

Ralph Angel

Bright Example

A few stones, day after day, dreamily
walked beside me. Houses
and trees and bright red
orioles, if I think
back on it, in their privacy.
For now, the elm trees
swarm with bees. Their hum
could keep me
there. Your
sky is blue and huge
and open.

I think about
the locals. Like people
screaming. I think it's a dog he's
carrying, but it's a paper bag.
She stays closer
to the gravel. She leans
against it, but
prefers the wooden fence.
Another car turns
over. Another
sputters.

And you, my dear
skeleton, in your pajama
bottoms, say
hello to everyone.
Another rock. A plastic
rose. Toy animals, can you believe it,
a flag, a poem.

Holding You Sober Close To Me

The city's
behind us. The water's calm. There are many heads
above the water.

Show me a victim and I'll show you
a bathroom—a man slathered
in honey, a carpet

of flies.

Orange blossoms
and salt. Even the creepy doorman
tastes the salt

in the air.

If a child's brought in, well, that's something
different. We don't want
our animals

to suffer.
You're the last person on earth
prepared for the death

of your parents.

Conversation

So I took a walk
inside. You're alone
when morning
comes.
Watching you sleep in
is better

than oatmeal,
even Irish
oatmeal,
that thing you do
so well.

When you were a fish
you were a salmon.
I know, I'm
slow, I
know.

November's a nice day
to be. The ocean's
near.
Your fog
is

everywhere.

So I
talked to I, I said
fuck death, everyone
I meet knows
someone

I know. I said
it's nice to be happy,
but no one
believes
me.

Take your time,
my love. The logs have lit
the fire.
The sweet scent
of your hair

kisses
my mouth, and I
kiss you back,
and pour
the tea.

