

Wet Hugs

The way rain hits pavement:
Sharp, its smell too
shut inside your silver kitchen.
Huddled students passing by the
glass door. We are invisible.
Your nipples are hard.

Maybe the rain will
clean my keyboard,
the grime between the buttons
that bothers you so much.
You take care of your possessions;
a lesson learned in childhood
along with how to duck.

If it keeps us apart send me a postcard
of a naked lady;
scare away those set in their ways.
And we can match our clothes—
show everyone we've found our place—
sailor shirts and brown scuffed boots.

Lluvia, that's what we learned.
Cheeks accustomed to water-fall
learning less about language
than baggage and bandage;
slowly understanding
how to make room for others.
But not without mistakes.

Labia, that's what surrounds us.
That's what your poetry was about.
Make me a cootie catcher of every
secret you've ever told
and only then will I be satisfied.

Terpsichore

After the dark mossy wood has been ripped apart,
Plowed down in a passionless mid-morning job
Like so many matchsticks collapsing into a pile
You'll still be there—

Calling my name
Like a sock sliding down corrugated cardboard;
Zipping with chatter and warmth.

I hear it in the cold concrete basement
With wood veneer flooring that catches on my slippers.
Remember the box-step, the Charleston,
Your effortless movements that have no name.

We lay in your childhood bed—
The resting place of bad news and patchwork quilts,
My mind able to relax for a moment
With you there next to me.

O Comforter of Children, Muse of Movement,

Even after the last slab of linoleum has been pitched
And a flat-faced giant rests on a flower box graveyard

You'll still be there
Dancing under a canopy of white string lights.

1/16/17

A small red lamp
can make all the difference;
a square piece of black soap
to turn grief into anger.
Black and blue patches of daisies
cover me up at night
on a new firm bed.
I feel nothing more than a
window ledge:
it's only purpose to hold
vases of flowers,
jewelry-boxes and
European coins.
My empty planter
hangs off-center,
I now see.
White sports coats and
green satin dresses—
the notion that kept me from
being too sad—
a fantasy is one thing but
kissing at midnight
a whole 'nother.
All I want is safety in a
fleece sweatshirt and
corduroy—everything corduroy—
do I care where it comes from?
Cannot move without
seeing some
sweet piece of time;
need to hoard moments
into patches of solitude so
no one can claim them,
rip them from me.
My tea is my own, and
so are my books of poetry.