

## Two Getting Married In My Right Ear

Deep in the chamber's chamber, in a country /that remembers fear, the boot, the local thug / with  
authority and swag, some bureaucratic cruelty / as benign and straight as a mouth holding a pistol—/  
two lovers, dear for dear, aligned, latticed and sturdy /as a country garden, dears marrying each. Each  
/night their soup, a feast, each feast, a celebration / of their names, their softness to each, like green /  
curling vines, a curling cat's tail, a bright rainstorm / in early spring. When they hold hands / the  
muscles of mean shake, when they kiss / the state declares an emergency; two dears /—engendering  
flesh with desire. Their joy, a lyre, / breath upon breath, two dears deep in my ear.