

WARNING SIGNS ARE SHAPED LIKE DIAMONDS

i

Where is the fire axe
to ex the knot?
Loosen the circles I walk in
tighter and tighter
to escape the problem of triangles.
Where are the diamonds?
Unbreakable
below my knuckle
pierce the flesh
set my finger in stones
close the platinum chokehold

ii

In the North Meadow
of Central Park
a year out of the ring
I take my son to the diamonds
that point home
where we play catch
and bat:
He throws it hard,
He hits it harder,
I try to catch everything
because he wants that.

TO MY TOY MISTRESS

Hmmmmmmmmmmmm . . .

You have played stage and screen, 'tis a poem
you merit, so press on with the charge,
reverberate thy plugged-in glory, large
your disturbance to my equilibrium,
"Eros" straddles "oscillate" in your Venn diagram,
how you strum a phallic note, my Eroscillator™,
your perfect pitch thrums me to infinity
'til the power cuts off, erase all frigidity!

Your cordless precursors so much simpler,
but AA's died and then I was prisoner,
oh, and you purred indiscretely. What a look
my gentleman gave when you shook and shook
in my overnight case; not yet had he met
my dear obelisk secrète.

You have more than once rouged me,
pulled me from lines at airport security,
my heart a-flutter, the agent rang for his
female assist, she trying to free me, but this
guard insisted "what is it, what is it?"
as you hummed to yourself, persist, persist.

Bless the lover who presented me you,
in between husbands one and two.
What liberation! Or-gasm-less days be gone!
I felt it my duty to pass the baton.
So one day in West Hollywood,
I strolled with my 18-year-old daughter
to Chi Chi LaRue's emporium erogenous,
your rabbited cousins erect on the shelves.
When they hopped for a test,
my girl giggled in bursts:
would I buy her her first?
On with the switch, I buzzed in a spell:
O, yes, yes, that would be swell!

WAIT HERE UNTIL GREEN LIGHT SHOWS

for her
I wait
she waits years
for me
until I am

seventeen
when she is mine
I can pull her out
when I am ready
each candy-apple-red-lickable inch
of her body
welcomes me to her white lap
where I can stroke
her black power wheel
turn her over
oh her engine is so big
she can handle
me: I know her
she is polished, dependable:
my '69 Firebird convertible

drag races me to school
peels out with beers to prom
gets me stuck-in-the-mud, rear-
ends the art teacher's van

lets me take my top down

WHEN THE TRIANGLE POINTS DOWN

We don't have all day.
June's heat rises
on Seventy-seventh street
but East Hampton has breezes,

relief, that's what I need, it's been hours already.
Nurse, get me the hook. You've got one tough
membrane, a thick sac
to perforate.

Damn, you are a slow
waste of a Sunday,
Nurse, get me the drugs:
Pitocin will speed up your trip

with some pain, make you contract,
go, go, go in a pinch,
still too slow, more, more
will help things along

inside, no, the fetus is fine,
Nurse, it's you in distress,
the drugs won't damage a thing.
Shh, don't mind that nurse,

this needle will quiet . . .
oh, I know you wanted to feel but
an epidural must follow
all that Pitocin, just the way it goes

when I push. Soon we'll be ready to
snip, no need to tear, we'll sew
you up tight, don't worry, I won't let you
give way.

To My Prom Dress

How many gave me the slip before you
were fitted to me in Grandpa Al's store.

Chiffonning my form
sequins to breast
jacketed in aquamarine

your three pieces floated me through
marvels of moondance on water of silk.
How we sang seventeen!

You took me to prom without any promises
but to cling for one night. Post-promenade
your folds graced the floor, salt air, Jersey shore.

When did I start to wear you apart?
I belted you black for mid-eighties punk
long before husbands and children

made questions of fabric,
marked the threads of my being
still being woven as you trailed

how many moves how many states
how many closets
you crept to the depths of

for the love of once me
the young virgin I missed
made me cling to you so

many years
sequins dropping like tears.

I would kiss all my cashmere and denim adieu
if only to mend the fall of your hem.
When did I let go?