

SPIRULINA

LAUREN MARSHALL

I tipped the midsummer grass coloured,
calcareous drink of water and spirulina down my
dry and eager larynx,
plugging my Cleopatra nose to mar the smell
that was something akin to Brussels
sprouts and sulphur,
which manifested as stinging nettle and spinach
on the papillae that bulged from the
throbbing Baker-Miller Pink mass,
which should have been numbed by Oolong tea
and agave before the mixture was
ingested,
but the Asian-American beauty blogger did not think
to mention that because of her philosophy
of “beauty is pain,”
which is hard for those with sensitive sensory receptors
to tolerate and not immediately
satisfactory as a chocolate bar,
which when taken for riboflavin in one, 88% dark square of six inches,
bi-monthly will boost the
collagen producing cells,
presumably making one have the face of an ama-loli,
that can lure in sugar daddies or
beat the age-guessing masters at carnivals,
which can win one enough pocket change to purchase
the higher quality, algaec
spirulina,

which unlike chocolate has no lipids and is 1/100th in joules,
making it the more practical
choice,

as it also boosts the immune system, leading to oily follicles
that produce keratin filaments
stronger than that of the average mammal,

save for the ailuropoda melanoleuca, whose diet of bamboo
gives it a lustrous coat for
guests to admire through Acrylic and Carlos Mesh,

which is why my epiglottis closed and the spirulina skidded
into the stomach where it
burned,

like my cheeks when he said my cherubic face was simulacrum
perfection and his weathered
hands ran down my hair like it was the road to Canterbury.

LETTING

His picture is surrounded by
carnations and gladioli.
Mother liked petunias.
It should have been
petunias.

The black pudding mass of people
wear poppies with fuzzy
stigmas.
Her husband holds her hand,
eyes like the floodway in
Lorette.

Father is ashes in a cedar box
that also feels displaced
from its mother.