

## Upstate New York

Maurice says he hates slush  
those grey and gravel-peppered imprints of tires turning right  
into parking lots of shopping malls after it snows before they plow

I'm fat with clothing  
a muzzled torso with paw-shaped hands and feet stymied in Chinese wool  
a paralyzed heap on the front bench seat of the Buick

Connie says she isn't afraid anymore to say she's alone and prefers it  
to being with me or him

Not beaten not broken not longing, I'm thinking

If she slipped on the ice hurrying to McDonalds  
because on that day fries were 60 cents  
because her dollar was worth 70  
and she broke her hip and the bill  
was more than she earned in a decade  
she'd still despise Obama's care

Not lying from the back bench seat of the Buick

## Orange County, CA

Alice, "I love dandelions"  
corn yellow leprechauns  
scattering loose from  
canisters to Black Forests  
before sunlight splatters  
after it sleeps

Her India inked fingers  
careen the emery board across  
purple nails  
dusting the back bucket seat of the Maserati

Serg is afraid to say  
he hates our penis-filled pool parties  
prefers his own alone at home

Strange sweet man, we tweet

Who marches on strawberry fields  
having driven through Starbucks  
so pickers can afford berries they pick  
so he gets his 10th latte free  
so his belly's greased and  
The Beatles sound better

We instagram him blowing purple dust  
off the front bucket seat of the Maserati

## Jazzzzzzzz

I wear ragged skirts and baggy pants  
really, I don't care how I look  
but feel  
whether my gut has room to pout,  
gush forth a mammoth meal

clothes don't dress my Weltanschauung  
citizen of dirt and concrete  
and the shade of trees

only in broad gleaming daylight  
crass screaming sunlight  
I remember my  
nose is scented and my clothes give me away  
my earlobes dangle and  
jazz goes in one ear  
percolates  
and comes out the other  
naked.

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There's nothing to understand about jazz  
though it's baffling unsettling and  
not much delighted in your well-being  
but in wrinkling whatever is calculable

It's not happy

So what I say  
jazz is not your make-up mirror  
it has dirty finger nails and  
curled under toenails so  
don't go snooping in places you shouldn't

Just take it as it comes  
follow the feathers fall  
dart with the hummingbird

Jazz may be French toast  
smothered in butter and whiskey

feast while it's hot