

Blue Blue, text: Blue 1998, 2003

I DO NOT HEAR
YOUR HAND
ON THE LATCH.
I WAKE TO
YOU IN MY BED
YOUR BACK AGAINST
THE WALL.
YOU ARE
MY RIB
HEADBOARD.

I KNOW YOUR SMELL.
THERE IS NO
WORK FOR MY EYES.

HALF AWARE
I FEEL
YOUR HAND MOVE
AND THE PAIN
IS YOUR SIGNATURE
AND THE START.

WE ARE NO FIT.
MY MOUTH
PROVIDES COMFORT
FOR US
BUT THE MILK
IS NO MILK
THE NIPPLE NO BREAST
THE BREASTS NOT MINE.
MY PUZZLE STILL
I AM AN INFANT
AND YOU ARE NOT
MY MOTHER.

I ASK THE
RUG ON THE STAIR
INTRICATE PATTERN
HOLD THE SOUND.
THERE IS BLOOD
AND MORE BLOOD.
THERE IS SHIT

IN THE BLOOD.
THIS IS NOT
FEEDING TIME.

I FIND MY SKIN
A COVER OF SENSE
THE ORDAINED EDGE
BUT MY SKIN FAILS.

I GAPE
FULL OF YOU
NOT TAKEN ELSEWHERE.

YOU LOCK AND
CONVULSE THEN
EASE NEAR ME.
I NEVER QUIET
I AM AROUSED
ALL THE TIME NOW.

I WORK THE
PAUSE IN THE NIGHT
WHEN NO
WOMEN GO ABOUT
AND NO
WOMEN COME
WHEN CALLED.

I EXALT IN MY
SKILL IN THE SHADE
EYELESS BABY TRICKS
TONGUE CURLED
AROUND
ALL SWEET BREATH
AND I
SHOW YOU THIS NOW
AND KEEP IT
FOR LATER.

MY ROOM
HAS FOUR DOORS
NOT ALL CLOSED.
THE ROOM HAS
THREE WINDOWS
SHUT AND
A BLIND CLOSET.

HERE IS RUSTY WATER
TO CLEAN ME
WELL ENOUGH
TO GIVE BACK
TO PEOPLE.

I AM
WHERE BONES FALL
AFTER EATING.

BEFORE YOU DIE
I SEE YOUR BODY
ON A BED
IN THE LIGHT.
YOUR SHIRT IS OPEN
A SUITOR'S BOAST
YOUR CHEST
ADMITTING DEVOTION.
I HAD NOT
EXPECTED
A CLAIM FROM
A DYING MAN.

YOU SURPRISE ME
DEAD
BEFORE I AM.

WHEN YOU COME
ALONG BY NIGHT
TO WATCH
MY OWN GIRL
I LOVE HER MORE
AND SEND YOU HOME.