

Catch me coming south, darling

John Kennedy is back.

They dropped him off somewhere

south of Pittsburgh, some gas station.

They've got him in this 1968 Camaro, teal.

I don't know if this is important but,
the car is all wrapped up in Christmas

lights.

It's really quite beautiful.

The holes are still there,
if you care to look close.

What's he doing? Oh. Well,
his hands are both there for one, fingers

wrapped around the wheel, eyes
fixed on something probably.

It doesn't seem like they've given him
anything to say.

Poem #90

Bloom, don't think about it,
there's two ways to be a person
and you've already fucked up the
first. Don't think about it and
especially don't think about the dolphins
how they got away with being smart and
no one asks them for a thing. Why
do you keep doing this to yourself,
don't you know how to stretch your
petals like everyone else?

Something for your hands

Fold gently, bend
your knees and feel

the floor beneath
touched with rallow--

red.

I meant to say red, like
all the snails got together
for a brand new color and
when no would buy it left

the useless leftovers here
in this place
where you are folding
yours hands and bending
yourself to the floor and wondering

how to make an airplane
with no paper, without a single memory
of wings.

Consider me one of the delighted

Anchored in that blue mess of promises
you call a sky, the clouds are always
finding new ways to be anything
but themselves. They love it when we point
and say: *ship, bird, parcel of lungs* each
pulling them closer to being
something,
rather than whatever it is you call
a lump of wet air in your pocket, in your
living room. *lonely stallion, clever pair of shoes, this
cloud, this one right here.*

Poem about bees

Outside my house there's
this tree. It isn't

made of glass and it doesn't
even grow pears but it does

have these flowers, and every
spring the bees come by and whisper

into each one and I'd like
to think they tell each flower how
beautiful it is and I'd like to think

the flowers understand but most days
it probably just sounds like

a great big buzzing with
too many eyes.

2 AM, summer night with wind

There is hardly anything left.
Earlier, I walked past the TV, reconsidered,
switched it off, then answered
a text from a friend with another text.

There is hardly anything left.
The trees are once again childless,
trying their hardest to say something.

To say the night is chewing
implies too strongly that it can taste us.

I don't want to be here, don't want
to keep asking how
to stop things from crumbling. Now,
where are we
when we dream about coral?