

Pornocopia / Howie Good / Gold Wake Press



PORNOCUPIA

It's fashionable
to die young
and be pessimistic.

I myself prefer
a Vicodin
to the present,

until later,
when we're anointing
the bed,

your breasts
floating above me

like the pink
and green sunsets

found only
in Ireland.

CRYPTIC ENDEARMENTS

My mother's maiden name,
Sternlicht, translates as starlight.

An octopus has three hearts.
The deep water closed over me.

I rang your doorbell and ran.

THE FIRES OF EVENING

I like how your legs
wrap around me
like the last beautiful evening.

how I'm the day world
delving into shadow,

how,

when we toss
like a small green boat
on a vast yellow sea,

everything is bathed
in red violet.

INTIMATIONS OF FLIGHT

I need an ornate new alphabet to say what I mean, a pull-down eye chart, a small Midwestern city known for its homicides, a window that only I can open, a foreign museum dedicated to magpies, a woman just back from there climbing naked into bed, and all around us, dipping and soaring, the vibration of wings.

WHEN SPRING COMES LATE

1

Unintelligible voices gushed out when I turned on the faucet. The previous tenant had left all kinds of tools in the closet. We would have sold some of them on Craigslist if we knew what they were called. Men in orange life vests bobbed past our window. It was impossible after a while to distinguish one worried face from another. The birds that could still fly could only fly short distances. You said it must be because the ground needed something to do.

2

You went looking for a place you couldn't quite describe. Nobody was sure if it was merely coincidence that celebrities marry only each other or somehow related to your absence. By the time you returned, your friends had already passed through the fifth stage of grief. You set about with tacks and a hammer to repair the damage to the flowers.

3

The Kama Sutra advises, *The thighs are used like a pair of tongs.* I am torn that I may heal.

BONE

Because
you're my catapult
my antibiotic

why not hold me
while I'm naked

just squeeze
& slowly
you me everything
goes oomph

THE KISS

Your tongue, a rising storm,
finds me. I wish I were a tree
so my branches could shake.

I HEART ANOMALIES

1

I fell asleep in the circle of her arms
and woke up years later in exile.
The physics of how are still unclear.

2

An angel
with black wings
flew in
our window.

Things
were neither
better
nor worse.

She asks
if I remember.
I say I do.
I don't.

3

I hear what sounds
like the pounding of wings.

The next morning,
I find her earring in bed
and poems everywhere.

WHAT LOVE IS THIS

1

Shiloh means "place of peace," she tells me. I tell her that Freud suffered thirty-three operations for cancer of the jaw. Someday we'll make the rocks leap and split. Meanwhile, the circus bears must dance their creepy minuet.

2

I have a pale, wretched face, an injured hand, but your breath tastes purple to me and far from everywhere.

3

And when I fill you, you're Atlanta, smoldering and in ruins, and I'm a cart loaded with the groaning wounded, we're twelve grains of gunpowder floating mightily through the air, a new kind of pearl-handled combustion, and the only patch of snow to endure to evening on our quiet street.

Howie Good, a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of the new poetry collection, *Dreaming in Red*, from Right Hand Pointing. All proceeds from the sale of the book go to a crisis center, which you can read about here: <https://sites.google.com/site/rhplanding/howie-good-dreaming-in-red>. He is also the author of numerous chapbooks, including most recently *The Devil's Fuzzy Slippers* from Flutter Press.