



Joanna Fuhrman
Clone School

JF

**The Shaman Figurine Car Ornament
Explains the Accident. Then Naps**

We were lured by color:
the only periwinkle left
in the decomposing empire,
I mean, restaurant,
 so we opened it--
allowed a light to circumnavigate
the dancer's limb, allowed
 a margin to expand
 past the fleshy cylinder,
 back to the migrating parts.

**The Magic Puppy Dog Biscuit Predicts
the Return of Fall**

After a week in silence and catatonic gloaming,
a parakeet chirps, a clown room divider opens
his eyes to let the light in and the dragonflies out.
This is the sort of day needed to grow justice,
I write on my lover's tongue, convinced
that the feel of it will be enough to make it true.

You Don't Mean That Gesture, She Said

The house made of birds of paradise fronds
kicked me out. Its walls said, Go teach
Frederick Douglass to the mice in the tundra
and sing of shackles in ice castle mansions.
Bring kneepads to pray to the hydrogen icon
and lower your head like a mediocre lover,
bee keeper, vaudeville star. Ha ha ha ha he he
he he, said the bellicose walls as they spun toward
the walls of the dictator's house, the house inside
a hot pink artery, the house made of burning
whatevers, fuck you little girly, little girl, said
the windows of the house that wouldn't let me in,
said the prisoners of the house, the house made
of pepper, made of pepper, diamonds and tin cans.



By the Skeletons of Hurdy-gurdy Monkeys and Other Journeys Toward Nanotechnology

We were trying to truth-squad
the peanut,
feng-shui the inside of a mitten
when a translucent
figure descended,
slipped between our necks
and breath cavities
until our lips were too heavy
to rest on the rim of any teacup,
and then the black rapids
roared through every daydream
and backyard pool.

Uniforms Are Sexy Too

A bottle of old cough syrup
gels on a windowsill.
I walk on tiptoes
as if wearing
invisible stilettos.

You think any old bottle opener
can open a dream.

So there.
So what.

The color red means more to me
than the smell of a beautiful
crash.

Why are All the Elephants Crying?

I am wrinkle-free.
which isn't a problem
except for the clock bird
trapped in my curls.
It's been on fire
for a while now
which makes
my step-parents
ramp up
my insurance polices
and enroll me
in a clone school
where no one looks
the same
though
everyone is.

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