

James Croal Jackson

first porch hang with plague

(sic) twenty-twenty. six feet
a separated distance. protective

shoes. stain floral patterns
with particles. we see you.

we accidental spit. what's
the world's seventy percent

of saliva. what is the world
anymore but a recollection

of grit-teeth times. store
the old photographs. the

liquor bars with sweet sin
of two. three. four friends

embracing inside an
interior of strangers.

Full Glass of Water

I am shirtless. I am thirsty.
I drink an eternity

from my full glass of water
while my two friends kiss.

In the old house. The kitchen
with the steel island

I had lifted my glass
from. New lovers!

I stand
by the sink

filling my glass,
over and over

again, the faucet
a waterfall,

bountiful,
something like love—

it quenches,
but you must keep filling.

The Universe of Body

Nothing special happened today.
Which is unusual in my universe
of body, of my hand
which contains more atoms
than humans on this planet,
than sand on any beach
we can name: Virginia, Redondo,
Daytona— those being only
the top-of-mind— and don't
get me started on the brain,
its endless ways to twist
a conversation after the last
word was said. All I'm saying
is this labyrinth is limitless.
If believing in yourself as a
galaxy is the path out of
banality. Not that I could
propose another solution.
My mouth wanders in
the spotlight to the simplest
integers, and everyone
is present to interpret.

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Country pulses. To lay on the dog
bed full of arms. Terror
blaring backdrop. Shots
of disbelief. In our blue
plaids. Fur on fabric,
we loved each other, too, stuck
with the color of devotion.

Alexandria

We were born on the exact same
day so when I heard your heart
stopped and you went comatose
I thought of 2011, over
the beer pong table I told
you I liked you oh what a drunk
dynamism in the midst.
Sentience on the upper level
the Keystone Light unlocked
& Dirk Nowitski had won
his only championship. My
longing was nostalgia and the walls
were truffles and I was
a pig in the vicinity of Cleveland,
Ohio, now knowing your surgery
went all right, you awoke, your heart
a good thing beating,
now, for however
it now goes know this:
you made it.