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## While Packing Up the Kitchen, I Proposition a Poet from Oklahoma

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**WHILE PACKING UP THE KITCHEN,  
I PROPOSITION A POET FROM OKLAHOMA**

Matthew Rohrer,

I've cut the photograph from the back of your book and stuck it  
to the refrigerator

while I trash everything but the tea and the salt and the rum.

I wanted you to see me scrub the two heaviest years from the floor  
but you only pale against the plastic.

You've a crenellated basin behind your eyes.

You look as if you've discovered something spectacularly concave.

I'd like to visit you somewhere spectacularly concave.

I understand if you don't like me back, or if you're busy pressing  
your face to brick in Brooklyn.

I know subway tunnels are replete with regret, and I don't  
pretend otherwise.

From the top of my block, New Jersey is the orangest thing  
that's ever happened,

and everyone cries over spilled gin.

Matthew Rohrer, I don't care about your fucking magazine or the  
integrity of your couplets.

Your recipes do not astound me.

I'm not interested in suspension, only atrocities and the western states.

I believe your face is ascending atmospheres against my fridge.

They say New York is the loneliest city in the world.

I'm telling you New York is the loneliest city in the world.

I don't mean to put you on the spot but I have to leave here  
tomorrow.

I'm out of tape.

I don't care what you crave.

We are leaving. Bring boxes.