It Could Be Anything You Want Me To Be

I am king-sized—I embody dis- and quietudes

Chained to bed in a town of cloned Don Juans

This marriage is fraudulent

So not romantico-

It's like I'm living on an asphalt island where poems become wedding envelopes containing limited time offers

My capacity for mendacity makes me frightened for the world

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:Ci:nching les ordures
Beneath the late December stars
We ponder Mooky's loss
Scent of litter spattered through the fog.
What demon took hold
When she abandoned her spoon of Gerber
To lick le trophy of Golden Whisker?
Tonight, beside the glossy moonlit gleam
Of relinquished Cat Fancys,
Mooky longs to conquer verdant virile kingdoms,
Combing the planets for a noble highbred groom
For a nibble of the gold, the crown,
: :: :: ::: :::: :::: ::::
:: R:ecognizing chartreuse,
    a slow death of lawn, is like detecting
        the whiskers of your child in the actor
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who sinks to deviant eye-stabbing. I said,

Sweet little dumpling, were the meals

of golden leaf not gold enough?

Amidst the blades I stood, a fresh baby abandoned beneath a fast food bag like Moses cloaked in grass.

I will not crumble over failed

ChemLawn. I did not pray for superhumanity, but sets of talons sprouted from my hands in a taxi east of Johannesburg.

The mine surrounded me like a well-fed throat, glistened with nourishing mucosity.

Across the Atlantic, I felt the ravenous lawn

atrophy into a bright shade of canary.

Foam trickled from my lips as I gashed free the gold to glut my child of turf.

The earth began to hemorrhage diamonds, and a majestic sense of ecstasy paraded through my thalamus.

It could have been a sparkle

or my cyanide atomizer liberating gold from an impure state, but there was a brief moment of love, floating fish paved the river

a loaf of gold for baby bermuda: : ::: :: ::: ::: ::: ::: ::: ::: :::
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:::: Love—but it's raw—past the pyramid of exotic camel boots; the fiberglass crotch—
hairless for display. Pedestrians, en route, versed in Nefertiti-my passion fathers hysteria.

A window—undressed because it's sex—through which I don her headdress (mesh the glow with sequin pantaloons). The sequins not hairless because I'm male and non-Egyptian.

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de la Renta (to the left), Karl Lagerfeld (to the right),
beheld from a nosebleed opera box, mid-March, delivering their keynotes
of Anti-anti-fur from a leather tête-à-tête.
So they really look like Muppets?
The ones with all the fur?
If you look into their brains, we view their Postlude Alla Oprah—
goodies of chinchilla await beneath the seats—
but presently not freebies, no—not yet what drapes
against the torso to mellow like
hot cocoa nursed from baby bottle teats.
Karl's thinking Fur is the phoniest. I've lined my heart in fur.
Now my plastic sincerity is intuitive.
What they really want to say is that this is a summons,
a rapturous moment in fur,
which is why they part the curtains of fur,
which is why they stock the pool with mink
(no sinky when you drinky
in lairs of silver fox).
Say you join them, there, amongst the
ripples of buttery deadness.
What freebies shall descend like allowance from your mom?
Tiara, fur, Swarovski waterfall, _____, ____,
                                    _____dearest Friend,
when you look beneath your seat, what
25.5 : 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 3 ::: 
: :¿¿¿:: :: :::: ? ? ? ? :::: ? :::? : ? ? : You've :: got :: questions?:
::::::
:::The
answer's in the mangrove—camo chest of jewels and grenades parading pearls.
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"hot plume of pink"

You screen flamingo warriors . . . handsome?, spunky?, heartening? . . . until you've hatched a worthy flamboyance.

You be spangle the yearbooks of history. Forsaken state parks possess your fabled name.

Virtual freedom skedaddles from their tizzied bills.

If ancient Romans attempt to gorge on warrior tongues, you'd parrot Jesus, shish-kabob yourself.

4/22/19??; Sylvester, Georgia: The little bitch chucked Pinky in the fire. The house smells like burning plastic and arsoned sanctuaries. What's a sanctuary? My flamingo army's ruined.
Punishment will be cutting out her tongue. It's okay. I will scream for her when Pinky seeks
revenge beyond the grave, standing on one leg, helmet on his head, wearing a dress drenched
:: in pearls: : and: ga:s:oline, :: ::a: : ::: ::slinky: :: :: :dress: : :: :aflame::: : :: :: :: : : : : : : :
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Week of September 13, 2009
Courtesy of Nielsen BookScan and the Poetry Foundation
#1: In Search of Small Gods by Jim Harrison (last week 6)
#2: The Shadow of Sirius (paperback) by W.S. Merwin (last week 1)
#3: A Village Life by Louise Glück (last week 2)
#4: Evidence by Mary Oliver (last week 3)
#5: Red Bird (paperback) by Mary Oliver (last week 5)
#6: Wheeling Motel by Franz Wright ()
#7: Why I Wake Early by Mary Oliver (last week 11)
#8: Thirst (paperback) by Mary Oliver (last week 7)
#9: New and Selected Poems: Volume Two (paperback) by Mary Oliver (last week 8)
#10: Slamming Open the Door by Kathleen Sheeder Bonanno (last week 4)
#11: The Pleasures of the Damned: Poems, 1951-1993 (paperback) by Charles Bukowski
(last week 9)

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#12: Endpoint and Other Poems by John Updike (last week 14)
#13: Praise Song for the Day: A Poem for Barack Obama's Presidential Inauguration by
   Elizabeth Alexander (--)
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Whatevers . . .
Sorrys to sever the cheap climax
Nothing gold can tickle
Silver tongues are trimming me in goo
Tempered my spit to a plush of pillowed spite
May exquisite gowns of language imprison you
Go now—gently
Pose beside the white chickens, pistol to my veil
Fur-hearted men will broadcast the demise
Oh little Krewer I love you get up
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