

COTTON IN THE AIR

Your polished back is arched like Saint Louis.

I can see your fingers pushing into the bricks
when I lift your hair
to smell October drain from your neck.

You are cotton caught in the air
I am unfurling laces in your body.

I move on you steady like a fleet of ships pushing ice.
I want to break it all.

Your tank top strap slips down the huh huh of your shoulder
and I will not strain meaning from this.

I have to taste all of your shapes with my teeth,
circles of salt
square butter.

Waltzing a wrecking ball.

I lift your body so that your legs strap to my hips and you
are now adorned.
I toss you around the room because I don't want to be inside;
I want to walk through you.

So I can know.

I am wading in the dark felt Tijuana paintings of your hair.

I am molting my bed clothes uncoiling towards Sahara.

All I want to do is hot lust you into dead sweat.
To watch your legs, those bent sickles,
to watch them shake
like poisoned wrens.

I am gnashed and dazzled.
Smother me in the exhausted thrust of your yes. . . .
wet
as exploding laundromats.

You will be rough-balanced and throne-sucked and
tongue-dozed hard.
A straggler you can't shake from your open-air lava solo.

May I be the image you turn to
when you are heaving alone,
burning like Halloween in Detroit?

I am breathing up your legssssspitting at the hiding nightingale.

Drift your breasts into my mouth
and I will be that doped up, spinning victrola.

La la la la la la.

I want to make love to you while you're wearing figure skates
until the hardwood floors are toothpicks.

I want to kiss your throat in a dressing room with my hands
bound around your voice.

I want you to leave your boots on in your apartment
so we march our bodies across the ceiling
and confuse the neighbors.

I don't care if you made that dress,
I will shred it until you look deserted.

You're as restless as a New Orleans graveyard in a storm
with the coffins boiling up to the surface.

That's all this writing is. You are across from me and the
soup is cooking.

I sit up all night listening to your dental records.

I will teach you of exorcism and screw the hell out of you.

I will carry your steam in my mouth.

Daydreaming of the evening of loud struggle.

Call my name—I will cascade like a suicide.

I will fall upon you like a box of fluorescent bulbs
dropped from a five-story building.

I will do anything you ask. . . .

unless I have been drinking; then it is opposite day.

I can't believe you can sleep through all this.

Chunks of brick in your fingernails.

Mortar on your pillow

A bomb shelter

sketched on your skirt.

Safe.

PATIENCE

I can not love you until you can love our beautiful waitress
in the simple way that I do.

COLLIDE ESCAPE

Whatever you dropped in the dark
can be recovered in the morning.

We will find the turquoise ring
that clutched the mud and grass
as I ripped your costly jeans,
down to your soft calves.

The night rain, beading upon your skinny spine.
If you were drunk, I didn't know.
You didn't say anything stupid.
Your tongue was blossoming,
pronouncing your kiss, cleanly.

I was glad your breath was hot enough
to melt the night resin off of me.
I read my hands down your simple gospel
and I no longer need 34th Street miracles.

Are you sure you want this mess?

I am a submarine
full of gasoline
and you're waterproof matches.

I am suspended in the cinema of that moment

next to the house
collapsing in the dirt
where I needed you.

Fathoms under fathoms,
that's how heavy I laid upon you.

What are you to me?

You are more than on my side,
you are the weapon on my side.
Safety off.

Rest under the shadow of my gut.
Unsentimental kissing.
A gushing reveille for strangers becoming victorious.

Walk through the valley of the 5 o'clock shadow.

Pyrokinetic honeysuckle, let's boycott the hocus pocus
and get straight to the secret. . . .
Are you the one snarling in the family photo?
Are you the one crackling voltage in the yearbook?
Then you are the pearl I steal.

Your eyes, a kaleidoscope of collide and escape.

Navigate to me by the map of fallen stars.

Love rises back to you
like an escalator fragrance.

THE BEST PICK UP LINE IS HOWLING

The best thing to say to an unknown woman when leaving
a place is

“You and I are going to kiss someday.”

I used to say “You don’t know me. So, when are we gonna
make out?”

Some girls would take a long time, hemming and hawing,
thinking about what they had planned Thursday,
a year from not now.

The only response to

“You and I are going to kiss someday.”

is

Okay or *No, thank you.*

When this happens, you should say. . . .

“Sadly for both of us, it doesn’t even matter if you want to.”