

Ode

the poem was a garlic was a raptor was a dunce

the poem needed cracking like a back

the poem: stubborn unfulfilling & fulfilled

the poem had started with a wince

this the sensitivity of pantoums forced to tombs:

my wrist aches with longing

the poem was a floor rug was a turnip made a scene

the poem loved anything but me

Where wheels crunch over train tracks, a watcher with a wet face

You go down to the front porch in your sweatpants & watch sun slice triangles on the laundromat. Scalene Sides blue as sky, sky fades to white. Each windshield a small sun. Your mint plant is dry so very dry, shrivel-ed stalks like turtlenecks. So very dry: guilt grows where herb once did. Such injustice to this poor plant. Damp face & asphalt hands. Up where you can't see, a bird makes a sound like a burp.

Moving Away

The sword in the umbrella stand & I
cry into my hands

You are a habit like picking at scabs
You are a habit & I

love You like a rabbit
in innocence & innuendo: Love
is a habit, too

Au cimetière Père Lachaise

History lives here—
between the tombs—
in a little shack
made of leaves
& wood

History looks us in the eyes, here
forces us to recognize
us to reconcile ourselves with
these the bodies
that precede ours—

History, History:

History is homeless
and sleeps beneath the stars—

Mama

Mothers lord birth

over their children:

existence and vegetables become you

I watch ants crawl:

Large burdens and empty hills

I try to imagine weight under my eyes as I write this

But I feel only warmth

I climb in my mother's branches

weave her leaves in my hair

her bark peels under my hands

I wish to God and gods

I were as small

as a spider