

THE FIRE

burn 'em,
i said.

she had the past
trunks & boxes
of love letters to
everyone and
from everyone too,
photos of fucking
this one
& that one.

burn 'em,
i said.

i can't do that,
she said.

well, well,
i said
striking a match
lighting
a cigarette

well, well.

SHE CALLS ME WEIRD BUT

i once called her
the most beautiful woman
i almost ever saw
& she wants me
to write her a love poem

we were only together
three weeks before
she fucked somebody else
& she wants me
to write her a love poem

she writes me
notes about it everybody
else gets notes
too
& she wants me
to write her a love poem

she wants me
to write her a love poem
& i guess this is
about the best i can
do right now
& still she wants me
to write her a love poem

love poems
like the late worm usually
miss
the bird entirely