

## **Please Excuse Me**

Because the clouds resemble fists splayed against  
a caterwauling teenage sky & flukey spring's a fluke  
of mud & construction, a lie the mountains tell  
to each other and to fibs of rocky beach.

If I'm supposed to know, for example, why I'm here,  
an iceberg will calve itself free of the mighty Arctic,  
leaking out secrets. It should be that obvious, the way  
a body is matinee to its own madness and fractured singing.

What if the body is a crater, not meaning to be  
attracted to the rickety dark? Maybe it's born greedy,  
like a sea star. Maybe the body is maritime,  
an inlet of devotion to chemical imbalance, & if only  
I can dupe it into going steady the two of us  
shall never meet again, except as strangers.

Because trying to embrace life *every single day*  
is boring, exhausting, pretty pointless if I'm honest,  
I sometimes pretend a companion or two appears  
in the fog, rolling in like newer reasons.

## **Variables and Tantrums**

It's spring and the anorexics are in bloom.  
From clavicle to clavicle they kind of sing unstrung,  
hostile expressions the day finds favors in.

Spring, and insomniacs turn human, undream  
their eyes, defibrillate. Which you would know  
were you not so taken with yourself:  
the bad light, the excellence passing.

Cowardice comes in seasons. Therefore  
you propose marriage to suspect images  
of yourself, with all your vacancies  
watching. Therefore you must decline.

## **Still Life with Tony Hawk's Pro-Skater**

4 bras hang in the Cambridge moonlight.

2 forks fight in a drawer.

The boy being rad on PlayStation is a hushed lazy beauty.  
For him chubby drops of cartoon blood rain down.

He wrestles the goodness out of one dry evening.  
He shreds and kick-flips his way into boredom.

Love with its laptop and can of beer.

We drift derelict or ginful for a while.

5 lemons wait in the fridge.

Ants invade time.