

The Lyric Disaster

I wear my heart on my breast.
It is an insignia. I give blood
the ride of its life. A man parks
his motorcycle in front of where
I am eating lunch and states
its gas milage almost in a yell.
If there is a hell it is unimaginable.
I just used it all. Jon sits down
in the square and is besieged
with forms and clipboards. A fundraiser!
Our wallets have spoken before!

We are not innocent of loneliness.
We have turned to our fathers
and now we turn to our children.
The sun is crushed by new bricks.
Hannah is writing a list of real things
under a forcefield of lamps
while I recite Ionesco. We are
heartless as seafood; the sea was a hair
too generous in my estimation.

The Hills

1.

—Do you see how I feel?
—I see your skin
—My emotions are complicated
—Yes, they are hard to accept
—It is important to me that you understand
—If I were you, it would be easy
—You have a she-shaped hole
—I have many holes of various profile
—When I think of this from your perspective
 looking at me, it feels less interesting
—I'm not art
—This is all coming through my eyes

2.

“The grapefruits *Will Not* make it through the night”
I believe this is sad. We will all move out soon
hopefully the next renters like fennel and lemon balm
The morning is dusky and violet and full of clam shells
Evan turns on washy music and Andrew uses
the only light facing down at pancakes and powdered sugar
As usual we take turns saying “I can't wait to quit my job.”
God knows what we were saying to each other
laughing madly among rows of squash

3.

Whoever is contemporary enough may ring the bell
for lunch today and that appears to be Anne
She has found her train of thought and has improved it
 and will not suffer

Ants do more than picnic
yes they walk in the park
You think you are sick
I can only imagine you
beaming, as some gospel
I have picked up a bulb
that has gone rigid
it is furry as a spider's leg
and non-relational
I hope you feel well soon
I don't know what I hope
this thing feels soon.

Letter to a Young Poet

The ice is barely cold, frozen
is a stretch
Are your metric rhymes inspired
by Deutsch composers calculated
to make me feel contemporary
to a fault?

The old is already new?
There's no breathing room!

It's like the newspapers
falling like snow on my doorstep
but without the peaceful look

You have distinguished as low as a quarter-rhyme
how frugal!
I will stick to whole numbers calculating this

A mailman stepped on the bus and
began handing out mail
on Everett Street we pass someone
who is almost Andrew! I believe the lamp
is emptying itself its constant kenosis
Goodbye I am falling god

Leviathan

*My love, my love
we are endangered
totally at last.
George Oppen*

A girl with glinting legs steps off
the train and barfs in her hands
I like her style
white blouse, small shoes, wet eyes
she is all yes.

Yes I heard the sunflower message
I listened to it standing on the porch
watching Madeline Sophie
reach for rocks in the lake
and wetting the bottom of her dress.

Truth is the pursuit of
leviathan. Water is terrible
and even gods get lost.
Distant vistas dream up rivals
where there are whales.

Maxie and Mark

Maxie your finest and most precious jewels are dangling with price-tags
are you selling them or can you not bear full ownership?

Your cheeks
are bursting with meaning, with no intention and the sociopathic beau Mark
scares miles around when on his own time

he injures and damages, what an honest man!
You find this too meaningful

My next mathematical proof will demonstrate that the odds of any event are 50/50
and that is all

The sun does not set; we fall
You are not a very still life, Maxie, you are

The object of six inches
intended significance east of the frame
is now the bare surface
sitting across from me is Maxie without Maxie

May the existence of God bless you and keep you safe

How do I manage
elbows propped up on plot holes to rest? A shadow grows by each eye
Maxie you climb the hill pretending not to hear the photographer
following who crouches ready
to pounce for my amusement you wrote a complete history of my life
where you are the victor
again I am saved