

**11:37AM 02/17/19**

Sometimes a plane vibrates in the pocket of the sky above my head and I mistake it for my phone.

Could you be calling?

No.

It's just 487 tons of steel and flesh floating above my head, nothing as important as a text from you.

This is the longest we've gone without speaking.

I think this stretch will stretch on forever if not for my own weakness, for my soft knowledge, quiet knowing that I can't let you go.

When?

When you tell me to, I guess.

I can't fuck off unless you insist.

But other than that I'm fine.

Maybe you're on that plane.

Maybe it will crash and then I can move on.

**1:33PM 04/04/19**

You are such a sweet kid.

Sometimes your eyes well up when you look at a full, glowy moon.

You don't call your mom enough but you think of her every time you see a frazzled woman at the grocery store.

You're sensitive but not in the way other people can see.

Sensitive like sometimes you need to be alone for 3 days.

You give. A lot.

Your time, your heart, your money when you have it.

You're not very tall but sometimes when I stand next to you and watch you looking out at all the people, I think you are the tallest person I know.

And the sweetest.

You are such a sweet kid.

**6:17PM 06/10/19**

Last night I drowned in the Hudson

It happened quickly and I was not afraid.

The water wasn't cold like I thought it would be,

It was like bath time with Kiera when we were young.

When I reached the bottom the river was so

Muddied with blood and bones, I could barely see

But then Andy Warhol grabbed my hand and lead

Me deeper down.

We sat with Thunders and Fitzgerald and drank black coffee

And ate ham sandwiches.

I was going to let them know I didn't eat meat but  
Figured dietary restrictions are best left amongst the living.  
I told them the thought of leaving New York made me  
Sick to my stomach.  
Andy handed me a bottle of Pepto-bismol and told me  
To grow up.  
Debbie Harry's face was on all the plates,  
She winked up at me, "New York isn't really a place,  
It's a seed that sprouts in the souls that have the  
Right soil.  
It will keep growing no matter where you go,  
just water it with memories of train rides and tiled bathroom  
Floors and east village haze."  
I finished my sandwich and fell asleep on Johnny's arm.  
I feel New York in my chest  
And it's growing.

**08/29/19**

I was so obsessed with the way your jeans fit.  
Like they loved your body, they held it.  
I was jealous.  
You'd take those jeans home with you.  
I kept catching myself staring, then you'd turn towards me  
And my cheeks would give me away by turning pink  
And I'd have an internal debate:  
Will another sip of wine solve me, or sink me?  
You had this effect, probably not just on me,  
But I showed it by digging my fingernails into my palm  
And stammering stupid things to make you laugh.  
I watched you make the whole room laugh,  
Your eyebrows would raise and lower  
And we'd all sink a little deeper into the words you chose.  
You touched my arm when no one was looking  
And I thought it might burn right off my body  
And lay there on the dining room floor,  
Maybe the dog would come by and chew at it.  
You left a few days later  
And everyone keeps talking about how charming you were,  
"My friend."  
I suppose we never thought when we started this how we might feel afterward.  
I guess it didn't matter  
The summer was hot  
And we had only each other

And we had only a few months.  
I don't know if I would do it again.  
Ask me in a few months,  
We'll see if I'm still thinking about your jeans.

### **ALWAYS HUNGRY AND PERPETUALLY BLUE**

I'm still hung up on blue but I occasionally let red play a note or two  
It's bright and coherent, less misty than blue. Red knows what she  
Wants and I think eventually I will let her have her way with me  
But not yet, not fully because blue still kneads at me, she's hungry  
Although I've been dry for a long time now.  
She's sub blue, pseudo blue, sous blue.  
She's imitation blue, a blue cover band but the lead singer  
Can't quite hit all the notes and the drummer is too fat.  
No I don't get true blue anymore, that's rare and not a fabrication  
It's one of earth's natural resources, no synthetic materials.  
I had an abundance of it on the prairies, where it forms naturally  
Below my feet, in the bedrock.  
It falls in the snow and bursts out of tree buds and spots your  
Skin with the sun and bubbles like thick crude in a well behind your house.  
But here, in New York, the city that makes it all, there is no blue.  
It doesn't grow here, the geography isn't right.  
You can bring it here but you better hope you have enough to last you  
It goes quick.  
I brought some in July and I thought it was a week's worth  
It lasted me two hours.  
It lasted an elevator ride and a walk through central park.  
Once the blue was gone it was all red.  
"The Mean Reds"  
But only mean because I had not asked for them, I was not equipped to handle them  
And they burnt my fingers and my tongue for I naively swallowed them whole  
Starved for any color I guess, anything to repress my longing for blue.  
Here red runs abundant.  
Red reigns.  
Because red is manufactured. Red is created with steel and plastic and smooth paper and ink  
And if you're ready for red, it rewards.  
It lines your pocket and you forget about blue for a while. You further your mind  
You tap into the well, Brilliant, Brave, Business, but not Blue.