

These United States "First Sight"

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with her mouth making movements
to introduce thoughts, i sat
deafened by trust on that sofa across
quietly calculating
the logistics of lust, of when
unspoken things couldn't
happen between us, and once
all those were done and we got
through love, we would
shoot through the hip, reacting
off of the cuff, splitting
up at the fork when the going got rough,
with a plan
for a point to rejoin on the road further up
our windows thin where the ice
carved its flowers, i would
hold her, let the wind beat
back those hours, and then
standing on subway trains, clutching her dress,
dependent
on her balance, since the walls were useless, and while
it's
alright to hold tight, please don't try to hold on,
cos it's a
homerun we hit, love, cos it's going and gone
and then the world turned so fast,
it was astoundingly still
and it must have been that moment
made of midnight on the hill, right when the
cataraxed alleycat
spat back at the moon, throwing out
into the night, time nine
life times too soon [?] we had
come such a ways, and knew just what he meant
there's a picture of the three of us at the gate
to the garden of eden

you can get home, but you can't
get in
locks are like longing;
an everchanging thing
and keys are just clouds

made of
metal and spark
we knew exactly who we were, and yet
couldn't quite say who we still are
i saw it all hapenning in one grand epic sweep, from
that
first sight that we wouldn't
get to sleep for a week
and generations would follow
the course that we'd charted
from that sofa across,
i couldn't
wait to get started.

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