

SIX UNTITLED POEMS FROM "LIZARD"

Can't get anything
done—first condition
—till she's wrong
enough. Warm I
mean. Rotates as if
on a spit. Suddenly
too much heat and
she slips under sand.
Names the day
precarious like a
daughter

She grapples
with her conditions.
Given fewer
colors, rushed
and bitten. Love
is not discussed.
She climbs into
her corners. A
little fact: Lizard
can produce ideas
immaculate. Her
spitting image.
Knowing girls
improves the pool

When her tongue
whips prey, your
own heart clenches

L takes pleasure
in worship places.
Stone alcove, cool
tile. Silent as a
devotee—when
she shouts, it's raw
notes. Swallows
butterflies, stunning
wings. Advises
monks on famous
honey

I'll trade you dreams
for poems says L.
Fork over then.
She pours dreams*
into hungry sky
mouth. Now send
that rain says L.
As promised

*It's mostly the wind
carrying me, she
shouts down to the
businessmen. See
look I'm falling as
we speak. But it's
not the wind, she's
not falling, she
skims garden walls
and then what

Lizard is wild
and Lizard is
you. Remember
this standing,
sitting, gripping
a lid to twist. Erase
the last word,
replace it, you
are her. Savor
knowing location.
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