

Little Debbie

Aaron Timm

I used to hide food
not “real” food
snacks
I would take the last
Cosmic brownie
from the box
tuck it
behind
salsa, sour cream and butter
I would think about it
all day
in the hot quiet
after school
it would be there
waiting
or, not.

Now I hide
a plan
behind
dishes, laundry, feeding the cats
I tuck
pills
not “real” pills
just the thought
crushed in orange juice
bitter on bitter
as I watch
Frank N Furter sing
“I’m going home”
one last time
before I sleep
I hope to dream of the moon
of blue glow on snow
of walking naked
a ghost feeling
no chill

I think about it
all day
it will be there
waiting
or not.

The best of them
Aaron Timm

Born to dust
Knee deep in snow covered
Greasewood
You stood
Swallowed chalky alkaline dust
Shouted at the sky when
Left bloody, again
You walked home
To chaos and
Quiet
To all the fucking
Shouting silences
You did this
Grew up alone
Made yourself a man
A good fucking man
Who loved with a heart so bruised
It hurt to breathe
You rose out of the desert
Called home
Checked in
Sent condolences
And congratulations
Always
Never receiving any in return
Your family
Wore you like a shadow
Alone you taught yourself
To shine
You are a light in the window
To me
You are a blanket
Of stars
Shutting out the dark.

Hush

Aaron Timm

Before the fist opened a mouth
the door was just a door.
After the fight the door screamed,
it's black mouth waiting for me.
I usually pinch my eyes shut.
Run up the last three stairs,
pass the open mouth
softly
close my door,
which is still just a door.
Today I force myself to face it.
The fist left long sharp teeth
I push my hand inside
feel a splinter fang catch my sleeve
my fist reaches the smooth wood throat.
Pulling back
I leave blood behind.

Aaron Timm started writing and sharing her poetry in 2009. She is married to the locally famous poet Isaac Timm. Aaron is proud to be a member and unofficial secretary for the awesome poetry critique group Union of Table Scraps. She is a fierce advocate for blind people and a huge believer that all blind people should learn braille. She lives in Logan where she is happily owned by two cats who are named after poets.