

I ALWAYS WAIT TILL I'M ALONE WITH PAPER TO SAY

even when somebody asks me
what i think of some
poem i never told my

father love or the man
i live with or the
things i hate except in

a poem who'd feel turned
on when there's a smell
of shit and anger some

one talking baby talk
won't turn me i never
even told the man who

came to fix things that
his smoke stayed in
my hair and i couldn't

stand this is a poem to
the people who think
i've been direct with

them it's for the men
who thought my legs
opening said what i

wanted for one who
turned me from a comma
into a period coiled

tighter spending money
for revenge some poems
i wanted to hide even

before i knew they
were me the strange
love in them as

surprising strange as
his own leg to some
man watching his son

play football feeling
the smooth skin where
the hair was and it's

the first time he
thinks what this means

A WOMAN LIKE THAT

falls in love with
the names of things

gitanna vida
blue she

knows paper's
less than skin
and more than skin
but not what to
do about it

days like the paper
she carries around
inside her clothes
snow with no
marks on it

what she needs for
her life and work
are different
she believes

she rereads the
creeley postcard

poem but her
days don't fit

tho she writes
15 poems called

tuesday to hold
what's dissolving
like the dahlia

in a cube of glass
brown along the edges