

TEACHING SPEECH

December

Saying yes to no and yes to yes to
the baby boy so many times a day
it's like a people's protest chant gone non-
electric harboring a claim belonged
to everyone who cares, we care, we crawl
outside and spy more life to point and yes
at with a name. What do you call the fence
around a tree? Who is the life you seek
when indexing the noon moon's matte navel,
gray and nervous, and tell her wait for night?
To mother is a power ever to be
repeating, peat-cut to provide a weight
of burnable goods by cons replaced,
a turf, a moniker, another yes.

FILM MAUDIT

October

When the baby is asleep I leave
Home a few seconds take
The dog and pace the edifice.

Her burning gold ellipses excuse mine
All over the plants. You at the movies watch

A city, a season, a shadow hand
Its keys to anyone who wants to live
With a picture: *Here, would you like*

To join us in Paris?
To enter unannounced? You are our boyfriend
Now. We love you—we the lead

And all the extras. Life is very bright
Screened before you. An x-ray all bone
Unbroken, airless, splitless, a Shirley

Temple umbrella bigger, more important than
Drink itself, which is sweet and in this schema
Cups life's fundament, the molecules we call

Wet when polar charge holds them just
A little, not too much, a cuddle with a cutoff
Granting spillage and expanse. The rustle—

Pacified phone somewhere, beer clicking inside
Purse a row behind you—is the music
Of the dangle of those keys to life afloat

Above your grasp. Their brass teeth form
The plumage flashed in that long mating

Dance with doors. The two kinds
Of movies and marriage are hinges
And hasps. And you are in a double

Feature—your neighbor shakes
A popcorn bag, Anna Karina tosses
Her hair, everything twinkling and rattling

Those exit keys again. . . . You could have closed
Your palm around their cool. Unlocked
A celluloid self gullivered with just

Your face, but out of this world's zip
Ties and stake-downs, the cobwebby ropelets,

Any one trivial—but so many! and together salient
As picnic ants—this other you now sails
On swift to his next world and time.

The two kinds of movies and marriages are:
The outbound and the inbound—

Whether, steering ship,
On your right is starboard or
The port—the hero coming home, convening—

Whether there is a port to speak of.
My kind of line is to be sequined
Here, a simple stitch, lilliputian

But cumulative, a mermaid mail
That makes all the little saucers shine
Just by holding on to some kind

Of backcloth while the torso
Moves in the light. Sequins: that's my kind
Of motion: fixed and also beam-shook,

Tilt-mad, tailored on the bias, and photographs
Well. Here I stay, but feral yet. Anchored
But crazed, tied at the mast without my cotton.

Your kind might be something more
Shorn, less shine, more free.
Not that you would do anything

But stay. This marks the difference, though—
Your good will and its long and notional leash—
My needle through the eye

Of the sequin of me. My shining
With adherence. There are how many
Kinds of necessity, and how do we know

We attach to what we love exactly right?
Dog and I are done with burning out
A track for ourselves between the trees

And further go into the nylon-dark block
Feeling it pill where overtouched.
We'll go back to the baby in a moment in

His crib in the tightest tailoring
He will ever know, smother proof, the low
Couture of need sewn onto need—

But it looks good in the projector
Room I carry in a velvet
Jewelbox in my skull.

It looks like we are all safe and here, breathing.
Here on the block it's the live world still.
A man rolls by with a red wire cart

Full of cans to loosen the deposits from
The state into his palm. The night's
A good time to collect. A nickel apiece.

A stepped-on one's a ringer
For a shining cervix,
Its tabbed mouth leaking

Tart sugar water or grain
Gone off. Or saucer of a lens cap,
Keeping looking safe, keeping the moving

Picture-maker uncracked even
In the listing roll of every shot scene of
Every voyage out and back.