Seaglass Strange

Red O'Hare

In Portland, the daffodils
jawed yellow in January.
I found their broken necks
in February snow.

I bloomed for you
like blossoms in false spring.
I mistook instinct for faith,
confused hope for love.

It's taken 'til now to see
that the way you love
is like America
on family vacations—

McDonalds myopic,
Denny's dependable,
Holiday Inn homogenous,
Kroger convenient.

But the way I love
is seaglass strange.
I don't miss people, I mutter
their names when I am lonely,

tongue them bloody
'til the parts
that chip my teeth
wear smooth and round.

I have stuttered your name
into broken hands and mirrors
I have worn this memory
a soft and milky blue.

I told you once
you loved like trees
and that you cannot love the fruit
if you do not love the seed.

I loved you like
flowers will love a sun
that shone too warm,
too bright, too soon.

Red O'Hare is a West Coast based Jewish American Poet. She was born during the Reagan administration to the child of Jewish immigrant Carnies and that of stalwart Presbyterian missionaries. She believes in boots and ghosts. Her dog is named after a Doctor Who character, but you have to guess which one. Red has been writing and performing poetry since she was 15 years old in California's San Fernando Valley. She's competed in poetry slams but has never won, has been featured at Wordlights, The Last Stand at Wildwood Saloon, The Nest, Portland Poetry Slam, Ghost Town Poetry, and The Crow's Nest to name a few. She has also performed at Studio Morey, Fused Creative's show Leave Me On Read, Telltale PDX's show This Is What We Need, The Brewery Artist's Lofts, The Anna Broome Room, and KBOO Radio's Talking Earth poetry series, hosted by Dan Raphael. Red's spoken word album recorded at Shady Pines Media and published by Lightship Press is available at redohare.bandcamp.com. You can also find her on instagram @mizredohare. Her book is available on her website redohare.com