"Poetry Man"

after Phoebe Snow

To recall the cull of this life.

That one must harvest by selective annulment the body they will wed

and the body they will hustle from dress to tongue on the sly

for days

I lay as a flank in my lover's maw

swathed in wine while warm winds frisked the wisteria.

It was innocent.

He lashed my wrist to the mast. He tied my blind because I wanted

to be battered in the swell
and blossoms purple still
any place he pressed his mouth
any place

I asked for it. By now I know, I begged: relieve your mouth its bland aperture

Talk to me some more.

Home's that place somewhere you go each day

In absence of his finger I have conveyed to my teeth a relentless procession of corn chips, zoned out

on the bedroom wall. Little my tongue does for the hole it circumnavigates.

It was a clear day, sun jigging figures from the leaves

I was ocular in his arms

an enormous pupil, blown open.

on the alien green of College Park

We knew the hour had come by the way the light collected

raptured to several heavens there's no need to choose.

~

If choice is obviated "Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel"

his letter begins, anxiety of what is in back of each long note.

He compares me to a garden "Why weed what winter will kill?"

Fidelity is perennial, survives the cold cloaked as a peony.

He wishes me a grand carouse at the local dive, a dry bottom bun for my rubber burger and another man's sex bashful boy.

~

do not touch the stove you will

fuse to its element slaver over the burn. You don't have to go.

You're hiding something sweet from this swollen thumb

and from these glossy welts derives the suspicion that I am truly sick.

Monstrously wooed by these reports of injury, he admits "its invocation of parts. You have a thumb! Eyes!"

Instruments of agency. Logic divides pleasure from having

give it to me

All Medea's remonstrations ended on a blade, downed in the poisoned mug, draped in the tainted gown

but she never howled when love departed

she muscled out to meet him.