

Flotation Device

BMA 2014

I would have rather cried than what I did,
which was nothing.

Then,

pass

through (*Water*),

to the other side.

Wiesenboden

Two sweet rain drips
ripping down the window meet; one drip.

It's romantic honestly. Eventually,
it clears up, if only a little.

There is a glimmer in the grass,
his body in an open field.

Above; low hanging grey green
sogging clouds. Wet. Still.

Below; glimmer-boy walking slow
cautious steps across the sod.

Follow running dogs to the reservoir,
cutting, brambles tugging your feet.

Find him naked,

adrift.

If you look hard enough you can find
the word for anything.

Wiesenboden: the dark,
nutrient-rich soil that develops in areas of poor drainage,

the verdure of the sodden playing field,
our barefooted running.

I looked back over my shoulder.
Sharp white pangs, thirty-

two in perfect succession. He laughed.
He laughed. My own feet !

One! Two! Tripping me,
head-first in hubris!

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### ***Advice To Young Lovers***

First off, don't read Rilke in the summertime. Well,  
maybe don't read any of Rainer  
Maria Rilke's works at any time of year, but especially  
don't read *Letters To a Young Poet* in June or July.

Speak to your lover.  
Speak clear, speak  
simple words without mystery.

Be cool, mechanical, keep your distance or  
be hot, keep your lips, heart burning.  
Look always directly at your love  
or always be looking away,

*Cosmo* isn't sure.

OK, don't read *Cosmo* either.

Don't stop falling in love.

Fall in love every day.

Trip, fall down the stairs.

Love the shoes, the laces, the stairs.

Allow yourself to get romantic.

Imagine you are doing something very important with that love.

Forget exactly what Rilke was warning in his letters which is  
don't marginalize the importance of solitude.

Forget the importance of solitude.

Forget the importance of solitude.

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You remind me of this painting, she says,

do you know the figure-four leg lock,
do you know the jackhammer?

My sisters are jealous, warning.

What WWE Smackdown moves do you know—

OH,

OH!—

WHAT TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS SHALL I KNOW!

(they are writhing
jealous)

OUT! OIL! DAMNED DROP!

pray!

PRAY, LET ME NOT!

Let me not.

My marriage is a sham, she says,

Can you smell, what the rock is cooking?

My husband is smirking and rising from bed,
my sisters are zealots, jealous. throwing,
throwing themselves to the zephyrs, to the rocks,

immaculate and unyielding.

The top rope smash, the rocks below.

Do you know the chokeslam
sweetness, hell's gate?
No, I want to know
do you know, personally know, Rick Rude

&
how did The Undertaker get his name?

~~~~~

***An abyss of light.***

An innate effervesence.

An assent, yes, a—

Yes, soft entreaty;  
the firm mattress the pliant  
hands. Entanglement.

“Lynchian echoes”.  
Three exhaltant love songs sung,  
Jackie Wilson sings,

improbable; feel  
sans unfeel, unfeel sans touch.  
How poignant: its

aching sharpnesses,  
its wild undulating  
barbs of ivory.