

1972

To Myself [3]

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Recommended Citation

Knott, Bill. "To Myself [3]." *The Iowa Review* 3.3 (1972): 7-7. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1367>

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TO MYSELF

First, cover yourself completely with chameleons.
Then walk down the street, lingering to talk to those you know.
The one—if any—who realizes you are covered with chameleons is your
enemy.
The one who reckonizes you as Greta Garbo is your lover.

TO MYSELF

Your outer sigh of a body disrobes a snowflake
Which shhs your penis
But I egg it on
I garnish it with shivers before the first lave

Gobbledy
Skin of drum
Cream of pleas (As the poet said,
Form is never more than an extension of breakfast)

(Is this why the rich people cannot see me, these many mornings with no
food,
Because I am disembodied . . . ?)
Reddened

By gouged-out tongues of oracles
Your mouth where my penis begins and ends
Like beautiful twins who gaze at each other through a keyhole