

# Natalie Catasús

## Frontier is the Mouthpiece

clank of metal on molar  
wedding ring  
underside the tongue

sweetened condensed milk  
silt stockings  
cling my little

sandspur don't out of turn  
discrepant breast bones  
sometimes the dog

frequently  
I dream of a starting  
position

# Resonator

me and my homeland  
my father  
the musical glue

croaking from sawgrass  
night I could almost  
the cricket's ankle

why bother to remember  
the door in any state  
but swinging

# Window Cuts the Landscape

A woman in a rundown honks her horn.

Her leg slick from a spill of hot bacon grease.

His hair, when brushed, is one big feather.

These people are already on board. You just have to punch their ticket.

The railroad chickens in their plastic take-out bags line the tracks

where once, in a mess, he fell over and cracked his rib.

We give her a jumpstart. Pass with care.

The dump is a conduit. It all goes to Mt. Trashmore.

Likely the woman with her run down grease leg has forgotten us.

His feather hair is sleek with sweat.

Maybe she's alright maybe she's deeply not.

I turn the dial.

Few spaces between the static.

# Shine

I get into narrow moods  
get unsettled

I'm out of your forehead

but my face is a mule

one day

the paint

just lets go of the ceiling