

Daniel Fogg

i'm standing at the sink
when i become lighter
than air. first, i'm washing
dishes, then my hair is
getting tangled in the
blades of the ceiling-fan
and it startles me and
i drop your favorite
mug—the one with the
rhinoceros. the fan
lets me go when i start
to lose my form. i spread
out and meander like
smoke through our apartment.
i waft through cracks in the
plaster and get into
your closet and the towels
in the bathroom.

when you come home i feel
you move through me and through
the apartment like a
human, noticing my
absence and adjusting,
slowly claiming the things
that were mine as yours.


later, you bring in a rug
 doctor and wash all your
 clothes with lye soap. you slap
 paint on the walls, but you
 forgot to fill in the
 cracks. i'm still here. i can

still move things now and then.
 sometimes i'll tickle you
 under your arm with a
 memory, or drop a
 dish or tip over the
 garbage, or i may just
 drip from the bathroom tap.
 but mostly i just fill
 the room up with my scent and
 watch you without me.

for wanda c.

i want to be like you
 in that i want to read
 from two plastic-covered
 books with my name in bold-
 face letters along the
 spines. i want to say the
 words my publisher and
 not be lying.

must be nice having a
 name and hearing people drop
 it at parties like crab
 dip not knowing you're



standing right next to them
hearing a stranger say
yeah, wanda n'me, we're
tight.

i guess i want to know
what being hip feels like.
people think you see the
light. i don't know. i just
think they're impressed by the
black turbans. anyway,

you're so articulate,
you don't sculpt sentences
or give birth to poems,
you write them, L.A. and
the spires of Watts Towers
notwithstanding, it's just
you and blank pages that
wait for your touch.