

CRUSH

FOR HANNAH

I.

On line for the bathroom at Crush I dissimulate the vibe
and learn that Ellie absolutely loves the ground.
There's an invitation to my name at the roundabout of your hip.
A catalogue of love gets stored in the blank space of several mesh jerseys,
which is all that you wear for this rainy, three-day mood ring. I go home in one
with a message redirecting me back to Dublin above two nylon zeros
that contain an extreme willingness to evaporate the mantle.
At this point I'm pretty sure it doesn't matter how the mnemonic is spelled.
The investment is temporary. The importance is more than historical.
Hustle out of the sun for a minute,
but please remember to want to come back.
Cool spots divide in tryphobic protest on the floor of your sexual preference.
I don't totally know what to say. I'm kept up by fatigue and my memory of not saying it right.
It's true that most positions are taken to make you feel good and that something else has to come next.
What I meant to say near Mount Gabriel is that we should edge bad media out of the bed,
or consider less gainful arrangements. Life imitates art, lol. But really.
Wrestle big ideas. Bruise the workplace. Take me home.
The altitude of some beds suggests nothing more than an intrepid ring around
the double-wide. Your shorts suggest an altitude of Amazonian interest. In the background,
asthma attacks at dawn, leaving the sex toy to wake up as a gummy LIVESTRONG bracelet.
Confuse the bracelet for yourself, then leave it on the nightstand.
Charge is a classical instrument; so are days off.
Kids rally to make mac and cheese in the garden,
untangling the minted, pubescent demo kit.
Of course, you wouldn't send your kid to camp if the mascots were addicts,
known to détourne their own recently detoxed benevolence,
ushering Wendy to the edge of a bed she can barely remember.
Some summers ghostwrite the blueprint of all desire to follow,
leaving you to lie, toss the album, and rearrange the furniture.
Two counselors tighten the seat of a swivel chair, mouthing over, beneath and between.
The shift from sexual to custodial intimacy is as uncomfortable as it is uncommon.
Eastern Boys clears a pass around a mountain your life backwardly threatens to climb.
If there were days when the bed was impossible real estate for beginner fascinations,
don't worry; there will be other cabins.
It's August. My tank-top drools in the end zone of a twelve year-old's restorative warmth,
as Four disordered Winds spin a replica of daytime,
sending mom to retract me, mid-bar-mitzvah,
in the silver Mercury wagon.
I don't know what it means for a history of love to go gray
while the future is an unphotographed celebrity baby.
If by fall you're no longer anthologized, take it easy.
Your memory foam center is too squishy
to be resonant.

II.

The Teflon wing of my visual field projects a crush not brought to term;
a dusky, Nike-lined block where it's safe to stroll at night. Banner ads roll out beside my
free time like a cartoon prophylactic occupying the lazy side of my buyer's remorse.
Make a pilgrimage back to the block where your Flyknits are made. Roll into town, sweating through
a gallery of zapped adolescence in Bangkok, a trillion times worse than every
guilty cafeteria on the corkboard of your heart.



Good zoning runs interference in the living room where Somkid keeps me hot but modest.
A point belabored two ways: my meticulous summer look and his year-long carpal fever.
The story now hides in my jeans with a cache of other summers I intentionally forget.
Debride the HeatTech lining even if it's hiding in my heart.
Shear my sneakers even if I never leave a trace.
I wish I hadn't known that when I'm here I'm family,
since these goggles blush like amber over the corroborated blue.
No need to say it again. Your worm is your ear and that's a wonderful thing.
It's amazing how many acres of you you fit into
the world's smallest, omnipotent object.
Buy more clouds to house the proof.
It would hurt too much to forget you.
In some hasty fantasy everything has already been fought for.
The right to bring tuna to the break-room gets in line behind the chip on your shoulder.
Vacation at home. Rub peanut butter on a pacifier. Don't read the news after 8.
Now pull up a slide of that suffering beside the kind this bedtime deflects.
Each error isn't a bee crashing a bonnet or a blemish on the face of a baby.
Ambassador of hives, see my automatic reply.
I am 110% with you on every last issue, but have limited access to email
while my family surfs the carpeted curve of our birth canal, chilled with cucumber melon.
Baths and bodies go to work, rallying to patch the organic fabric that keeps two weddings separate.
Your best criticism is born from the rib of your worst behavior. My interests are an allergen.
In the middle of the night your name quakes
and you decide you are a saint by force of invasion.
If there really is only one direction and it's this,
just make sure to ignore each patented tremor of your life
affirmed beneath your butt during dinner.

III.

Come back from the wilderness with a ragged mattress and a menacing set of Crocs.
The shelf-life ruined all life. Same with insurance.
The promise of more sticks out its tongue and rims the curve of our emergency excess.
You post about the weather and sex-work from a porch-swing with excellent lumbar support.
I water the lawn for emotionally fragile dogs.
The garden is a metaphor. Feel free not to take it too seriously tonight
when the speed of life collaborates with its curfew.
If I could put everything on pause
I'd write about the space between your butt and whatever comes next.
I apologize for not navigating your life with enough kindness,
or mistaking my self as my birthright.
It's clear now how much I miscommunicated your beauty,
which arrives by night in the same train I critically dismiss.
Late revelations land like furniture thrown into a pool.
The surface tension just laughs back and eggs you on.
I would have liked the chance to un-cast my ballot if only to say
there was more I should have said, or confess that the most addictive game I've ever played
was the ability to satisfy my desire to know more without knowing more.
In some future level I hope I have reason to ask if it is all over my face
at which point you answer in the service of love,
not facial repatriation.

