

Poem

Is your coat a home or an envelope?
Do its chests and drawers contain phones
and cups that keep you warm on midnight's watch?
Or did you put it on with girlish artlessness,
pulling up your socks tight in the rain?

How to build a home

First you get not one woman but all
and you plant them --
this is a hope which grows
into walls which peel into rooms
when you put your ear
to hear the traffic of red and white cells
of the arms that still surround
the ghost of a hope of a house is falling

Nanotechnology

The problem in getting laid
with so much emergent nanotechnology lying about
is in aberrant behavior --
all the twists, whisps, zings and huddles
that you're really not that used to
but feel compelled to go through
because they're just so small
squeezing between synapses
so that if you tried digging them out one by one
you'd be twisting and zinging
picking through your hair
like a disobedient monkey
confined to isolation
enacting group-level behavior
on a family of one

Ski Emergency

There was this guy on a chairlift that stopped
that got so scared when they brought
that tall chair-on-a-stick thing to get him down
that he started wriggling himself out of his skibibs
which is really not what you're supposed to do
because then it takes all of the strength of all
the volunteers amassed around the chairstick
to lower you to the ground before
you can shake yourself free and fall

Pulpit

A pulpit, a coach, a hammock, a hearse
all snug folds from which to observe
a woman pulling her hair up in a bun
imperfectly not quite ready to join you