

Poems from the Third Eye

Waiting

I still feel his spirit, said the woman whose partner has been lost in a plane crash. Actually, they don't know what happened to the plane, which is painful. He was looking out the window. They were flying over the Indian Ocean and the water was slowly beginning to look less blue, colder. He sat next to strangers. A man from Malaysia, his wife. Their wedding bands, the seatbelt sign, the ocean gone. She sees him on an island off the radar, hears him underwater in the bath. His key in the door. I squint for them. The world is waiting.

Rainfall

I've been beating myself up all week, trying to remember how to spell your name. In the meantime: take a bridge to Brooklyn, your apartment in Bed-Stuy is a mirage. Or miracle? The scent of almond tea, maybe cloves, smoked tobacco. One night I'm perched at the window like a sparrow singing French tunes, poorly, all talons. The wooden floor droops under me like an eyelid. I had a dream where I broke glass after glass in the kitchen, but kept coming back. You change the station when the room starts playing static from behind the walls. Phantoms. It's the middle of the night and my nose is beginning to bleed. I look like I have eaten berries. Catch the blood in your palm like a flying insect, one that glows the metallic color of streetlamp. The drip! It's nearly beautiful, like a pulse, rainfall...

D train

1.

Strange— to blink my eyes in san francisco
but to be, under the lid, on mott street
(some dark cornered park, waiting for something)

So much of new york is built on graves, and under that,
water. when it rained we stalled under a subway, watched
the D tunnel itself above ground. like the train itself was a bridge
between two distinct places

This part of the city used to be a pond. then it was polluted,
paved over. I'm yelling across continents. I'm impolite.
this rain tastes like telephones
or waste

2.

I made the mistake
of forgetting

So I stayed on the train, rode the D to coney island
toward the end of the night. I am transported

between the real world and this one— wish I could tell you
I could taste the Atlantic
on my skin, fought harder
that I wasn't afraid
to be alone
in gravesend. know this cemetery
only from a window.
it stretches its arms, is yawning. the train cries
and stops. it's only me
and widowed men
embracing

Ninety

Eric, who was ninety, patted his mouth with a piece of bread. We were out to lunch. He was telling us how he'd wound up in Sweden from Germany, his family in a camp. I couldn't take it. He went to dab my eyes with the bread and then, realizing what it was, smeared it with butter and took a bite. He was in love with my grandmother. We finished loading my boxes in silence. I forgot my things upstairs. My grandmother lent me a beige pair of sandals, \$20 bill in my palm. I don't remember what we ordered at the diner. This was before they took away the pay phones in Park Slope. No one was home. So much has happened. I felt you all night beside me.

Elegy

They tell me I'll need to worry about skin cancer, insurance. Children. I am lucky. See you in eight years. No one told me I could kiss disease away with mistletoe. Drink my own cells, lift my head. When he goes, I'm not there. There was no miracle. Just like you I have nightmares of the end of the world. I am the last to go.