

Rhiannon Galanta

“riff on”

incest insects in sex

in in and out section sex shun

in the mood

in a pickle

in a pinch

incense incensed sense senses censor

it all makes (no) sense

scent

of a blooming rose

rows of roses scents rising s(c)ent on the breeze

hot grass sun

insects lazily dreaming

insect dreams

lie on a chaise-longue

laze days away zone out zoom in

stretch to find words to

please my ears

ears pleased by sounds made lazy in happy ways

sleeping sounds logging z's sawing logs

dog days of summer

my dogs are barking

is there sense here?

scents lead the way to feelings

follow your nose the nose knows but doesn't

tell

about incest

in sects sections of self

sectioned off to protect

do not detect any sense of incense

i should be incensed

in(sensed) in sense

sensitive

insensitive

sensitivo, the plant that makes you smile

smoke some then sail away

into some other season

sale of the senses

sell your soul to a sailor

sail slowly into sleep

so dreams can

dazzle you with
 dozens of dangers daggers
 days dogs dildos
 down among the daisies
 making daisy chains dampness of thick grass
 in the orchard
 apples pears plums
 dangle deliciously
 above lips
 slip from slender bough
 succulent sweet soothing salacious
 sweetness of sin slick between lips lips lick wet
 lick slippery soft
 down the slippery slope
 don't stop the slide is too delicious
 so slow pulse stops to savour its repast
 past boundaries into
 slicing open sliding down slicing the
 icing
 icing on the cake
 cake with candles
 she's sixteen
 sweet sixteen and never been kissed (that's a lie)
 never been kissed except
 stop don't say secrets
 so she's never been kissed see?
 it's simple
 sleep now slip away from sadness
 sleep surrender
 surrender
 render
 rend

Working Note: rhythm and sound are guides: one riff leads seamlessly to another, the way body's truth/sensual expression slides/slips across boundaries of experience. if i tune in, language reveals all. my job is to transcribe the notes as i hear them.

RHIANNON GALANTA writes poetry and prose in Vancouver. She is a member of the Mango Girls Writing Collective and is working on her first book of poetry.