HIGH PRESSURE

I think I live deep in the ocean Powerless to be a sunflower daily facing dawn Whatever I plant down here comes to nothing Are the water's white teeth barred against me?

The quick cold currents want to leave me to their torment The darkness is like darkness lodged in an inkbottle Without the strength to climb onto paper, to leap into the truth

If I got any prouder, I'd be the stingray floating its vain cloud The ocean, too, has gotten polluted—everywhere, these gorgeous, toxic blooms I scrub and scrub but my body still swarms with those parasites, 'right' and 'wrong'

Maybe all I can do is sing along with the roe Singing along with the water bubbles If I go with the tide, I must be making progress!

TEA LEAVES

As they steep, they become the water's eyebrows Become its slim waist, its thighs and fingers They're mute as mimes Mimicking my sleeping body

As they steep, they become spring's submarine Never again will smog defeat them Here on the other side of the cup, I size up these hermits I wonder—do they worry? Fear?

Hot water is tea's wedding veil To crown tea's marriage to me Sometimes the water cries As if to say *look how skinny the bride is And still she offers you her last scrap of warmth*

I pour and repour boiling water Until all flavor's seeped from the tea leaves Their glum look says I'm old—my body's swollen— Darling, don't hesitate Go marry some skinny new tea

THE OLD MAILBOX

The old mailbox no one uses Lives under the rain's tent. All day It swallows pollution Exhales an even richer nothingness

Its shadow orbits it Like a repentant son

It's old but it doesn't wear glasses And wind can't knock it down It knows silence has a center Of gravity no one can topple

It sees proud lightning Is a crack in the horizon It understands thunder Is a lost god shouting

At the streets' invitations, it opens its mouth— Since it doesn't accept and doesn't refuse them It's neither cursing nor singing