

1.9.13

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A bunion on a man, a dingy of a man,  
an onion draped in skin and in this  
morsel she delighted. She liked to say "I am a lover of things bizarre";  
Confident she, Ellie.

And one day when I awed in her bosom, she felt toes and told me:  
The way to be buried is in sand,  
no less  
for the rocks are younger than you.  
And all this confidentially.  
she was gone  
soonafter  
and I floated in the plunging year.

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The marsh goes under her and thickens;  
she does not know to ask me why (Nor does she know)  
it does.

How the orange in her skin  
is of Tropics again who  
knows  
how?  
(All this when the slip of my tether is soaring)

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inches i swallowed and slowly so  
to allow some time for wing'ed things  
And their roaming.

Yellow songs mad  
i will go  
when he calls.  
bells and all

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1.10.13

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I had a wound up on my thigh  
so stuck my eye in through the skin.  
And there i found a fuming daisy, lumpy but for thus therein:

(in mischief fold it sat, and clean). And slick as Darla)  
: one stem of steel and cold it went  
full grin at rest, and wily wet

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Of hands peeling, i,  
neck serpentine and reeling. But in an arch an arc was spent

(in thy lean there is point  
and bones of pointing)  
that makes  
gone my solely sighing.

He took too long to come for me (i had been wild  
waiting),  
Irrationally jousting at him over the phone.  
he was temperate all the while  
so I wondered for a few more sluggish days  
whether I was, are you crazed, girl?

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Today alone, my mother gone,  
I danced on and around my bed, and watched myself in the windows.  
(Is youth so spry a sprite?): i touched myself and came easily.

And now tonight, my mother there,  
I write and drink cognac. remember?  
And this is just to say:  
the above is strictly e-rotic. furthermore  
i said i was nervous, which I am.

But drinking and writing are hot self-evidence;  
nervous I am, yes. but my skin is not changed and my skin is the same  
and thus still  
strictly reactive

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Oh genius of earth and teeth.  
remember Gene Kelly, Louise?  
Once i deemed him feminine caesura  
with his tapping and all.

but listen was it not in the Prosperous Ease  
of the fifties did he Do what he did  
dim bright girls and their lust of his knees  
?

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Playdates on pillows:

what did you think of me,  
then? A rascal a raunch or a tauntingly serious  
string  
you were to me.

And in those days when dollops of drink  
clouded my temple and were warm the next day,  
it was not from happiness I was hung  
but from you, a slug, with a good mouth and that all.

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1.12.13

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To get away from the deciding, selfishly so, i took a walk in late afternoon.  
I was quick for an hour  
and saw both the sun and the first star.  
dear January in the temperate region of America, liberal and brisk.

a Beat in my ears like the jazz itself he eulogized;  
there was a tree like a Dachshund or its elegant cousin, the Borzoi a la la Russia.  
Got inside it drooping like soaked dusters, couldn't help but spy  
on the street and its shiny cars.  
I slid down a patch of ice twice a bus came towards me  
and all the while my thighs cold and buzzing, my hands in gloves  
my mother had lent me, while she decided on the hill up there.  
Sliding and intent to not attend that legendary thief, Grief

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i talked to you in the morning, you like a lemon  
and then slid into bed with my mother. She was still sleepy, her face pushed down  
kissed me and said You are such a precious little thing and  
So bright-eyed and bushy-tailed are you  
i waited for her and made eggs in a basket. i swoon

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a time in the night, early in us  
when you tugged me in like a plaything in storm  
and woke me.

Was wild with poetry then, of O your slimness! your drought of dullness!  
the things of Mares far off and taut.  
Reposedly he'd lie and say  
with attentiveness to golden things. this  
A harem with no need for kings

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1.13.13

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A musicale, une carnivale, we have atop our plates  
i walk in cold, in wraith of rose  
to call a  
nailish dewy day  
(a wraith of rose of stockings' fold) awake.

i eat, think of that pretty chine  
like spit of peaches, still) and sweeter.  
Herethere, now, and all around,  
a dog (oh love)  
with flat resolve,  
to gaze at, pick at,  
tinker.

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“Authentic models”, it said, a jungle green pouch with red stitching and  
a mermaid girl of fishing.

This was the time i was scared of my plans, my youngish man  
away in Paris. waiting and eyes bleed  
for tokens i could send across the sea. i settled  
on poetry.

“Oh darling O dear, thing of slim and dark fur, you are glittering”

I roamed to busy my insect heart and wrote many things (most fruitless),  
some worthy of wrist. ‘  
women in work boots, to walk no less!: my voyeurs my comrades my queens’

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you are almost like brume, now  
a thistle’s seed in tide.

i lie in wane of the fabled dawn (your bloom is the heart of a child)  
and moon around  
that porch, the one on Market Street that used to be mine and purple.  
How that first night i waited there, drink in me and all nerves  
for thee

:

Hell quick through my door and up you went, a’yodelling  
was i. Behind me books of Brits and seedy;  
you sat  
i swung  
my leg around  
a bloom of eye  
and bluish hides  
such sickle, sweet and nearing

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i swallow i bird in Chinatown  
It is summer. Sweet sulphur and jazz like meat  
of the men like long beans but more fleshalee screened  
the women  
loose, and spouting Their meanness! Here of evermore, stay.  
You, there, in blue, as calves like a colt go shaking

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1.14.13

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She, prone to rhapsody, eyeing on her chair and with Rosacea. lilac rested  
in her and a white lamp hung above us

I cried more before and what say you, kid, on the difference 'tween  
Josie and Joceneene?:  
in Churches are pockets and dead. but i have in bed the Long one, and often on that chair over there  
with her skin of a peony prowling.

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1.15.13

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I was spent, now, and spending what change i still had,  
to wit, buying a jacket, black wool cheap  
and still I felt terrible.  
THE CITY OF MARINE BIOLOGY called and careened  
and i biked unbearable Damp with tight cheeks.

Suzy Lou, the lemon, the wheat haired golden baby child (  
as she liked to be called, or, Swanskin little body) was there in the house  
shouting when I woke by and through  
that thin wall  
She just got softer.

Everyone had manners, except when i was tired and  
it was trying to find a café that made my legs warm  
enough. I awed at men in a waning way and too contempt towards rat dogs  
asking Why is poor paucity rampant? to solely the city,  
that is.

In the city were harbors, id est auxiliary roads for cold  
Bad signage and the brewing of young bucks, as always there is  
in metropolises.  
Pondering  
how brutal is my listlessness  
on a day of such sun so fogged with mist

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1.18.13

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As i walked the lights came on in pairs,  
grew white my cheeks and numbly.  
I walked, he talked (in my veins doth dare!) to hook and slight me. Thought thus:

when I was wee the neighbor, a Tall glass of clear  
had a wife stocky, Dot, like a bear. He yelled Fire she screeched  
as my sister and i were lyre-ing:  
He was stuck in his boat and o'er the mother  
and latticed moat We saved him!, small and all by  
belt loops. and

how i'd like to tell you and shall. Of  
beaks of dear and ciphered sphere i hold  
my past of near in, and soon you too, stallion.  
(and other such twinings)

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If i could have anythings, these might be it:  
a house of Victory age and painted thick  
and a heart of mad-dog disposition, may my fingers be everfast flitting.  
There is always something fresh

& one of slim and skirting thoughts, who riles me up and lays me down  
and allows me Woe the happy same.  
Dare i think so precursory that I am maybe she  
?  
Let's now tell me of your hands what they can do  
and also too those bricks maybe,  
predisposed to lay  
yonder and boyish in a joyishland

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1.20.13

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He wore red glasses and chromatic ties  
that matched the eyes; in the dust or  
elsewhere they now are. these traces  
burned to me, smirking  
in vividity. But

would i ever know him, per se, his delvest bests and experiments  
in college? (afore my mother, his wanders) plentiful  
. For his follies I drew in an anything but cloudy way, most often  
I felt like a horse in hot water

'He loved me in my blood and I made ribbons' she said.

We spoke of him and I went off in a fury of things  
I had said before, many. Aging like cattle and as  
all others do  
a spit and a spattle of days none too blue.

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Lingual i say  
come. me like water mooing  
Nightly i've heard cars calling and also  
your snake'ed name.  
What does it hum of to hold you again? like river and whitecap and all in within  
but more tropical and so better. Like Mexico though  
I've only been twice and didn't  
see as many tulips as I'd've liked

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She was in a happy and anxious time  
and so wrote of florid and functioning things.  
There on the tracks do know  
are mice and children  
(I being one still) dankly lit  
by underabundance.

In writ she always, a dimpled thing,  
chose to probe love and its intricacies  
But oh that holy once. Down an alley in a shop  
she saw a man, tan as  
an apple in rot  
and wanted him completely.  
He was good-natured,  
she could tell  
no trace of soon-to-be thrust, pink hell  
and with that she was stopped. Nothing to write. Instead thought of night  
with him and (o)pined  
are all limbos so littered with glorious spite?

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During a two-week dry spell the house in Magnolia  
held a cactus that prospered.  
No one could bear to send it off to Arizona,  
a fate we laughed Worse  
than the rain that came like cleaning.

She had fine knits from all over, Alaska, mainly.  
and namely a high lilt that coaxed stubborn young things  
into eating,  
what a pat and totter.

I spent a night there, with my bicycle around back  
and a palmly bed, she bestowing upon me  
a black-baby pin and a necklace of orange and blue glass. He bumbled,

He who slept on a towel, rolled up and muscled  
beneath his sturdy small head. There was sheepskin on his chair  
and once I caught him combing the sides  
of his hair, apologized for not being downstairs.  
Elf of an elder and smarter.

She showed me plummy fingers of scar across her chest  
As he sat and nodded, backlit on the loveseat  
immodest and lifting she showed me;  
I remember thinking never ever had the couch been so warmly cold

30 minutes for vitamins  
and in bed at ten. Except for then,  
when she and I, oh how we crowed! in their bedroom late  
she showed me sweaters and jewels. my love rained  
until he patted us both and went  
to go tow up his towel.

A few weeks later they took his bad knee,  
and gave him a slew of Joint & Spine Center plastic. And us women  
hovering like bats  
I cooked purple carrots and salmon, we lit two candles,  
and ate graham cracker key lime ice cream bars  
after his exercises  
which turned my head away, I counted 1...2...3...4...5  
dragged on like a sick drum.  
My mom and his staples sparkly, on the floor he asked  
about Steve and my few nearly news.  
I went to the car to get something; outside it was wet, but warm and heavy  
for March and the air smelled of silver  
a silver of moonlight and men.

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1.31.13

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What constitutes a collection? I've often wondered. Just keep confecting  
and the dirt will rise like weeds.

M. Rathbun was working on one thousand wooden rocking chairs, the space unknown  
as of yet. And here I was I thought honourously expanding  
the Mind ( tho' my pursuit turned more facetious than I had originally humored,  
and quickly so . . . )

You need a crisis every day, said one erect and reprobate protagonist  
of the late Leonard Michael's.  
Or was it one hundred? I had  
a friend and a sister in New York City  
who spent too much on drinks, I reasoned  
but this was redeemed by the steam and bright colors in the garbage, surely.

I got more resentful when S. got a job tearing down an organ  
in the Paris of the West, they say, an instrument.  
My heart went with it. I sat by my subsidiary bay  
and at night made works on paper as urged by my bright sister.

Unprompted I kept coming back to Lærke,  
a girl I taught violin to in the Gehenna of my elder youth,  
was a blur of darts and green.  
What a delicate bird. She is Danish and was eleven,  
with acutely placed moles and  
something about her teeth, sweet, that I cannot recall.

She is surely seventeen now and with breasts. Did she sense  
in all her crooning my wastes?  
Ticklish though they are in hindsight, I reason, and so far off.  
Still. I hope her skin is kept clean  
and that she is fluttery with the days  
for what else is there  
now that we have lost our playthings other than  
lovemaking and hurt?

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2.2.13

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A ribbon around her neck  
and eyes predisposed to drowning  
me in her. blue  
was the ribbon and she slept like that

. I used to call her Annie Appleseed. This is a weak name

; none of these say barrels about her  
try as one may I am mirthful in my love That is all.  
She swims as swallows do, i say in all  
my beatings alone (this is deafening

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'A rabbit's foot died for your keys  
dyed and sacked like the jungle, bright green!,'  
and  
'Don't you wanna swing swang swing with that man?  
Learned before i could walk i did.'

She was tightly white and wound when she didn't drink but Lord she got  
like Dorado in the afternoon.  
there are women who ask questions in hopes of harping but  
hers were the scouring kind. There were horses above her bed, i hoped her hair would stop growing, tarmac  
on her roof burnt her feet in the summer.

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I once read of a story that claimed or told  
of a goat that stood atop a cow on a house. In the beigeness of whether it was  
a true account or fact I am floating.  
I try to go back to a childhood miniature, a blue-bound book, that I scribbled  
with pink pen and forwent the tales aswim within. But now  
I cannot seem to find it, the bookcase is bare, tales now held so  
bedridden and fair that  
They are of ether and sex,  
milky and purity objects.  
(this is rich in the night and I gulp it)

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2.8.13

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i write of love i do not know  
for juice and green and can blind one  
some. I had to  
sit in the backroom of the place, because the front (loftier, lighter, the  
Cathedral of it and spunky music) was full. Here it smelled like cats  
and was narrow  
but it was all so fine; i was cornered with marks of mulled over red  
cupped beneath Am I yours, you mine?

On the train here I saw Jesus tree orchards just barely  
alively surviving and backyards (waterloos and metal  
I made points of to steal later) holding ages.  
if you ever want to hear a heralding havoc of ALL  
THE WONDERS there is a New World Symphony screaming!;  
in this the fields changed to purple  
i knew things i had not been told , it was in the grass,  
anger turned to rays.  
A pool had been left out through the winter months  
and would thaw soon, and the kids would be in it like bears after  
sleep, watch the ice draw and weave  
their cheeks the cherries of all.

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As the sun is setting i felt it go  
scurrying through me and heavily  
like the dough that are breasts of the bird.  
'I will wait for you to buy groceries,' he said,  
and what shall we have?  
blueberries! and fresh cream! leeks and salad greens;  
mushrooms, thick bread and potatoes,  
a mango one morning with tea, and wine of course  
for the nighttime. For those last longest and strongest,  
my lamb. And in taking as one great dame Auntie Mame  
said, 'Life  
is a banquet, and most poor suckers  
are starving,' so lest we let us be bores.

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2.16.13

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What if  
your life was measured in love and the more you made the bigger  
the balloon you had, lifting  
above your heads, ours would be huge! wouldn't it he said.  
Red and following, like that big red dog  
in the sky.  
On the street they would bump  
and slump around, us skipping, kissing, sharp  
hysterical like gumplant splitting and  
hilarious, that definitive cove of dappled sun where i sat  
under you i  
am not quite (near at all  
done with you

Rabbits for sale and everything is lush,  
there are even houses of seafoam that match the water and  
Which is more becoming? that patch of grassy mush in between;  
the bridges are where fairies whine.

When i have a cold, a hot nose such as this,  
your arms are like that Ice Queen I met once  
in my dreams as a child. Mean as she was  
she was cawing, like love itself for I suppose she knows her  
bite will one day falter,  
and all will bloom, and I will make you sandwiches  
with grape juice and hold them in a sack in between  
as we smack, place a plume of marigold in my hair,  
that sun of you, askew and rightside up to the moon,  
mad merry and buckaroo-boon.

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A moment of grasping, we've known it,  
instant and fading like that asteroid  
over Russia. Face in my hands i find you frightening, did it go  
through the ice on the lake?  
or off in the forest somewhere?

Fumes still fuming  
(the above is full of it) even if not  
predicted. Cringing careening, some cried in joy! all those people particles  
made of difference  
; One fell down on the spot and looked up;  
more fitful than coming  
it was;  
nosebridge tight but it wasn't a pleading, for  
there was a shoulder slump of sighing  
for it was more filled and fiery)  
O opus of aw-ing a beast in my smallness! And the stars watch

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