

Our Louvre

we stare
at the virgin
of the rocks
the madonna draping
her arm around one
son hands in prayer
studying the tent shape
his fingers make
the other boy
holds two limp fingers
to the sky
gazing beyond the rocks
beyond the landscape
more like wishing
he could possibly be
under his mothers arm
i can not figure out
the difference between
praying and wishing
are only synonyms in action
to who
that object seems to separate
i must be one of the boys
if there are only two options
and you have arms like the madonna

we exit
the louvre
and enter
our room
kronenberg bottles
smells decomposing
lay horizontal
on the carpet
pointing
in every direction
if we were playing
spin the bottle
i would have to kiss
the doorknob
the wallpaper
the terrace door
blowing closed then open

the wind
we never remember to shut
the bed still soaked
from the spilled ice bucket
sheets drenched in red wine
neither of us believe
in the effort it takes
to change for bed
we let the street sleep
underneath our sheets

we slouch
down in this king size
it's not night
but neither of us
know what else to do
so we always come back
to our room
last dregs of daylight hanging
onto the window pane
we sit and wish
we had more
beer meaning
a reason to stay
to say anything other than
why is it too early
for the sun
to go down
in the distance i can hear
church bells
telling time
is practical knowledge
i can tell
you what i prayed
but giving it a voice
means it won't obey

we use
our empty time
on the bed
for silent things
forced into understanding
how breaking sometimes
happens together
you wrap your arms

around me and slowly
scrap my back
karma lodging
underneath your fingernails
i throw my head back
and gaze up at the ceiling sky
i am blinking into night
fall so i can see what's really light
superstition signs
off on every silent pleading
so i put both my arms above my head
hands apart ready for you
pull my shirt all the way off
you are playing
tracing the still
veins on my arm
then you pin down
my hands
with all
your weight
you are working
against me

1966

anne sexton descending
her staircase with a budweiser
in hand
this is how to be a woman
never carrying sex
unaware she's spitting it out
into every word
she's stink-eyeing
the barking dog
her hair hardened
into an unapologetic
shiny hive she lights her
saalem without worrying
about the hair product
flammable the heat
melts the saalem's smoke
right onto her left hand

she's at her desk
in front of the typewriter
pages of poems
stuck to the wood
she never wants
to throw away her work
it's four years ahead
of my life and her husband
is camera shy but his suit looks real
nice on screen shirt unbuttoned
on account of the heat she
doesn't look at anything but
her cigarette has gone
out and she forgets she
has a light
can either of you help
a lady out her husband
is in the corner stroking
the barking dog *boys boys*
that's a personal question
how many times does he
pet that dog
listening to his wife's
voice speaking out
responding to the echoes

breaking together

i leave you in our room
napping with cycling
on the tv
endless peddling
i walk around this city
has leaves floating in every canal
burnt orange on top of still blue
i get curry fries
bring them back to the room
you sit up in bed
and i spear each one
with a plastic fork
and feed them all to you

in heavy coats

i am listening to bright lights

i am the only thing

i have felt

in a while

to be a dreamer

you have to
change the way you relate to objects

i am not this object
but

imagine a dark room
with one light on
you're a mad woman
pulling everything
together how
does that look
good to you
creating in darkness
you can't see
the girl
you're making
but you can feel
something building
sturdy
beneath your hands

you've always been one
meaning away
from having it all figured out