

Advice for my daughter

On a humid night near Lamoni

Tom Formaro



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What is what? Who the fuck can?
I wanted to say something about a bone
But it was thrown into a mass grave
Outside the phosphorus lost city
Do you soul science? Until someone
Calls you in with witchery? Five nights of
That should suffice unless we're fooled
Again by the salted ocean breath or
Ash in the trees—Can we keep bleeding?
And now the red truck rusting away
I won't seek out death wearing a bow tie
Will you unwind the gamboge sky?
I asked Poppa once but we twiced the third
It never could have been otherwise

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A winged
soldier's
unawakened
suspicion
relented
when the
abdicated
patronymic
became
unstable in
the binary
function
and reconcilable
irregularities
were reduced
to blank
offers
bound in
tested mettle
The old
manor's
shadows no
longer fall
at odd
hours and
its spiral
staircase grows
exponentially
now that
the funeral
has been
adjudicated

Tom Formaro

Tom Formaro is a writer, drummer, and dad. His work has appeared in *Spoilage*, *Akkadian*, and *SoMa Literary Review*, and is forthcoming in *Otoliths*. He has also published a novel, *The Broken Heart Diet*, and a children's story (co-authored with his wife, Rachel Formaro), *Alfonso the Christmas Pumpkin*. Tom has taught creative writing in an elementary after school program, to at-risk middle school students and in private workshops. His poetry takes random and deliberate thoughts, glances, and earshots and torques them until some sense of motion emerges. He holds an M.A. from Iowa State University. You can find Tom online at tformaro.com