

Marguerite, Please Hold Me

Oh, Majestic.

I saw you riding among the stars
and I wondered if you knew you
were the only Asian there,
and of course, Yoko Ono.

You claimed my romance was in such
a flaccid state

when I stated I was a homosexual
in denial of being straight.

And you, Marguerite, asked me in that red dress,
how I felt loving someone who didn't love me back.

I gave you my mouth to kiss
but you pushed it away saying
I had nothing worthy to say.

I was a pimple in the smooth
skin of your life and you said,

"I have to go, I have to go,"

feeling the claws of time grabbing at your balls.

Marguerite, will you hold me no more?

Olive trees are growing in my backyard where
you kissed me one last time before
the soldiers took you away,

Judas in a red dress.

You said someday I'll understand when I grow old.

Like fungus on dead bread,

my love for you,

a burp to your ears.

And up to now, I can still hear your macho laughter
flowing through my fingers like sand;

the salty water from my tears

I feel between the crevices of my toes.

Marguerite—you virtuous slut,

emerging from that table—

your manly arms around me are lost

and you have smoother skin than I.