

Not A Soul

## Not a Soul

I spent some time today  
observing the movements  
of the bones in my hand  
and I wept  
because of Krapp's last tape  
and those bones  
how unfortunately separate  
yet maddeningly connected  
they seem to be  
I could pull back the skin  
like the peel of a banana  
and stick the skin in my pocket  
then I could keep an eye on those bones –

how bothersome they have become.

Post

There's a bar on the corner:  
old leather, oil lamps  
Yuengling on tap, your open tab

We sat there during the storm:  
temporarily homeless but not hungry  
or heartbroken  
high on hard rain  
burning with bluster

Your hand found my thigh and I thought  
how truly strange –  
    to be here  
    as if there was no hum  
    of a hurricane  
    to be wooing each other  
    while the world waged war  
    with itself

Sometimes, I wonder what causes a catastrophe:  
flooded cities, false company  
childhood games gone wrong  
the loss and the losing

As if these things were  
weighted with equal measure  
the wounds and worries we carry like  
one big cosmic disturbance  
echoing through our crystalline lives

gosh, we've grown grand  
at giving goodbyes.

## Myrtle

Is there nowhere to be  
the girl in tan netting  
and her mother's shoes?

That place –  
with its crisp coats and name tags,  
little white cups  
and clean circles around  
dinner options;

I grow weary  
of small talk  
and crosswords,  
but mostly  
of nothing  
to distinguish a minute  
from an hour.

This place –  
me, in a new body  
worrying about white spots  
and the endless horizon,  
plump round peaches and half-tanned breasts;

Who are we to say  
gulls are dirty birds  
when we congregate  
just the same  
with our crumbs  
and squawkings?

An ice cream truck  
on the boardwalk  
on the block  
plays its merry  
longing tune.

## Tunnels

A.

When on the subway  
the shapes of many mouths  
stuck in graceful grins and  
absently alert eyes  
staring strangely  
into alternate, expanding  
possibly outrageous ideations  
of their immediate neighbor,

C.

drooling on a  
black winter jacket  
sweat on the brow  
dripping into  
publicly placed and plasticized  
subway seats  
licking lazily at lips  
and nylon legs,

E.

fidgiting furtively  
from foreign skin  
then hurrying home  
to wash  
blemished bones  
and have televised  
teeth tell tales  
of terror and,

G.

whenever I ride the subway  
I  
feel  
weird.

## Wild Heart Crossing the Ohio

We roved  
wild eyed  
across Oklahoma –  
barren place  
droves of nothing

in mind  
except a face painted  
under the influence  
of raspberry lambics  
and eyelids  
separated and sifted  
through overlong fingernails.

I was a backseat rider  
thinking in reverse  
on the stash  
under the orange cone  
on the Nevada border

and how that boot hash  
had come in handy  
between the Las Vegas neons  
clear Texan sun rise  
and those dusky trees  
all red and fatherly  
we had been driven from

long winding curves  
to an endless straightaway  
flowered and sealess  
hungry for a return  
to eastern hemlocks  
and choke cherries.

It's strange –  
the way the States'  
scents layered  
leaving us  
packing for the coming  
to going.