

## The Hummingbird and the Gardener

### I

Nine-hundred and ninety-nine injections  
draw the straight juices sweetly from your  
male attention.

On a daily visit to your garden,  
I poke your shoulder with my elongated shaft,  
suspended in midair.  
In between two steady rakes,  
you wipe your brow and ask,

“How are you a ‘workman’s jewel’?  
You lick and lick and lick and lick  
for no one else but you.”

My lamellae trap this wisdom  
in rapid little whorls.  
Zigzags around arms and legs  
thread the net to glean these reams of praise:

“You are my flamboyant little fella,  
higher than the gaudy peacock,  
elusive and more tempting.”

Unfurled for a thousandth, I gather April feasts—  
while you lather me in validation,  
and take my creamy looks of veneration.

Quenched, my tongue retracts, reposed.

I chirp.

You blush.

### II

The next morning,  
I search for you among the hedges.

No lotus greets me, a Buddhist betrayal.  
Heartbeats thrust me on a twig.

### III

The hummingbird deflates his puffy chest.  
Resignation molts his feathers dimmed hoary without his gaze.

He falls into the courtyard of his critic’s Honest Opinions.

Black leather boots trample the grass,  
intimidating the bird  
hidden in the mortar's warmth.

He strains to hear him hum, and aches for his ambrosia,  
but the gardener has sealed his calyx.

Daydreams of swooping endlessly around him pivot into sleep.

#### IV

The gardener is poised in meditation.  
Casting a self-denying look,  
he toils through the Autumn.

#### V

Traitor!  
Find him as you prune and weed,  
freed from your inconstancy.

#### VI

"Let me cocoon the hummingbird.  
I drown in unsucked words:

Post-mortem reaches for the nectar stored in bulging vein  
will haunt me like the thousand stings of everlasting pain!"

### **Decisions to inject**

the drugs that keep us alive  
divide my veins in threes  
one for you, one for me,  
and one for

I tried to reject  
all notions of you  
but foolish foolish

a noose to chop  
me from the still  
still undecided future  
and your cock-eyed  
silence

he called me  
frenetic  
dramatic

needs to be subdued

little did he know this  
sexless slut  
with glassy stare  
could kill him with *adieu*.

### **A Fallen God**

when you replaced me with  
The Whore of Babylon,  
I thought of murder,  
and Catholic rituals.

transubstantiation in reverse  
is this toxicity relearned:

While she's gone,

push my head back  
the god manifested  
dissolved and escaped out  
of my trembling mouth.  
Before the last wisp left  
me gray,  
I shuddered in a painful ecstasy.

I remember the original ceremony  
laid on the table  
a cushion at my neck,  
you held the goblet to my  
expectant lips

A sip of Satan  
sent a lustful chill down  
God's spine  
a trill formed in His throat  
he felt pleasures insupportable

He killed himself and  
you absorbed Him

Raving,  
I down the whole cup  
and look up  
He is nude  
He is you.

I felt so male and pure,  
full of carnal possibility.  
I had, in my stable,  
the steeds of Apocalypse,

their Horsemen waiting for us.

## **Arisen**

star-studded  
white-blooded  
highest of heels  
trample beautiful  
men's faces  
submerged in the muck  
of a lost generation.

slender leather gloves  
effortlessly swipe  
the riches of Lucifer  
and chase God from his lair.  
I am the architect of my new empire.

I bend the gates of heaven.  
Legions of defaced demons  
devour archangels in threes.  
Usurpation never felt so grand.

I retire to the commander's tent.  
My lovemaking with Alexander the Great  
is interrupted,  
"My lord's Enemy marches nigh,  
come to reclaim these lands above."

As the messenger's head rolls to a stop  
at my golden wine-filled goblets,  
I decide how you will die.