

I'm Over the Moon

I don't like what the moon is supposed to do.
Confuse me, ovulate me,

spoon-feed me longing. A kind of ancient
date-rape drug. So I'll howl at you, moon,

I'm angry. I'll take back the night. Using me to
swoon at your questionable light,

you had me chasing you,
the world's worst lover, over and over

hoping for a mirror, a whisper, insight.
But you disappear for nights on end

with all my erotic mysteries
and my entire unconscious mind.

How long do I try to get water from a stone?
It's like having a bad boyfriend in a good band.

Better off alone. I'm going to write hard
and fast into you moon, face-fucking.

Something you wouldn't understand.
You with no swampy sexual

promise but what we glue onto you.
That's not real. You have no begging

cunt. No panties ripped off and the crotch
sucked. No lacerating spasms

sending electrical sparks through the toes.
Stars have those.

What do you have? You're a tool, moon.
Now, noon. There's a hero.

The obvious sun, no bullshit, the enemy

of poets and lovers, sleepers and creatures.

But my lovers have never been able to read
my mind. I've had to learn to be direct.

It's hard to learn that, hard to do.
The sun is worth ten of you.

You don't hold a candle
to that complexity, that solid craze.

Like an animal carcass on the road at night,
picked at by crows,

haunting walkers and drivers. Your face
regularly sliced up by the moving

frames of car windows. Your light is drawn,
quartered, your dreams are stolen.

You change shape and turn away,
letting night solve all night's problems alone.

Magic Turns to Math and Back

If time were tellable, we wouldn't keep asking.
Our faces would stop turning to face
the faceless face.

Enough with the hands meeting twice a day.
Enough of expecting change
at the same hour.

If a table bears many weights of items,
the items also depress the upforce
of the table.

The notebook is equally ruined
by the lost wine. The table
is a platform on which to lose.

Surface has no depth but all depth
has this surface. Not on purpose.
So math, not metaphor, works.

I can't charm it open, so charm
is dropped: if't'weren't love,
then love weren't it. Two Ls arranged

as a square keep love outside the frame.
When I came, I was half-coming.
You left, half-leaving. A formula.

It's so even-steven, yet so fractal
and mobius. Yet hagborn. Yet digital.
Calculation is such subtraction,

always figuring what's under
what's under, to break the surface
of the negative realm down

where the wheels don't skid.
Where they may or may not skid.
Where we don't know.

Where we look at signs, like Five of Cups,
a sign of a set of four cups inside
one big cup, which is a drain

which is why you are weak.
Sourced. Circled protractorlike,
found will be our clock lock,

our night watch, our clear sign.
It's an invisible bend
in the lightsticks, it's a prophecy.

A Poet's Poem

If it takes me all day,
I will get the word "freshened" out of this poem.

I put it in the first line, then moved it to the second
and now it won't come out.

It's stuck. I'm so frustrated,
so I went out to my little porch all covered in snow

and watched the icicles drip, as I smoked
a cigarette.

Finally I reached up and broke a big, clear spike
off the roof with my bare hand.

And used it to write a word in the snow.
I wrote the word "snow."

I can't stand myself.

First Date and Still Very, Very Lonely

A pleasant, leather poison
is the trick to smelling
good to female saddles,

that is, saddles with a hole
and not a pommel. Remember
those? Gone the way

of Vestal virgins and tight,
white black holy hell and with it,
the lesbian Elysium of old.

I miss the idea of wives.
The loving circle.
But onward. Today

is a sacred day. A date day.
An exception to the usual
poor me, poor me!

I'm not poor and I'm not me.
I remember both
states as soon ago as last week.

But that's history.
This is different. At a party,
once, everyone was so careful

that only I cut my lip drinking
from the winterspring
a kind of cold, decorative trough

centerpiece we were all
drinking from. The idea is
you're like animals.

If you ask, about the cut, *why me?*
The answer is, *of course me.*
In what world ever possible not me?

I could admit that with open blood
running down my chin
like hyena butter or gasoline.

I was mortified, really lost.
After that I thought,
I have to meet someone.

Dancing in My Room Alone

I could be an eel in whirled stillwaters,
the semiotic blue of trick quicksand,
meaningless and true.

In my room, ordinary yellow objects
like lapel labels and plates
smile like similes,

caressed like air in movies,
the texture of froth. I need sugar.
Need it like a right, so sugar

is given. A river of high
minutes rising to a horizon,
only ever seeing my double eyes.

I'm so really truly enough
that I should save myself for later.
Later, don't come now.

Don't turn me back into that seventh
grader in a human ring around the gym,
certain I'm not in the circle.

Now I'm slinging room-darkness
to sun. Swelling hips
incredibly undone,

my blind blood singing,
"qua aqua aqua,"
intoxicated

with this song's cologne,
a silk ribbon of paint
driven through nature.

Fun, who knew? Spinning
with nothing, like earth does,
I flew more than I could lose.

Oh god of ether, god of vapor,
I could use one of either of you.
Take me like a swan would.

Take me, wing me up and make me
dance, impaled on a hooked
prick of cyclone.

Sightless. Wind my limbs, digits
clutching feathers, around you,
and disappear.

I won't fall. I know how to do it now.
I broke the window with god's ball.
I am smoothly used

and honeyed, self-twinned, fearless,
a wineskin emptying
into a singing stranger.