



when the big bomb drops
the last thing i want to smell
is sulfur & the soap you use.

(imagine unhinged buick doors flapping like odd wings,
imagine the mud slide traffic, the hollow boots
lynched, imagine gardens that bloom mannequin arms,
the city's guts swelling with a plastic tide, the swirl
of paper cranes on doomed hunts, imagine the echo of
skyscrapers, the brittle oaks, and the roaches, imagine
all those roaches, dressed in coca cola red dancing
under the searing moonlight)

i like to think, at the end of the world,

we would still find each other
on adjacent roof tops, laughing at our luck,

and when we finally meet
i will blow the dust storm off your heart
and you will spit shine mine

we would find the nearest house and open it's door,
walk to a bedroom, shake the rubble, bone,
and skin from the sheets,

dust the pillow for skulls,
crawl underneath the rotted silk,
and hold each other until the oceans grow back

Jaylee Alde



Jaylee Alde writes poems. He has read his poems in front of audiences from the Oakland sleaze bars to the New York City classrooms, and everywhere else in between. He is published. He has performed with big names that carry little hearts and he has performed with little names that hold up big hearts. He is a member of the Asian American Writing Collective, Proletariat Bronze. He has facilitated writing workshops, to the bad ass little delinquents to the privileged University students. He resides in Oakland. He writes poems.

