**Fishing in November**

is cold.

Like chattering my teeth extra loud so my dad hears and we can turn back early cold.

I feel warmth for half a second

and then wonder if I imagined it to distract myself

cold.

I breathe out my nose; I heard it generates heat.

Not true, I’m pissed at who said that

cold.

I can’t feel my fingers 30 minutes ago

all my casts go into the bank

I keep dropping worms

cold.

I want to pee my pants to warm myself up

cold.

My bones are an empty swing set’s metal chains in a winter storm, violently trembling

cold.

Shaking like the leaves over the bank,

their stretched image burning the river amber

cold.

When the wind skins me I turn and duck

a few tears leak and fall,

two ripples

cold.

My dad wades off,

I turn to leave, slip down a drop

off, water runs

down my waders. Ice

cold.

I use my fingers like chopsticks, stabbing them into mud,

dragging my stiff body

up and up

cold.

I look down on the river and consider falling

limp, letting it take me where it pleases

cold.

**Trilogy**

Remember

The ride starts,

swimming in blaring music

making me sloppy & invincible,

the rotation, undulation, spinning spinning spinning

my horse riding the infectious tide,

the gears churning together, unanimous

symphony of cries

cheerful, unending, tortured.

Coney Island around me,

glinting shouts,

bursting, giggling,

It’s all reds and screaming oranges.

He looks towards me, turning.

Face blurring, merging with sky,

like spilled orange juice.

I smile, a mad man.

I knew.

As the carousel’s chime fades

and my world tilts into place,

I walk to him.

My hand jitters out, a spalsh of

Pepsi-Cola washes his stark T

when I kiss him.

sloppy & invincible

Goodbye I

Setting sun

shooting blood

tinted rays at the tenements.

Porch sitting,

piss-beer sipping,

drenched in grotesque crimson and

body odor.

The miasma sits with the silence,

surrounded by an ocean of

violently monotonous apartments,

once pearly white,

now crusty grey

& reflective.

A medley of sangria stained walls.

He sits, exhales,

then goes inside,

leaving me with the world

and nothing

to see.

I spin spin spin

watching a fading world blend.

The sky, the Earth,

one kaleidoscopic mess,

barfed up sangria,

streaks of dripping blood and urine tossed in.

Perfection in blinded beauty.

I stumble

inside.

His screaming & the loveless white pages.

“They want,”

glass floats by

“our money.”

It explodes with his explicits.

I wonder if the shards are sparkling,

crying for us.

Goodbye II

I sit on a milky porch facing the empty rocking chair.

The boards moan with my movement.

Soaked in blackness, we stare

at a sky dominated by dusk & dust.

Laughing moments of

before

brimming with sunlight

echo through desolate pavement

& empty windows.

A tear of

glinting moonlight

wavers,

crying for the angels

outraged at the silence.

Will the sun ever rise?

**A Family Garden**

Laying in bean sprouts, damp soil, the tips of chives,

globes of tomato hang above.

Auntie watched them melt to mush, to soil

until Uncle said she was wasteful

before he left.

A dandelion peeks behind my ear;

I convinced Dad to stop picking them,

they splashed our lawn in yellow

& radiated away in silver ships:

a migrating flock, I waved goodbye.

Memories germinate in our garden, wafts of lavender

my sister tended to each morning before work,

watering

fertilizing

weeding their neighbors

trimming their crowns,

when she, not he, inherited the cabin,

he stomped them back to ground.

Ivy spirals up the rosebush, the baby avocado tree, and

trace the veins of my left forearm, wriggling up my shirt, down my chest

against my heart,

pushing with every beat.

A clear tendril presses the back of my hand,

sinking between two tendons.

A dragonfly shoots out my ear.

A batata stuck in my calf,

caterpillar shoots crawling out.

Snapdragons, grandma’s choice;

She pressed gingerly by the stem & he curled open, smiling back.

Three rise out my mouth, hissing.

A silent vine snakes past my lips into throat,

growing a pumpkin in my belly.

The oak drips shade onto us,

he bugles and bugles, sunrise to sunrise.

**To Samantha**

I’m sorry that men take so much and give so little.

And now you sit with Zoel outside dorms like gutter

rats, sharing cigarettes, contemplating

heroin, vodka, wire hangers.

Now you won’t drink water you bring to the pool,

scared the man in the lane over drugged it waiting

outside women’s locker room.

Thoughts of knives,

wishing to plunge it deep.

Take what he gave

that hazy neon night,

a tumor lodged, growing

growing.

“A boy!” The doctor says in a few months,

of course it will be a boy.

**Sonnet to My English Ivy**

You sit on a South-facing window sill,

your spindly rootlets stretching to the sun.

I thought phototropism meant well until

three-fourths of leaves scorched to crisp, twenty-one

leaves the color of carelessness. I be-

lieve care is love— don’t I love my Ivy?

I blame the sun’s lull; Icarus’s plunge a-

grees, so does mine in he. Apparently

chasing flame is pleasant, even the fall:

utter subjection to gravity, air,

and still; the cradling thrill allures all.

You can’t warp nature; you will be stripped bare.

Even now, burnt Ivy pressed to the pane;

and I have welcomed him to char my brain.