

THE IT'S ALMOST READY, OR, WHY IT'S TAKEN THE MUSEUM
BOOK SO LONG

first the poems were
living with someone
he said he wanted
to touch he
said delicious

years close to his
bed where he dreamed
or so he wrote in
15 letters of their
breath hand pressed on

japanese paper he
said he loved the
poems came dressed
in phallic corn
drawings from

florida wooden
deer's head the torn
dreams of indians
everybody wanted them
people called all

day i said they were
taken meanwhile
the paper began to
curl into itself
like a woman

waiting too long
some people frowned
everybody wondered
the announcement
ringing like a

lie but i didn't
think they'd come
home in the snow
a thursday morning
kicked out lonely

now we're all going
a little mad touching
around for the phone
the pages like a once
white night gown

snow that stayed
around some verbs
are desperate they
wait in a new

man's living room
getting used to his
cigar his finger
prints on their skin
the drawings curl

toward the last word
on the last page
wondering if they'll
ever get married

LIKE A TOMCAT

when it gets
too cold and
his lover's
bored or gone
he comes back
when you're
done watching
for him when
you've another
warming your
bed he spits
when you touch
him it's hard
to put him out
in the snow
but he won't
stay leaves
his smell in
corners the
dirt he's been
thru in yr bed
like a brand
and that's all