Love Song

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LOVE SONG

after Anne Sexton

Man of the bottle rockets,
empty of Datsun carburetors and synapses,
a man from mortgage payments,
burnished doorknobs and denigrated societies
who ignored hearing—
Doubt! Doubt!
You will always! Always!

The one,
his feet out before his height,
overgrown slap-stick comic feet,
a slight indent beneath the sternum of his ribcage
the size of a thumbprint, or
a chin dimple,
which soothes as a dream catcher,
clavicles prominent as shelves,
his slight chin and his slight frown
with sharp gray barnacles against his skin,
the skin which continues burning
against a horrible shed of heart . . .

the one running in circles,
as old as moss,
both eyes like cuts of bark
among forests and forests,
tense and vulnerable as fish
which swim upstream
or a virgin under sheets
with a lover,
everything as unnerving
as the second before the train wreck—
against everyone, everyone, even you!
Everyone, even you!
Hallelujah! Here are his options:
these suicides,
these desktops,
these subways,
these daytimes of wonder.