

# *Psalm of urban brine*

Kelli Tompkins

Ghost refrigerator in the laundry room plus all the things neglected  
to mention or remember whilst cleaning house / dragging hair balls with cracked heels  
some kind of panic / the stove left on / sink overflowing / chemical carpet burns  
a dog shattered window covered by plywood pane / hair-balls and dish mold and black flies and

the refrigerator was just the wall / decided it was an easy mistake to make when butt-to-butt  
yin-yang with at least one dog opposite directions  
apologizing to the bracelet fresh on the top of the pile of all things ruined by

every door closed a breeze might blow one door stuffed cracked open with  
old clothing so grab the sleeve and yank it in or toss the whole thing out and let the rest  
of the world deal / take the pink unraveling / rejected baggage from bedroom closets

a city shares secrets in a room full of kids who sing the loudest about Jesus their drunk mother  
and suicidal father / anthems of youth in the city / the middle of the salt sea desert  
they all know the goddamn words and sing along catchy and slow but what else

someone smells like feet tired of the stories is it me do I smell like feet? so many bodies and  
he sings of fetuses and something about being drunk in trailer parks / suffocating in armpits  
everyone is sniffing and clapping when he begs like a church organ  
please don't leave me

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