

Hazy Woman Walking

she is alone, hazy woman walking
on vast shores, green seas
and the shriek of gulls.
on boardwalks he sees her,
the girl from Ipanema and how
he wants her slim arms the long black hair.
in the song she does not know
how his eyes follow her across
white sand and humid air.
oblivion is a polite way of expressing
disinterest.
and oh her skin creeps loser.
the unwashed hair and the thick cologne:
no no these are not the reasons, her skin,
creeps are born of other things, the way she knows
his desperation on the dead fish air and his confidence as limp as.
late sunlight in her hair and she pretends his silhouette
prevents recognition and how she feels knowing no.
the girl goes walking ?and when she passes he goes
ahh?, ahh she is alone and sees him hopeful smile, turns away
and these are the moments the ego realizes.
the girl barefoot on the edge of tide sees that he wants her.
the man loving from the boardwalk realizes she will never
want him.
at night the black moon makes warm O?s on waves.
fireflies burn inland in the dark.

I Give To You

I give to you
the knees
the falling
the mouth.
 low backed hills with
 arched doorways.
 bell ropes tethered against
 rough wind.

I give to you
the eyes
the knees
the falling.
 water in havoc across the bathroom floor

among the cracks of Spanish tiles.
concussions hurt and you are far away
standing on the hill.

I give to you
the keening
the eyes
the knees.

ceiling Cistined with water marks and the glassless window
letting moths drown in the backed up sink.
one gets stuck, slides down the porcelain basin
and drops wet onto my skin, leaves a shimmering trail on my breast.

I give to you
the heart
the keening
the eyes.

the dead moth on the floor
me with my wrists
crossed above my head
in the heat of summer.