



Camara Awkward-Rich

Query and Other Poems

↳Query↵

The boys are always fucking;
broken hearted, leather-bound
notebooks abandoned
on the table,
same old song.

The light is always on.
The body is always too
something or another, isn't it?

I like to stand on my tiptoes
and throw my arms around you;
like you to (somehow) be taller

and open the jars;
like to be the big spoon;
like to open the door first
just because.

Looking for another answer
after all this time
in the morning
gangly limbs tangled
then hanging over
the sides of my bed.

We don't press in too close
the only way to sleep
with you, under separate blankets
still no real distance at all.

↪ **Fighting Words** ↪
at e.

We were young and/or I was no good at living
in my body. I saw you swallow forget-me-nots
you never did quite get the crocus metaphor
even though it's obvious enough, first flash of
something through all that slush.

I thought this was the way it worked, a semi-
permeable membrane made for/always curling
around myself, tending to the tiny fissures,
stuck in your bed; the heart was too porous
then,

I couldn't hold onto anything well enough.
Still, I remember to lock the gate behind me
now, already ready for you.

↳Apocalypse Theory #8↳

For once, it has nothing to do with you
For once, you can say man vs. nature
and mean it. I refuse to be sad

I will hold your head in my lap
I will scrape the pot, press the spoon
to your chapped lips. I will not
call us innocent; somebody kept on
fighting until the end

Outside, there are so many pairs
of warm dark eyes

Outside, the chickens travel
in packs (seeing this, I don't know
how anyone could claim
the dinosaurs really ever disappeared)

Chickens, like raptors, do not fly
When did the human grow wings?

For once, there are no pretenses
For once, the chimera is here to live (what else?)
For once, nothing ends with a bang

Author Bio

Camara Awkward-Rich is a college student who sometimes sends poems off into the abyss for the hell of it. His writing has been published in various Wesleyan University student publications, *Breadcrumbs Scabs*, and will be featured in the Wesleyan Poets 2010 collection.

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