

The Life of the Body

1.

An evening. A reading. It took me a while to leave the house I had to wait
for the house—sat cat to die in her secret life and come home (" ")

At the reading someone is reading
they are giving away headache wine imagery of garden—backs
and animal hands in the poetry quite a few
faces on fire in here or just the lips lipsticked

I go to dinner with a crush of stranger—professionals
I like them all too much and right away
we eat Masala til it makes our cells soft bright cheeks
bright purse of too much spent in laughing
give away the lips in their grease—gloss watch the teeth they bite
black pearls of want inside the body
rising now to the skin *I see you watching them, doctor*
Yes, to after I say in my head of heads

The new music is loud in an old way
What we have to say we say over it
we strain I buy him he buys me
he buys he he buys me we lose track
lets go home (" ") I say, but I stay under

I lose my nerve My boots are plastic
I dance in them but my hands, my arms
some kind of chipmunk–snake I had forgot
is free is *in* me

2.

I want us to keep talking someone had said You
should know who It was you on the phone
your voice a pair of scissors
that couldn't cut a straight line

Home was someone else's black and gold
for a bedspread this is where I slept awhile
thinking of anyone any one
might do instead of you
I tried on all the clothes that weren't mine
If they were black they let the cold in
at the spine If they were gold they never fit
they caught at the neck
goodbye is odd–sized and no
one came and let their fingers get caught
in my borrowed zip