

# Sinking overwhelms motion

## Frankie Drayus

Say life is a leaking engine  
Death, a dark limousine searching for roar

This is a movie

An overexposed water season  
Caught for now in tragic cameras

She: a shy bone in gloves at the handrail, screaming  
Turns out she thinks home is slightly like sand, Sunday and ought

Then the waves, rolling under her  
Become a gleaming, a sound

No longer standing awkwardly,  
She feels motion  
Lives for blinding now

The first *Yes*  
A stumble in wool  
She is pressed against overcoats, smiling

After:  
Sunglasses and pumps in the bath  
She is past tight  
Loving her splashy steps out in the corridor

They start again,  
Lifting and falling

Sinking becomes like loving  
The sun flickers

A tentative kiss

The good afternoon breaks whole



Why some people go away

A woman

A making

Frankie Drayus lives for the feel of words in her mouth. She has featured at numerous venues including the Seattle Poetry Festival, Beyond Baroque, and The World Stage, and has read at hundreds of open mics from Los Angeles to New York City.

She has published two chapbooks, *all the maybes shift to yes* and *Ceci n'est pas Magritte*, and a spoken word CD, *Naked Voice Only*. Her poems and art have appeared in ART/LIFE, Vox Populi, and Beyond the Valley of the Contemporary Poets. Frankie is a co-director of the poetry nonprofit Valley Contemporary Poets and a frequent contributor to *LitRave.com*. Her poem, "Yielding," has been optioned for dramatization as a screenplay and is currently a film project at the Canadian Film Centre. This fall she will begin the MFA program in poetry at NYU. She thanks you from the bottom of her heart for reading this broadside.

