

Tracey Knapp

Stealing

Kent stole a sports coat from the Big and Tall
and Lucy lifted a gentleman's monocle at the antique fair
She says sometimes she steals because no one is watching
I saw a homeless guy steal some Slim Jims, but I didn't tell
Tom believes there is a difference between stealing from Jake at the corner store
versus batteries at Walmart, which he has done for years
I agree with him that it's less personal when your victim is a corporate entity
but the homeless guy was just drunk and hungry, and Tom is a smug asshole
My brother stole a duck phone from a police station once
when it rang, it quacked
and also a guitar strap from a Sonic Youth concert in 1993
I went to court for the Bob Marley tape I took from the record store when I was seventeen
My father was a cop, so you can imagine my humiliation
I swore, never again, but then there was the half-moon pendant at the River Fest
You'd think they would know better, keep an eye on the small stuff
Watch the things that matter most and trust no one
but then there goes some dickhead with my backpack
and his new box of tampons, his eyelash curler, an anthology of Japanese feminist poetry

To the New Moon

Come night. Come
sirens and midnight babies
born in the backseats
of taxicabs. Come moon.

You crazy weeping
alcoholic, quit drinking
yourself into nothingness.
Someone's trumpet has
gone missing tonight.

Someone is looking
for you, holding your
hair brush to the nose
of a bloodhound.

Leave your shadow
on the door mat and come
inside. I'll cook
you up something good,
a grilled cheese sandwich
to go with that frown.
It's just us girls
tonight. Let's spray paint
the stairwell pink, burn
a rosebush in the bathtub.

Even though you're telling me
you're done, it's over, I've still hung
my clothes out to dry overnight
in the ocean wind, and that tide
is all your work. You may
have been the first,
but you're not the only one
to circle your grief, to slowly
darken because of it.

I know that it's hard to show
your face in the face
of the sun and his narcissism,
the earth's pushy shadow,
but I've seen you in the daylight,
edging into the sky
early for a while, urging
the herons to stab at fish,
the street cars to lurch
up and over the long hill
before they rattle on towards the bay.

Moon, it's two in the morning
and it's time to stop hiding:
the French Alps are talking
about your new glow,
how you actually look younger,
and all the dogs adore you.