

YES

Matt Rohrer

When I ate a Morning Glory I turned
yellow on the inside. The garden smelled
like quince, pungent quince, ringed
with white stones. There was a yellow light
on in my insides but it couldn't come out
through my waxy ears
or the slit in my underwear.
My face was on the verge of changing
into another face as nondescript as mine.
I balked. I ate a Poppy which symbolizes artfulness
but also sleepiness
and forgetting,
and I fell supine below the quince, among
the jettisoned quince. In this state
I was hyper-sensitized,
I was the planet's nipple and let me tell you:
there was no love anywhere except my own
and Sonny Rollins'.
A siren rose above the branches at nightfall,
a soothing sound. My mind was a tabula rasa, I think.
When I ate a Pansy, the other kids laughed at me
but I moved through them,
my insides were thinking.