

A Sundog Dirtbag Enterprise

I watched her dropsaw briefcase snap open releasing
papergun necklaces, which rattled the branches of trees.
Where had the paints gone? the ones lost in the freezer.

She is a good deal, blonde.
Red fading turns to brown, and the
heat is forgotten as skyward bubbles fill slender necks.

A hashtagged cat cries all night and sleeps all day, as
a star-picket prosthesis steadies a scabby table in an unshaded yard.
A petite female frame planes plywood from a Sasquatch footprint.

A teacup pig snorts
from the businessman's car, full
of surfboards and clinking empty glass
almost full, always leaving room for more. Lacquer drying
in toxic waves of heat, bending McDonalds splintering
in sunburn, and drying spray-painted collages, fifty shades of hot-pink.

She is a Sundog Dirtbag, her
dream is an enterprise. I heart
her art, which can be found online.