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Love Letter 26

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LOVE LETTER 26

You're Words I Can't Pronounce

The saliva inside a dog's mouth,
the clear edge of a scream, mountains of hay,
a lizard's breath as I step over it, the monsters in wood grain,
where the horizon bends, an ocean bottom so deep
it would crush us, crickets bowing alien heads
to a nonfigure, non-outlined,
but there in the dark with hands. When I woke
I was face first on the roof and everywhere
dogs were dancing in rain-glass oblivion.
If the cloud palace should receive me, I would not cry *water!*
but play my intestines like a lyre.

Next door, in his armchair, doom is watching
an old movie about policemen dressed as prostitutes.
Your head is made of thrones. Was it you all along
filling the doorway, the door left ajar? Man with nightskin
and pointed hat, man smooth as the bedroom wall.
Flatbacked, my ears filled with snow, what can be seen
is birds in the periphery sticking out the cold.
Do you think God will dangle me by the scruff like a mother lion
or hang me out a window like a gangster? I catch fire
like a magnified ant. Will you want me when I'm armless,
legless, a sign around my neck: *May I bite your sandwich?*

Stamen. Dandelion milk. Your mouth tastes of snow plants
in Gwinn, MI, where women kiss each other
hello on the mouth, and the men are quiet, quiet—
a green flame licks the cave wall of their bellies,
green as the paint you formed me with when I came alive
and congealed under your fingernails.

You are air in bird bones, the force that pops open the seed
and springing hands. You are the wonder of a bear
that doesn't kill you, or two dolphins that appear
at first as sharks. Stay where you are, bobcat on the picnic table.
This tent is for fucking only. This flesh is ours.