

III

ii.

dogwood	pray you I pray on	new
the root of which	on this our miscellaneous	eyes
we've not idea	being	today country
union random	the color was part of it	having being
	I was ok then	bohemian
I conjure you to	that hint of cleavage	one's own
this, understand,	teardrop cut from a dress	personal
us greys	in the office	world
& not of New England,	that convention	once my choices yours
I wasn't raised	the color of my mother	then it was the new
that way it's	my foster	you wanted it had it
the unspoken	my abandon	I still don't know what happened
Neapolitan	following abandon	cruxes I can't pronounce
foundation of street abandon	tattooed heart	<i>trouver</i> a whole lifelink
that singing	initial branded	to this jazz
I the nonarticulate	I was so sure	that acts me
that my inheritance	you're all the same	silence
a legion of shut mouths	you women in writing	it's the tangle of things
it's not the right time	masking this	I've always loved you
every thing needs sewing	isn't her isn't me authored	I don't want to break
but they're all lined up	now, on a plane	now I couldn't
it's all determined	—Paris, New Orleans—	Hong Kong
and no	put the voice in a box	don't know when
	lock it	soon
well	evermore	some weekends
California maybe	& babies will fill that hollow	no future
I don't know	bliss I promise	not a miring in the past
(knots)	just listen to Al Green	connecting it,
(vague determination)	& don't make me rip the rearview	I mean all that
listen to me.	mirrordown.	these notions are halfbaked understand
it's just what's right	I'm tired just let me rest,	don't hold me to them
It has to be	light for me just once	It just deserves a lot that's what
	No surrogate	

i. (explanation across)

It's the opera in the sky.
 It's the cookie I keep for you always.
 It's the alley of olives on the way home. The cured.
 The wind kicking up around our form.
 That lavender envelope of hours above the plain.
 It's the topography of Venice.
 An evening I hated you by the wharf.
 It's the dead one rose.
 It's the bowler & dress of stars I bore around you.
 (A decade ago in a snapshot aimed at the ceiling.)
 It's the distance of a screen.
 Greed humane. (Okay kill it couldn't hold you) Still
 It's the way I loved you.