

Ronnie Sirmans

Our Daily Bread

Instead of the obligatory
Mary or Jesus, I saw
Andy Warhol's image
(or maybe it was more
wild-haired Einstein)
in a slice of marble rye,
but no pilgrims came
to my front door, no
one knocked seeking
any blessings from
this countenance.
I proffered no physic
toward any ailments
or screened imaginings.
Instead, Andy made
a really good sandwich.

Like Stars, Like Gold

Your eyes are like stars
and your hair is like gold.

What I mean to say, of course,
is your eyes are like stars,
the stars who wear makeup
but wind up on tabloid covers
with the headline “See how they
really look without their makeup.”
The stars, like you, ascend
into our shared consciousness
but then descend amid booze
or bad drugs or egoism into
a galaxy peopled with novae,
burned-out stars who might
even get caught shoplifting
a not-so-costly piece of jewelry
that glints as brightly as a star,
maybe 24 karat jewelry, the gold
like your hair that is like gold.
Which I mean to say, of course,
is like the gold in a rapper’s
grill, the metal fronting a smile
that menaces and dazzles at once,
just like your eyes and your hair.

Younger Addictions

A meth moon bright, seems
to dissipate as I tongue it,
then inhale dark sky.
I try to hold it in
too long and exhale
a cloud of nuclear winter.

Nightly Prayer

When I crawl into bed,
I kiss your bare back,
but you don't kiss me back.