

GOD'S HOBBY

admittedly your
ankles are
the most

beautiful ankles
I've ever seen
or will ever

see
there's no
arguing this

automatically
this is written
in stone

and why not
admit this
it's obvious

your ankles
were god's
hobby

i can see
his fingerprints
all over them

ALWAYS

here is a poem
i wrote for you
last year and

which i never
got around to
giving you

i hope it still
has some life
left to it although

i don't see why
it shouldn't since
i try my best

to construct these
things with such
care that they

should last many years
without coming to
any reasonable ruin

just as a potter might
form a bowl
from clay or a

sculptor might chip
away at a hefty
block of marble

knowing their sweaty
toil will bring forth
objects possessing

the qualities necessary
to leap through
the ages

with a truth
otherwise
always known

THE SAME ORANGE

the same orange
has been on the
table for over

a week now
and every so often
i'll notice it there

and i am tempted
to eat it but
the idea of it

being gone for
some reason does
not sit with me too

well
so it continues to
remain there

day after day
as though it were
an ashtray

and naturally i
know that some
day soon this

orange is going to
start going bad
and it'll end up

simply being thrown
out and i'll never
know what it would've

been like to eat
and i'll have to
forgive myself this

FAITHFULLY

i was telling
z earlier on
the phone

that i always
drink on an empty
stomach and

that for me that
is the secret for
getting the most

out of drinking
that if you drink
while eating then

you just end up
drinking too much
for the day without

getting too much
out of it except
maybe some good

conversation
which of course
is fine

in itself
but i'm after
the poem

conversation
i can take
or leave

i drink only
for the poem
faithfully

I'M TELLING YOU

please let me get
up from this bed
i have an early

day tomorrow and
i must get home
to sleep

and stop trying to pin
me down i know just
how much stronger you

are than i am
and stop trying to put
my penis back in you

can't you see how limp
and exhausted it is
and it has been informed

of my need to rise at
dawn so it is just as
anxious as i am to be

out the door and down
the road so please
stop sitting on me with your

godforsaken heavy ass
which probably doesn't have to
get up until noon

THE SPIDER PLANT

the spider plant hanging
in the bedroom
window

has gone
out of its mind
having

grown excessively wild
reaching towards
the center of the room

and
filling the window
with baby spider plants