



emissions/of



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What was written was meant to be forgotten.
Sometimes I sing so pretty it breaks my own heart.

J.Mae Barizo, “The Marble Palace”

Am I being too dramatic my dear?

Dearest C, perhaps,
but how shall I put it— your letter knocked

the shit out of me— and now my fingers have
uncrossed— all anticipation drained & the day

my dear, shows off its awful spread of light—
Really, I don't want a fight dearest C, it's just that for me

it was such a letdown— felt so fucked so deflated left here
drifting into a new month of bland weather with no hope
of having

your hair fanned about pillow, without these little
intimacies— your fork cracking crème brulee

me picking crumb from upper left lip my hand early
a.m. asleep on your hip yet here we are dear darling so much

crush of wave ocean cascade between us
on dank day with me thinking,

Sonnet

I can't think of you anymore—

Reading your letter last night
a bit too much wine already sloshing in head
when lids slid shut I heard high heels clicking
through H.K. saw you sitting on a park bench 5 a.m.
with a Borges book hiding face

O headless ha-ha if I sauntered silly & proffered
a smile, what C. could become of us?

O my dear delicious consumer of books
I can't bear to think of you anymore—

I toss turn, right to left, curled ball, then legs straight foot
hanging
off bed covers tangled— what's with this wet staining cheek
spoilng
my specialties? O misbehaved uncontained black hair ghosted
body
caught in morning's first glimmer slinking back to apartment
a stranger

To Leave All Over You

*

what's wrong with us?

*

shall we begin again?

*

damn anthems! hands down! hands up!

*

mint-stained fingertips fucked beneath moonless night

*

pour you another? we're out of rum. how's about brandy?

*

twitter/ emissions/ of

*

that was a pretty dress you were in earlier

*

put the knife down. no citrus necessary.

*

tired of assimilation/ we'll stay brown

*

you be brandy breath

*

okay. wrong. all. wrong. fine. leave the glass empty.

*

despite need to stain it only last as long as you let it linger

*

shall we begin again? what's wrong with us?

*

some latent rock star tendency

*

some spring allergic rub eye red run nose red ache head itch

*

this is getting out of hand! music unacceptable! something
more like chamber!

*

click. load. bullet please. click. load. bullet. please.

*

yes this piano is so cognitive

*

is this momentary or monetary?

*

what's your name again?

*

shall we begin again?

*

say a thick low-mooned night?

*

what did you say?

*

yes! you are right! this is much better!

*

to leave/ yourself/ all/ over/ me/ lights on/ or off/

Sonnet

Gun-powder smell mixed with magnolia gum
pie bits flaked about the lips—

Quick! get me to another party— my taste buds turning
a falsetto song of someone slipping off dress yes

peaches my favorite too!

But the dogwoods ruin me. So what if a star
comes crumbling down we'll be mid-river in a

canoe sculpted of cow skeleton—

Have you heard about the banana
over Texas? It's okay,

we'll stick to citrus. Try to float this out
as long as the sun

keeps doing that
on your thigh,

Sonnets for S

if so is so/ then so it is/ then let it/ be/
as in/ being/ inhabiting/ the way we/ which is/
requiring/ replacing/ the b a bit/ tricky/ but not/

if yes is yes then let's begin with
a variation of let's begin with
estrella no glitter how about *nieve*
its falling this morning i thought it
poetic to brunch with a constellation
beneath spilling sky if not poetic

yes/ if yes is/ *absolutely so*/ then/
i/ was happy/ to do/ away/ with hello/
looking forward/ to/ the/ *informal tù*/
looking/ forward/ to hi/ more personal/
more personality/ a different/ shade/
of/ than the/ lip/stick/ on/ your/
(what am i talking about)
you/ didn't outline/ you didn't/ color/ in those/
didn't curl/ that/ didn't struggle/ over/ three/ different/
flower/ scents/ no/ you/ didn't/ affix/ anything/ to your/
or if/ you did/ i didn't/ get/ to

if no is no & no was *definitely not*
then something happened perhaps left
of periphery somehow when the e was replaced
with an i & did away with the llo
you eschewed the *hi* began anew
bought back an e then a y then the abounding cheers
applause from audience to the smug of the i
to the chagrin of the you bought a b left me as

After the party/ Before the morning

Easy to be hypocrite/ spilling/ of lies like/ thick hippos— so
(un)poetic to confess/ to open/ to her/ your loving/ of
money/ your desire to make/ *lotsa money*/ despite/

Better/ to tell her/ of the night/ Better/ to tell her/ of poets/
BKS & E.B./ there were/ the girls/ Sandy/ Julia/ Audrey/
Monica/ Eunice/ oh yes & James/ yakking with Brian/ Jared
doing dishes/ me wiping counters/ then/ lights out/
departures/ waiting for trains/ you again/ talking of money
again/ a twinkling eye (i)/ but damn/ if the ripped bag/
didn't betray/ bottle/ wine/ felled/ went shattering/ all
over/ platform of /Jay street/ Borough hall/ next stop
Bergen/

There were people/ just getting off/ of work/ & people just
going/ into work/ & people/ anxious to/ get home/ to rush/
into small hours/ between work/ & kids/ laughing/ hollering/
feeling forever/ despite rapping/ of violent demises/

You were there/ feeling fuzzy-headed/ & fine/ so so fine/ that
you/ smiled thinking/ there will be other days/ as this night/
began yawning/ its way into morning/ there will be money/ &
wine/ & more fuzzy-headedness/ so go ahead/ penniless
dreamer/ put the headphones back on/ you lackadaisical liar/
you/ tired eyes/ tune it/ all out/ let the music/ of in between/
filter in/

Pings of Lashes

Boxes/ too many/ boxes/ phobia of/ card/board/ collap/
sing/ to become ensconced/ droopy footed/ dragged/
stopped/ placed/ fell/ out/ fell a/bout/ some/one laughed/
some/one gagged/ stifled snuffles could you please/ be done/
with it/ with it/ coming down/ in sheets/ water/ pitte/ring/
patte/ring/ feathers/ falling/ falling/ sheet/ un/folded/
clacked/ snapped/ stretched straight/ corners tucked/ a
nice/ place to re/side/ to re/side in/ a nice place/ re/quires/
your/ hands/ here/ un/der covers/ un/der covers/ nothing/
but/ flat pil/lows/ so lean from/ head/ weight/ un/finished/
dreams/ scatterings of/ de/sire drop/pings/ of lashes/ yes
you/ were here/ once/ your hair/ what/ the/ wash/er
missed/ what the lint/ roller couldn't/ capture/ what is held/
be/tween/ fingers but/ if your hand/ was/ here/ that is/
what would/ be be/tween/ fingers/ may/ be/ some/thing
else/ yes/ still dirty/ no/ it isn't dirty/ who doesn't/ like/
if done/ right/ if done often/ if done un/til/ sweaty/ then
repeated/ who doesn't/ like _____/ is more/ de/pressed
than _____/ than the dimp/ling/ the cratering/ in center of/
mattress/ there was so much/ but this re/petition/ be/gins
with/out/ you/ this goes/ back to/ be/fore/ you/ after/
you/ fracturing/ a fila/ment/ a time/ of light/ de/voured/
still an/ occasional/ e/mail to say/ it continues/ to say/
hello/ to say/ it didn't/ work but/ yes you/ are missed/ you
are/ missing/ out on _____ with/ this moping/ and that's
ok/ its ok/ just know/ you/ are missed/ and we are/ waiting/

The Film of the Movie of the Film

*

& what do you remember of the day?

i remember nothing of the day

but instead film, a variation of a film with a bad script

two bodies on a street
before a green screen

*

two bodies beneath a graying sky

no the sky was receding its gray

it was an open shot wide-angle lens

then zoom beneath a patch-work blue above

*

silence
the acting got better, the script called for

*

& what do you remember of the day?

not much of the day has persisted

maybe a sign something about happy hour

maybe there was a scent of something

oregano let's assume it was the

hour of dinner

& there were two bodies

hers leaned into his

the stuff of ache dripping from the eyes

an eye

careening upwards

a short appearance of yellow slowly sinking

a boy no make it a man

trembling with another body trembling against his body

the sky

salmon-pinked

no trees, no leaf, no branch

*

& what of the season?

seasons stay the same in this script

same fish swimming in same dirty water

same aquariums with same tied-claw crabs

*

a hand wiping away water

moisture staining cheek, penetrating skin

*

& what do you remember of the day

no such music: no sonatas, no churches chiming

maybe some lump-throat canaries locked inside

a flower shop, gates drawn shut, puddles

of left-behind rain, a hand

clenching a blue

jacket, a man in a blue hood looking away

unleaning

four eyes meeting— then her

a camera angle exaggerating space

a fifth floor walk-up, a key unlocking a door

a room with no invitation to dance

a room with a bed containing a body collapsed

*

& what do you remember of the day

only the little bits,

two bodies,

the unforgettable

which continues,

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