

Oy, Lizards

Where is your love?
Is it shadowless?

Wander widow, tell me
your astrology. I want

to sleep with you
until the dawn takes

our sneers and splits
cotillion gloves at the edge

of fingers. You smile.
That's my shirt. A man

shirt. It's okay. Chests
fill themselves when hidden.

Bed-ridden, smoke and
drink ridden, I look to you,

love. I've broken so many
times. Fix. Flunky dregs.

I'll burn all of my tulips just
to see you under the bulb.

Hung Over the Rungs

The smell of fresh
yellow breaks
the air. I'm aching
with hunger, throbbing.

I'm Oscar Wilde
at a dinner party
in Detroit. Wait
does yellow have a scent?

Does detritus need a dandy?
Where's my atlas, dammit?
Oh, dear. It shall henceforth
be on like Donkey Kong.

The world begins spinning
counter clockwise.
I've got the shakes.
I thought this life

would be gravy
or at the very least,
hickory smoked.
I'm losing

my balance, the heavy
breath of those all song
and clumsiness comes
to mind. The world unwinds

and sinks softly.
Old plumpkins
goes on sleeping,
sifting out dreams

of derringers and darts.
The scent of yellow cracks
through the snoring, calmly
filleting the air.

Oxter, v.

for C.W.

You hold my heavy
up. I know you,

my friend. Hand to
rose. We harassed

pigeons as they
passed out

crumbs and christmas
wreathes by the gutter.

We made afternoon
breakfast. Just eggs

Benedict without
the betrayal. Holandaisies

and the building of towers
of various hats. We

waited to smoke, drank still
whiskey in a glass.

I made a fool of myself
in that bar. Others, too.

You remember, I can't
forget. The couch,

the village, the old
trapolining concertina

of our lungs. I sigh. I'm heavy.
You carry me through ashes

and asps. Our cradles crash—
I knew it would be you all along.

Come Again, Who?

The rain didn't come
with a swift volley
of elephant spray
like you promised.
Who are you?
why have you come

here? Give me identification
schedule, and routes!
I'm not sure how we met
and I know that your eyes
aren't lying, aren't telling truth.
I'd like you to tell

me where you're from.
why do you style your hair
straight down? Has it to do
with the rotation of the sun?
The sun doesn't rotate.
Ptolemy lies.

Would you please just tell
me what your interests are
so that I can nod
sympathetically
and relate to you
my interests. My interests

are superior. When
did you hang that
degree on your wall?
Was it an accident?
Why don't you speak
Farsi or Navajo??

Chasing Invisibility

You can't be an older friend.
I know that you'll die

and eat cloud or brimstone.
But I don't believe in that.

I picture you trying so hard
to rip that tuxedo right off.

I'd like to help. You're the only
one who really needs me

when I've torn all the lights
from their sockets. I see you

trying to lick all sorts of sadness
off your dust-torn collar.

Your cufflinks don't match.
Pity, you wore a vest.