Phoenix

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they squirted gas, rainbowed in streaks over her eyes and clicked the lighter to life a week before her school pictures were to be taken and she was in fifth grade but they snapped the flame at her teasing and leapt back as she gushed fire and it’s not in how her skin peeled back like old paint or in her soundless shrieks or even at the hospital lost in morphine dreams but more in how she glowed brighter than the late afternoon sun descending upon them all as all the cells of light in her body were released at once so bright that the grass was seared glassy as an eye all around and they asked her how she felt to have her skin drunk with gasoline how did it feel to stand in that to be that and she only said it hurt

Dan Johnson: I really hate writing about myself so I’ll just cover the basics. I like eating, sleeping and the screams of small animals. I’ve decided to wait until I finish Grad school before I have a total nervous breakdown. I have ceased to consider the opinions of others. My poetry is written largely in response to stuff that happens and what-not.