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

dthis 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