

I'll Text You When I Know

My flight from Chicago is three hours delayed
because of the weather. Because the incoming plane
is late. Because the incoming crew is delayed.
Because the pilot is no longer sure
this is the life he wants, Because the beverage cart
was erroneously stocked with only ingredients
for Dark and Stormys, which the crew
is taking as a sign.

Because everybody in the waiting area
has slowly come to realize they are all interconnected
in a web of past romantic entanglements
and feel they may be characters in a movie,
or some prank show, and even if not,
it has become awkward, and nobody wants to board.

Okay, here goes:
I'll text you when we're taxiing,
when we're flying, when the engines
one by one flame out. I'll text you even then.
I'll text you when the pilot wrests control
of his downward spiral, announces
over the intercom, euphoric,
he's learned so much today; he's learned
how there are no mistakes.

I'll text you when I land,
when I'm walking
toward the luggage carousels,
when I see you standing just beyond
the no re-entry-past-this-point sign,
face ablaze with affection
and with doubt. I'll text you.

*Hello, I'm scared,
I mailed you all my books,
I'll be there soon.*

If We Could Just Sit Down and Talk about This

It's one of those almost-got-hit-by-a-car days.

Time to listen to eight-minute songs with titles like "Six Days at the Bottom of the Ocean."

A megaphone could get something across. Aesthetically.

On certain afternoons, grocery stores are unnavigable.

I walk recursive patterns. All this changing light.

That buried hysteria when one consumes too much coffee.

I would like to learn a lesson.

CIA World Factbook—Loved Ones. Geography: rocky. Language: dramatic.

Do you feel that? The almost imperceptible weight of your mercury fillings?

Friend, it's late and snowing. Let's sneak again into the alpaca farm, stare into those large, dark eyes.

When I Think About it, I Like the Phrase “Losing Touch”

I cut her hair
In Grand Central
Station. The scissors
were tiny, folding out
from an imitation
Swiss Army knife
(where the cross
should have been,
a five-pointed star).

I sliced her hair
ragged chunk
after ragged chunk.
I can't make it nice,
I said, with these scissors.
I know, she said,
smiling. If I wanted it
nice, do you think
I would have had you
cut it off
with a pocket knife
in a train station?

The ceiling is impossibly high
in train stations.
Using our hands,
we swept the hair
into a pile
on the marble floor.

My Father, Who Doesn't Like the Taste of Alcohol

My father, who now drives a small purple covered pickup. My father, who calls Hell "spiritual blackmail," who says

"Fuck the Buddhists," because "Buddhism promotes a passive existence." My father, who has weighed 165 since high school,

who still outplays the high school basketballers on the public court. "Nobody here knows how to play defense," he says, than grabs another rebound.

My father, who tried to drink with us by pouring a shot of sherry into his powdered-algae smoothie and pouring it over Cheerios.

My Father afterward, laughing hysterically, falling off the couch. "You're not drunk," I say. "That was one shot of sherry."

"Yes I am," he says. My father, who falls off the couch again. Who doesn't try to stand. who lies laughing on the floor.

Let's Just Say

Let's just say I'm aware
of the uncertainties
of Florida weather:
even now, through the window
of this coffee shop, the palm trees
are trembling: it's two p.m., but the street
is lit like evening; a white pickup
reverses full speed,
and I doubt for a moment
the progression of time.

Let's just say I'm aware
of the uncertainty.
Let's just say I drank
a domestic beer with you
at the regional airport, at its only bar,
at ten a.m. Let's just say
I was trembling. Let's just say
the bar was lit like airport.

Let's just say when I left
short-term parking
and the attendant asked
how I was doing
I said fine, I'm doing fine,
and that I didn't
roll through the stop sign,
or forget for a moment
which way to turn for home.