

LOVE POEM

Alexander Pushkin was part Negro.
So were the Wright Brothers
who did a softshoe act up there.
Bad poets say, 'this was Man
trying to reach the sun.'
But to get to the point:
I lunge my adoration at you like a fighter's jabbing
at the soft cartilage of the nose.
"Idiot," you cry, "look into your heart and write!"
Ok. I'll try. How's this? Oh to lie
in the shade of Babylon's Hanging Gardens,
and ogle the best filthy pictures,
away from the eye of my boss, Nebuchadnezzar.
In addition, Love, when I am in a room with you,
my heart folds up
like a paper airplane
that flies out the window. . . .