

Ann Pedone

From: Twenty-five Love Songs

#17

I believe in ghosts/I believe in luck and fate and destiny/I roll the dice whenever I get the chance/Sometimes I count out beads on a rosary/I keep hidden in a drawer/I've been to Paris/but I've never been to Berlin/I fucked a man on the roof of a building/after a party once/I don't remember his name/Sometimes I play dumb/Sometimes I don't know how to draw boundaries/Sometimes I don't/cross my legs/I've been told I should see a therapist/Remind me again how you like your coffee/Tell me when you are about to cum/don't make me wait for it/I won't say my body is a rosary/but sometimes it feels like one/Let me teach you how to please me/Let me show you how to open my legs/Can you see it/This is the part of me that is connected straight to my brain/Touch me here and I'll grow wings/Touch me before the river of my body runs dry/I need to take a shower/Need to get on a plane in an hour/I need to try harder to forget his face/Before I was a woman/I was a thing burning in the middle of the sea/I closed my eyes and mouthed the word *waves*/The water changed the shape of my body/as only water can.

#23

There was a half-circle of blue I once saw out of a hotel room window. I didn't know if it was a swimming pool or the sea. The fact that it existed at all seemed remarkable. The water was a shade of blue I had never seen before. That was the thing that got to me. I knew that having seen it had changed me in some way. Like when I first let you inside of me. I suppose that is the feeling of desire. We like to think that desire is the same as yearning. But it's not. I don't want to desire you. I don't want to chase after something that I know is beautiful. I want you to eat through me. That's how you learn how to love someone.

#4

that day
we ate
peaches
I fed
them to
you from
a bowl
orange
and red
each slice
long and
thin you
took them
into your
mouth
without
hurry
without
regret
licking
the tips
of my fingers.

#11

Love is not consolation, wrote Simone Weil
love is
light
the business of these words keeps me
awake at night makes me
want to tear down these walls and return
to something warm and blue something
like the sea maybe
The Mediterranean
I wanted my life to be
simple and yet all night I am
putting away poems in boxes storing
them for you to read under a different
kind of light but I know
sometimes you think my face is too pretty
for these pieces of me
these pieces I want to pick them up and carry
them in my skirts across the field so you
can see there is still some
moonlight here between my legs I know
you will never be mine
my valentine, my sky will only darken your hands
I am building a bower
here in my body
a place where you can rest your head we
sometimes don't get
to choose whom we love but I want to keep
the water you have poured into me/

#3

as I move my face to follow the early morning sun
light (lights) this bed (almost) complete in
its transparency/hermetic (almost) as an iris
I want to remember (remembering is, after all,
a way of entering, or is it leaving, the body) these thoughts
feel weightless/unbound by something (I think of the ocean here)
I want to remember the first time I kissed you I wanted
it to be something (there are still things that can't be taken away)
there was something that filled the space between us
I wanted this to be it/there was a thing
constant (in its hunger) if it was love, I didn't see it
but I know there is no returning from here
tell me again tell me that whatever this is that it is
inescapable.