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On the Occasion Of

It's easier before the first time
because afterward, you know

what you're doing. This type
of knowing is a sweatmark

left on the leather seat
of a taxi cab. You think of

yourself. Is she laundry fresh,
inchoate succubus,

is she a genius? O, how
I love the smell of genius.

Baby lips part to let the snake
tongue come through.

Once, through a hotel
window, I saw a riverboat

casino wink at me. O, obscenity.
I'm told backyard cats take

time growing into
those big heads. I'm told

nighttime brings you closer
to the dead. I'm told

the caged octopus always
gets her meat. My glasses

gone, this nighttime softly
tears paper into pieces with

the television on. I am
inertia bloom in the lone

blue light. I fall in love
with everyone I meet.