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Postcard from My Unconscious to Yours

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POSTCARD FROM MY UNCONSCIOUS TO YOURS

I don't want to be your dolphin anymore,
one eye always on your swatting, crushing dreams,
your mad tabulations, quasi-battles with giant
or wine sac, your measured catapults
from one comatose mishap to the next.
I thought you were just coming over to kill my cockroaches.
I never thought you'd banish caffeine or drop your pants
in tiny melees all over my apartment. And each night
tossing ourselves onto the pallet where my inner fable
calls out to your inner fable—I am sick
of the saccharine transistors in our chests,
their murderous broadcasts. I want to sleep
with both my hemispheres and I want to stand by
my brilliant underestimation of the weight of nakedness
and the roof of your love in my fist.