

## TO MYSELF

First, cover yourself completely with chameleons.  
Then walk down the street, lingering to talk to those you know.  
The one—if any—who realizes you are covered with chameleons is your  
enemy.  
The one who reckonizes you as Greta Garbo is your lover.

## TO MYSELF

Your outer sigh of a body disrobes a snowflake  
Which shhs your penis  
But I egg it on  
I garnish it with shivers before the first lave

Gobbledy  
Skin of drum  
Cream of pleas (As the poet said,  
Form is never more than an extension of breakfast)

(Is this why the rich people cannot see me, these many mornings with no  
food,  
Because I am disembodied . . . ?)  
Reddened

By gouged-out tongues of oracles  
Your mouth where my penis begins and ends  
Like beautiful twins who gaze at each other through a keyhole