Hunger Moon

sounds like a proverb or song
I once heard

about how people should be in love
most of the time,

grateful for ways the body
responds

in moon light, native
or amplified

To a modern art critic heard complaining,
there's no shock left

if you can't be shocked,
how can you be haunted?

if you can't be haunted
how can you be inspired?

If you can't be inspired
how can you covet?

If you can't covet
how can you be human?

If you can't be human
how can you be immortal?

If you can't be immortal,
how can you be shocked?

Flaubert's Rib

Emma Bovary knew.
She wore red scarves, and hats
to hide her head, until,

true to the calling of that color,
and true to the story of the apple,
she bit, and bled.

True to the calling of her gender,
she did it again and again
until— true to her nature— she was dead.

Fresh Paint

Come in, come in—
the lid is off, the brim is full,

and nobody's home
so

indulge your feather
touch upon

my scalded portico –
Indulge, indulge

'till
I come soft and round again,

we meet again.

HAIKU

Spring dusk. She wants more—
robins, cardinals, tanagers,
ruby-throated words

I ask if you'll come
live in the flower awhile
you say, um, yes, um

Evening comes—
plays with the oar,
boat fills with moonlight

Naked and awake
in bed, not counting sheep but
what his pleasures are

Sticky with honey,
her fingertips trace his chest,
his hair, after tea

In the museum—
pomegranates burst with joy,
still lifes make me cry

So many stars that
if you open your mouth wide
It will fill with stars

Man selling peanuts
shivering in his torn coat
stamped with red cherries

Enough wine to drive,
not surface all afternoon,
love unreasonably

You strum lullabies—
slo-mo, drowsy bees loop air,
falling for sweetness

Hunger Moon

By

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Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poems Project
Hunger Moon
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