

YE MIMI

2 Nights 9 Secrets—for Turning 29

The pace of her escape slackens as she continues to compose her
crummy poetry
drinking her scalding tea rebuffing tough subjects
eyes are post-it notes at times aglow at times ablack
at times they will withdraw like a flood
after all these years she still prefers the window-seat
in scenery there's sea there's snow there are people there are
timeworn streets
and gentle dromedaries on the wing

When dark clouds gather she describes herself like this:
Fun-loving with a big carbon footprint. The hotter it gets the greater
the stability. The colder it gets the more in bloom.
In any case she can become a lamp a tree
an oven or a crossword puzzle
no matter what it's simply a question of shape she said.

She experiences some intrinsic risk-taking
her heart often switches its power source
what is dreamt of exceeds what is seen and words, letters,
characters are music
mostly of course she hides inside the body of a child
and with a child's height takes the measure of the world

I Didn't Know You Didn't Know I Didn't Know: For "Sis"

Didn't know how far the spring of youth could go
but in the end up there among the clouds before they turn to rain
 or fish in the bounding main
that crow-wakeful night

we'd quite finished off the crème brûlée

it all began with the black orange
we were in a fog
his voice when he sings is very like a long fishing line
on which is hooked line and sinker a river that won't stop reeling
we revolve
in the swirling whirlpool

when the seasonal nor'easters begin to boil and rage
the time is ripe to trim back the portobello
pop them in a circular pot burbling with smiles

this is our fall and winter commemorative signature
you said

the train sidles into the station at the stroke of noon like a tidy
 row of bento
you toss off your mackintosh and fly, fly away
calling to mind a practical exercise slanting rhymes:

bite off the break
skirt the precipitous brink

the ghosts in the first-level basement
await
the coming of the man from Mars

you open up your backpack then
knock back a bottle of Español
for that next tastefully unfamiliar excursion