

Turn Me Red

1

I have seen  
maidens turn Love  
on & off  
like a blood spigot.  
I have fooled many women  
and been called a 'rock.'  
still no answer

2

how does this all tie together?  
is age the wisdom of knowing it doesn't?  
are years wrinkles of self-deception?  
is my life  
a waste of experience?

3

I yearn for  
a child on my lap.  
a woman smiling and relaxed  
next to me.  
my need for vitality constantly  
consumed and reborn.  
I yearn for the spigot  
On

gagaku

what strikes this body  
gently sweating  
in flannel underarms?

cold sordid yet tender  
vibes

oh holy vibes of daily routine  
mimic yesterday  
call tomorrow  
vague dull yet  
today

cars are hammers on  
my ears

everything sputters about  
me

and I want to give you  
the long line  
full of baskets  
full of  
sweet shit and dusk  
and totally fragrant plants  
and splashing colors  
on real petals  
and I want to give you all  
yet I am limited  
by matter

gagaku

I hold the  
surface white abalone handle the  
chrome blade glitters the  
colors red aqua yellow are radiant in the  
whiteness of the  
handle.

I pick the  
knife up in my fist  
bring it to your front torso I  
love your breast you  
have perfect nipples for my aesthetic  
need.

I slice down lightly  
beginning at your sternum  
such a thin slit the  
blood comes up like ink a  
perfect line  
to your navel.

Rising the blood thickens its  
line makes you cut in half flaps  
opening I peer like a weak  
child into you.

you smile.  
there is no pain you  
are a goddess beyond pain.