

# 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...