

Why?, Whispers Into The Other

Have I become
bug under thumb
for your scented nails to glow by?
I need out of my shirts I think you'll find attractive.
On your hill perched so clandestine you rest
like a second term president and I go
destined to keep the crayon close
and guess until my name goes red,
at whose dead half-daughters
were denied your womb
on the down low.
At whose half-sons
come a lump in my throat
and man my fever with an army of frogs underskin.

and I don't want to dance with your shadow no more
or listen through an elephant's ear for your
whispers into the other.

My curse is the circuit that your fingers
rehearse on me to quell my nerves
and my only one is for you to king me
with wavecrest
and not stethoscope,
with the core,
not tentative as you were
choosing soup cans
from the cupboard
for your grade school's
Thanksgiving food drive, no.

But I'm the only one
pulling near clear from a melted crayon
under the comforter some man
cured your goosebumps with--
I'm sick and stuck on something you
Every time I see a Honda Civic
my heart just jumps right through.
I do it by your nails' light
but nothing comes, it's true.
And I'm caught in a pipe
to smoke my own limbs off.

And I don't want to dance with your shadow no more
or listen through an elephant's ear for your
whispers into the other
Another gum gut morning
Telephone restraint
He's in your bed,
has he taken my place?
Another gum gut morning
When i see you face-to-face
He's in your bed...