



Grind My Bones  
Into Glitter, Then Swim  
Through The Shimmer

Tracy Dimond



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by Tracy Dimond

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Can't you see my dear?  
What you create is greater than great,  
it's beautiful and valid.  
Go tell a false friend who doubts your art  
*Hey, toss my caustic salad.*

Say Anything, "In Defense of the Genre"

\_\_\_\_\_ STARTS GRINDING TO MUSIC

# Grind My Bones Into Glitter

Serious decisions lay ahead:  
throw the cut-up shirts  
with Plath's cut-out heart.

The palm reader led me  
out of the waiting room,  
says, *smell the potted flowers.*

Her tattered cards laugh  
at my past relationships.  
She says, *if someone is leering  
be polite and say hello.*

When I ask for affirmation  
she sets the cards on fire,  
resets my contact list.

She says, *do not respond  
to advances with  
I'm a horrible person.*

She says *True Life* is casting  
my next obsession.

# A Girl Can Change The World With A Bedazzler

Think about the times  
you speak of sparkles

over the times  
you watch *Meet the Press*.

Divide that by  
the accountants that read fiction,

articles documenting the use of YOLO  
after a cancer diagnosis.

Bodies leaving the house  
consume each other.

I'm going to die  
and it's not from the stains.

Unicorns weep in my hair,  
my bed is stripped of comfort.

# Positive Balls Of Light

Is Crossfit the worst cult?  
Yesterday the gym staff  
was watching Chick-Fil-A commercials.  
I want a job  
swimming in Polynesian sauce.

If the temperature keeps rising,  
oceans will turn into  
liquid dead zones.  
The march to disaster  
needs a positive playlist.

Effusive balls of light  
shower urban gardens.  
Ke\$ha isn't the first in hot pants  
but she uses so much glitter  
I feel better about reaching zero.

# Are You Satisfied?

A marine biologist said:  
*manatees are slow moving animals*  
without a hint of irony.

I want a song to sum up  
the philosophy of Donald Trump  
in less than three chords.

Separate lights and darks  
to organize a spectrum.  
I kept laughing when I drew infinity.

If God loves ugly  
I finally understand my childhood.

If I could put out fires with gasoline  
I would be a well-done ocean heart.



# Swim Through The Shimmer

If I had any foresight  
I would take advantage  
of life—become a midwife  
or mortician.

Disney cannibalizes dreams.  
I should work at Sea World,  
eat fish daily.

I'll take the animals to the ocean,  
where everything shimmers—  
the water and the hope  
that a slick body  
can take you places.

\_\_\_\_\_ HAS MANY OUTFIT CHANGES

# The Time Of My Life

*a mash-up of Ke\$ha & Sylvia Plath*

The battle shouts start up  
it's a full moon tonight.  
Happiness in darkness vanishes  
what's going to be after this?

Stop talking that blah blah blah,  
I was supposed to be having  
a little love in my glove box.

I walk dry on your kingdom's border:  
you're looking just like my type,  
exiled to no good.

My mendings itch,  
there is nothing to do,  
we're getting rowdy,  
I shall be good as new.

# Everything Glitters Like Blank Paper

*a mash-up of Ke\$ha & Sylvia Plath*

All obscurity starts with a danger,  
it's making my brain delirious.

Sleeping in cars  
time comes round for that foul slut  
to the beat of the drum.

I would breathe water.  
Let the crazy out,  
I'll drink your blood.

Throw some glitter,  
nobody can touch  
a time gone out of mind.

Let's make the most of the night,  
our foot's in the door.

We shall by morning  
inherit the earth  
like we're going to die young.

# Right Down To The Job

*a mash-up of Allen Ginsberg & Third Eye Blind*

I don't feel good don't bother me.  
America this is the impression  
I get from looking in the television set:

Back down the bully to the back of the bus &  
tell them that's just my battle scar.  
I am talking to myself again.

I haven't read the newspaper for months, everyday  
somebody goes on trial for murder, like  
your pissed off poets, your women's groups.

Everybody's serious but me,  
a summertime hottie  
with her socks in the air screaming  
**GO FUCK YOURSELF AND YOUR ATOM BOMB.**

Well, nobody took your pride away.  
My mind is made up there is going to be trouble.  
America how can I write a holy litany?  
I'd better consider my national resources.

# Good Man

*a mash-up of Allen Ginsberg & Third Eye Blind*

Can we get the chemicals in?  
The madmen bum and angel beat in Time, unknown,  
yet putting down here what might be left to say  
in time come after death  
the Golden Gate is like my own diving board.

There's another life  
but who protects the memories  
when we bleed each other from the vein?

Who drove cross-country seventy-two hours to find out  
if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had  
a vision to find out Eternity?  
Only now do I feel your mouth.

If I ever find a way to stop disintegrating,  
if you ever find a way to forgive me,  
I'm with you in Rockland  
where you laugh at this invisible humor.

# Death Is The Mere Byproduct

*a mash-up of Louis Glück & Marina and the Diamonds*

It begins quietly  
in certain female children—  
to be a bottle blonde  
on which wounds show clearly.

I want back my virginity  
when I remember  
so I can feel infinity.

It is the same need to be perfect,  
a real fake: I would sacrifice  
blood, guts, and angel cake.

Lying in bed at night—  
oh god, I'm going to die alone.

\_\_\_\_\_ COMMANDS AN AUDIENCE  
IN THE ROOM



# After Pop Music

I whisper while cooking:  
*hot and dangerous.*  
I have hot pants on  
because it's 90 degrees.

I pull slacks over my tan.  
I'm aware of the stares  
but *plenty of people*  
*looked queerer than I.*

Dear starving artist,  
I'll pay for your snack.  
You owe me a beer  
and a hand job.

In the halls of the library  
I write in the margins:  
suck my dick.

I'm going to die  
from all this mental labor.

# Momentum

I've been thinking about self-actualization  
since I stripped to my underwear  
for beer at the gay pride parade.

My cooking montage feels more serious  
since downloading Wu-Tang Clan.  
Philosophy isn't summarized  
in a trainer's tagline,  
but more people should join a gym  
for the complimentary coffee.

I'm worried how the next generation  
will handle an apocalypse.  
Not running from zombies  
as they complain about pool blisters,  
but who will scream from rooftops  
if they're searching for air-conditioned  
rooms?

I'm looking for momentum  
to window walls of music.

# I Think We Are Worth Something

Did you update your status?  
The guy next to me  
smells like pine trees and sadness.

How do you feel  
about these hot dogs?  
Make a playlist  
and learn to deal.

Did you use my toothbrush?  
Draw an emoticon  
with your response.

What if everyone had  
twenty-twenty vision?  
I know we are worth more.

I should make my own hummus  
chick peas are 99 cents a can.

# Can You Imagine Dating Patrick Bateman?

*for Ashley*

The first rule of fight club  
is not to talk about fight club  
but I want to talk about licking Tyler's abs  
before I'm hacked by Patrick Bateman.

I don't want a needy boyfriend  
I like that Tyler's always traveling.  
His bathrobe is way cooler  
than Bateman's business cards.

Say a positive attitude prevails,  
but I'm embarrassed by my level of consumption  
to go over three weeks without doing laundry.

Ruin something beautiful,  
that gun will blow us out of the screenplay.  
That suit would look great without eight pounds.  
You know, the brain.

# Ever Heard Of Third Eye Blind?

Tonight, I am Googling  
the term: “sincere orgasm”  
after my sixth Bud Light Lime.

Think about the times you karaoke  
to Third Eye Blind  
wanting to relive your first love.  
90s rock is best  
for masturbation.

It equals the times  
you look at band tattoos  
and try not to shout: overstatement.  
Spend infinity looking for something else  
that appeals to multiple generations.

The ocean is the only thing  
I can talk back at  
when I’m in a crop top.  
Don’t think about geography  
while plugged into iPod magic.

# After Britney Spears

The taste of your poison paradise  
hits with each suck of a lollipop.  
I am an obedient face  
washing my hair with climactic vigor.  
I know you want to watch.

I found my way to your bathroom  
without hitting a light switch.  
You said you were turned on  
by my artful side-boob.

Where do values come from?  
I'm re-writing search history  
to engineer a studio paradise.  
We already installed remote pleasure.

Did you hear what Beyoncé said?  
She controls her tits  
and said giving birth didn't hurt.  
That is an impossible standard.

# Oh So Cute

This isn't cute,  
more reasons to buy beer  
and pretend we don't have feelings.

Try on some more dresses,  
so bodies are like a refrigerator  
after a shopping spree.

I want to hide it all  
underneath my phone  
so I can be normal and sit  
in the moment.

Ask for some affirmation,  
for a soul on fire  
like it's ashes underfoot.

I want some range  
before a line falls  
onto your skin as a band tattoo.

We started from the bottom  
now we are here.

# Ever See Zombieland?

Rule number one is cardio.  
I think I can outrun anxiety.

I don't want to lose momentum,  
but imagine relationships without twitter.  
When phones sing I want to find quiet.

I waited for the helicopters  
before I rang your doorbell.

I'm sorry I haven't seen *The Avengers*.  
I can look at pictures of Gwyneth for free.

It's no matter because Brad Pitt  
can't quit sex scenes in my mind.

I want to be excited about writing  
like I am about a sexual partner.

I can hear your heartbeat  
but will never be part of your pulse.



\_\_\_\_\_ CAN DO WHATEVER  
THE FUCK IT WANTS

# After The Super Bowl

What do you think of this statement:  
to find peace you have to have a war.

Yes, I want to feel pretty  
naked on a jumbotron.

Do you think cardio will save you?  
I saw an apocalypse at 10:00pm yesterday.

My knee pops like a bubble gum,  
reheated peppers crunch in my mouth.

There is more vomit than usual  
on the street today.

# Missing Spandex

I'm honest enough  
to field questions like:  
Are you straight edge?  
You get so much done.

When I protect my hair  
I don't protect my health.  
I only want you to pull  
my hair tonight.

No, I don't think  
15 pounds in 15 years  
will be welcomed  
at the high school reunion.

*Fox News* said  
a woman didn't call the police  
after pushing her husband off a cliff  
because she was only twenty-two.

Don't worry, I'm older.  
I like you guys a lot  
when are we hanging out next?

# Head Cold

I'm blowing my brains out,  
you said I'm too young for that.  
Put on some bronzer  
and leave the house.

Your tan tricked me,  
I thought you went on vacation  
now I'm out of questions.

Lies should be easy,  
I bought a magazine with some tips.  
If magazines are so good  
at calculating calorie deficits  
why don't they manage the economy?

I'd like to be an organ donor  
give away my eyes,  
then I can watch the world  
without replacing my shoes.

# Inches And Negotiation

Let's agree  
there is no curse of curves  
or a song to sum up  
why I am not beautiful,

why I still recite songs  
by boys with floppy hair  
sliding picks down spines.

Let's agree you like  
every time I dress.  
Each grocery list  
adds to deficiencies,

the oven left on  
grew into a soaring ball  
seen by helicopters.

# I Can Start Fires With Matches

I like you at bedtime,  
we can light candles.

Not like mermaids,  
I painted shells for them  
and never got a card.

If you pick someone wrong for you,  
it's all your fault  
they never said thank you.

Don't hate the player,  
hate yourself.

I wore hot pants to the bar  
I know exactly what I'm doing,  
but I burned rice again.

Let me bottle the light in your eyes.  
It hides mountains  
purchased second-hand,  
added to a stack of dishes.

# I Watch Local Television For The Comedy

When did local news get heavy?  
Let's chat about the moon  
and it's flattering angles  
on a sinking cruise ship.

I redefine danger  
when I corral dolphins.  
I use tulle to build a halo  
around an endangered coral reef.

I read all the books  
and still don't know  
how to get game.  
I'm looking for authenticity  
in yearly subscriptions.

Why doesn't age have a leash?  
I collect vitamin D  
and worry my skin will betray me.

# After Pea Soup

*for Amanda after a sad day for both of us*

Survey: anyone know  
a shortcut to rock bottom?  
There's no way to be right  
in a modern world.

Can someone at least  
pat me on the back  
for my choice of boots?

Package self-loathing  
in denim button-downs.  
Then, make a change:  
I heard the walls say,

*so sick of my face  
I'm going to frame it  
with purple hair.*

But sometimes I'm helpful.  
I gave someone CPR  
in a dream last night.

Why not sell emergency beepers  
with faulty batteries,  
then say *one day*  
*everyone will feel settled.*



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