

Caesar Romero

Red Head Mind

Some one once described the
wrists of women as delicate and thin.
I've seen yours, they're heavy and
strong.

And some one once wished that
words were grass, meaning
why use them, why not just lie
on them, relax on them,
walk on them.

I've heard your words as sure
as alarmclocks they're expedient like
the fragile arctic ecology.

I tell you these things in
the morning because that's
when I feel most paralyzed,
as if only my mouth works,
but I can't kiss you
it's too early.

So, I tell you these words
that you take so seriously,

as if nothing is funny about a
cool wide lawn,
as if a joke is the farthest
thing from your
red head mind.

The Only Fact

Sometimes it's when I'm in
my car making a left turn
smoking a cigarette evening out
the wheel as the street straightens.

From the corners of my eyes
in pores as extreme as my skin
stretches I can feel him coming
up out of me.

Around me
to my fists on the wheel I think
back through the years
as loud as buzzsaws
and the practicing of a child
on a piano they
pour on me these years.

I am him to the extent
of the softness around
my mother's eyes.
Now I know what all the
preparation was for,
the rigor, the persona, the
calamity
and the blood deep thoughts

that are mine
the body that is mine
all come down
like a game show
to the softness around my eyes.