

**Not Refusing to Mourn The Death by Overdose of Philip
Seymour Hoffman in Greenwich Village**

The moan that held
The arm that rang
The mouth that said
The eye that read
The belly that told
The lips that foamed
The lungs that banged
The arm that sprang
The heart that caused
As mean as hard
As hard as that
As heavy as tried
As dismal as can't
The sex that stung
The bit that played
The lungs that clanged
The harm that hammed
The ham that harmed
The charm that gave
The grave that stood
The vein that beckoned
The blood that felled
The man that quailed
The hold that failed
The hard that was done
The work spared
The body bare
The bare bodkin
The barely lit stage
The stained page

The up-late night
The morning haze
The crying shame
The crust of fame
The tip of bone
The broken bread
Street drug cred
The harming head
The heavy as lead
The soul of night
The break of doing
The dawn of crime
The kiss of need
The needing to go
The having to leave
The leaving us
The using it
The hurting lit
Up at night
And back again
The man and his arm
The arm and the man
The bathroom tiles
The bare body in the can
The greatness curse
The heavy load
The load of shit
And the missing it
The craving dream
The way off
The way back on
The falling in
The wanting to drown
The dropping crown.

Sleeping with Howard Roark

Only so often before that long chisel
in his thigh became more obstacle
than fertile marker; only so many times
I could spread as wide as a compass
to be ruled by the international style.
Roark never smiled during sex.
He'd just throw me right down
onto the appropriate organic materials
for the occasion, and I'd fit into the form
he most desired. I'd unfold, his blueprint.

Once I'd seen him dive into that quarry,
when just a girl without shape. An orphan,
I knew only molten ore. I craved pistons
and city walls erecting a new future,
and his arc that day down into clarity
struck me as it did that sheet surface
as a sign that though there was no God
there was a good in any body whose will
threw them from a height to tame water,
so that they would break it rising for air.

A body to hammer out design, to make
things to thrust high above the masses;
as when he'd say all his cooling love
was in the stress point where we both came,
penetration a golden mean; lust, curvilinear
abstraction. An unbroken I-beam, he'd turn
me to masculine function, engines rolling
across an open horizon of iron and chrome.
A fist would take my hair to cut his mouth on,
my sharp free and unrepentant home of stone.

For K & S

when lovers dance inside their box
the locksmith loosens all his locks

the keys with which the player plays
release the priest from what she prays

the fox outleaps the highest praise
so marriage dances on our gravest days

each ringed hand ringing as it peals
for love speaks parables of what it feels.

Red Shoes

I wanted to own you because I couldn't become
the woman I wanted to be, except in ways
that frightened me more than possessing you

would, which is why I made you do the things
I made you do, all the while watching beauty
dance and sway somewhere beyond me, all

the same; and this is always the master's game
when the pupil has the body he so craves.
So art sets teachers dancing with their slaves.