FOR IT’S LOVE
love poems

1. for it’s love

for it’s love owns the body
makes it bend like a tree
in the wind all one way

for it’s love owns the heart
makes it drown in the flood
in the wild tide of love

for it’s love owns the head
eyes look where they will
there are no thoughts but love

the day going on forever
all parts caught by love
nowhere to turn but love
2. remembrance of love

remembrance of love
the internal collapse as you
walked in the door in any
room at all    in church
the icon my eyes
prayed to    oh then
heart full    heart sick
there outside my self
my self was standing

a sweater of let us say pink
where breasts like birds
in nests entered my nervous
system and I was a goner

half in love with loss
music in the veins

feet a life of their own
it was nina simone
oh flo flo flo me la and on
the move till dawn
the partner at arm's length
or close enough to trade
body parts all the way down
the mind on half pay
waiting for nina to say
it was time to flo me la
in our juice-laden bodies

and who among us in the tall café
has swallowed a ghost today
4. the nameless heart
the nameless heart
named heart drowns under
the flood and reaches for dry
land receding faster than grasp
the heart in deep water
pumping for all it’s worth
its aorta and its long
tentacles like a winter
elm tree is desperate
for the sign
for the saving grace
for the word from you oh lady
day to save this nameless
heart of mine
love can be
so muted a solo
so sweet a duet
daily the jazz trio
in the late-night lounge
the talking going on
at the low tables
round as wafers
at odd times the bar
gone quiet the piano
so fluent in the night
or driving for miles
on the ease of the wide
four-lane highway joining
the rv park on full hookup
for the night
in the mall the family of man
has gone forth and multiplied
and the cars of the family of man
have gone forth and multiplied
busy days in the
fabricated world

enough of waiting, yes,
the buying, selling, the walking
and waiting, cars in their carspots,
the endless lines of desires,
the feet dying, the sulking,
the slow fire of anger,
trying to stay sane,
the sun on high and where
is a stranger to start
the whole stupid bloody thing
all over again
body poems II, the black poet

1. narcissus

translation is hard
walking is easy

love is a long line
and kissing is shorthand

it's a sweet thing to say
I wrote poetry in Spain
I wish I could say that

black is the colour
of my true love’s heart

in the magic room
we slept well
you went bloody wild,
Narcissus,
bloody wild,
you said
proud as hell
2. kill speak

kill speak, she said,
kill speak and take me to bed
oh I’m too timid, I said,
too timid to take you to bed

life, she said, is so bloody bad
I had a devil for a dad
I’m too timid I said,
too timid to take you to bed

I’ve a body a devil can love
a body ripe for that guy up above
I’ve a mind that believes in God
and a body that tries to be good

I’ve two breasts and a hungry cunt
come aboard and join in the hunt
sweet Lord protect me I ask you please
sweet Lord before I fall to my knees

kill speak me baby, she said,
kill speak and take me to bed
I never learned kill speak, he said,
shall I kill self to enter your bed?

yes, she said, yes
well, he said, hmm
love is the knife
that cuts to the bone
oh a fine knife
an old lacerator
plunged into ugly love,
she said, as if saying it
made it more
4. fantasies

c. fantasies
gorge themselves on the barren
bed — fantasy populates
every which way
while plain day is a
windy blue
the first red finger of tulip
in the smelly mulch reborning
in the wrinkled leaves
first splash
5. the ease of wit

remember the days
of the ease of wit
the flowing in and out
focus the faux pas,
surface in lieu
of the dead serious,
the art of the interrupt
death to tirade but
all honour to the solo
as for love give cole
porter the last aperçu