

PUN-PUN

Goodnight, I said to the cat
who was drunk off the milk of our sons.

Our dreams stretched for miles,
then broke like the pencils we chomped
through our gums --

blood ran down my crooked smile;
my teeth were pink and then sunk auburn--

I thought of red sunsets,

the ones we always talked about (something always gives).
But fate will come through in the end,
 I know

that lateness is just a slice of the cat
& how her claws hooked like bait inside my skin.

I returned to their touch just 50 days later.

But sleep well, God spoke & Andromeda heard,
a bikes no good if you can't steer.

Through the silence I coddle
at your fingertips, how clear-cut

are the things they've grabbed and gobbled up :
telephones, radios, gossip.

 Only things digestible.

Disposable straws. Splintered roof shingles.
Never nebula clouds,
the eons that live your loneliness fuller.