

For(getting)

for
getting a hold on things
 post-it notes serve
 well upon the wall
yellow for the mundane,
pink for the important,
blue for the when-I-find-time
(for
getting to the point –)
 the sticky quality of
 substances never lasts.
 dust accumulates
where like so many star nurseries
is the and then dissolves
place and post-it notes fall
where from the wall,
forgotten (the pink ones
things do their best)
go but dust is heavy
 and so is time (especially
 in so many star nurseries where
 some nebulous semblance of gravity
 is not enough to collect, to gather
 atoms into dust into stars to
 complete concrete orgasmic
 futures-less-vivid in clouds where
 dust is sometimes only dust)
and
the sun does not remember
her halcyon nebula days
but gravity does –
 getting closer
 – stars and
post-it
 notes
 crystallize or
 crumble –
the speed of light
 is faster than
you
 but has lost its sense
 of direction)
(traveling back in

time was never
so

Re(collection)

and I collected
dandelions in the field
that lay just beyond
the baseball diamond¹

(the daisy chains could be
made into belts, crowns,
necklaces, or scarfs)

chewed fingernails²
pierced slits into
green stems, where
another stem could be
threaded through³
and I collected
dandelions to weave
into chains, which I
called daisy chains⁴

²I cannot recall a time
when I did not chew
my fingernails

(the daisy chains would
leave yellow residue on
my freckled skin)

¹the baseball diamond
did not deserve its name
because it was mostly used
for kickball –

⁴like the baseball diamond,
my daisy chains did not
deserve their name

(the daisy chains were
never as beautiful
the next day)

³but the slits could not

be too wide
or the stem would split
completely, and the chain
would
fall
away

Welcome to My Fish Bowl

the plastic green leaves
are my friends, do
not touch them

please

here our ancestors
created us,
which is to say
procreated,
which is to say
that life at sea
was once sufficient

when did my fins become
not enough perhaps they
were too malleable, too
yielding to that which
shapes fingers and toes

the creative force,
which is to say
the creating force,
which is not to say that
all procreation is art.

the plastic green leaves
do not pretend to look
real, my friends have not
known tides or sand or salt,
they have known factories
and small rocks dyed pink

I like to think that making
love is more than
just a euphemism

and I am fitting/fetal/fatal
my vestigial tail grows into
a fluke, that is, the fin,
not the mistake.

An Approximation of Inner Beauty

but to tell you the truth,
her fleshy and bulbous
heart, bulging
with clinging tubes pushing
viscous red fluid through
its unfathomable protuberance

was not beautiful.

I have learned whole hearts
do not spring from the
soil but rather they are the soil,
damp and dark with the
moisture of living
things grow only when
there is sunlight
is the only way
to make a living
thing grow,
I have heard heartbeats
can shake the ground.

the beat / her heart
 produced / was far
too much / for him
 to hear / but please
don't go / away