



VoiceCatcher Journal Poetry Reading

Ford Food & Drink

Friday, August 25, 2017

As Heavily as Ripe Pears

We kiss
and tumble into tangled sheets
unsure which tingling body
we inhabit—
I press against you
pull your naked ribs to me
dive into your mystery
gather the sudden curve of your body
closer
closer

Smooth as luscious olive oil
gliding down an arm,
aromatic as sun-hot herbs
dizzying the senses—
a wildflower filled
with uncommon sweetness
you are
you are

Singing, I chant you
Harping, I thrum you
Drumming, I sound you—
your body
my ecstatic song.

Come to me now.
Move through my rooms,
fill me with your kisses,
fall into me
silent as lush midnight,
heavily as ripe pears.

The Lexington Avenue Subway Says

I taste your sweat. Hear your moaning as I sway—
You are my song, my dirty dirty half-dead song
of guns and paper coffee cups leaving wet rings
on my waiting surfaces.

Enter me and I will hold you, shaking. I am
as breakable as my constant scream, relentless
as the corners I round, anticipating more.
This is a race. I am the runner always moving

toward an endless finish line. I'll eat you.
Drink you. Swallow you and later spit you out.
I see no way to exit our indifferent intersections,
the daily intervals of contact when we touch.

Your scrawled messages will solve that, perhaps,
a grimy haiku carved into my skin.

When We Swam Together

Once, we inhabited the sound of waves; our minds were bowls of pearls,
iridescent, overflowing. We spoke in parables of water, let the years' tides
sway us closer, then apart. And when our oceans overflowed,
we never swam to shore.

Will our heavy bodies float, or will you learn to swim your skeleton
through coral reefs? The water's weather moves from storm to calm.
Tell me—do you also face unruly seasons, toss and roll when undercurrents pull you into
a drowning sea?

There are no oyster knives upon the table, prying open what is closed;
no sea salt, to be rubbed in wounds. Far from the sea, I strain to hear the cries of gulls.
You may try swimming through the past, but I will be distracted, writing by an open
window, listening to the sound of rain on stones.

Burning Through Dreams

Curved around my dreaming
I dive deeper.
Cities shimmer, war-torn.
Your image morphs into a candle flame
wavering before me.
Streets curve and reform under strange skies.
Oceans surge and tower, falling.
Lifted by the night's tsunami,
I awake
with dreams lying tangled in my hair,
the taste
of the moon in my mouth.
Your memory
lies flashing
like animal eyes in the dark
clear
bright
burning.

Solicitation to an Absent Lover

Come now. Pull me into you as wind pulls
leaves into a vortex, spinning. My skin remembers

fingers trailing and the touch of someone's tongue.
If you push your breath across my wrists, I'll feel

your stories, your rekindled fire, your name. I will
reciprocate; I will allow your breathing message

to be borne to me the way a tiger carries cubs:
with fierce attention. Summer opens everything,

autumn rakes it all together. Will winter freeze
us into immobility? Are there still moments left

to finish songs still playing on my skin?
Sometimes there are voices clamoring

with such insistence that I cannot still myself.
Sometimes there is a silence so deep

that I arise, reborn. Will we ever come
to equilibrium? Will we ever ride a tempest

of our own creation? There could be a ritual,
there could be awe and worship. Listen, I know this—

Someone will bow down. Someone will kneel.
Someone will pick up the rhythm ... and sing.