

Affair

The poems I need to
write aren't so political.
They fit on a page, or
at the side of a page
in an annexed rectangle
and don't disrupt things
or if they do disrupt
things, they do so in a
predictable way, that casts
me as a current characterization
within the bounds of what's
acceptable for a body of
my type of body, a body
out of work. Oh and I forgot

there were less words
and more labored ones

phrases carved out as if
Sappho set out

to write fragments
without the imagination
that lasted a thousand
years and sparked
generations of a
legacy of an
island (dug up to
the extreme for sake of the
favored them of
another island)

in translation as narcissism,
island to island,
dust to

flowers, I'd better count
the lines.

The shape already,
too erratic, but the
length also a killer.
I can't remember if
I got political as that
can be alienating to
the reader.
If so I apologize as

I understand poems to
have, like most things
referenced here, boundaries.
Boundaries not signifying
breach but provenance. An
after is an after is an
after is an after,
affair.

The Elephant

Narcissus is a German word
for Daffodils and that makes
my life much easier and
means this poem would never
work in translation. When
did we make the switch
is something I wonder but
don't research, because I
don't research much anymore
I instead think about
who gave me the flowers
or who I'll give them to.
Because you think I'm a
narcissist, I asked her. No,
because you should be more
narcissistic, she answered
and I didn't believe her.
I think they don't like
when the language is too
simple but I've never felt
the draw of the elitist
as keenly as when I'm in
the toilet of a very wealthy
person's home. It's there
entombed in marble, mirror,
ceramics and glass that
I admit my envy is also
green, also the color of currency.

TBH TBA

I've felt a love so tender
I don't dare to write it's
name. They love me back.

Guess what, (they always
smell like cooking oil) I
love you.

I wonder if other poets
try to write words like
they've never been before
because that's never been
my concern.

Whales swim in the
ocean but in this scenario
we are whales and we
live in space, a sensual
liquid space where we
send out our helper fish
to suck over each others
bodies and they tell me
they're going to wrap
their very long tongue around
me as soon as they dare
to swim close enough
and I tell them I'm
flapping my fins very
invitingly so they know
they are welcome.

We have blow holes and
also candy canes and
we can rub them
together. It's sticky and
sweet like the secret
of true love which is that
it's so disgusting that if
you had it you'd never
dare reveal it to anyone
outside yourselves, which
is what a few people
know, and maybe if
I tell it will break
it but maybe not because
luckily, they don't
speak English.