

Rickie Lee Jones

"Outside the great divide"

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outside the great divide
the dogs racked up about wild hangers
the fleshy neighborhood is still the city
the wire bled into chairs
the chairs eaten by dogs waiting for a ride
the cars humming and strumming the air
with coarse teeth and hair
i have learned what comes with you
dog man fleshy dog man
and i did not awaken this endless pain, this galactic
hook up with the crucifixion,
my single cell crusted in this prophet, i am the prophet,
for the night
and for the filthy warm pine and the dusty glance
of the day
we meet
tangling our feet
in the noisy closets
barking collars
that miss
her when she's gone
and button up when she comes near
every morning the dog
moaning and barking and humping a tree
and last week i saw two black birds
out on the side walk
heaving
belly's up
claws locked
now the fire escapes wind up the brick
long notes
from a dieing
leaving last words
every mattress, every napkin holder a cry
that has crystallized
because there is a sun
i know god through sands
torn into long strands
and i can sing
my legs around you
my tongue into you
surrender too

our shame, our despair, our reason and patience
you, father, lover, wordless musics, inside boy
traffic addicts, sound bound, trying to be careless
with ecstasy
the time that binds our
fleshy lives
our aces in the tree
swinging
with the muscle of the sea
climbing
rubbing pussy on the bark
climbing
up up up
slipping down climbing up
slipping down
for gods pleasure
the whole thing, man, the whole thing
writing it
going back and rewriting it
from here
the fleshy here to there
i throw up all day from the deep
it pulls on my deep and i swoon
i cannot drive
i cannot remember
i place the wrong words in the places i spoon
i will be airborne soon
pregnant
inhuman, fleshy home, inhuman
in this pleasure of fleshy unity
i seek god i chew the leaves around the picnic table
i come in close to british guests
i lick my husband as he walks by
i am the monitor, the mantis, the anchor
celebrating
this fleshy life

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