

SLEEPING WITH JANE

Last night I thought of you
while Jane slow-worked her tongue
and fingers, slow within
me an electric kistka dripping
beeswax in diamonds and spirals
on a goose egg shell.
Which isn't the same
as the way you work me
into a never-ending tocsin—
a layered alarm
sounding bomb after bomb—

Maybe I should stop
comparing lovers.

But aren't whole worlds
brought into being
by association? And separation.
As if everyone could be
Frank O'Hara. As if Boston
and San Francisco aren't two
tremendous thighs because
Harrisburg and Fresno both lack.
Waves. Bays. Paintings
by Richter and Sargent and Neel.
San Francisco is warmer,
so I live in the Mission
knowing I'd live in Pacific Heights
if I had the money.

Now Jane snores as I act
on my body alone, pressing
all that black riotous sleep
into the quiet form of daylight—
a wave on a wave—
I've collected you both. So
when Jane wakes, I kiss her
and think of you, knowing
if I were in Boston
I'd kiss you and think of her.

FIRST WINTER IN BOSTON

Dear husband,

Watching you in the dressing room mirror, face
framed by a knit cap, layering unlayering
breathable fleece and long underwear
made me think
of the first time we had sex

and of afterward:
alone in your bathroom, watching the semen
dribble from my body into the toilet
and there in the water I saw something
real and tangible

something to make me believe in god,
the whole holy horde—paladins, virgins, and angels—
coming together easily
a miracle. This memory

then of watching you armor up in earnest
is also a memory of wanting nothing but the ache,
the wind, the lack of feeling in our toes and fingers,

and your face, always wanting your face:
a demonstration of the absolute, a blue bird in Bora Bora
protecting our bodies from the elements,
swallowing the winter whole

until we weren't.

SEASTEADING: THE FINAL FRONTIER

Her lips move
and we know what she is saying

the woman in the hot pink

skirt suit, her new blonde hair
hired to boost

the seasteading movement:

“Floating cities are the next frontier,”

she says and senses the host
of this cable news show about to interrupt,
about to say something

intended to highlight her gender,
so she rushes the next line:

“All the surface area on this planet is occupied.”

She is good

at her job so his smug jowls rest
while she speaks
about the need for space, more space

to experiment
with new ways of living.

But then the host reaches
 across the table, grabs
squeezes her hand in one oil slick gesture

*Tell me dear,
who is allowed to live on this floating city?*

her lipstick flakes as the camera
 zooms in on her face

and we can tell it wasn't the pale hand
of the host, but his question

 that woke in her eyes
an animal kingdom of jealousy

as she fears both her own exclusion

and the inclusion of all

others

in parachutes descending
upon the high seas.