

1912

poems

“The poet does not know – often he will never know – whom he really writes for.”

Montale

nouveaux

*i have
a habit
of dreams
that go
nowhere.
they come,
they go.
they stay,
they leave.
it usually
starts with
a beginning.
something quick.
not too
complicated.
the middle,
the substance,
tends to
take the
longest because
those are
the words
that express
how i
feel at
that exact
moment.
the ending,
well,
the ending
speaks for
itself.
you decide
the rest.*

about this

tonight in my
heart i
feel a
lost sense
of some
thing i
can not
describe,

put into words,
act
upon,

tell, touch

forgive, forget

forsake

layla dirty blonde lager

sensual,
and dreamlike,
you, when near me,
become my trembling hand,
take my trembling hand,
hold it still,
take it new,
lash it,
slash it,
match it
eye for eye,
hand for hand,
petal for petal,
dream for dream

Silence. Again.

the water
the stars

two bodies
moving with
and against
one another
in the
night

a Mexico of ballads

in just one word,
in just one instant,
you began again
naming things,
touching things,
moving things,

for a moment,
a brief moment,
saying things

said of birds

where the
silence is
at its
deepest
you will
find me
writing,
reading,
studying,
practicing,
loving

revolver

chasing the
moonlight
and getting
no where
near it

the silence in the background

you
accompany
my
loneliness,
my
pain
through
the
corridor
and
into
the
wind,
chasing
it
down
in
broken
silence,
anguish,
premeditated
brevity

the deepest feeling

we play
hide & seek
in the
dark, afraid of
what we
might discover

marijuana girl

*her guitar eyes
remind me of
what it was
like when we
were in love,*

*together,
never apart,
always on something*

if

*it's
the only
time i
don't feel
alone*

lsn

*my vulnerability
my suffering
my crying*

dragonfly yellow

you have become
less and less imaginable
to me, a lesser extent
of a deeper sensibility,
that other world, a
sentimental confession
already tested, a
starting point, a
part, a cry, less
profound, less personal,
the new, the used,
questions to which there
are no answers, colorless,
inaccessible, disquieting,
the absence of almost
everything you know

footsteps

i need to see it
i need to feel it
i need to touch it

gingerbread

keep
your
head
up &
smile
(even
when
you're
dying
inside)

graffiti

*drunken eyes
long black hair
soft tender hands
slow moving lips*

Valdepenas

*a deep light blue
meets me on the way
to a true intimacy,
underneath me, well
on its way to its
most secret of places,
calling me, waiting
for me, in its
beginning becoming
me, selling me,
telling me every
thing that surrounds
me is not real*

staying nowhere

*she lays idyll
in a deep resonance
i can not break
through, an interpretation
of Autumn no one
understands, irresponsible
silence, a blunted star,
amaranth eyes, early
rain, dead sound,
the open night*

near a garden

*i avoid crying
by hiding behind
my words, that
which has not
yet ended.
naked, finally
you accompany
me to be alone,
following in your rumor.
my hope.....a never
of nevers is the unborn
child, the embodiment
of love and dream. the
desire that remains
unsatisfied, lost.
and so i write you.*

ay

*she stands
up to embrace
me. i shy
away. she
pulls me
closer.
tightly
squeezing
and holding
me for what
seems like
forever.*

pony

i throw myself into your hands,
tonight. i die again, tonight.
alone, tonight, i love you
just the way you are. tonight,
i see you suffer. tonight,
i do and do not love
you. not to be able to
see you, tonight, is tearing
me apart, inside. tonight,
that's how i love you.
tonight, that's how i
want you. tonight, that
is how i hold you. tonight,
that is how i look at you.

madame butterfly

her eyes
look into
mine and
tell me
everything
i need
to know
about who
we are,
what we
want, and
where we
are going

say what you came to say

the mistakes
i made
with you
plague me
as they
plague you,
in this
world of
mourning
being &
bending
that
which
might be

ours

yours

mine

hang empty

when with her
i am confused,
inarticulate, not
sure of myself,
not sure what
to do with my
hands, unable
to sit still,
very together
in a fit of
anguish that
keeps me second-
guessing myself
and everything
that i want to
say
to
her

into the wood, through the mountains

the
trembling
white
dove
of
faith
finds
me
here,
alone,
sitting
in
a
corner,
alone,
crying

mine eternal

i
am
ashamed
of
myself
for
not
having
ever
accomplished
anything

little dressmaker

the girl i remember
had green eyes
yellow hair
a smile that never stopped

sing sing attic

this is the plateau.
the landscape.
the wind against my cheek.
the falcon soaring.
the sound of cliffs. water.
this is the plateau.
the opposing rain.
the snow.
the mist.
the mountain.
the river.
the moon.
the night.

tempest

purple lace
slender lips
long pallid hair
cinnamon brown skin
the afterward

anm

i alone was sad, unmistakably sad
when i heard you were going to marry him

the Chrysalis

*nurtured
kneaded
opal
sonorous
late
lavish
nimble*

angel

*your
whispers
grow
loud
with
each
gesture,

move,

touch*

tepid

*a mother's scream.
a father's cry.
a brother's not
understanding.
the sister. not. knowing.*

Montreal

*in the mirror
of his art
he recreates
the familiar
pattern of
yesterday,
tomorrow,
tonight,
all in all
subdued
inside a
phenomena
he can
not explain*

q

as unattainable
as it is i
become the never
ending story of
someone who
refuses to
give up on
his dream
of writing

e

she sees
me for
what i
am and
accepts
the faults

afterthought

*in all my pain
my love for you
exceeds all the doubt*

away

*the
place
you
go
when
your
heart
is
broken*

Magdalenas

*interminably falling
into the vast
& uncertain borders
of your body
night after
night, day
after day*

“How I would love you, how I would
love you, love you as no one ever did!

Die and still
love you more.

And still
love you more

and more.”

Neruda

Nixies

daydreaming, the
night looks at
me in silence,
the way you pose
for me, delinquent,
in soft petals,
across the sky,
unvarying and
anonymous,
varicolored,
in the gray of
morning, the
constellation
in her eyes,
deep black,
lighthearted,
afar, into
 infinity,
 livid,
 numb,
uninterrupting

yesterday

*alive with words
her delicacy
receives me
in a kiss
an embrace
a beautiful dream
a display of art
a suggestion of color
a selectiveness
a gem
a pattern
a child
a place to hide*

hiv +

*dear friend.
i will love
you. forever.
regardless.
of. what.
happens.*

counting triangles

*i have my good days,
i have my bad days.
somewhere in between
comes the poetry.*

cordilleras

*in a depressed
state of mind
i trace*

14 triangles

2 birds

1 sun

5 stars

8 ½ flowers

slow in love

in the morning
when the house is empty
make love to me

at night
when the children are asleep
make love to me

on the weekend
when we are away
make love to me

between looking at each other
when we remember how we fell in love
make love to me

the Mexica

her
last
poem
was
of
me,
about
me,
for
me,
indicting
me

daydreaming

i walked & walked & walked
& was right to wait for love

accompanying stars

*i dream
tonight.*

*i dream
tonight
that
you
are
with
me.
beside
me.
alongside
me.
in
love
with
me.*

jl

upon feeling, upon seeing.....you

the Seine

in
her
absence

the
pain
i

never
asked
for

becomes
unbearable,

intermittent,

obvious

Tres Hermanas

*newly wed
yesterday
& tomorrow
find today
what they
dream
tonight*

dear wife

*i confess.
i fucked her.
what was i
supposed to do.
she threw her
self at me. how
am i supposed
to resist that.*

1979

*love's hesitation
love's autograph
love's wilderness*

the Veranda

*from this
on this
we this
find this
and this
see this*

electric diadem

adorned
under an archway

from the interminable

you
who are dying

see how
among them

it resembles
the cry of

a girl who
no

longer

wants

to

live

blush

a light seabreeze
a slow whirlwind of feelings
a desperate cry
a poorly traced line
a symphony of sound
a collapse of the imagination
assorted poems

jr

alone, and broken.
trembling, and sad

through pills

among them
into the void
halfway down
in that corner
amidst the music
nobody suffers

thread

try to imagine me as you,
in love, mad without reason,
alone, incessant, wanting
to cry

lb

& i laughed
with you, not
knowing that
that was the
last laugh
we would
share

sad drum

the pain that has
been here since the
beginning again gets
born grows dies
gets born grows
dies gets born grows
dies gets born grows
dies gets born grows dies

Palacio de los Duenas

she
was
not
made
to
be
painted.
she
was
made
to
be
loved.
adored.
cherished.
worshipped.

decima musa

sometimes
nothing
happens,
but
sometimes,
in the
dark,
you
take
my body
into yours
and make
love to me

gilly

there is
a sad
ness in
every
thing
i do,
say,
and
feel

subtle

ballads.
lullabies.
poems.
plays.

24 purple nylon stockings

the pain that takes me there
sometime after the chaos
of a light summer rain
that is anything but down below
the obscure mass necessary
to keep me from my childhood
and everything it encompasses
now that the obscenity is
anything but how or when
the conserving silence finds
its inner solitude a profundity
of eyes adrift on an imprinted
half-yellow half-white
already restless infinity
in the quiet of my mind

emily

beautiful
baby
girl

that came
out of
nowhere

and took
my heart
away

jj

i
fall
apart
with
each
kiss
she
gives
me

dayjob

the Sundays
the Mondays
the Tuesdays
the Wednesdays
and
the Thursdays

childlike

morning's first color
comes into shape
in the outline of
your body,

unforeseen and

known,

apart & transpired,

warm with adolescence

twittering

a clutter of silhouettes
a star's view of the sea
a brief childhood
a point of memory
a dream
a shadow
a song
a poem

peter

he likes it rough.
pretty eyes.
soft hands.
dictionaries.
hitting.
talking back.

Mayakovsky

he's a suicide.
someone you can't depend on.
in a day.
maybe two.
he will no longer be with us.
he will be in the sky.
among the clouds.
upon the sun.
nowhere near where
he could have been
had he only tried.
believed.
wanted it.

somewhere near Panama

I can hardly move.

I can't feel my legs.

I feel cold.

Love has infected me.

moonshine

beneath the wall of a mandolin

along a street of prostitutes

near a garden

somewhere in Buenos Aires

continuing intercourse

somehow feminine
and preferring
me to you
the stars
play your
faltering
and ask
for your
body in
a malignant
play of
words only
you can
understand

stays unsaid

*look you in the eye
and tell you i
love you....seems
so much easier
when you are
not here*

cantos

*kiss
and kiss
and
kiss
and
kiss
and kiss
and
kiss
and
kiss
and
kiss
and
kiss*

me

Berlin

still dressed
in yesterday's
clothes i
am slow
and quick
to wake,
not yet
knowing
which
city
this
is

antipoemas

she knocks
on my
heart &
asks if
she can
come
in

Elizabeth

in her display
she disappears out of sight
takes what she wants
runs
leaves
comes

in her beauty
moves into sight
gives what she gives
hides
and never
back

rainbow

and suddenly i felt dizzy
too weak to take her hand

dash

*crying quietly
she wishes
she never
told him
she loved
him*

the way she moves

*over the abyss and into the wild
wanton feeling of being alone
the singular desolation
in the background of all this
turns itself inside out
in a single cry of pain
for a pandemonium
of personal censorship
that can not
be edited*

a diana

*her legs
give way
to my
incessant
nagging*

de Maupassant

sex,
vodka,
cigarettes,
dancing,
music

pets

often requiring
someone to
help me love
myself I
do what I
can to make
it easy for them
to give me
what I need
to get me off

Lillywhite

I imagine today
what I was
yesterday
and recall
what I
told
myself
not
to/be/
tomorrow

l

she shuts her eyes
and feels what
it is like
to be loved

eva

going
down
on
her

honeycomb

tell her not to cry.
tell her it will be okay.
tell her daddy is almost home.

some other day, maybe

from me,
to you,
I tell,
the, story,
of a
child,
no, one,
loved

tralala

named after
a man
i never
knew

named after
a man
who didn't
love
me

named after
the man who
left my
mother
for another
woman

spaceboy

the body, flesh and spirit
die and become
a sanctuary
hidden in
its recess.
you are the smile.
the dark of sanity.
the mute.
the loneliness and abandonment in his pallor.

St. Lucy in the Stone

to die and
become something new

to die and
become something different

to die and
become something dreamlike

to die and
become something beautiful

llorona

in a corner of the sky
she shuts her eyes
sits still
and promises herself
not to cry

angel dust

but like love
it can only
last so long

she is

definitive
pure
streaming
final

Emphetamine

purple
over red

white
over yellow

pink
over white

picture frames

and like
a virgin
i touch
you for
the very
first time,
not believing
what i
feel

see

sense

envelop

k

girls
drugs
alcohol
poetry

a danaid

told of love
just once
before.

not knowing
where to
find it,
or
how.

just that
it is out
there.

some
where.

all the pretty places

falling in
and out
of love
with
the same
girl
over
and
over
again

lee

you will never know
how I could have loved you

like waterfalls

i kiss
her ember
thighs
and
pass
into
the mist
of autumn,

a fold of dreams,

immense sadness

cynthia

if love
could sing,
she would

say
your
name

the Summer and Fall of 1912

this acute sadness,
as if outside me,
follows in sequence
the electric diadem,
the discordant prelude,
the simple beauty,
the parapet,
the sensual profundity,
to begin again
in your surrender
in just one word,
an instant,
for a moment paralyzed
but able to form
a constellation,
a darkness,
a diadem,
a mirror in the sky

a thousand private hearts

in your deepest surrender
as beautiful as you are
the Via
as it is
assures me
of your arrival

Lake Eden

while traveling
through my
arm i
wish life,
wish you,
wish me,
wish everyone,
wish everything

la suava patria

there is not
much else
to say. i
stopped
caring
a long
time
ago.

mud puppy

even
when
with
some
one
i feel
a lone

kid jane

i look to her
to soothe me,
heal me,
save me,
carry me
away

maria llaura

an
image
of
you
and
what
you
use
to
mean
to
me

Ruby

sometime after the rain
make love to me

los dolores

she
falls silent.
looks at me.
looks at her.
takes it in.
walks away.

pins & needles

another second
more and she
would have
kissed me

quite possibly
making the
biggest
mistake
of her life

the selfsame

she listens quietly.

i tell her why i have to leave.

i tell her why i have to go.

i tell her it's the only way.

i tell her there's nothing i can do about it.

i tell her why i will not be coming back.

indigo

her

clothes

on

the

ground,

and

my

always

having

to

pick

them

up

wild idyll

he is wonderful
he is three years old
he is my son

kissing her

you are the
every thing
that is
beautiful
in my life,
the every
thing that
is real,
the every
thing that
is right

y

sensual,
the noose
i tie
around
my
neck
is
loving
me

passion square

*your body,
yielding,*

*gives
itself
to the
penumbra,*

*the
lyceum,*

*the
darkness*

the spindle

*being inside you
& what it feels like
when you move*

Miraflores

I sit
listening
to the
ballads

the lullabies

the whispers

the poetry

j

her fragile, untouched body.....shimmering in the night

bessie

afterwards,
she tells
me she
loves me,
and rolls
over to
go to
sleep...

paloma negra

even if you
didn't love me
did you have to
mislead me
into thinking
that there
could be
some thing
between us

x

at her
thighs.

naming ghosts

the
secret
of
my
life
is
that
i
am

a
liar,

a
cheat,

a
thief,

a
degenerate,

a
fake

m

she does not exist.
she can't.
i've looked everywhere.

Dama dama

*another besides
you play
on your
malignant
deep-eyed
nostalgia
when
you
play
your
love*

on a

fiddle

dino Campana

*a poet came,
lightly opened his eyes,
and began a trip
no one expected*

china white

you, like music,
entice me with
your kiss, your
eyes, the way you
hold me, your
embrace, shaking,
down along a
dream of giving
birth, to a child,
my child, our
child, your
child, a
daughter,
a son,
twins,
full
of love,
and with
your eyes,
my hands,
your smile,
your ears,
your cheeks,
your laugh

f

i spend
my time
drinking
wine and
writing
poetry,

dreaming
of her

about God

i approach him timidly,
as a dream. because of
the calyx, my heart trembles,
my hands shake. today, alone,
her promise comes true, one
for the other still intact
and full of tenderness,
like her. straining, i
pretend to not care,
not notice, but its
covering, its veil,
takes my face in
its hands and tells
me to look up, softly.
i look into his eyes,
and see the morning star,
the moon, the sky, the sea....

xy

her nails
running
down my
back

zy

drunk
on love
and
wine
and
poetry
and
women

tendril

i, sovereign,
surrender
to you,
your ways,
your God,
your everything,
so long
as you
love me

death and love and heartbreak

it
weaves itself
in and out
of the blind
infinity it has
created for
itself and keeps
itself apart from the
rest of the world

Lycidas

in chasing a dream
i vanish with
the night
and
fall
into
its
promise
of
what
tomorrow
is supposed
to be

the meandering

looking at
a woman
i no
longer
know
and
wondering
what
went
wrong

10:49 pm

unvarying and anonymous.
Silence. Again.
flanks me.

saeta

as if in a young man's dreams
i imagine that beauty
between them & tell myself
to admit how beautiful
they are together, how
happy they look, seem,
feel, act when near one
another....all despite my
having had her first, pretending
nothing took place

amaryllis

*intense & fugitive
we make love
in the dark*

t

*an
elegiac
deep
blue
amber
green*

flor

*barely whispering
she
tells
me
she
loves
me*

heavy vertigo

*something else inside me
forgets another day, another page.
distant and incalculable,
silent and missing.
little by little,
never stopping,
and nomadic.
in that way, kisses
their whispering.
silent, missing.
beautiful in its own way.
incessant. barren.
almost naked.*

S

*she
wont
be
there
when
you
wake
up*

like doves

*lost inside
one another
at the end
of our own
misgivings
we disappear
into the night
and swim through
the sky, in our
love, our each
other, somewhere
we don't exist*

desert air

whatever
the order
the intensity
of her beauty
is the
same

something sad

returning to an empty dream
in my empty youth
i empty the last pail
into the empty well
and walk emptily
to the front door
of my empty room

james

if i was you
i'd go

if i was you
i'd leave now

if i was you
i'd never come back

red plush

without touching
we somehow
made love

kipp st

we collapse ourselves
inside one another

like in Lagos
playing the part

of lovers in
love, for

getting what we
came to forget

blue tally flower wallpaper

my present
& future
solitude
are in
distance
& absence
a creation
of love,
a new
variation,
a phenomena,
a further past,
deep earnest,
pure fantasy

Niki

a young girl.
dressed in yellow.
asks me. to kiss her.

the rush of joy
 i feel when
 i see you,
 hear your
 voice, know
 you are
 near....

sulfur's kiss

the greatest blow known to love -- loving a
 woman
 who
 will
 not
 love
 you
 back

b

a silence in the enclosed
 was in the Urn the
 desert in the sky

the sea over the moon

my calling out to
 you in the night

the alexandrines

for eddie

everything that is something else
is in presence of mind
its own inevitable end,
above water
lost love,
sad wind,
erratic free verse,
sensual abandon
until found
two nights later
by a loosely structured
lukewarm
kiss, sash
boylike interlude

rumors

my selected failings.
repeat themselves.
under the hands.
of the last Hamlet.
in a stillness of pictures.
an image.
the innermost.
anew.

lullabies

everything outside him
is remembered in memory.
once and no more no longer
lived in. over and above me.
raping me. after now. finally out.

alphabet city

between books
i walk, hide
hardly talk

hide, walk
some more

avoid things
people
emotions

drink, sex
walk some
more, write

hold together
as best i can

candlebox

where i say
my prayers,
when i
say my
prayers,
i beg
forgiveness,
ask for
help,
& promise
to pray
more often

almostclean

cutting its
way
into
my
wrists

the
day
ends

heart beat

outside the structure of a poem
the perfect autonomy of the image
of two lovers in the night
and the one i love most deeply
are abandoning what i loved
and conceived in you
for what you tell me to know
to go deeper into the wood

the juniper

do not
try
to
control
the
night.
she
will
not
forgive
you.

Bishop's Gate

the child whose
birth is in my
heart is in my
soul the hope
i had in
you when you
said the very
most i can
expect is the
very most i
should give

or

*slowly
feeling
you
inside
me*

lilly meadow

*her
heart
was
a
fistful
of
spades.
jacks.
kings.
jokers.*

i am

*pallid.
thin.
absent-minded.*

fettered

in the death
& the birth
of a child,
my child,
your child,
our child,
we forgive
one another
and move
on with
our
lives

Rosemary

barely whispering
i tell you how i feel
what i want
who i love
why i go
where i sleep
the way i dream

cloud breaker

she admires
me from
afar, at a
distance,
beyond
the point
of talking

bel canto

*she
unlocks
my
heart
with
a
kiss,
an
embrace,
her
eyes*

on writing

*always upstairs,
in the attic,
with music on,
with the shades drawn,
in a chair,
at the table*

little fox

*my heart
still stops
when you
walk into
the room*

terra cotta

*it was
easy for
you. it
always
was. but
for me,
for me
i had
to work
at it.
still
have
to work
at it.
have to
struggle
with it.*

the Pleiades

*you beg
him not
to go.
but he
goes
anyway.*

Ty

*pronouncing
it slowly
the morning
after*

hombre viejo

*what
i took
from
you*

*what
i
stole*

*what
i
needed*

water nymph

*all that i never
gave her is in the
language i fail to
interpret the never
returning never
ending newly
arrived shattered
scattered absent
minded inlet
i wrap myself
inside to hide*

Michael

*he protects
himself by
building
walls.
avoiding
questions.
being
alone.
walking
away.*

jump rope

*there is no
way to explain
what happens
when i feel
what i feel
when with
you*

laminae

summer's name
in one heart
is the profile
of a willow,
a reply of
everlasting night
inheriting light,
a carnation,
the color's revelation,
half a smile

sleepwalker

you
 were
the
 peace
i
 knew
when
 all
else
 was
shattered

bristles

i was used to
the treatment,
the pain,
the abuse

ether

i encounter
myself in
the night
and do
not like
what i
see

Venice, July 29

the morning after
the day i decided
to throw it all away

the Ridgefields

it is at its most
secret of places,
its most quiet
of spaces, its
most hidden
corner, its most
deepest depth,
its most red
of blue, its
most sincere
location

and in it
my heart
is dying

flickering

when reality knocks
at my door i
submit to fantasy
by turning away,
closing my eyes,
leaning forward,
choosing to forget

autumn

i love the deepness of her eyes.
the sense of her caress.
that look she gives me when
she knows i'm making something up.

the tamarind

between
solitude
&
friends
i
have
little
time
to
write

the love parade

i wallow in pain
cry in silence
scream at the night
dream in color
keep these secrets

abc

*you can
tell a lot
about a
person
by the
questions
they avoid*

midnight high

*counterfeiting it
recreating it
it consumes and delivers it
escapes and surrenders it
enters and exits it
no longer belongs to it*

cb

*to write a poem
and to fall in love*

poetry

*in its solitude,
my solitude,
the wavering
finds its
rhythm*

blue jay

*and at
my finger's
end i
can taste
her moisture,
her frame,
her circumference,
her width*

sex

it is
almost always
the same
with or
with out
you,
regardless
of who
it is
with

everywhere yours

i have
a wish
to say,
a dream
to dream,
a poem
to read

sparrow

moving the night
into its dream
of tomorrow
the cordillera
hides in its
most secret
of places

driving fast

distinguishing God
the day resumes itself
unto me

into me

to me

for me

to the point
where it almost touches me

endears me

declares me

beguiles me

LSD

me & my memory
are lying out in the sun,
again arguing

boxes

as you reach to touch yourself
you see a wanderer in the sky

daybreak

its chasm
was lush.
languid.
lost.
insane.

sea urchin

the sky
announces
your arrival
in the
incarnation
of
a
child,

a
tear,

a
quivering

selected failing

*and just for wanting to be loved
i am questioned
guessed
second-guessed
not listened to
not replied to
forgotten*

tidal

*she visits
me in the
night and
interviews
me with
her body*

chamberlains

*a part of me wants it to end...
the other part wants to
see what the next line looks
like, sounds like, reads like.*

last night

i am
lost in
the most
forgotten
of places,
the most
cherished
of hours,
the most
quiet of
spaces

subtle green

protected by my walls
my hiding, i reach out
my hands to touch
the rope across my
neck, that first
bluejay, the daffodils
my childish remarks
the sex, the violence
my gypsy face
the diadem

the mayfly

how
my
fingers
feel
when
they
are
inside
you

kiev

crying quietly
in the corner
and wishing
i was
someplace
else

DIXIE

kiss me
and tell me
you love me.
kiss me
and tell me
you can not
live without me.
kiss me
and tell me
there is
no one else.
kiss me
and tell me
I am the
only one.

Gin Blossom

like a dream
gone bad
she tells
me she
no longer
loves me
and is
leaving
me for
another
man

secrets

*she ran
to help
me but
was too
late.*

*she was
first to
find the
body.*

*the letter.
the hair.
the pills.*

blueblack

*quietly recalling
the blue on
the black i
look at my
arm and realize
that there is
nothing i can
do to save myself
from the overdose
that is about to take place*

sex and writing

against a flush
of images
of her
i fall
day
after
day,
night
after
night,
here,
in
love,
again

firefly

newly reminded
i hesitate,
frightened i
might make
the same
mistake

the hardest part

she softly
presses her
chest against
mine and breathes

into me

through me

with me

telling me

slowly

to relax

find myself

let go

a la salida

made from broken glass
she picks up where she
left off and in the estuary
of love discards my interminable
nonexistent well dressed
meandering good hearted
same day transfigured
paper map aspen far
away intentions of what
i need to do to
make you love me

broken glass

printed yesterday in the
obituary section was my
name, my accomplishments
my failings, the names of my
friends, the places i worked,
the name i have for my cat,
where i lived, where i was
born, my travels, my
dreams, my writing,
the end of the poem i
never finished

