

Jasper Glen

Sly upon a chair lost

Lottery again. No miracle,

No bird in the head.

Tonight, you do the dirty

Work of engraving me

Black into the soap opera

Bedposts, box a poison wine

The white flowers I've forgotten

Wash my hands clean

Misplace facecuts

Hey, accidents

Just happen boss,

I'm scissory,

Well sometimes,

Was it my fault?

Barista Jim-Jam left the applicant
Family early, blended her skeleton
Smooth tea-skin. Cutshort vanilla
Swirl, heirlost her loom in cream lake,
Advanced, with the medium of Sandy
Alesbian, real chameleon, colour-
Changing scarf knit round the main
Of her long limb.

Shygirl. Never talks. All quiet-like,
Autistic? No answer I'll assume.
Pulls the old switcheroo, starts
Talking. Surprises us with what
She has to say. From a beneath
A felipe cap, lookup. Oh shew!
She too sweet with words.

What I want, one doll to cling to
Talk feelings with. I don't want
To go it alone one more year long.

Is she my Indian co-worker Kirann
Satira, hot on the Cali-index
Pretty hindress and henna hand?

Is she Katrina, a piece of Catholic
Gateaux? A set of cherry cheeks,
Oh, preach!

Knock knock. Angel at the door?
No, totem. Speak—
For a second I went electrical.

A joke: my only angel
Does not exist, yet she is
Out there, singular
And solider than a lark.

Why don't she just visit once,
Say halo? Stand in the doorway
Wherefore I form song.

Why don't she allow my
Penetrate the breast plate?

Pray tell, to contemplate.
Her body is a bell curve
And all beautiful.

Cuddle? Can't.
That would require feeling.
C'mon, not even a sneak peek?

Gasp! A planet stalled.
What I want, one doll to cling to.
Perhaps ask God?

What I have repeats. Empty
Bed. I scratch among the sheets,
Where I grope for closure, groom.

Love poem for m'lady

Alas, la brasserie teacups open
Remember, for our date-lunch, Renee?
Adroit face, chic mouse, lady
Mademoiselle.
Spectacular accent!
Tu es leaving?
Why'am.
Pull stringstraps.
Non femme, oh that's a shame.
Strange lady surrounding
The room in light.
I felt apostrophe. You see
How she seals the smoke tight
And the phone-callers quote
Dead unquote,
Neck wrung cord.