

A POEM FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

The Wallace Stevens investigation
X'ed out his lungs
Hu—Huh—Huh
Cl—ck—his whole throat sealed up
The dam busted, it was like Vladimir with a sword
His Highlander calves clenched
As if beanbags were sewn in
His tongue sweated
A little rainy-foggy, nice and moist
The definite plasma spun off
Huh—hh—hulp—huh

A POEM FOR YELLOW SILK

Danish pastry
Squiggled with white
Erin Soma, she called herself
Her day was a sucked egg and I painted its insides