
SIX NEW POEMS
BY
MARLENE EFFIWATT

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No, Stagger

Watch your step,
there's dog shit, bear
traps, plot holes. Centrifugal
force, entourage. Effects
of terpene, turbine. Limonene,
hydroxide. Keep your
eyes peeled, provolone,
get this show on
the road. The urge to
eat this ant but I won't

Peeling A Orange At 11:11

I put the toilet
seat down, don't take it
personally. We're in the
9's now, my left eye
won't stop twitching. Neck
of the woods, penny
pinching. Look down
at the people
stars, slow-
mo-ing. Royalty,
process, processing

Recreate

Saturn is upset
with me. I'm
sausage, baby,
toast. Breakfast 23/7
and continue, not
you too. I can
write on a plane,
upside down, in my
sleep. Can do it
backwards, one-on-
one, one or
the other one—

Up-Top

You could never, I know
as I can
barely. Argyle,
chronicle (surf &
turf). Back at the
ranch, in my
downtime, three and
counting. Pesto,
Helium, hitting
stride. Boomerang,
damn right

And Pirates

Sink then swim. Building
water routes, on Earth
or this room. After 8
comes 9, true. Orange
juice—this is my day
job. Appeal to your
maturity, fraternity,
dad & daddy. Adding
insult to injury, put
a hex on me. We
could make an exquisite
corpse, anthology,
DM me

Magic Eraser

Lighten up, flyweight,
gymnasium, moneyline. Ways of
getting by: make poetry
of upholstery, blood
sugar, tomato
green. This is the
world, a batch of
biscuits buttercream. Give
a penny, take
one, banking

