

YOUR DRESS

I wanted desperately to take your waist in my
Hands, to feel the silk that was ironed there,
I needed to know if I would feel the cold of that
Fabric, or the warmth that fell off your body.
Watching as you walked,
Watching while you danced.
The silk on your form,
How it held even the air in suspense
Of your touch.
You threw away your smile to every
Man, whose hand came down light
As feathers on your fabric.
Their hands and arms twirled you.
And that cloth, that was wrapped
In only you,
Went round
The room
In half
Circles.

CIGARETTE DREAMS

I dreamed a cloud of smoke
Made love to my mouth
Gentler than any other lover

Snaking through the holes
Of my nose and drifting out
Again and again and again

No, not like any lover I've had
So many places now he isn't welcome
He isn't allowed to love me anymore

And he isn't a cheap date
To have on my arm, but I think of him
Often and I wonder if he
Still tastes the same

YOU SAY "NO"

You say "no"

But in your eyes
Is a "yes"

It's there whether

You like it or not
The smile pink
And right, but it doesn't
Fit your mouth

At all.

You tell me "no"

Again, but this time I
DO NOT CARE

and I shut my eyes

And ears, telling myself

over and over
That secretly you "like" it
Desperately you "need" me

More than I need you,

More than I could ever need you.

And again I move against you

Pretending for us both that you "like"

It, and that you "need" me.

CLOSED CRIB

They placed him inside of me.
Some cried.
Others secretly wondered if the dead
Had a smell that would never wash off.
The suit was designer and black,
Its fibers scratched against my inner silken sides.

He was young and carried no bruises,
There were no tears in his skin.
Corners of each lip were turned upwards
But this was not the face he wore
The last second he had the chance to breathe,
Someone had molded it to look this way,
Dead skin like putty in someone's hand.

They had shut his eyes because the blueness
Held to its terror.
And no one came to see his death
They had come to watch him sleep.

And when they closed me over him
They carried us together as if I was
The mother and he the unborn child in my womb.
A voice could be heard, diligently reciting.

Finally we were lowered
Feet
Upon
Feet
Dark earth all around us

And as we settled to the bottom the
Jolt of my form hitting the ground
Caused his lids to open
And now his blue eyes
Stare up at me.

Podunk Moon

A flat tire wasn't just a possibility
You could call it a sure thing.
It was like the surface of the moon,
The Podunk town didn't care,
Their pockets had been sewn shut
Years ago. Years before this haunted June
Had come and taken so many
That the graveyard was overrun with
Shoeprints, and tiny holes made by
Low rent heels.
There was hardly anyone left to bury
The ones that kept dying and they didn't
Just die once, they died over and over again
As if they enjoyed the funeral procedure,
And again the mourners cried,
Because they had nothing better to do
And nowhere else to go.