

**Chère Marion
And Other Poems**



Success at last

Well you know how we're all gonna die
That's why I dress so fine
My best disguise won't hide me
When I meet the silent night

Well you know how we're all gonna die
So I leave no kisses behind
As I'm gazing out upon
The biggest darkest night

Well you know how we're all gonna die
I heard it as a child
And ever since I'm running
To the open arms of night

Aint no place else
That I can think to go
As the dusk comes down upon me
And all my finery

Chère Marion,

Would you forgive me if I wrote poem about you? Is it colonial of me?
I cannot see what is between us.
This is not the poem, I hope you will understand when the poem begins.

Marion,

Are you in my flesh?
Did I trap you in my flesh?
My confessions are shouting
in the echo chamber
each one is reaching and turning.

Marion,

Did you consent to this?
Are these your wings in my ribs?
This water has nowhere to go.
Would you drink from it?
Something must be quenched!

Marion,

Your feet are not on the floor!
They are monkeys in the trees!
The sun will cut the shadow
but will this song ever see you?
Have these seeds always been here?

Marion,

Give me the knife in the lily
that I might tear this veil
I have to touch you with my eyes
I have to have my lips pressed against you
that you might lead us to us.

Marion,

Did you tie this owl to my ankle?
Did you use my guitar strings?
There's a thousand hot worms in the night
But are you in my flesh?
Did I trap you in my flesh?

Marion,

The avenue of your footsteps has faded
but I still see my reflection there.
The kisses you never gave me

have become very loud.
Is this wind coming from the past?

Marion,

Is there an open door that I didn't see?
Is this ink useless?
Is my face drowning in it
or is it swimming?
The cracks can learn to hide themselves.

Marion,

No one could know a diver's tear
but can this hungry man touch your beauty?
If I painted all the letters on the autumn leaves
and swept them around until they miraculously read Marion
Would you be more likely to believe me?

Marion,

When a man falls asleep
and wakes up you will find
the sunset and sunrise on his lips,
yet to be covered by cloud.
Would you take a look?

Marion,

Did you tie this night bird to my wrist?
Did you use my songs?
All the fingers are pointing in the night,
But, are you in my flesh?
Did I trap you in my flesh?

Yours, -----.

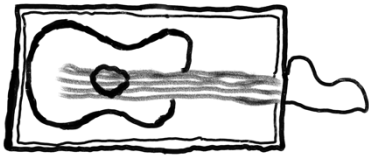
As hungry as a searchlight



As hungry as a searchlight
it's through the nights I've roamed
looking for you,
looking for your home

Well, I saw the steps to your alter
they were sitting right there on the lawn
and as I stuttered
with one foot on the dawn

I heard the heart that stopped beating
but I dance to memory of its tune
and here in my sweat I cannot forget
the smell of your perfume



Well, you gave me your little teacup
So, I brewed up all of your shoes
and my words they stood to attention
as you walked it through and through

And the sun that rose looked so good in their clothes
but they all fell asleep by noon
and beneath the bed they're lulling their heads
with the lady that once was you

Massage



The firelight
and my fingers
play with her feet
on my chest.

My chin,
my bottom lip
my nose lips and chin
and lips
play with her feet.

She laughed.
Feet are beautiful
Yes! She said and stopped.
And I stopped too.

I used to think I'd get

I used to think I'd get
some kind of spiritual tan
from spending time
under the moonlight.

So, I'd go out there
in my underwear
and shiver those stunningly beautiful
nights away.

Maybe you can tell
from my poetry
if it's worked
or not.

