

after Luis Cernuda

A house of breath.
A spider
in the Koran writes
throughout the summer, a wealth
of days as August melts.
Nights
in Al-Andalus laced with the scent of a white
blossom. Death
is something you rarely mention.
A life is learning how to wait.
In your country it is never late.
The letters stand at attention.
Stranger, alien, exile. A shadow army begins to march.
Pleasure lurks beneath an arch.

American lit 101

↳ a New York Post with her face
on it mine has an orange
bed in it partly because in your orange
shirt there is an art that is erasure
because you can't be sure
about the heart or an orange
window: an American is anyone who will fuck an orangutan
the notes the words the tears blur
drinking a coke with you
never be sure
the long nights purr
↳ I am sweating a lot by now
the better part
, my poetry, leaning on the john door

elegy

Bach.
A cello
swells
in the dark.
Talk
& spells,
those stories the body tells.
A walk
between raindrops. The notes empty. The notes fill.
The accidents of somebody's biography.
A hand explores whatever is too dark to see.
April
ends & the cellist is dead. An orange window.
& I am coming to see you