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POETRY BY KIELY SWEATT

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Dear Avocado,

To frequent flushes of white, powdery
sugar scars. To alligator skin
whose pale rooms
greed for your elliptic green gloss.
To pallid veins and pollination of season blood
set to fruit. Not vegetable
or columnar cultivar
can shadow your buttery flesh
I scoop out
from heavy bottom,
cut around
as sculpture.

a series of haiku

Black Cherry Vanilla Coke.

Only one word
Can describe the ambrosia
Of gods.

Delicious

Is the apex of English
Language like Black
Cherry Vanilla Coke.

The Death Clock

In this night
Lung or rib
Break, heart stops
With rain as rust
Melts to earth
And too bloody bone.

Broken Wedding Cake

Door bought kitchen knives
Cut melba toast on fine china
Its¹ pale replica.

Basho

A Banana tree
Fresh cut paper doll
Wading in a pond of Basho.

Morning

How strange that a Morning
Gold grew around the barn
in an Alaskan village
where absence of sun
filled a farmers
arms with strange jubilee.

No growth formed
under landscape in years
but, in some sober thunder
the layers split open
and under earth
space breathed
a good morning to him.

Kiely Sweatt has spent a lot of the last three years traveling between West Virginia, Dallas, Philadelphia, and now New York where she is working on her masters in Poetry at the New School. Some of her poems have appeared in [Words-Myth](#). She is part of the Biggs Collective, which reads frequently and the Bowery Poetry Club and most recently her work has been showcased in an exhibition entitled [Inside-Out : A Collection of Poets and Surrealist Photography](#).

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