

Women of New York!

Women of New York!
How beautiful you all are!
I want to write a poem
for each of you
but I fear I haven't
the ink nor talent nor time.

Women of New York!
Where did you get
those fabulous
high-waisted shorts?!
If I were you
I would get them
in several additional colors.

Women of New York!
I never mean to be
creepy gym guy;
but when you
are using that one machine
and I am on
the adjacent machine
and, well, it's just
that I am not yet blind, y'know?

Women of New York!
Please let me pay
for the first round.
Allow me to hold
the door
and perhaps in time
your hand as well.

Women of New York!
There are so many
of you!
Let us all agree
to put safety first,
lest the itch
we aim to scratch
be more than metaphor.

Women of New York!
On every street

and in every store
you break my heart
and yet along the avenues
I always fall in love anew.

Women of New York!
I have a roommate –
is that going to be
a problem?
If so, let's at least
stay here awhile
in this corner booth
and have another drink.

Women of New York!
I am flipping through
a weekly magazine
trying to find
an interesting activity
like a museum exhibit
centered around
the impressionist influence
of Henri Matisse
or an outdoor pizza parlor
that lets you BYOB
and I am doing
all this goddamn research
for you.

Women of New York!
I don't have a TV –
is that going to be
a problem?
If so, let's at least
consent to dance
in the open space
of my living room
while the soft sounds
of make-out jazz croon
from my laptop
and let's try to stay open
to any and all
saxophone suggestions.

Women of New York!
In spite of the subway's

putrid garbage scent
and crammed gallery
of commuting humanity
you always somehow
maintain a regal air
and I want you to know
that I always notice
and am consistently impressed.

Women of New York!
I am not very wealthy
and I often say dumb things
and my history with love
is botched at best –
is any of that going to be a problem?
If so, let's at least agree
that you are the reason
I wake with hope
and I will remain your
forever servant,
knee-bent, brow-raised expectantly,
Women of New York, O,
Women of New York –
when I am on my final bed
were I to think of you
I would I'm sure
release a satisfied smile while I died.

The Story Of The Cricket

I never think of our old shared home
without recalling a nighttime cricket,
lost and crying one balmy October evening
behind the walls of our basement apartment.

I remember continued frustration
as we struggled in vain to block out his chatter,
wishing all the while he were a moth,
dining on our sweaters in silence.

So many years since then
and memory is a rickety wooden bridge of uncertainty,
telling me we found and squashed the intruder
rather than peacefully setting him free.

Yet it is hard for me to think of you
raising a knife-like sneaker over your head,
or being Lady Macbeth to my titular figure,
cosigning to murder for the sake of slumber.

How could I have known that ten years later
that insect would occupy a spot on my mental mantle,
along with the way your hair shined in the light,
or how you moisturized your elbows after a shower?

It's funny, I guess – the way nostalgia greys
what I knew then to be black and white:
that in me was a chirping need to wander,
and it would never be silenced, until I did.

Our First Date

Plentiful is the word
I want to use to describe your ass,
like those seven feastful years
the Biblical Joseph prophesied.
In its absence, my hands are famished.
Also, as per kissing: I believe
you must be one of the great make-out artists
of the early twenty-first century.
Kisses from you feel positively modern –
the five cubed nudes at d'Avignon,
or an atonal musical composition
but much more pleasant.
Did you know that the entire neighborhood
has begun to notice your neck?
Someone who lives on St. Marks Place
said it resembled a smooth glass vase,
which would make the bouquet of lilies your face,
and we all thought that was pretty good.
Furthermore, certain blogs are speculating
as to the qualities and texture of your hair,
which you held up in pins and clips
last time we met. Next time I'd like
to treat it like wet Hollywood cement,
get my fingers deep into the contours, leave an imprint.
And I want an introduction to your toes,
but not in a fetish kind of way; rather,
I'll greet them as I would
were I to someday meet your siblings –
just another colored piece
in the entire Trivial Pursuit pie that is you.
Years from now there may come a moment
when we have exhausted the limits of investigation,
and you will be as familiar to me
as the absent-minded motions of nighttime toothbrushing.
I may one day know you enough
to take you for granted.
All the more reason why today
I want to draw a bath and soak
in this early-stage occasion, when so much is unknown,
and all we have to go on
is equal parts curiosity and carnality.
I guess what I'm saying is,
I'd really like to see you again.

Thirsty

We thirst for love. And yet
we should conduct ourselves
with hinges of caution and care.

Think of a small puddle
slowly seeping away
in a sun-soaked desert.

We have been walking for days.
Now, hands cupped, we aim
to slake our ever-parched throats –

Here is where this poem begins.
Might I first encourage a moment
of pause and further consideration?

Else we may find ourselves
spitting out mouthfuls of sand
and still that dry, heaving need.

“Relationships Don’t Take Work”

Debra says that Mary says
there’s a chiropractor out there
who thinks relationships don’t take work.
I guess Mary was having lunch with him
and the subject came up and he said
“relationships don’t take work.”
That’s funny, I thought,
I went to a chiropractor once
who didn’t take insurance.
What kind of asshole
says something like that?
Relationships don’t take work
like plants don’t take water,
by which I mean they don’t take it,
they *need* it.
Of course some cacti get by
with little-to-no H₂O.
Maybe that’s what this chiropractor is: a prick.
Experience (my life ‘til now)
informs me that we fail each other often,
while Xperience (a local DJ)
thinks we’d all be better off
if we held our tongues,
considered our word choice,
apologized with greater frequency,
and loosened ourselves on the dance floor
(Xperience also has a PhD in Psychology
from Dartmouth).
Seems to me a relationship’s
like writing a poem, sure,
it doesn’t necessarily take work
but if you want it to be any good, it should.