

Simply Gone... (The Virus)??

Wow, it turns out Trump was right.
I saw it on "the Onion" - posted overnight.

Scientists woke up today and the virus
was simply gone - the miracle - has happened.
And they said that Trump was wrong!

The once dying - started laughing
first responders broke into song
patients shrugged off ventilators
they can go back home where they belong.

That God has been so merciful
is a story ripped from scripture
and since Trump - the antichrist - is here
we can move on to the rapture!

anais vionet

Skool Alert

Corona virus pickup lines...

Hey baby, I'm still employed.

What's a girl like you doing anyplace? Seriously, wtf? Go home!

You're hotter than medically recommended.

thoughts..

Don't fall so in love with sad poems that you become one.

Today is both the oldest you've ever been and the youngest you'll ever be

I'm sure waterboarding is all they say it is but try and take a rubber band out of your hair you used for a quick ponytail.

That old monster school is rearing its ugly head. School (11th grade: virtual)starts in 13 days. sigh

School doesn't teach life skills - but I can solve a parametric equation.

Age doesn't define maturity any more than grades don't define intelligence.

Friends joke with one another:

'Hey, your dad's dead.

'Hey you're poor.'

That's just what friends do.

Watching my mom on the computer and thinking

Why did you do THAT?

Why are you using Internet Explorer?

Your caps lock is on.

OMG you're so SLOW.

You don't need to double click THATsigh

Is this is going to take ALL DAY.

MOVE AWAY - LET ME DO IT.

anais vionet

Skywriting

By a clear mountain stream an enchantress sat skywriting,
her bracelets seemed to jangle a melody as her arms moved.
The wind stopped blowing lest the clouds corrupt the work.

The knight, dressed in black, wore a mask and intended damage.
His knife was between his teeth, as he moved noiselessly closer
- breathing shallowly for stealth.

The birds suddenly stopped chirping. "Go home boy," the
enchantress whispered.
The knight blinked and froze but the enchantress did not look around.
She pulled a half-penny from a pouch, kissed it, and lobbed it into the stream.

The knight went from certain to vague - he sheathed his knife and wiped his lips.

"Come, drink." the minx motioned to the stream.
As he sipped water from his cupped hands the beautiful woman
said, "Your love will bear you two sons if you're home before dark."
The knight wiped his hands on his trousers - nodded - and ran for his horse.
The enchantress smiled to herself as she finished her unearthly poem.

anais vionet

Spinning

When it stopped and I saw the target, a handsome 16 year old, part of me wanted to jump up and run. This party wasn't with my usual friends - except my BFF Kim was there. These kids were 15 and maybe 16. I had just turned 14. We had been invited by an older girl-friend.

I couldn't have been more nervous - the party had turned just short of terrifying - but there's no way on God's earth that I could chicken out. John and I shuffled towards each other on our knees.

He's taller and as we drew together he bent toward me and I looked up - our lips touched, I felt his warm breath - WOW, his lips were soft.. I had to force myself not to pull back - my heart was pounding with the fear of embarrassment - what if he stopped - like, YUCK, and declared the whole idea an impossibly silly joke? ?

He didn't - after a second I felt his strong left hand gently on the back of my head and he slightly rotated my head to the right and - OH, YEAH - we were able to draw deeper into the kiss (I'd seen that in MOVES - now I understood) . His lips were so smooth, slightly slippery and warm - I was breathing WAY deeper then and felt a twining in interesting places.

His right hand pressed my lower back and he fetched me closer and, boy, we REALLY fit - I felt my breasts pressed to his chest - I wasn't sure what to do with my hands - they were sort of out to the side. His tongue fleetingly touched my lips and the tickle was electric.

My lips parted a little - he drew me even closer - his tongue playfully connected with mine and I seemed to short circuit - I drew in breath sharply, through my nose - which sounded enormously loud to me. WOAHH, this was getting intense, I put my palms to his shoulders - should I push away? ?

"Time! , " the girl timing the kiss called.

We stopped actively kissing and he started easing off the pressure holding us together - I leaned back on his hands a bit as I searched for balance. Our kiss-seal broke and I gasped a little, which fortunately, sounded like a laugh and everyone laughed as we pulled apart. I glanced at his face and he was smiling warmly - I blushed explosively and looked down.

I put my right hand on my skirt as I scooped back in place and someone placed the bottle back on the center of the circle.

I was still looking down because I could tell my face was beet-red but my eyes found Kim, I smiled and give her a telepathic* holy-COW*. My first REAL kiss.

I left the circle before someone could spin me. There's no ****way**** that I was going to do that again.

anais vionet

Steady Moments

I dread those moments
when infatuation begins
to be commitment.

When a wanting to
be together turns into
an obligation.

whoa, I can't be
"your" girl - I'm not looking
to belong to you.

What commands my heart
who knows? But it can't be
kept - pressed like a rose.

Is a girl bitchy
if she won't commit to
a relationship?

anais vionet

Stolen Cheese

(4 haikus)

The moon is missing
- void where it should be sitting
- It's not there in the sky.

I looked behind trees
the clouds were moved by the breeze.
I looked 360 degrees.

The loss of it's
light makes it darker than night
- something's not right.

I feel a spooky
unease - it's hard to believe
that some goon stole the moon!

anais vionet

Strong Attractions

A crush is someone
you're strongly attracted to
- they just don't know it.

He doesn't know you: check.
you like him: check, he does nothing:
Check, you fall for him.

I lie in bed and
envision scenarios where
my crush grins at me.

It's so weird that
we can almost stalk someone
and they have no idea.

I'm trying to get hair
out of my mouth and I find
my crush is watching.

anais vionet

Stumbling Towards Desire

I stumble pajamaed, half asleep toward the object of my desire.
in memory, it calls to me, of passionate pleasures experienced prior.
The morning's night is the consummate time for secret rondeaus discrete.
With ninjaly sneak I arrive at the door - my illicit joy within reach.
But to my horror I find the pizza gone - again, my trust is breached!

anais vionet

Submitting To The Lash

In 7th grade we took
some personality tests
- they were intriguing.

I'm a hustler
- the very opposite of a
procrastinator.

I take on future
projects early, impatient
to sandpaper issues.

It's calming to
know why I stress - it helps me
navigate my fears.

While my friends are panicked
that SAT testing time is here
- I did mine last year.

It's easier
to submit to the lash if
we know what drives it.

anais vionet

Summer Storm

(in 2017 my parents wanted to move us to Shenzhen, China - for a year)

No luminous field of stars tonight and no rain as yet, just booming thunder and the play of light on darkness.

I lay in a grass clearing, watching the sky. Swirling clouds and flashes of light - bright streaks - as far as the eyes can see.

Wind whips the trees, the sky, my hair. Leaves irregularly blow by as if in a hurry or perhaps debris from some strange slow-motion explosion.

I feel at home in this chaos. This angry sky mirrors my mood, my life at this moment. The next few days, next few hours will change everything, for me, or nothing. My future looms suddenly dark, frightening and empty.

Am I really caught in this plan, this parental gravity, this storm, that can upset my entire life, where years of furious work are meaningless? ?

There is no compass for dreams, they know only passionate directions. I've defended them as best I could, like a lioness, a lover, but there's no stopping a storm.. I guess.

As the rain begins I know one thing.. I will not move..

anais vionet

Tangled

I put my hands on the table after you..
I drink from your half-empty glass..
I sit in your still-warm chair.
I signal you but I am a candle at noon..
I call you but I am a snowflake at sea..
Please don't go anywhere without me..
I long to be your shadow.
I want to taste you like food..
A hundred emotions tangled like hair..and trivial words..

anais vionet

Tears Over You

I shed tears over you
for a second or two
but still FAR too long.

I'm glad we're through
I was stuck with you -
like gum on my shoe.

Another night of drama got to me,

I'm not made of stone.
But please don't text or phone.
I'm much better alone.

anais vionet

Temperatures

Ok, so you're cooler
than me - logically, then...
I'm hotter than you.

anais vionet

That Internet Thingy

I love that Internet voodoo
that pile of wires and things
that lets us stay connected
and keeps us entertained.

It ties the world together
like economies these days
it's magic either good or bad
information cuts both ways.

It went down the other day
and it wasn't out that long
the maintenance guy
was at the outside box
and he did something wrong.

I watched him like a tiger
from inside my gilded cage
I was pacing my perimeter
like a predator, engaged.

I screamed helpful, timely updates
he seemed a clueless clown
and I was ready to go block
his truck if he tried to leave
while we were still down.

He finally got the thingy fixed
my sweet prince of restoration
I laughed out loud to see the lights
then I gave him a standing ovation.

Without the Internet I'd go crazy
and it wouldn't take that long
after months of dull isolation
it's helped us all stay strong.

anais vionet

That Old Moonlight

I see your face, and like a splash of clear
cold water - I'm startled awake from loneliness.
I hear your voice, and like something lost
and wanted, I feel a breathless interest.
A video stutter is a cruel and sudden reminder
- you are unknowably remote - and this magic
connecting us is just another of passion's obstacles.

anais vionet

The Age Of Hate

Ok, I'm not paid to think (like the TV shouting heads) , I have no real voice (vote) , and certainly no credentials - but I'm as invested in America as any high-school citizen can be - I've pledged allegiance 3000 times (hhmmm.. do they doubt our loyalty?)and when it comes to loving America I'd have to say my classmates and I are at the center of the spell.

I'm afraid we're growing up in the age of hate.. the age of phony outrage where each position large or small is high noon and violence is underfoot even when policing ordinary citizens.

We won't address the multitude of old problems in this new age.. we'll just unleash a marquetry of half truths to dispute the proven until unreasoned arguments reach their paranoid fullness. The real world is alarming enough - lets just push that away and ignore it - while we're at it lets slut shame the poor, the old, the sick, the unemployed, the hungry and the hand of mercy.

I realize America was never one moral atom bonded for better.. but those anvils that forged us appear neglected or forsaken. I'm afraid what's happening now, what we're seeing and hearing now, is a symphony of erosion - that by the time I have any say at all, the middle class will be gone - america turned slum - where even the voice of despair will be turned traitor.

We'll only be able to see our greatness in museum souvenir shops where nothing is affordable and everything is made elsewhere.

anais vionet

The Agent

Mad kings are sly Devils,
and like math homework,
they're hard to get rid of.

Like ex-boyfriends they
waltz the line of patience
with dawdling acknowledgements
and sluggish departures.

You find yourself the airline
agent, "Sorry sir, your departure
is booked and ticket printed -
please proceed to the gate."

anais vionet

The Ballad Of Jeffery Epstein

You made me rub you
I didn't want to do it
I didn't want to do it

You paid me damn you -
I was so scared I'd do it
You always knew I'd do it

You made us happy sometimes
you made us sad
the twisted world you made, Jeff
You treated us so bad.

You made me fly for
The island where you kept us
and all your friends slept with us.

We wanted something newwwww
Yes, It's true, 'deed we knew
You know we knewwwww

Giving, Giving, Giving, Giving what you lied for
there are some things rich men commit
- perverted crimes for..

You know you made me rub youuuuuuuu

.
. .
. .

*We just finished the documentary. the case is complicated, the case is simple.
The story is as old as the bible.*

anais vionet

The Biker

I loved riding my
bike as a child. It offered
me a new world view.

I was fast and free.
Then we put cards in the spokes,
and I motorcycled.

I cut corners like
a politician and wore
aviator glasses...

I could have passed my
driving test, last year - but nooo
- for once - I was chill.

I'm sure the trauma
of my laziness will scar
me, but - maybe not.

Sometimes I'm
SO resilient that people
think me uncaring.

Warning: People may
be far more emotional
than they might appear.

anais vionet

The Boyfriend Bell Curve

So
hot
cute
smart
cuddly
Dances
attentive
seductive
accessible
Sympatico
intoxicating
mesmerizing
college bound
straightforward
smart as a whip
eager to please
always on time
100% truthful
pleasurable
enthraling
incredible
orgasmic
funniest
gentle
sweet
sexy
soft
fun

anais vionet

The Bubble

the bubble

Our atmosphere is a bubble - like the fizz you find in Champagne.
Have you ever been to a dentist, and done it without any pain?
Have you ever enjoyed wireless or traveled the sky in a plane?
Then you've experienced science - the modern world's quoin.
Climate change has been proven - the result of our human reign.

Have you noticed the west coast's on fire - and seen the gulf hurricanes?
We're in the hottest decade ever and only half the country gets rain.

Did you ever use a computer - have you ever been on a train?
Did you ever see television - do I really have to explain?
Science deniers aren't new - they once claimed cigarettes weren't bad,
and thousands died from cancer - science deniers be damned.
Our civilization's based on science - it's the modern world's quoin.
Climate change has been proven - the results of polluting our domain.

anais vionet

The Competition

I pound the pillow, curse the clock and mock injunctions to rest.

The sun finally rises and its rays slantwise fall through the curtains as I dry my hair.

A meal, like a forced dose, we soak ourselves in wasted, nervous time.

Finally! We arrive at the competition...

Tension is here and tireless pressure.

The players waiting stiff as straw, tongues playing over dry lips.

Teachers and coaches unapologetic in their pallor.

Music drifts behind us and occasionally gasps as imperfections play like daring circus tricks.

The sparkling prodigy returns disappointed, grimace of a smile, stricken, he stares away as we search for words, oh! clumsy, unrepairable prince!

Suddenly, its time and I wonder why we are hurrying, feeling weak, momentarily frightened to go there.

On this stage in this great, hushed hall, enormity suddenly dawns with mass enough to crush me.

At last I sit before this odd Steinway music machine - my dearest mechanical friend.

A tremble resisted - the reward of mortal afternoons - endless practices fruit.

Eyes closed I prepare my best self - pushing all fear, all doubt, to the margins - and begin.

I hope, to recreate, one note at a time, Chopin's ancient impact - with hands flying, like tethered birds, I hammer out his timeless melody explosions, his streams of crazily exact math exam fiery semiquaver motions.. then, almost suddenly, I'm done.

I stand, joyously, nearly crying.. The world hasn't ended.

anais vionet

The Crew

Here are more Senryu
poems about friendships.
Those who are your crew =]

Parents give advice
but our friends, knowing more, have
usable answers.

We laugh at the same
moments - at home, school, or play
- we have shared viewpoints.

We laugh at how we
won't turn into our moms
but we know we will.

We share so many
inside jokes - we speak
our own language

anais vionet

The Dark Potential

*(a Senryu string poem) *

High school girls are just
thoughtless and vague - too damn
dumb to be afraid.

Trusting too quickly
- believing things that are said
- unaware of risk.

Small and powerless,
chickens cooped from feral foxes
- peaches for picking.

So accompany
me on walks, to the store and
guard me like a penny.

Look - we're women
- junior grade - and conscious
of dark potential.

Breasted Americans
face a dark rainbow of threats
- we are mortal.

But ANY of us can
encounter unscheduled evil
like nightmares from hell.

Yes, that means you rough
tough males who glide through life as
if untouchable.

anais vionet

The Fair

The flags are waving brightly,
hypnotizing the naive,
they shimmer like carnival balloons.

There are merry andrews waltzing,
to the themes of marching bands,
they're camouflaged to blend in with the moon.

The party's getting started,
so we better get in line
- the wind is breathing something like a sigh.

The smell of cotton candy
drowns out the barkers script,
and multicolored lights announce the mood.

There's rain off in the distance
- you can feel on your skin
- the children refuse to stay in line.

Dogs are barking somewhere,
and lanterns dance like birds
- there's nothing left to do but step in time,
two, three, four.

The tent is Chinese silk,
as silver as a coin
- acrobats take tickets with their lips.

The sawdust smells like bacon,
and the seats are way too small,
but the crowd is pushing in
because red rain is falling.

Elephants turn like dancers,
and trumpet to the night
- the sound shakes the world like my alarm.

Another ho-hum morning,

soon the sky will tell a lie,
- that lemon light has something to proclaim.

My bags are packed for boredom,
the trip will last all day,
- there's nothing left to do but step in time,
two, three, four.

anais vionet

The Fort

Build your fort and be its watchman
Wound me with silence or cut me with words
Humiliate me, remove happiness
Put me in lonely company
Make me autarkic

I will battle with whispers
I will hide in plain sight
I will sulk in the now
I will kill with looks
I can cry in secret

anais vionet

The Grass Path

(a story in 4 Senryus)

Dew gently pools on
the rich green Bermuda blades
of suburban lawns.

Walking across grass
soaks your shoes like a splashing
child in a puddle.

Your passage diagrammed,
by wet, green tracks that trace your
path like virgin snow.

Proof you were here, real,
a charming gift watched through chaste
glass that made me cry.

anais vionet

The Green Witch

My mom, with the green
witch's casual, sour malice,
can verbally kill.

But she is easily
deceived by disguise
- my body is a mask.

My submission is
but a costume - my calm
the offered lie.

I detest my own
pale, small, adolescent
answers - my weakness.

anais vionet

The Hounds Of Hell...

Summer's almost over - that convalescent state
where successive modes of pleasure
were the order of the day.
Now fall commands awakening -
drive simplicity away! The hounds
of hell yelping that it's time to banish play.
They cry "forget unscheduled hours
that owned no share of care - the virtual halls
are scheduled and we'll soon see you there."
No apotropaic magic can delay my slated fate -
to pixelated halls of learning I must soon acclimate.

anais vionet

The Jury

High school's like a jury - let us all be judged
the righteous and the wicked and especially those in love

The jury's always watching - it has a thousand eyes
it's in constant deliberation and it hears a million lies

some think there's popular immunity and that's how the system works
but celebrities are piquant targets - it's one of the systems quirks

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury - I address you here today
to plead the cause of justice for a girl who was drugged astray

I know this girl's not popular - she's mostly known as "what's her
name";
But the *prominent* guy who "seduced" her used methods vile and
lame

I work cloud-like opinion and gossip pointedly outside stalls
I direct lunch-time chatter and I'm "overheard" in busy halls

I'm a regular Bader Ginsburg - you WANT me on your side
and If I'm coming for you - there's no fu*king place to hide

anais vionet

The Microwave Age

A polaroid, in
my drawer, under the junk
- a memory found.

Wow, I miss fun, it's
like there was another life
- a past life shared.

Remember parties?
Sweaty dancing then a plunge
in the cold lake?

I feel like an old
lady reliving childhood
in sterile pics.

Everything I thought
my life would be is gone or
on nebulous hold.

We're learning a dull
brand of patience - strange for
the microwave age.

anais vionet

The Mistake

On Twitter, late at night, you're a big tough guy
calling people out and spitting in their eyes.

But in the real world - you blubber and you blunder,
like inside your head there's a fire in the dumpster.

Your call to drink Lysol was a typical, deadly, Trump proffer -
your handling of the pandemic an incompetent slaughter.

In the face of unrest you pour fuel on the fire -
a dead BLACK man? You're a trouble amplifier.

Texting on Twitter you're a liar and a punk -
when trouble breaks out, you hunker in a bunker.

You're America's undertaker, our commander-and-thief -
a living, breathing catastrophe - leading America disastrously.

anais vionet

The Open Road

I got my drivers license! ! ! !

Now, excitement lies an easy walk from boredom.
The second school ends, I reach for the keys,
like a seedling stalk turns to the sun.
I'm soaking in this new freedom with litmus thirst.

What a spell - "combine gravel and motors for miracles, "
I say, in my best crackly witches voice.

True, my mom keeps turning the music down,
someone has to chaperone - at first
- aren't old people supposed to be hard of hearing?

I'm anfractuious in my approach to driving goals.
"What are you laughing at, " My mom asks.
"Nothing." I answer, confused.
Was I laughing? ?

anais vionet

The Reading??

I've got a reading!
And the venue's all sold out.
It's an old phone booth
that some company threw out.

Standing room only
you can get in by arrangement
I'll just hop out
for the term of your engagement.

If you show up
you won't even need a mask
'cause you'll be standing
on the far side of the glass.

My voice sounds muffled
in the sound-proof enclosure
so my poetry won't really
be getting much exposure.

For my fan base
it's the ideal place to show.
See, I can do the reading
and no one else will know.

anais vionet

The Resistance

*(each stanza is a Haiku) *

We, the resistance,
are here, stationed on our couches
armed with our remotes.

Camouflaged in our
faded PowerPuff pajamas
and fuzzy slippers

We are determined.
Yes, we have evaded contact
and forsaken love.

We few, lay down such
as freedom for honest care
for our fellow man.

anais vionet

The Ride

The trick is to take
your eye off the ball - forget
and enjoy yourself.

When you realize
- ultimately, life's a
suicide mission.

Do the flowers fret
even as they bloom? Are swans
gracefully worried?

Ignore that small voice
- enjoy life's pleasures, thrills,
and delight in love.

anais vionet

The Robbery

I visit you in dreams,
and my visit is always unexpected.
I'm always excited and more
than a little apprehensive.

.

In dream variations, your reactions shuffle
like poker cards - you're surprised and pleased,
or wary, or even politely disappointed.

.

Dreams can be a harsh mirror and as in real life,
my emotions are poorly protected.

.

Brushstrokes of truth hide behind the
tricksy falsehoods of dream-scapes. After all,
I'm an unworthy suitor in practically every way.

.

In the real world, I'm sure early, favorable
impressions would fade to inevitable boredom.
I have that effect on adults - I've seen it
- a quick nod my way and I become invisible.

.

I should be a bank robber - "What did the
robber look like?" the police would ask.
"Well... the teller would say, "fading off to vagueness.

.

I could stand right there looking at my phone.

.

"Did YOU see anything?" The cop would ask me.
"I was playing candy crush..." I'd begin,
but the cop would walk distractedly away.

.

By the time they got the video evidence, I'd be long gone.

anais vionet

The Shadows

(3 Senryu verses)

The morning sun dawns
electric white on another
day of lost promise.

The invitation
received, jump up! Respond like
a paid performer.

The crisp, sharp shadows
hide a murderous magic
called loneliness.

anais vionet

The Speech

Everything was dull,
you know? Another dark and
dull pandemic week.

But now: OH, MY GOD,
I'M SO EXCITED! ! - I can
hardly eat or sleep! !

Gloomy clouds of doom
dissipated when I heard
our President's speech!

The pandemic's past
it's peak he said, it'll be over
by the election!

Two Days! ! There will be
DATING SOON - I can scarcely
curb my elation!

I ran to find my
mom - she'll appreciate this
new revelation.

See - I'll need an all
new wardrobe - we've a shopping
list to complete! "

"I need EVERYTHING
in two weeks - MY **GOD**, is there
even time to sleep? ? ? "

"Trump can't just make that
call" she said, (she knows, she's a
doctor after all)

"The President would
never miss-lead us, there are
peoples LIVES at stake! "

"And the people would
would remember, it's on the
news for heaven's sake! "

"Besides, if he
lies and people die - it's a
crime not a mistake! "

anais vionet

The Stranger

She knew she wasn't the
first shy girl conned beneath
a scintillant moon.

Why do boys lie so
- inveigling fabrications
- hoping to impress?

Why interlace fibs,
when, from first sight, she had longed
for his carnal lips?

Now doubts danced - as if
evil spirits were called and
asked to watch, and gloat.

"I can't talk to you
again, " she said, "after all
- you're a stranger."

She doubted he cared
- she doubted everything, like
she had a soiled heart.

anais vionet

The Tiger

The tiger languidly paces its enclosure
Its genetic memory of the hunt intact.
A movement catches its eye and its heart quickens.
The instinct to hunt, catch and eat
- to savor the delicious, warm meat and thick,
salty blood - stirs with intuition's reflex.
It freezes, licks its lips and crouches,
alert to possible prey.

Where are your rights, oh modern American?
With your family eating popcorn - behind glass.
Surely you are lessened by protection
and insulted by cool safety.
Climb the fence, ignore liberal warnings
and the alarmed cries of lesser men.
Stare down the now crouching cat
- ears back and cautiously approaching
in bent, alert stalk.
Claim your right to be free! !
Taste pure freedom.

anais vionet

The Toll

There's no sheltering in a public place.
There's no coming together face to face.
Keeping away from you keeps me secure,
I'm keeping away from you, but praying for a cure.
Obeying all the rules 'cause that's how I roll.
But staying away from you is taking quite a toll.
I'm getting weirder and weirder as time goes by
No distraction techniques are making this all right.
Lying in bed all night wide-eyed and hardly sleeping.
Enjoying my binge of repetitive negative thinking.

anais vionet

The Trees And The Birds

I have to say, this isolation doesn't appear to be affecting me at all.

I was thinking... The wind must come from somewhere.

Do the trees make the wind with their ceaseless moving around?

"KKKeeeeepp STILL! ! " I shriek at the trees from my bedroom window but the trees pretend not to hear. Science says trees can talk to each other over some secret, underground, filament-like network - so I know the ba\$tards are listening.

And I don't know about this new generation of birds - these tearless, happy birds that just chirp to be fashionable. They annoy me and they pretend to be unaware of the value of silence.

"Shut UP! " I yell at a speckled bird who stares down at me like I'm insignificant.

"Yeah", I say, " the woolly mammoths ignored us too, " I warn.

I give it the two-fingered, back and forth "Yeah, I'm watching you" point.

Then it just chirps right at me. aaarrggghhh!

So I give it the bird.

anais vionet

The Tribe Of The Lonely

I'm one of you - the tribe of the lonely - forgetting ourselves in monotony.
Our shelter world is a shifted reflection of reality - we are frozen in time.
I wait, set aside, like a marble girl carved by the chisel's kiss
but I'm real and full of desires that are ready to be used again.
I'm eager to engage should we escape this fist-like viral grip.
I want to live a life - I want memories to name.
I'm seemingly safe - but the cost is paradise.

anais vionet

The Wait

You called me "temperamental";
You said I'm "taciturn and I'm spoiled";

We were in the crowded cafeteria,
so refused to become embroiled.

I wanted to say you're conceited -
a know-it all, with stupid hair and
between your ears there's nothing there.

But what you said stuck in my head.
No more texts! I'm ignoring your thread.

I have things to tell you - to your face -
and that would be Monday (I'll have to wait) .

You think you're hot - but NO, your NOT
- and I'm done helping you study.
Your jokes are lame
your kisses tame
and by the way - your dog is ugly.

anais vionet

The Wheel Of Doubt

I drive me crazy
- there's no hiding or help
for dark self distrust.

Frightening whispers
are like a levied tax of
doubt about my choices.

Anticipations
dulled on anxieties rough shore
- best to keep them deep.

anais vionet

The Witch

The witch lies conjuring lines of verse
to alter our place in the universe
to twist this common knowing
and spin such miracles as love.

A flash of light and a cackle of laughter
it seems I got what I was after
as your eyes fall on me hungrily
my world now mirrors my dreams.

How bright our future seems.
Then a witches warning: "2000
mornings of love have you 'til natural
laws return - death's padlock will be opened
if the stolen love you haven't earned."

What bitter lessons greed can teach
when we twist the fates to heaven reach.

anais vionet

Things You'd Love To Say To Your Crush

Things that you would love
To say to your crush - if you
only had the nerve:

"quick, put your lips on
mine. I'm a spy and it's
an emergency! "

Hey, I shaved my legs
this morning - they're so smooth
- here, just feel 'em!

Kiss me if I'm wrong,
but the dinosaurs are still
around, aren't they?

anais vionet

Thinking Is Overrated

It's not your looks, I
like but what you are INSIDE
talking to my fridge

Sometimes I pretend
that I'm dying to see if
my cat would save me.

anais vionet

Third World America

I lived in Shenzhen, China, for my 6th and 7th grades - China was *AMAZING*.

In China, blond hair is unusual, I stood out like neon and touching blond hair was considered good luck.

In a train station, if I stood still, I could draw a curious mob - especially in the provinces like Heubi and Shanxi. I was in more than a few selfies but people were polite and respectful.

China is much more advanced than the U.S..

Everything is new, clean and modern - the Internet is faster. Most trains are bullet trains that travel 325kph (>200mph) . There are more than 10 new, gleaming cities larger (and newer) than New York.

An App called WeChat (used on your phone) runs the world. Imagine Facebook, iMessage, PayPal and Uber combined - with that one App you could do anything.

At restaurants, you paid your bill at your table using WeChat from a QR code that the electronic corner of your table displayed.

Cameras are everywhere - if you break a law like jaywalking and *BBBZZZZ* you get a text and the fine is deducted from your WeChat account - all automatically.

Public TV screens, located on corners, show recent violations with the perps picture and the fine they paid - again, automatic.

Does this sound Orwellian? Well, maybe, but Chinese police don't kill people - or even engage people for minor offenses.

America, you're broke and on the edge of being a third world country.

Yeah, yeah, I know that China is free-market-communist and certainly imperfect - but if you saw China, you'd be impressed and you'd know the ugly truth - America has squandered it's wealth on military macho and forty years of war. China's last, small war was in 1980 (With Vietnam who they beat in 3 weeks and 2 days) .

Middle America looks almost bombed-out with closed businesses (even before

the pandemic) - but in China, you can't look anywhere without seeing building cranes - like a forest of trees. A physical illustration of Americas loss of wealth.

I LOVE America - it's sad to see.

anais vionet

Time To Not Think

These Senryu poems
are random thoughts - not every
moment's critical=]

It's important for
teenagers to have free
time to not think.

Never toss anything
to me you don't want to
see land on the floor.

Heart attack: When I
see my phone battery at 5%
- stay with me buddy! !

If this viral world
is the new normal, I want
sweet abnormality.

anais vionet

Trick Or Treat

Soft light plays on
my shameless, lipstick rouged
lips - it's a party.

I hear OverDoz
advocating a "last kiss";
somewhere in the night.

Some faces always
find a favorable light
- like the movie stars.

He's gorgeous, with a
new iPhone-like appeal
- the consensus choice.

I'm looking through glass
at a candy I can't hope
for this Halloween.

anais vionet

Trump 'tis Of Thee

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of tyranny,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my hackers live,
Land where my loyalty is,
Land where my bankers give
Let misrule ring!
My native country, flee,
To land of autocracy,
Thy name I love;
I love thy arrogance,
Thy sweet high-handedness;
Your subjugating dominance
Of thee I sing.
Let Russia swell the breeze,
And ring with Putany
Sweet brother's song;
Let lying tongues awake;
Let American freedoms take;
Let law and justice break,
Let Trump rule ring!
Allies like Moscow Mitch,
Have America in the ditch,
Let Fox News ring!
Republicanism is a bit*h,
Our government for the rich,
My Lackey's be enriched
Of thee I bling!
Corruption's' God to me,
Author of tweetery,
To me thee sing.
Long may my brand be bright,
With dictator's impending night,
The fools have given me the right,
I'mGod your King!

anais vionet

Trump's Hoax

The virus will fade in the summer heat.
It's Trump's hoax folks - it's a joke folks.

Drink your Lysol and get back on the street.
Look, it's a hoax folks - it's a joke folks.

We can trade those masks in for some caskets
Yes, it's a hoax folks - you'll be ok folks.

Send your kids to school - some will die, but that's cool.
This is no hoax folks - some kids will die folks.

Or they'll bring the virus right back to you.
Safety's a joke folks - do the republican choke folks.

The average bill for ICU care - is 20K folks
chump change folks - just pay the man, folks

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand dead
But vote for Trump folks - if your family's alive folks

anais vionet

Two Questions??

Which came first - kissing or fire?

Which came first - dance, or the language of love?

anais vionet

Unavailable

unavailable

Yesterday, I saw a NASA announcement.
it said they found "Unambiguous"
water on the moon.

I had just finished my morning walk
and frankly, that sounded delicious
and refreshing.

So, I went to Amazon and searched.
I couldn't find ANY reference to
"Unambiguous moon water" at ALL.

How ridiculous, I mean, why go
and ADVERTISE something that
We can't get on AMAZON? ?

WTF people. This is AMERICA.

anais vionet

Unimpressed

I've passed the disenchanted one, in the empty hallway
I've heard the isolated girl, arguing in the mirror
I've seen the angry hermit girl reflected in the toaster
I've noticed the crazy girl, crying in the shower
I've enjoyed the whispers of the poet talking to herself
Her latest performance had the largest audience yet
the flowers were captivated but the cat left unimpressed

anais vionet

Unwise Advances

Distrusted compliments

- screech like fingernails across
a schoolroom chalkboard.

No marked card - dealt from
the bottom of the deck - will
ever unlock my heart.

Avoid the overt

- sly Valmont, the skittish game
is wise to advances.

anais vionet

V School Thoughts

In virtual school you
see the teacher in one screen
- students in others.

My desk has four screens
two for class, one for browsing,
one for Face-Time.

Record yourself, loop
it as background, and it looks
like you're engaged.=]

Teacher: "Come ON, guys
you got this last year!" - and I
can't recall breakfast.

I'm NOT a nerd, I
just don't want to be working
with you at McDonalds.

anais vionet

Wacky

I can tell that the stars are unhappy
and I know why the moon's acting crabby
'cause they know you won't call
And it's bothering us all
I'm sorry that I behaved badly

The day won't go on without you
The clouds have been crying all day
I've expressed my regrets
please forgive and forget
'cause even Alexa's gone whacky

anais vionet

Waiting

I'm waiting out the day
with minimalist hopes
and recycling anxiety.

I'm waiting for the hour
for a smooth transfer of power
or for things to go sour.

I'm waiting for the word
after a period of counting
for freedom's call
or an accelerated freefall.

anais vionet

Wants

You know what you want, get it. Make sure it responds to your needs - remote-control it, sub-routine it and on-demand it - wring it out.

But once you have it - something changes, doesn't it? It loses some luster - it isn't PERFECT, damn it. It wears out or becomes obsolete and the lust is reborn, refocused.

Do you want me? I think you want me - you seem to want to possess me - but do you actually want ME?

What if my DNA could be used to create a perfect, cloned replica - right down to the pheromones - a perfect doppelganger.

Only this - me-two - would be a commandable pleasure doll shipped, Amazon Prime - and perhaps made with a rich, warm polymer skin that wouldn't age - wouldn't that be even better? I think it would be better.

But forget about me - with THAT kind of technology. Think about the licensing fee Rudy Pankow could get, or *gasp* Chase Stokes! - OMG! ! ! *dancing around the room*

yelling out "Mom! ! , MomMMMMMM! ! , I KNOW what I want for Christmas! ! "

anais vionet

What I'd Want

What I'd want

I want you all to be well.

I'd like you all to have love.

I want you all to have plenty.

I want you all to enjoy friends.

I hope you can all savor family.

I want you all to experience longevity.

In a world where we can all go out again.

That's all I want - is it too much to ask?

anais vionet

What The Heck...

You know, I used to be happy all of the time.
what the heck happened? I used to go weeks
without crying, I used to love going to school.

In fairness, I liked real school - not the sad,
sterile, anti-social, virtual experience.

When I'm mad I get silly, then mean. I don't
always know why - angry is the answer, but
I don't always get the subconscious analysis
behind it. That's a bad day - I'm truly sorry.

If I could step back, in those moments,
and think - clearly - I'm about the luckiest person.

I'm a hundred pounds of privilege
- if we rounding up - but pressurized,
stressed like a movie submarine in deep dive.

I think I miss people - like in an assembly
- before it starts - where a hundred conversations
clash like the random patter of rain. That's one
of the sounds of joy.

The civilized brain is soaked in the opinions,
and shared experiences with others. These virtual,
interactive shadows on flat screens can't fill the void.

anais vionet

Whatever It Takes ??

I want to be a writer -
and like a new poker player -
I'm starting to evaluate my cards.

I post on several poetry sites
I find syncing them kinda hard.

'Cause I'm the model of imperfection
heck, I'm the Edison of mistakes -
a teenager half-heartedly committed
to doing whatever it takes.

Does it help that I'm never happy?
That I constantly make updates?

At times I feel the proverbial cat
chasing its own tail -
but I think I'm making progress
- like a literary snail.

anais vionet

What's Up?

I've been working on my website - it's been neglected far too long.
I've been wearing out Spotify - I may have listened to every song.
I walk five miles a day - because you've got to get outside
and I can easily spend an hour a day on "Just Dance" exercise.
I've been taking free on-line courses at "open university";
They have a thousand choices - an almost endless diversity.
Have you ever heard of "Headspace" - it can help you to relax
If you haven't tried meditation for stress - I think it's unsurpassed.
I'm learning about meal planning and cooking things with ease
I've been Zooming with an old GF, in China, to freshen up my Cantonese.
Even with a thousand distractions - this lockdown is driving me crazy
But it isn't because I have nothing to do, and it isn't because I'm lazy.
People just need people - so that we can laugh, love and compete,
or simply be together - that's how humans feel complete.

anais vionet

When Did

When did "people deserve to live" become a controversial thought?

When did wearing a mask to protect your health become so overwrought?

When did the idea of protecting your kids become an afterthought?

When did counting the dead become a Presidential political plot?

We're so far down the Trump-rabbit-hole that common sense is skewed.

We really have to get rid of that FU#KH3@D - if you'll excuse me being rude.

anais vionet

Without

hello world without surprise.
good morning gentle tedium.
seduce me, please, monotony.
kiss me, sweet emptiness.
hold me rough, nothingness.
dishonor me, meaninglessness.
ravish me, joylessness.
whew... can a girl get a cigarette?

no, I don't really smoke - yuck - that was a joke=]

anais vionet

Words

Be careful with words you intone,
because words have lives of their own.
Words overblown, relayed on the phone,
words in harsh tones that jolt, stun and depose,
and shock us with what they disclose.

anais vionet

Worthless Wishes

It's no use wishing on the moon,
beware that nearly untouchable lunar beauty,
for she has a dark side and will desert you
when the fickle twirling earth makes
the night into morning.

It's no good wishing on the stars,
those illusions you see are a million years old -
stars die, own no magic and they too will fade
as the morning blossoms upon the night.

The ancients wished on the treasonous sun
that provides warmth but no compassion
- although it can bring the new day
- it can do little else

anais vionet

Yin

I see them in reflections - the orange juice glass at breakfast or my iPhone where they can pop, like notifications - I keep my phone face down.

They usually want to tell you something - how it was for them - their history. I discount these emotional messages - they come with the jester's assumption that I care - that I need the performance and will get involved.

"What are you doing? " My mom asks, as I'm taking all the shiny, mirror-like ornaments off the Christmas tree.

"The glare gives me a headache" I say, without stopping.

"Your Grandma does that too", she says, wiping her hands on a Santa-themed dish-towel.

"Really? " I say, but I know that and I know why.

I started having nightmares, when I was in first grade. My mom thought I had an overactive imagination but when she described it to my grandma, she soon showed up for a visit.

Over the next few weeks my Grandma told me about our "gift". About how we were both born on the same day, under a waning third moon, in Autumn. That we're both "Yins, " doxies (sweethearts)of the dead and that we could, at times, see and hear people who were between stops on their way to their after-lives.

That's why the dead parachute into my unused moments from reflective surfaces. They can be anxious or in despair - when their death is cruel or sudden but I'm an adolescent - I'm in school - what can I do? ?

The presence of water discourages them - which is perfect - can you imagine seeing spirits in the reflections of your bath? EEUUUWWW! You'll hardly ever see me without a water bottle or polarized sunglasses - which seem to break-up the images. I'll not be smothered in other people's afterlives.

anais vionet