

TO SPOON WITH YOU

To spoon or be spooned?

Two bodies side to side.

To curl or be curled into?

The heat of a hand on your chest or waist.

Each night finding reason to trace

the other's nearest rhythms:

scalpscent of dandruff Vatika

sudden as an involuntary jerk, a ripple in
the tether of unknowable dreams.

Across New York, our borrowed city,

helicopters occupy the stars. Floodlights
scavenge for keffiyehs, tents cobbled

overcrowded avenues. To tend,

this late hour, you

so-finished, drooling the pillowcase

or release & turn

attendant to my own numbed strain?

Across our nonresident state,
 teams of armored officers slice
same-day shipments: heavy-duty zip ties.

Our nonimmigrant states, a sea
 of double-locking
 self-locking parentheses

& here, now, by luck?
 Silence of near sleep.

Above us, the landlord's flushed toilet
 throats farts, spent tissues
 through the off-white walls

to a lightless city
 beneath the city.

Sudden rattling, deli?
 A sleepless blue train tunneling
 to Jamaica Beach—so many far-brought dins.

Pinching my eyes shut, the refrigerant's
 in-heat thrum surges
bruised kiwi, flakes of coconut,

cardamom swamped in syrup. Drones
past the suctionhold to
reverberate this triple-locked rent.

At the shoe-stop, the flag we bannered:
bright red
bridging the green of land to black.

Between them
(& everywhere it seems)
an emphatic white space.

Across Kenya, our still-taken country,
state abductions are flourishing.
Daily. Protesters fished

from roads. A Butcher
jets to DC, smiles to the Oval,
arm stretched for more arms.

To fuck or be fucked?

Across America, state abductions
are flourishing.
A cargo plane fuels to charge

from one tip of the continent
to a heavier fortress
before a gavel bangs—

Across a divided atlas, “Send *them* home”
wings empires. Across
Palestine, Ukraine, Sudan,

Myanmar, Syria, Haiti,
South China Sea, Baltic Sea, the Atlantic
are sleepers haunting banners of history—

On the other end of the phone,
we turn our faces, unwilling to talk,
some fresh quarrel. You or I

stretch a hand for peace but
stone-hearted armaments ensue.

The winter sun falls
to its knees. We lose & gain
hours.

What pleasures hold
our charged & fluent proximities?

Resident or *alien*,
our colluding teeth,
colliding tongues, the sour oven
of morning
breath, I cross halved oceans
& borrowed cities
to close our flesh to one.
To spoon with or fuck with—what is the difference?
Aperture. The part
of lips. Scent of wet clay a borrowed tongue
strawing
pent-up gasps
or quiet
as night is long,
you or I flesh
the distance to daycome.