

Scott Wordsman

Try Writing a Letter to an Answering Machine

There is almost never
a head on my chest
when I am sleeping.
You to the left, leaving
today, the first
four letters of your
last name, now a small
town in my mouth;
the end of a song
to ears not here (hello
out there), yawn
of a year, legs in
splay and letslip
hair, tossed by tusks
of a ceiling fan.
I think I thought
I thought of you—
your hips in midsprint
toward my door
(the undulation
of western plains)—
through the window
of a passing car.

Poem with Substance

In the glowing wake
of any chemically-bred
bifurcation,
you start to sense
the way a body
barter with a brain
for a shift in states,
the lurid, the less.

This world's mouth
never shuts, you
want to say;
yet then again,
it's less complex,
you start to say,
although you
know, although
your head is
not your home.

Sorry for your loss

of faculties—
this splitting ache,
apple halved.

Unreliable Narrator

Hands holding
pockets, brain
in a bath—a bottle's
spilled rivulet. I'm not
here right now; can you leave
a message without
implying goodbye? It
makes sense: to think
drink more often
than you'd hoped.
Yes, I'm okay
with your cardigan.
Know I came here alone.

*

Can you tell me
your favorite color
isn't blue? I want you
for a modest hour
to unfasten your
name from your
juris doctorate—at
least for a minute,
become a portrait
of yourself
on someone else's
wall, and while
all the while getting
too close,— *no*; you
can't get close enough.

Bedscape

Waking, I've found your head
has found its way back to my chest

as if lodged inside your ears
were magnets; I've bloomed from

aluminum. The dismantling of former
needs, our foil—you must unravel me;

I've devised a plan of action for times
like these. Here, my hand, take it

as yours, we are ten and spinning
in the backyard, late spring, sumacs

burning monochromatic, everywhere
red; and I was the product of Caesarean

section so yours is the first I've ever
touched. I'm sorry if you were expecting

more than just this promise back.