

## LOVERS FIZZ

Remind me of Spain.  
Let the propane  
light from the barbecue  
glow the back of your hair into  
silhouette.

Set.

Put bicycle grease on your bedsprings.  
Let no one hear your love.  
Subtle your lust. Lash it to your spine and walk funny.  
Stand in front of the mirror with a camera  
waiting for the love of your life to show up.  
Drive to me.  
Scuttle your plans.  
Drive with the radio off.  
Drive like a Trucker that's been face-punched.  
Peel your car out and shoot gravel back into the sky.

Don't be Amsterdam, be Holland.  
I've never been to Spain. I'm asking you to remind me of it.  
Don't just be tits, be all the tits, be wanted.  
Don't puss out on love.  
Put some ice cream in the *dead man's float*.  
You're either someone's dinner or you're someone's genius,  
either way doesn't matter as long as you're zizzing delicious.  
Allow me to be an ocean, allow me to freeze.  
I'm saying I can hold you up,  
even the waves retreat to make room for new ones.  
I need you to forget all endings that demand paradise.  
Your terror moves me. Your failures have whittled you fine.  
Scream into the road map until your lungs are transmission hot:

Dear Lord, is that all you got?

Some giant in the sky pushes  
the head of night down  
into the sea  
and a crown of stars bubbles  
on up. Fizzle that way.

## RINGLETS

Young prom ladies in loud dresses and ringlets  
mingle outside the restaurant in oversized  
men's suit jackets, their dates, smile-smoking,

shivering, pretending not to shiver. The thing  
you said was dead is not dead. No virgin deserves  
a cigarette. We should head to the emergency room

and just pop our heads in and say hello. Tell them we  
are alright so they don't think we only visit when  
things are bad. We are breathing without tubes today.

They don't make pills yet for this feeling. It's like finding fruit  
in the snow. I want to call down cocktails and black tire  
jacks from the heavens. I want to break into something.

That kind of good. Your eyes are the kind we have all been waiting for.  
When I hear a single note sustain in a room  
with bad lighting, I think of us.

Both of our bodies,  
shivering.

## OUR LONG LOW NIGHTS

1.  
Sometimes when a jazz cymbal  
is played with a brush—  
a steady soft roll—  
I hear those rainy streets,  
the cars I shoved you against,  
kissing you into place.

I can hear *them* coming for us,  
rolling across the wet asphalt.  
Our shirts as skin, soaked tight.  
We both hate poems that mention jazz,  
which is okay, because jazz hates us.  
We kiss like jazz hates us.

2.  
You're not scared of living,  
you're not scared of love,  
you're not scared of money, sex or the truth,  
but there's never enough.

3.  
You said life is as short and confusing as a small, angry dog.  
It can tell when you're afraid of it. If you open your hand towards it  
and it snaps for blood  
it is correct to punch it hard in the neck.

4.  
Walk to the grocery store and play "Find the worst shampoo smell."  
"Find the least sexiest peanut butter."  
"Find the in store announcement microphone  
and see who can quote hip-hop lyrics the longest  
using manager voice."

Buy a month's worth of paper plates.  
Try to not let grief be as easy as pajamas all day.

5.

In the cupboard I find corn silk powder.

When I am bored, I sprinkle some out on the floor and Bing Crosby  
in my socks.

It makes me miss the skin on the insides of your legs.

6.

You found a sledgehammer in the garage.

Someone with a sledgehammer loves me.

I rejoiced like Berlin.

We invented a game called Find Two Things to Smash.

We played it every night. Whoever found the most "*I should've  
smashed that a long time ago*" thing,

doesn't have to clean up. You want me to write you a book of these sounds.  
Here.

7.

The kind of love that matters is

walking into the China shop with a 2x4 and waiting for the nervous  
clerk to say, "...can I help you?"

Then saying, "No, but I can help you."

8.

When your chest is heavy and full of colorful medals from the day,  
I'll have beers and bath waiting.

If we don't have a bath, I'll find our biggest bowl.

9.

A horsewhip snaps—the sound barrier is broken. Even the laws of  
nature, even us.

10.

The poetry class taught me to start strong, end strong.

I am supposed to write down the greatest thing about you,  
that I could imagine about you.

We ordered pizza.

We told our friends we couldn't meet up.

There were cherries and bourbon sauce in the fridge.

You dragged our mattress into the living room.

Turned out all the lights.  
Watched an actor try too hard.  
The phone didn't ring.  
The commercials were funny.  
I ran my fingernails down your arm.  
We forgot napkins.

Studied the way windows make you look at them  
instead of out them  
when rain gives in.

Nothing was on.  
Nothing is on.