

I, A Lady, Have A Muse

And leave poems undone, waiting to see what he'll do next.

Next I will scatter. For now I contain
every cologne I've slept with [in vials]
My muse does not fragrance himself.

I bathe, by his prescription, ripening
Insides firming to pink infrastructure
flushing rosy with pleasure & attention
I am deranged. I function

To him I'm animatronic. I prefer *rusty faucet*
--- *ekes*, doesn't *gush*. Not without massage.
No tenderness. Angst
Is allowed, thank you

PERPETUATE

Must we? For there are
branches laden with jays. Bare branches

dead for decades,
and plague-breathing stones.

No one say *biological imperative*—
False imperative. I'll do it if it's right.

Getting slapped by birds' wings
is the new acupuncture.

Try revival. We don't know much about doctoring trees.

Portland

One of the rooms in this city is sparse,
except for the abundant flora,

flowers to muffle &
perfume our sex.

Placing them there you sheltered us,
nested. Sadly... we are not birds.

I live on that sweltering street corner,
waiting alone for the bus;

I live in Powell's Book Fortress,
solitary *still* defended by sturdier materials.

I live in the park on the river,
reading and flinching at passers-by:

passing fish, eels, snails, frogs, slugs— slimy things.
Where are you? Please sit with me.

Me, mammal, I flinch.
You, mammal, you seek gills.

Girls Only!

□ **Museums**

Wide mouth of marble
Roof, tongue, floor,
teeth-walls: marble.
Esophagus push
us closer. Warmer, darker,
softer too
So that our eyes glint,
providing light
points for one another to use
to construct her surroundings

□ **Forests**

We grow gentle claws
for show only
and for carrying
limp, tired ones
back to our forest
where we grow fur.
We can lay our paws
on decorated canvas,
play with sculpting paintings.
Every one of us can be Gertrude Stein
if we want.

□ **Death**

Sheets dotted with words,
mummify.
Papier-mâché over bellies,
breasts, backs, thigh, calf,
in between old and supple toes.
We embalm in literature