

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect

a few days ago, sprawled out on my bed, you said to me, *ezra, if capitalism didn't exist, i'd become a lumberjack and build you a cabin in the woods*, and when i say no one has figured out how to love me until now, i mean it, and by it, i mean every day i'm space-struck by the way you look at me.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect because i thought about telling you that you deserve the world before realizing that the world is a pile of shit that an extraterrestrial creature mistook for the tip of a joint, so now it's a flaming pile of shit, and really, you deserve everything that's ever made your heart feel full.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can build you a kayak, and after that i can make you a lake, and after that i can watch you from the safety of the shore with a big stupid smile, because even lakes make me sea-sick.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can construct for you a library, right next to your lake, where our favorite poets will sit on the shelves and bask in the sun from the skylights, and lexicons of the words we make up and fuck up will take up an entire room.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect because my laugh didn't (couldn't have possibly) sound(ed) like that before i met you.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can cobble together a porch for us to sit on where i will rel(oving)uctant(ly) keep bingo cards under one of the floorboards for when the fireflies come out.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can cool the ground down enough for you to make kimchi in our yard beneath the gnomes and cats.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can make you the perfect pair of low-rise jeans, and everyone will be like, *where'd you get those cool jeans*, and you (in your perfect gayvoice) can be like, *well, funny you should ask. there's this insane person i know...*

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect, because *i love you* doesn't even begin to cover it.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can hang stars in the polluted new york sky, and we can name them whatever cat names we don't use.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so i can say things like, *i abandoned poetry to become an architect*, but really, i'll be scribbling away under the table i built every time you do so much as adjust your bolo tie.

because i've already held everything in my hands, and everything has freckles and dark eyes and the softest skin ever, because you are so many *ever's*, like, the most ever, ever.

i'm abandoning poetry and becoming an architect so that when you step outside our home and ask what i'm up to, i can glance down, brush in hand, and say: *i'm painting the sky for you. do you like it?*

sweet

dear god, i'm finally desperate enough
to start addressing you as dear again.
when i said i wanted to be sweet,
i meant: like a spoon of warm honey,
not candy so hard you crack your teeth.
yesterday, i trudged through predawn,
and when i stepped outside, there was
no one to stop me. it's alarming:
my autonomy's autonomy.
last year, i had visions of sugar plums
and peace lining my eyes and hands.
i know i can't have everything (i say,
with juice dripping down my chin),
but how much is too much is not enough?
i still don't know what loving people is.
i still hand them the knife, handle first,
but they cut themselves anyway.
there i go placing blame again.
dear god, how does it feel to be a catalyst
on that scale? are you overwhelmed?
has anyone ever asked you that before?
dear god, teach me something useful.
i meant: honey. a spoon of warm honey.

even the trees bend for her

it is still winter-gray, despite the flowers. my mother says she speaks to angels, and i can't help but believe her. her sleeves are bunched above the elbow, skirt berry-stained and baby-pink.

i can't help but believe her.

this could be a fairytale, but which kind: womanpeace or womanpain, both palpable.

i hear birds and think they're angels. i can't see above the flower stems. i want to know everything, and i want her to tell it to me in her wine-dark voice, in her baby-pink skirt, as i sit cross-legged at her feet, tugging on grass.

there must be some truth somewhere, but i would have

to get on my hands and knees and break my nails into solid earth. i'd rather watch the way even the trees bend for her.

of course she speaks to angels.

of course she's mine.