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.
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.
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.