

contractually obligatory marriage poem #3

being married to someone six months pregnant
is all about getting thrown out of the bathroom,
but I mean that in a “good” way
like saying the exorcist is banging on the door
could be a good thing
if you think about it.... (*Really*)
but then I think, “What a load of crap!”
(though maybe “crap” isn’t the *best* word, now....)
and then I think Kimiko Hahn is as political
as Ferlinghetti or Snyder,
her politics of the bodies of
transgressed women and children,
and what’s politics if not about bodies
whose voices are over- or under-
amplified with (or without) respect
to their, uhm, shit?
So I’m calling this a political poem.

nostalgia for dereliction

maybe I missed my calling to be a derelict,
a painter instead of a poet
here in this clean bright office,
like now I could be dumpster-diving in Berlin
scrounging for Mc D’s
or fat brown bottles of leftover lager
or butts, I could play blackjack for hours,
I could make paint from flowers
discarded as trash downtown
where a date was broken,
but the petals would be intact,
the pigments of every hue,
and I’d be allowed (even expected!)
to be crazed, wear grungies,
and I wouldn’t have to be art-
iculate all day....
I could lose my keys and have no phone.