

## love poem

You are a thousand mile animal  
the poet shrugs,  
millipede of the wind's love,  
a howl laid out  
in oh so many questions

a burn?  
that too but not because you asked  
a flick? a salamander?

careful steady cool! she says  
you'll take them all  
and waste them

(it glitters true,  
and does not stop the asking)

## **hundred dollar whore**

any day at the races  
is hot, let me tell you how it always is:  
hot. That's more or less it.

I washed my hair last night,  
it's still clean, that new soft  
that changes how the day goes,  
it sits against my neck and then I  
twist it up all beautiful and it does not,  
the breeze flows in.

I watch the horses some and the men  
with interest, the swaggering droop  
of their bodies  
I am always surprised  
how small they are.

I date a man who is sad  
and less interesting than some,  
get home earlier than usual,  
and sleep under my window,  
which I keep open.

## lover

Giant, being large,  
holds sway, swaying  
like the sierra pine  
I smell in memory, in  
my stomach

this hole and whole –  
being more or less  
the same –  
holds sway

over the bubble of my  
stomach and chest,  
I'd forgotten  
how to burrow and you

brutal  
laugh and laugh at me  
how murderous between  
the sheets you laugh at me