

Blue paint is wet. I love you Walt Whitman  
I can only dream of your  
sun-kissed skies and cipher canyons  
fields of tall romantic grass,  
sagging moon on a glimmering surface.  
My fears stop me from moving forward.  
Your lilac heaven will have to try hard to wake me.  
ATM is out of cash. But Dylan Thomas is waiting for me  
on a white horse, comfort in hand,  
sipping my orange mouth into his large tomb poems.  
Poems I can't keep up with my ink getting dry.  
Like a crackling wheat field I've imagined.  
Lost, pair of sterling silver earrings.  
Color like the blankness of the city buildings that envelop me and  
Ginsburg once ranted about.  
Thick in my ears, this howling.  
I need another day to think about all my responsibilities,  
not ready to give up my sofa, my closet space, my familiar day.  
It keeps me company all those lists of things I have to do.  
Sample sale this Saturday.  
Shoes that are too big for me but fit Annie Sexton perfectly.  
The size of my umbrella mind creeping over my soul's chances.  
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow I'll make all the important decisions.  
Like a Shakespearean tragedy, do I honestly think I have  
any real choices about what happens in my life?