

1974

Correspondences

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CORRESPONDENCES

They think lies are just curly clichés
and when so many are curled
blondely around a body, that's
just a personality, perhaps even of a
friend. Or that's a huge meat
sandwich or a rose and if they fall all over it it's
wet. If those aren't tears, you're supposed to call it rain.
You are thinking you are roses or blonde
or both, it's the nice warm air of
January in which Snow, the Lie,
is sliding from tricky roofs like your friends
are from you. Then the next day it's zero-gray
and hard and everyone is happy to fall
in different perfect pieces
whitely on the world and cover it. But you are
roses, or blonde, and must lie in silence beside
your own phone like a 160-lb. deep image
with ears so anhydrous they respond to no human bell, like
a mailman so pledged to his profession he
never receives messages, always hears hi from Chicago
behind his back, or dearest from Phoenix,
as toward the next house
he does not open the next letter. Aching
you are from crying to the summer to peel
away your hot beauty lie by lie-leaving
you open and blonde to them again.