

Vertical farm

“I Think!” you jump.

I sigh,

 You’re speaking too loud.

“I know,” you overstep

“This is the future.”

“You’re speaking too loud,” I say

 to the trembling plants on my right.

“You’re speaking too soft,

and you’re still wearing your goddamn mask.”

My husband shucks corn

He sends it down alone.

In the lobby it dribbles through the elevator doors like Pez.

“They’re piling up,” I say into my mask.

 I stand

 The room stinks.

 Is it true you can feel the ground through these feet?

My husband offers me straw

He offers a dull branch

He offers the seeds for a Malaysian tree

He’s purer than white

He’s naïve as a lamb.

His eyes turn the world

We’re in prehistory

 We’re stone.

Now my husband’s in his head

telling me real grass smells like smoke.

“I think,” I jump,

 I count the floors

 I crumble towards earth.

Man of my salt

I remember those concrete ships you told me could float.

We saw them in Cape May and I didn't say

I know they can float

They're floating right now.

You had one arm across your chest like you were scratching your shoulder
and I watched the red sun set through your fingers like through Venetian blinds.

Your final act

I'm missing when you leave it all in and let it burn

It was your way to cook a pan.

I'm missing you now,
my toes all wet with cold,
and your tongue so soft and sweet
on rough your velvet heat.

I smell the burnt

like it's in the curl above my chin

and when you dance

it's your breadcrumb skin.

I smell the guts in your eye

I smell the sweet curdled cream

I smell our two matching breaths

I smell

I smell I.

When I hold my hand now

it feels like someone's weak bones,

Where did you find the strong in your limbs

I would ask if I could

It's what I mean when I say

it's hard to speak.

Where you went

I wonder does the rain fall in your sky

I said where you went

I've been

when you couldn't open your eyes

I said where you go

it's June and red columbines.

I said I'm there right now
if you open your eyes
just open
But you've emptied the middle of the room.

We're all turned to the bed
like the show's set to start
I can't find my lead
I cry
The one they came for is gone.

I love you like a drupe fruit

I love you like a drupe fruit

that dilly-dallies in the wind

And crescendos its skin

to hear the chrysanthemums sing

And becomes one French horn

to echo your name

A drupe fruit hyperbola

to ward off the rain

When it's warmer I'll pick

a small drupe fruit for two

From a tree with four letters

emblazoned askew

It might trickle its juice

in meandering lines

A sticky mess on your neck

my lips later find

I love you like a drupe fruit

my sweet-swaying plum

The stone in the center's

a heart-throbbing hum

The slick peel a deep pink

like your heavy lids worn

By the shy-subtle glances

from which love was born