Not Even Kokomo Begins to Add Up

Elyse Brownell
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My Dearest Hannah,

Do you like petunias, the ones I brought home from Africa, coated by porcelain dolls who swore to you “he knows better than acrobats or bafoons.” Careful not to chase the hobos or hate your mother, she means well. Remember what I told you:

1.) You always bring a bouquet of text with your smile, cannon balls of truth pushed with criticism brought my heart home to Tokyo or Kokomo, where the beat rocks of soul began. Your darling rode out that day. You seemed to be blinded with the horrific contextual bruises he gave to you. He needs to wow you, and brighten your heavens like I do.

2.) Remember Hannah, act before roses are born and open a Mexican Grille rolled out from the late October falling leaves. Patch up the bricks on top of my home without bursting aneurysms. Tobacco replaces sex while boiling hot meek nymph rockettes slowly rock their soul. Because Pablo, as he calls himself, your darling, as you call him, a boy who answers not to you, but who is well aware the bible likes to capture movement by tents, camping near Lake Binaca. Six nights your darling told you hopscotch is and words are more than mathematical things (I’d give you a tiny pearl, etched with stone brought to you by math problems, placing tacks near the states of the U.S. we have visited together). Heck, you answer to no one, not even Pablo, to whom pecan pie came from cabana, or not. Not to mention a lasting note “My poetry cooks projected minds.”

Yours,
Diunov