

AS TO LONGING

For Emma Goldman

I've brought my teeth,
all of them, even the

ones my mother never
kept. So, lie with me

beneath the Persimmon.
Tell me something Aesop

neglected. There is Ginger,
Jasmine, small Finches to

eat. We'll lie like two
Vixens with fire between

us. Perhaps it's my turn
to skin a deer or count stars.

AS TO PRIDE

For Emma Goldman

O Azalea, the color of
indescribable, I can't

bear to talk about
your tone. I wish

that lemons were
currency so yes, let's

talk about yellow.
My landscape is so

foreign. Cancer Bush
orange-y draped, is

it true fresh-mown
grass screams? I'm

hurrying so I won't
start yelling. O Azalea,

are you sure you know
what vainglorious means?