

artless

"Falling in love is slightly embarrassing because love is a conspicuous and weighty thing. It is a marvel. I felt a bit like a hunter who's captured a unicorn and parades it through the town streets, but the crowds were discreet enough not to stare."

— Edmund R. White, *The Beautiful Room is Empty*

it's tomorrow
and yesterday
right now!

against the sun
most planets
look small

the train
sounds
its horn

distant

(coming
nearer
or going
away
impossible
to tell)

you are my beautiful
wheatfield

though i've never
seen one

I've
seen the
sun and wind

marry
your
wild
curls

to your
wild
words

i'm not sure
i can restrain
this happiness

could anything
be better?

just getting off the bus
and walking!

salomé
and the lion

cream
and gold

looked at each other
in shock

screaming "Lion!"
and roaring barbarous

having forgotten
what they'd asked for

and getting
this unexpected joy

holding
hands
at church
& market

rainbow
flags
everywhere
flaunt
the
city's
blessing

nothing better
than
running for a bus
with you -

missing it
or catching it -

victory!

a white
egret
bends
its neck
to water
and lilies
drop
their
long
petals

this girl
steps off the train
as if
a rocketship
had landed
and me
welcoming
with flowers
the
celestial
traveller

how
impossible!

that everyone
doesn't feel
the world
turning
faster!

you're restless
and excited

streetlights
shining in
movement
long-limbed

giraffes
cranes
and herons

bend
without
breaking

Any crowd
might focus
tight
into
particular
movement

(we're here
in the same city!)

anyone
might suddenly
be you

right here
on main street

driving past
the theater

right here
when you first said you loved me

pieces of us broke

off

(floated
into the air
like
dandelions
bursting)

& became
ghosts

the sun
sees a lot of things at once -

lays its light down -

the way I love
everything imagined

if you drink in
everything you see
you make mirrors
catch on fire

"but o alas
so long
so farre

our bodies
why
do we forbear"

— john donne

new red
sneakers!

I'll never
take
you off

even
if they
chop off
my feet)

new
love!

I'll keep
writing you
poems

even
if you die
before me)

saturn's
candy
beauty!

i love
your
bracelets

princess planet

how you flaunt
flying
crowns

strands
of braided
orbital
dust!

Love,
as if I,
the hardboiled
detective,
sat,
feet up on desk
ankles crossed,
and just
wondered
about
mystery
instead of going out
looking
for
trouble —
A man
walked in
the door
with a gun
in his hand —
instead of anything
happening,
me and Della
thought about
whiskey's
dark
honey
rolled into our sweet hips,
every stolen
or murdered
moment
a significant
honeymoon,
our hair
framed
by sun
in the window
blurred
by love's
mysterious
grace
into
boneless
light

even at dawn
the stars
are still brilliant

joy in the day!
the sun's out!

later
we'll remember this

we're not touching
but my skin
remembers

when i can't see you
i remember the meaning
of faith

you and the sun
losing and winning
several hands of strip poker

off with your shirt
(on again & off
quick dishevelled)

is more hunger
happiness?

i'm such a stud!

even the sun
wants to fuck me!

neon at night, bag of candy on halloween, car going fast along the reservoir road, unexpected mountains, penny heads-up on the sidewalk, car-wash spray from the hose in summer, suntan lotion on the skin with a little sand sticking to it, leaf coming down to land on the head on a city street, art car covered in epoxied plastic animals! vending machine that contains every dream!

i'm joy
on a map!

everywhere
is on the way
to somewhere else!

though the sun
& moon are beautiful
they don't mean
to shine me happy

poor
everyone in the world
who's not us!

waking up
my first thought
you're really real

across the ocean
or next to me in bed
when we're asleep
the space between us
is the same

when I'm driving your car
i never know where i'm going

walking holding hands
i forget who i am

orange
blossom
special

you're
changing
harmonicas

so fast
I'm breathless

our letters
make nebulous
alphabets
in the air

I'll tie on your blindfold
so you won't be shocked
by my happiness

I'll wear gloves
on my hands
so your sweetness
won't kill me

Every day
I'll be different
to surprise your heart
into newness

oh, we'll be in trouble!

but our pockets
are full of stars!

the places
we don't go

long for the kiss
of our footsteps

i'm not sure
who has the cock anymore
and who's got the milk of forever

your arm
linked in mine
makes us giants

seize
the day
runs deep
in our bones

supergirl i'm sure

your stories
will be written

now that you've invented
the flying typewriter

will these moments
pass?

no!

then
we'll see
shiny
particular
windows

we walked past
and first saw
our echo

no!

I won't let
time pass!
I'll turn
the world
backward!

can't they see it?
that everything's singing?
have I got
extra skin?

soon!
i'll come up the stairs
(almost wanting to go slower
because I know you're there
and hear me coming)
and then - it's now!