Poem for Lydia a la Lifshin

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Poem for Lydia a la Lifshin

4 days without you
& i'm crazy although
there's no moon
overhead all the
tangerines in my
icebox shrivel
& your last words
come back to me now
heavy & sickening
as my hand moves
to unzip my pants

th women are silent w/ th menstrual
cycl pulld by th moonz passag,
th water cycl slow & lazy
below such weight

th syllabl, also,
movz these torturd
creatures toward
redemption, toward light

THE EXCHANGE

Our various organs are being passed from one hand to another
The circular motion is intense, if the velocity is indeterminable
When my heart is retrieved by your wounded arms, the exchange is complete
It is then that we may finally afford to think of each other