

April

Gates Ave AM, 04.06.12

Don't go to work! let
me draw you a dirt-
bath of daffodils
instead. Let me read
you your fortune
before you open
your eyes. It's a day
like a day like any
other. Like February,
the poem, but called
April. So not so full
of hidden pinks, but all-
too-obvious champagne-
blossoming magnolias
& the sky a Delft-blue
bowl coming down
around us. Spreading
your blanket on the
porch, you sit Indian-
style as over the
brownstones the sun
comes glaringly up,
brightening a handful
of birds, a bowlful of
almonds, & half a
grapefruit each. Just
like yesterday, scenes
like this repeat, like
the good kitsch
continuing: factory-
days in a toile factory,
a surplus of sheer
linen unlooming
above us. Pedaling out
onto Gates, the coral tops
of your socks slip up, out
of your black leather
boots, kissing your
skirt's seafoam hem.
But I go only so far
as the BQE then stop
to watch the bridge
turn you dark, sun

light you up. I'd
follow you to China-
town if I had my way,
carry you down from
your office, out onto
Centre Street, over
the river & past the
Navy Yard's steam-
spitting pipes, the flag-
stones chained to the
rail, through the Walt
Whitman Projects, into
the bordello on Wash-
ington, back beyond
the prosecco magnolia
& clawfooted tub filled
with soil, back up Gates,
& up, fingers finding
buttons, all the way to
bed to fuck & smoke
a joint between naps
& over take-
out—

*Is Salvation
Army open on Good
Friday? what better
day to pick out new out-
fits & bike to Fort
Tilden to take them
off again? But it's only
April! It's only a
poem. Is the water
too icy? Not if we
kiss in the beachgrass
or hold on in the in-
numerable turning,
winding, breaking
of the waves— My heart
just swam to my
throat...*

(you send me
a message)

*I want to
play hooky with you
now & I ask— Is it true
he used a needle to shoot*

Coca-Cola right into
his arm? Then you send
me *You Send Me*—
darling you do, & I go
for a walk, looking
as always for things
in the city you've never
held in your hands. For
you, I stole a grimed-
over railway light-bulb
right from the socket.
Collected a few frag-
ments of subway stalac-
tite in front of the man
reading *HUMAN*

ALL TOO

HUMAN

on the platform. *Are*
we not going to do
it or are we? If not,
it's Easter this week-
end, let's eat acid
& bike to the Cloisters.
You should wear that
black crepe dress you
bought for holiday parties
& we can visit the room
with all the Marys wearing
blues holding Christs.
Did I ever read you that
little ekphrastic
called

Mandorla about
the

nebula of
Boticelli's

Primavera

how's it end?:

fractals
unfurl

from inside
the heathen

Uffizi, PM 7.5.05

Madonna?—

That's something
close to how I felt
when we came on
New Years Eve eve:
I swear Mandelbrots
repeated— but what
am I getting at? I
guess it's the sum
of days in the city,
lying in the High
Line's grass, watching
men walk by holding
hands— it's all the
yogis & labour doulas
of the Upper East
Side pushing prams
through Central Park
& the dozen Asian
brides being photo-
graphed at any hour
under weeping willows
along reservoirs— it's
the accountants
threshing their digits
looking out from high-
rise pixelcotes, CEOs
pissing on pink
urinal cakes & the
Calmic rush of auto-
matic flushers as they
walk away— it's
everyone spliced
into the beige
Mondrian, sacrificing
boogaloo for cubicle
blue, for muzak, the
ersatz jazz, the blitz-
krieg klezmer of the
Xerox copier— it's
me in a box in the sky
working, playing
DJ for *Perruque*
Rock Radio Hour—

predicting *precarity*
will be the word
of the year in 2012—
& it's all the bodies
standing behind
cashmachines, sighing
as one as they shift
their weight from heel-
to-heel that makes me
wonder: *What's the
opposite of ennui?*
I want to walk down
with you through
the city as blurs of sun-
light goldly invent a
new conjunctive, to
help unpin the name
tags & unknot the
aprons, lacking all
buttons, undoing our
decency, to walk out
to the song of the exit
bell chime where the
applewax asterisks
solarize every surface,
asking: *Is it love?* as
we're torn limn-from-
limn, as if the *f-stop*
of the Avenue were
opened past aperture—