

AMY KING

How Can You Live Without Me When I Live Without You

Singing glass catcalls, she fell into a heartcake
of what would burn the eye's carbuncles
and blow terrain away
from city-bred subway mornings.
Barbeques and battle-agile butterflies
greet us from the sidewalks, hold us close
upon their strumming beaks of meat
that smoke into a publishing skyline.
On a clear day, I can read your mind
against temptation to whet our love.
This forgiveness resembles that biblical ark
none of us has ridden, so I attach a
double jeopardy where no one ever existed.
I need to say "ever" for the sake
of heat, rather than emphatic non-existence.
You'll believe the truth, however delivered.
But I am but a man, and but a man, I stand,
holding to these rosy bombs, this bird, those grains
of sand upon the horizon's screen
that would declare a love unprevented.
So much slow-roasted litter never showed
what this nothing gains atop a world of manhood.
My aggression resembles weakness
against the waterproof ground our pickpocket
sears these animal parts upon. Our teeth multiply.
The bowls of this land go full. Be still other lands.

The Universe Is Insecure

I write these things in the former existential way.
Beaten upon the brain of forgiveness.
How can I hold you when the letting go goes
on each minute. Seconds don't count on forever.
Or he that dances upon the eyebrow of a flea
knows not the nautical monkey who owns
and floats on sexist betrayals, which is no value scale
to date. Pens move and remove the hanging hair
from this century's bald spot. An aching air
taps my forehead with thoughts' ceasefire
or Vallejo's spirit moving shoes across flaming tips
of pale fingers. So many close calls.
Oh how the Union Dead still die where television
blurs these faces against mine, a bruise
from cities and towns exploding the backdrop
of my mind, feeble and placid, alone in sight
that hoorays an angry recipe to kill the sect
like a toy dog, written before too many children
and the jejunum that brought us in white sails.
We revert to our pride with hominid squabbles
that carry on until the world goes flat in coffins.