

**The Do List Series  
Confessions**

\* \* \* \* \*

By Kirthi Nath

10 Page Poem Series

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make that to do list  
yogurt  
go swimming  
quit smoking to stop coughing  
not care if I see her or hear from him  
abandon angst  
enjoy reading  
stop distrusting knowledge  
eat food  
cook  
use the blender, blend spinach  
2 pm  
"isn't that amazing, " collect that  
here  
"it's misdirected rage, I don't know how to explain it"  
"what did they ask you to do".  
tomatoes  
green beans  
what I'll do  
"are you a big fan of led zeppelin," inciting defensive persuasion  
of "yes I am. It's fundamental".  
eavesdropping on that relationship is so disturbing,  
she hugged him goodbye.

"the to do list series confessions" \* Kirthi Nath \* [iamaskingtape@yahoo.com](mailto:iamaskingtape@yahoo.com) \*  
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greasy hair  
cigarettes  
coffee  
rain  
there are so many other things to dwell on  
mist  
the sky at that hour, through those trees  
the immense duration  
we are not nurturing  
green beans  
I miss tofu in my life  
orange juice, no, but yes I drank it for years before  
grapefruit juice, my own I decide  
only sound, fading light  
the process of recollection; the passing  
the immense duration  
the metro ticket in my hand  
smells abrasively  
the immense duration in which I remember you  
these surreal encounters at daybreak  
waking up

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make that do to list  
it's the way you describe things by describing the light that  
passes through the room  
eat that honey tangerine  
listen to footsteps  
screen doors creaking  
the light that lingers on your cheek like heaven  
opening wideness  
a single black bead necklace hanging with courage  
frozen pita bread growing mold  
throwing it away  
glow in the dark sentiments that fade  
when the sock begins to smell on the foot  
one foot at a time taking turns  
she wore that red shirt eight days in a row  
substantially

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surrounding it was not part of it

I could wash my face  
but instead  
the you are not going to come and talk to me and be generous  
and I don't want you to come and be who you are  
spilling beer and not cleaning it up but leaving  
the bad habit of clinging to what is personal  
anything that desperate  
to be away from here and not seduced by the anything of activity  
the one who stays there cleaning up  
don't call  
sweating and foam  
the insteads  
Judy I don't know you if you are gonna show me everything

I've come to realize with me and you  
let's just leave it at that

3:37  
in the today  
old sweat on my fingers like dried beach sand  
behind whiskey and cokes  
four in the afternoon  
smelling  
fallen snow  
the five o'clock sun shinning in the back door  
make that to do list  
chapped lips  
not everyone likes lip balm like you do  
used up conversation  
lagging  
a vegetable garden in the bloody mary  
nine o'clock shadows don't pass as noticeably  
really letting go this time  
nearby  
sandalwood soap  
lavender scent left

if you called me voracious  
that would be a beginning  
this frustration is so hungry and jealous

confess distance  
and how much it hurts  
make that do list  
to stink of smoke  
lonely and afraid  
did I tell you about the ghost  
the other morning  
when I was trying to wake up and couldn't move  
the sky becomes a story of someone else's coping now  
to fill such empty  
eat rice