

JOAN SIMON JONES

Ten Ways To Be A Muse

1. Amuse.
2. Rub your cheek over my entire face
while toying with my earring.
3. Talk about my favorite birds and beauties and beasts:
sandpipers, Jeanne Moreau, porpoises, and cypress trees.
4. Tell me you like moussaka, avocado, mango,
quiche, white rum, and black olives.
5. Make the shower hot, the coffee black and bitter,
the pasta al dente.
6. Be honest about your favorite colors: green,
purple, blue, and orange.
7. Show me that the sun on snow knocks you out.
8. Give me only silver jewelry . . . and mostly rings.
9. Go through sea-changes quietly, like a man who has lived
on fish and sand clams.
10. Say this poem is made of love,
before you do the nine above.

The Flats

In the flats of this city you raise bunkers and girders in
my uneven soul. Your hand terraces my collar bone
and plants a groundcover which will root an ivy carpet
and provide a texture that is pleasing around the faces of rocks,
and it cultivates my breasts so they stand as Russian olive trees
and mark the places of attentiveness. Your belly pounds
on mine as if it thought of acreage replete with wet lichen
and moss and streams—furrows and dales which draw you in
and keep you tight in spasm and meander.
Your country travel and city walks begin to correlate with mine.
You eat what I eat. You sleep like lengths.
Museum visits make Picasso etch my face. Rodin informs your arms.
Your legs come up against my haunches, and jets roar to target,
and boats pull out with tugs and the gripping mechanics
of effective moves. You are my smooth and growing love
whose blousy hair means feathers on my legs.
Who has come further than I would guess.
Who offers me a new and yeasty rise.