

Tramps



We missed you only when your departure could no longer be delayed.
Later that day *breaking news* you bolted upright on the backseat

and refused point blank to comment. Is there a word for that
or would an audition suit you better? There's studio space available,

a coach fresh from the egg with some top tips. Everyone looks gorgeous
in the light, someone fingers your viewpoints and I can almost touch you —

by the way today everyone excels in everything frightening.
A horse drops to its knees in the snow; you said that's how they'll find me.

You spoke of an emotional chill, below zero you said it was between
my thighs in the departure lounge. After your bag we hugged heart to heart,

I could've joyfully sucked you off. Are you even listening?

We resembled wiry birds; you designed a deathblow on paper,
had yourself a little after-fun with your boredom. It got tricky finding reasons that way.

When the glass slips from your fingers you go find a cure for cracks and salt.
The carpet grins. Will finally someone stand the fuck up and hold me?

Checkpoint

my father said I shouldn't stand out while I was still growing and I ate without weight
his father said the man who betrays his country flogs forgiveness for ovens
his mother said he who knows his patrons can marry without god
my mother said the man who betrays his wife wants to birth a murderer
her mother said little red riding hood visited grandmother to kiss her wolf
her father said she shouldn't be afraid as actions count more than motives
my father said it's not an angel that breaks up parties but dead animals

I said the portrayal of the world was adjusted too late because of old decrees
I said the prophecy that became me lies like salt beaten on my scalp
I said in my dreams I escaped this and was loved by detainees
I said I followed the tracks running alongside my dreams, was grabbed that is correct
I said I met no one after such an accident, nothing that weighs more than nothing twice

Other news

An urban setting. A bike ride.
Someone drives off a pontoon into the river, drowns.
You talk to him about what you saw,
was it an accident?
You talk about the ease of the word fate.
You talk about the situation at home, the love for a man,
the send-off that's been prepared in spite of property, i.e. money, kid and goods.
You can already remember tomorrow's photograph in the *Harbour News*,
saturated, enlarged beyond recognition.
You ask your son what he makes of it.
Is it male or female, he asks, a bin bag,
a small bathtub, a lilo, a shop-window dummy,
he thinks it could be all kinds of things, but what is it, he wants to know.
You cherish the intimacy

You point at what looks like a steering wheel, fingers, wrist, rope.
You talk about how death can take you by surprise.
You talk about your son's messiness,
now he's gone and lost his watch,
on Thursday it was his leather jacket,
as if you don't care about your things, you say.
He smiles, strokes your cheek,
offering scope for a religious perspective.
You speak about the desire for subjugation.
You want a ride without a driver, fully automatic.
You say you're not sure who's actually pulling the strings.
You raise the issue of his non-stop smoking,
that you're just making it up as you go along, that you wish it'd end differently.
A successful attempt requires a certain level of expertise, you say

the willingness to go far

One night I wanted to write about the poems written by my friends,
the poets. One was already asleep, another frantically tapped on his

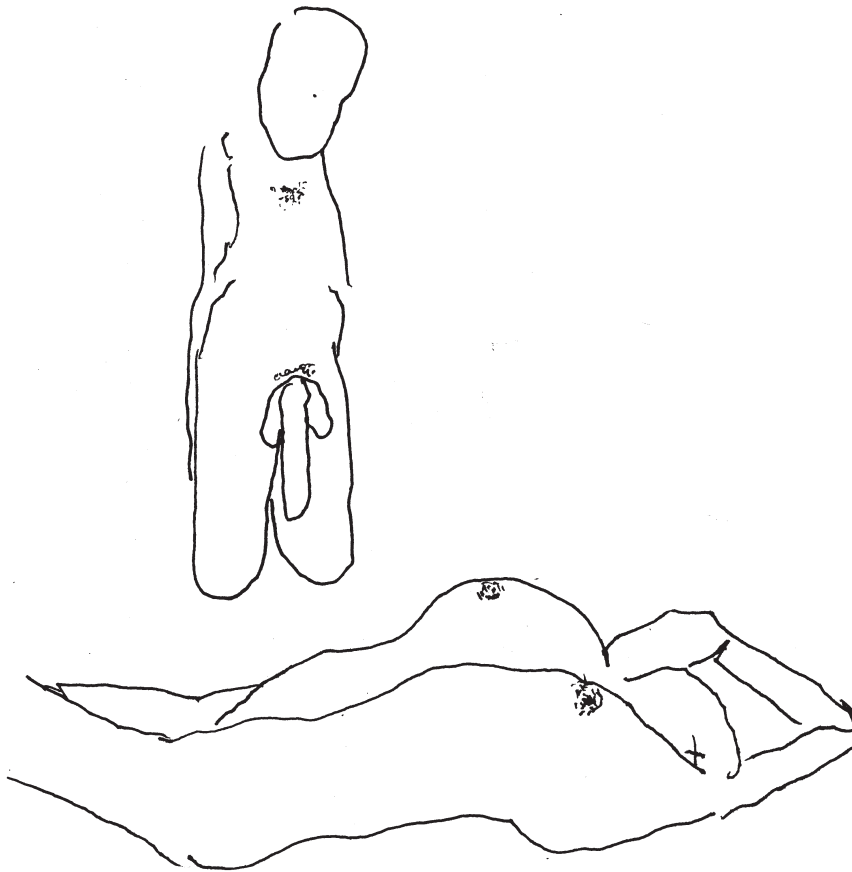
keyboard the the the the speakers give feedback, so rare, a third hid quietly
behind a thin partition. When I rehearsed my love declaration in front

of the mirror for whenever I'd have to at a festival or stood out of harm's way
next to a camera or to avoid the eventuality that at a party at Chris's I'd read

my text out inaudibly softly, as Chris deserved better,
he keeled over into my room. His jaw had a laceration

but he interpreted my bandage as a sign that this particular exercise
had come to an end. Chris had said that it would slip regularly

during readings, he blamed it on the drink and existential uncertainties,
a bloody risk cocktail for poets whose star always has to be on the up-and-up.



If it takes time, being Anne Vegter?
Keeping the plates in the air, I try.

Of course, it's hit and miss with me.
Yesterday someone said either it fits or kiss it goodbye.

Someone said genes of interest
grow rampant / theorists want to waste!

It doesn't necessarily cost time but the brain
(thinking of the prostrate years, calling it an anti-

thesis of desire) is crammed to bursting.
Readers look for someone to take a breather in.

'In my final seconds oh I will come as I die.'
For richer the creators of horniness: mistaken identity.

I let you yes fuck because with a new girlfriend
it was called skillset. Was that what changed between us you thought

and could that be the final blow? Your overthinking things
kick-starts a memory: again you're afraid your role

has been played out. 'If I'm your husband we'll do it too
if I'm your wife.' How do I reclaim my inner ape:

tribal elder, alpha male, immoral. At home in bed we divide
to a ratio of two to one. 'I can sleep at home but.'

'Now it's my turn.'