

Como Siempre

A mentor is static

A shrinking wrapper in the metaphorical flame

A lover is no longer a lover

When the wounds we gave one another have healed

A bluesman

Appropriated to the point of pallor

My mental health

One heaving languish pivoting on revisionism

Where have we spent the summer?

Nights I clamored to inebriation

The contents of which have slowly whittled

The cavities in my brain,

The breaks in the corral reef,

A CT scan the white-out rendition

Good times taken in good time

A kind critic

The liquor offering praise our sober minds cannot

I like to imagine the paper

I scribble upon was in a former life

A tree two lovers shook // the sleep out of their lives

Beneath

& Carved cliché etchings in the trunk

The graffiti of amateur arithmetists

Now crumpled & broken

The minutia of labor,

Little ruinations

Someone's deforested rudiments of love.

More Ditch Less Velvet

I knew Him from a boy, what days I spent glancing upward hands above my eyes
sweating the sin out

What pious gymnasiums, the mastheads: what were nondenominational, what were
reformed Baptists

What dancing was only allowed on Sundays, what burnout electric-guitarist sans
whiskey, sans talent

What middle-aged, Sunday-mornings-coming-down, what baptismal waters quenched by
aching sobriety

What midlife crisis awaited Jesus after death, what resurrection, what ascension, what
chaste verisimilitude

What Mary said the first time they met, what tavern soaked hydrophilic thighs

What boys call me is Magic, who holds His gaze for eternities

What I can do to the waters of your soul, he said, what bodies of loss, what waves sing
crashing on praying shores

What quantities we pour out in overt, servile gestures, what stoic shackles we cradle

What more ditch less velvet, what cracked pavements with no Shakurian roses blooming
from broken asphalt,

What Bermuda waves tithing the turgid soil, what Home bred me to blaspheme

What craves the ditch, what solace has found me in the “writhing south,” what wounds
for wanderlust, what succors like Mississippi

The Linguistics of Sex

I ask Milene what the word for fuck is, in Spanish
She takes a pull off her lime, throws her head backward
In a fit of laughter,
She says there's a hundred different ways for calling sex sex
Each dialect and region some intricacy, some bawdy colloquialism
Tonight, for instance, she says, she's going to seduce her husband
With spite.
She says there's
Seven different renditions of that type of love-making,
In the part of Zacatecas he is from,
But mostly longs for just the one
He calls out at her when she's been out for too long.
The one when she comes home smelling like another man's cigarettes.
When he doesn't kiss her mouth and pulls her hair
So tight the tendrils ache
She tells us she loves when he calls her names in Spanish,
The words quivering off her Portuguese ass
She likes how she can't remember at those times
The Spanish words for tender,
Or sweetly,
And hums along to the cadence of his hate he thrusts upon her
I ask if she has a younger sister.

Las Tormentas De Verano

Barely lingual she said

Love me to you

& longed with her thin, empty arms

As trees long for other trees for shade

Love me to you

Uttered in a tongue that questioned every *I*

As trees do tremble, en las tormentas de verano

I? love to you?

Uttered in a tongue that questioned *you*

Like roots unearthed beneath a tree

I love you

Roots begging the soil: *love me back to you*