

RUN RIOT

NINETY POEMS IN NINETY DAYS

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Dagger Editions 2021

For Duncan and Sarah-Jane

Day 1

Tiptoe me back to decent
like it is a place I have been before
old versions of myself dance
confused with themselves
waltz and a hula
trying to hold hands
trying to pretend they are at the same party
trying to pretend that they came with someone
only place I know where they ask you to think about
how you feel about what you think
Sure

Day 2

Ride out my mechanical bull feelings
that's right they are not real
pretend I am not in the racetrack dirt floor stadium of my mind
but that bull just looked at me with all the self-hate of thirty years
Of course I won't die if I fall
well?
I have a good chance of dodging the hoof to the head
mostly though don't fall
mostly though it is all in the hips
that's right it has shit all to do with wrists
and I have been practicing wrists for years
contemplating shitty advice
while I get jerked bone looseningly back and forth
I am never sure if I am angry
but there is froth in somebody's mouth
not about riding it out
about holding on
coming to terms with the flesh and blood of the bull that might throw me
that I have no idea where I would land

Day 3

Global warming causes “drunken” trees in Alaska
leaning over at unseemly angles from the earth
some “very drunk” have fallen over
the ground underneath them melted
moved from solid to liquid
not one day all at once
but slowly
steady climb of the days toward heat
they had broken foundations
then one day they noticed
and fell

Day 4

The eighties are yelling at me from the TV
that “Marie realized she was only in relationships with losers”
in the land of the obvious made epiphany
you can after school special my relationships if you must
but thirty years have passed
since this passed for good advice
so I am just wishing us all
really good luck

Day 5

I'm convinced!
easily
I am easily convinced
the push, the pull
tides of hope and fear perpetually washing my shore
waves strong enough to erode
I'm never sure how large I am
I never know the space I take up
fog thick
I trace circles inside myself ending up right back
ending up about to fall over tired
onto moist patches of grass
I wish I didn't recognize
I wish I understood better
could tell by the bend of the blades which way was east
so each day
I could make it to that part of myself to watch the sunrise

Day 6

there was a stretched out piece of myself
I couldn't quite reach the part that would give control
often felt like it was right there
like for sure I could reach it if I leaned over
I needed it
and my hands fell through the open air
fingers extended
expectant, out into the moment before I hit the
Roof
Bottle
Floor

Day 7

twist, twist

memories that feel like driving down a winding road through the forest

Too fast

Day 8

Tiring night of chase my tail dreams
of headstand blown kisses
I remember thinking maybe I might
some actions feel dead
right in the middle of them you don't feel not feeling them
you walk in thinking buy one bottle of wine and walk out with three
you think well don't drink all three
I never remembered the end of the movie
must be because I fell asleep
must be