

Never Like The Movies

It's never like the movies.
The corner of your lip never
sneers deliciously upward.
Your hair never
reaches down far enough in the back
for lust.
At no time do your eyes reflect the scene in front:
me slipping off a careless strap
and dropping
a stocking.

Unnerved

You are not the one I knew.
Whom I used to look at and eat with greedy eyes.
Your cloistered, warm, and necessary time with her has caused
bulging, throbbing, and burning in my head
like the dead pressed flowers of old love
in my thick, unwieldy *Book of Birds*.
It has churned five grievings out of my belly
so that my throat grows thick with the patterns of loss.
It has made me untrue to my habits
like cherry blossoms browned by a front of true cold.
It has been more than I bargained you for.
I have given my strong self to the numb needings and wantings of moments
and taken in strange soils like a nerveless, spiraling earthworm
to make something my own.
To spit out a new, more fertile dirt.
To find reciprocity and likeness.
To drive out a too precious hurt.