"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
closer 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!