

## The Man In The Moon

with his collapsible Floridian eccentricities,  
his travails in the shape of old cheese,  
his growling acquiescence to the cycles  
his mother has bequeathed him,  
his bloodlessness in the face of exaltation  
(just when you thought he would give in  
to the fascinations of power, he putters  
around his brooding townhouse like a  
sullen implement),

his deep commitment to figuration,  
his entirely unreasonable way of  
speaking to the sun, his father, his mirror,  
even, one could argue, his memory—  
sometimes I just want to tell him  
to snap the fuck out of it, his faith in  
me be damned.

But then I begin to countenance his sorrow,  
I sing him the lullabies he used to sing me  
when the two of us were younger and his  
youth was what made all the poets  
twinkle in a bereaved firmament  
like momentary arcs of fire and prejudice,  
I soften his self-inflicted blows,  
I bleed him into his balsamic vegetation  
like a medieval doctor with a cure  
for Black Death.



# Big Brother

I like the empty rooms  
where nobody lives but clothes  
lie scattered about anyway.  
I like the simple freshness  
of a place where nobody is,  
where no shadow troubles  
the corners and no scent  
of cooking or emanations  
intrudes upon the purity therein.  
In an empty room  
the window is the brightest feature,  
the father of the view and a world  
outside outdoes the one within.  
When a room is empty  
you don't want to live in it, you want  
it to live in you, for its peace and  
behavior, its beauty as the thing itself,  
silver metaphorical lakeboat.  
What little in empty rooms  
makes one sad—a window cracked  
open, the whisper of a mouse,  
their having recently been cleaned—  
protects one from wanting them  
too badly, from tearing oneself open  
to implant a room too big for a soul  
long closed for business.  
An empty room unto itself  
should be shuttered and dark, unviewed  
and unviewable.

