

Unrequited Paper Romance

As I recall the blue smoke rings and gunfire lipstick
smears blown in my face (ah!) to be set upon her
paisley pillows with a gleaming smile in sheer nylon hose
spraying a fire inside of me nothing else removed
but her--primping--getting ready for work--a rockwood blende

bomb among all those cold dishes and pans she left clam-shelled on the beach
and piling high inside the sink; congealed tempura and sushi stain
suggestions of how fast her hot and cold water mind turns tributary

once she feels--trapped--

flowing away visitations

No doubt feeling behind, my held desires, I should remember
ever write with the open heart of a shower curtain poet
while still living inside the mind of a convict
just surviving my time...

unreturned

Those letters, a frenzied grasp at hopeful thoughts waiting:
not worth the postage
not worth two noodle soups
not worth even a lousy bar of state soap!
When they holler inside this box that the water's going off!
just before the fold's dropped

lick'd and dried

If it weren't for now entering the world of true colors
were no thing but coins on my eyes--to you--dear Mistress,
just the same as all those empty pens thrown at the trash
with time gone stale inside, where wooden fences hide;
so many denials before your eyes, is to block a view
so mundane as

their cars glistening in the parking lot.