

ANDREW COLARUSSO

Scofield Thayer

it was when I was again in the house
among the objects— —where I was a child

appalled that —anyone would blame
you— for my smile

sleep talking— —for cherrymilk
jesus or the camera —in its box

no stranger angel— even a severe nobody
knows that— I was talking to you

I greased my palm to a self portrait of
pablo getting head our names marked

like so many ghosts in blue strokes
yours mine and or otherwise and

I was talking to you— —wondering
about his girl in my wife —if she

snowballing a chance in hell— —might have
liked the smell— —of my new cologne

fear like fire in my chest— —I was
talking to you eating the sex

of a body bending over the wet channel
as it left pleasure— —eyes sugared and viral

slipped in to dial— —spit on the shaft
down the glans —narrowing my breath

held like fire— —in my chest
to come with ease— —every nerve a cream

to dream— the way bears are made
to vomit as profession

when I woke it was dark and I washed
so many are the ghosts that my son

can t sleep she said —I rubbed
my mother s head her locks had grown

longer —and when she stood in the light
it was as if for the first time

I could see every tawny hue