

SPRING IV

*this is joy, this is summer  
keep alive, stay alive  
- Frank Ocean*

A CADENCE OF SEASONS, LIKE MUSIC

The third spring was poppies and riots  
I was without you and I tried to write  
a sentence long enough to get there,  
to slip like a ribbon underneath  
your door tie itself on your  
bedpost so you saw I  
called when you woke up

The third spring was thunder  
and exceptionalists  
A chasm had opened in the earth  
and there was nothing I could do to fix  
it and so I became preoccupied  
with the little dents  
Trying to push them out with my reason,  
with my sour kindness — which I  
thought was good culture—

my kindness is probiotics  
my kindness is sandpaper  
my kindness is a busted up can of Prego when you have 11.17 in your account  
my kindness is a ledge to sit on, for a minute til the cops come  
my kindness is a futon with a weird stain when all your options are spent and the park is full up  
my kindness is rain, on a beach day, in a drought  
my kindness is what my mother could have been if she was just as selfish but less  
tired my kindness is an alien in Boulder, CO

The third spring was overheated patios and mass incarceration  
gingham and distraction  
a yellow flyswatter and the cops  
dinnertime and riot gear  
for the cops not us  
police and more police  
the dead and our grief  
a dream and an awakening  
a sleep and a deeper sleep  
a tired explanation and a hungry frustration  
paralysis and an encounter with guilt

the ones that were already here  
waiting for us, while we come up,  
fully rested, acting like it's new

*There are no nations, only reenacted childhoods—<sup>1</sup>*

We lament and argue and dye our hair and disagree on tactics and still love each other in the morning, wanting the other to be alive, to stay alive, to have a pink convertible, to rub glitter in our rolls, to fall on the floor laughing from our fresh and genderless cunts, deep joy from our pelvic ground, this Eastertide abundace— a new insurgence.

The pillar of fear, of biblical salt  
that holds our backs straight  
is melting in this triad of seasonal duplication.

We sweat and imagine our rubbing  
thighs are one another's, past summers  
in this endless spring

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<sup>1</sup> remembered with Wayne Kostenbaum's introduction for *Lover's Discourse* by Barthes. ("remembered with" is used to indicate that this is a moment in which my language and imagination and the language and imagination of the mentioned author was braided. It is my scribbled notes in collaboration; a letter or a snippet of conversation.)