



Gyroscope Review

fine poetry to turn your world around

Spring 2023

“I’LL BE OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN ALL DAY”
BY JEFFREY HASKEY-VALERIUS

and because my mother once had skin cancer,
I unpin my flesh and drape it inside-out over
the line, watch all my hues drip into the grass.
Misdemeanors run chartreuse; felonies, magenta.
Every crimson breakup. Sick-green regrets.
Rehabs and failed careers and suicidal tendencies.
What colors are all the times I could have had more
but was too afraid to try? The phone calls to
my parents I never made because I was ashamed
to admit I’d failed again? My lilies have bloomed
lava orange with strawberry centers. They’re not
as fragrant as I’d hoped, but I snip them to
bring inside anyway. I mow the lawn, grimacing
through the dust storm. Edge the driveway
and blow the remnants into the ephemera.
The rest of the day I spend pulling weeds,
spiky dandelion leaves and stubborn soldiers
marching between cobblestones. At dusk,
I stop to wipe sweat from my face and
look up. Where I once was, I’m gone.
I’ve bled dry. I’m just a patchy film of skin
and sinew, fluttering idly in the breeze.