

## Polyphonic Daydream

### *No More Vampires*

I swear this will be a poem about drinking and nothing else. After all, my heaven is an endless Happy Hour. It's an hour of drinking and nothing. It's an hour of time to forget the pain that makes a home in my heart.

The bottle in my hand feels heavy. The hour is heavy, my hands are heavy, our love is heavy. I'm not sure why I brought you into this. It has something to do with us residing in a mirror. There's nowhere to turn

away from you. Even your shoulders won't leave me alone, bringing in the dawn. This is the hour of vast meadow mornings. I am a shadow that falls from your body. No, not a shadow. A phantom.

### *The Sun Floats*

O how your moans move me, each one filled with earthsmoke and rue, as if trying to summon the dead. This is the hour of your mouth, a rainstorm that washes over me. Let's build a house made of whiskey, to set it ablaze

in this fire-hammered air. Let me touch your breasts, here on the inside, above the bone. Sometimes I forget to exist so I can slip through the green of your eyes. This is the hour of deep blue enameled sky.

I ask you which way is bluer, but the hour of your mouth has already passed. I remember meeting you in a heavy dream of July. Your body was the body of a dreaming woman, grass stains in your eyes. The day is mounting and I am wasted.

### *Anxiety Grows Worse*

Bombed out of my mind, I decide to weave a pattern of branches and dying sunlight. This is the hour of freckled glass skin. Some build chapels out of wood and stone and prayers. I build my chapel out of you.

With no prayers to use, I begin the hour of dreaming. You told me you dream of fighting sharks.

I dream of white summer clouds burning in the trees,  
but I'm not watching them. I'd rather watch you

undress. Everything is moving faster now. This  
is the hour of the ocean calling. This is  
the hour of us getting down on all fours, please. This is the  
hour of the world singing a slightly different song.

*A Green Flash*

We didn't eat dinner, only cigarettes and wine.  
Your lips fit so perfectly into mine. You see  
the beginning of my heart, the start of a thing  
made only of writing. I'm broken because I want

to know the business of darkness. We've descended  
through the hours of the day and have landed at the slate  
precipice of sleep. The mounds mean our bodies  
are charged with so much light, but our teeth cannot

see it. I whisper into your ear, but we are out of time.  
The impulse of dawn is calling to restart the hours,  
but I will resist it for now. I must have one more.  
This is the hour of the explosion of our love.

## INAMORATA

*Alabaster, as in flesh shivering before sirens*

Your skin glares like cruel snow,  
gnawing at shadows.  
Clusters of black letters run through

my mind when I see fine rain fall  
on your cheeks; a kiss is so quickly forgotten.

The multicolored wires of your hair  
grind the snow into hues.

*Celadon, as in a bloom of algae spreading across clouds*

I will show you fear in cigarette smoke  
and rain beads falling from a sky  
painted with moss.

I see your fern eyes opening mornings,  
where I had seen eyes do nothing but close.

You are a naked wall, covered with wallpaper  
of vast crystal oceans. I am a man  
struck by lightning.

*Aqua, as in words written on the cusp of a wave*

Plains and meadows of water  
are leaning on the window.

You throw your dress into the sunset,  
hoping it will become topaz.

I try to explore your eyes,  
but the sky is saying something  
about your legs turning into trees.

*Indigo, as in cosmic rays and supernovas*

I want to find you behind a door, etched  
from the dust of a diamond.

There, you will sculpt silk into spider webs.  
The gap between your fingers casts shadows over  
the sometimes of the ocean. You must become

fire, so that I can think of you as a sun  
that begins its breath with the end of mine.

*Rose, as in swimming through a perfume sea*

Your words are the patter of fountains.  
I strain to ensnare the harmonies  
that fall from your lips.

The leaves are hardening, but I am  
only interested in the texture  
of feathers

and your skin. If you were  
a swan, I would find a church  
built of fog and shadows.

*Crimson, as in my chest hurts less when I look at you*

Your mouth shoots inferno into my veins.  
Our hands were made of fire,  
only to be used to trace constellations.

I cut open your breasts to hold lilies.  
I think I will plant a star in your heart  
to make you feel heaven. I have waited so long.  
I can wait longer.

My love is a tortoise shell on your back.  
It is immense and filled with roots  
of cypress trees that extend down  
your glass thighs to form words.



*Obsidian, as in the silent communion of your kiss*

I read poetry of twilight into the black  
electricity of your eyes; a landscape  
made for a room without mirrors.

Your body is a magnetic statue,  
erected from the ashes of volcanoes.  
You must shatter

into slivers so I can carve  
glass into keys. I will unlock  
this gate of shells.

## The Color of Lightning

You are a clear pool who loves her loneliness.  
Pebbles are shouting out water,  
leaving my voice staring.

I follow your ripples,  
and snare my teeth into you,  
and entangle your thin cry  
to praise your supple skin,  
almost marble but moving.  
In your body everything vanishes.

I try to trace words on your forehead  
so that you will never forget me;  
tiny imprints on a vast ocean.

I will let darkness leak over  
the green flame of your eyes,  
dancing violins in the night.

You keep me awake with lightning,  
fingers of fire. I dream of your storms.