Gossip

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Gossip

These are just these random thoughts, incoherently arranged, or rather, arranged in chronological order of when I thought of them while watching a movie (The Age of Innocence, it’s a Scorsese picture) with a relatively mundane refrain—like gossip.

I don’t even know you very well; you are already my memory. You are the capitol building somehow. You are the air above the cold capitol steps. You are strong as gossip.

You remind me of that time I was a painter in Paris the day before the Great Depression. I’m sorry, I want to say your tits in this poem. Your public hello lilts like the sound of someone squeezing a rubber songbird. It makes me wince, and feel sick and thin, but your look is thick like water and you pour it out across the room to me, every time we part as I am leaving and I feel strong again, like gossip.

In public your eyes shine and your face seems smaller and smaller but when we are together it fills out, and darkens like a lamp.
and your eyes are fruits.
I like looking at famous art.
I cannot imagine having a closet full of worthless junk and not spending an eternity throwing it at you as you fail to dodge it and fall over laughing like gossip.

Yesterday I wept because I forgot to get us tickets to the opera because what tickets? What opera?

Poem as a paean to Victorian mores.

One day I will write a beautiful poem that will go: I am a pale beautiful woman transmuting slowly into a tarantula on the surface of a still, white lake as a dark, fibrous smile spreads across my lips like gossip.

Gossip is the sound air makes as it escapes a room as that room’s only door closes, or opens, or is completely still. It is the thinnest, and thickest thing in the room. It is the only exhibit in the museum,
really, if anyone was honest.
But honesty is a gold-colored farce,
at best. Gossip moves around and through
its branches like fall air,
or spring soil, still all around its roots.

This tree is in that museum
and so are you, a leopard climbing in it.
The museum, if it weren't a museum,
would be a zoo. I would be a zebra,
but the zoo is not a zoo
because it is a museum, where I am
just a recovering junkie, barely awake
working the night shift, waving a flashlight's
beam haphazardly across your shape,
in the branches, illuminating the spots
of your coat, the fangs
and eyes of your face, like gossip.

Listen, I don't even know you.
I don't even like you! O,
the annoying lilt of your public hello!
Just smile at me like that, though.
Listen, how close does every poem come
to containing cows, without?
This poem could have contained them.
We want to pretend things couldn't have been
any other way, when they could've, easily,
been any other way, and we know it?
Fireflies, feces, snow; poems are worthless,
the world is too rich. How about a gangbang?
How about sharks? Armbands? Dice?
Shovels leaning up against trellises?
Through the ivy on the earth
trying to climb them
crawl mice? Four of them, gray, in a line,
eyes downward, or staring straight ahead—
no one can tell from this angle—(like gossip)

except your poems. They are perfect,
and precise. Because I love you
though. For no better reason.
O, talent! Forgive me,
the grand finale is going to be
a final, grand simile:

Talent is to honesty what love
is to gossip, if we are poetry.
Or is it, talent is to honesty in poetry
what gossip in poetry is to love in life?
I don’t even care. Okay, really,
this is going to be over soon. I want a million dollars,
and you, but I would take either.
But I would rather have you,
and if gossip moves through love
like money through time, I basically do.

I am leaving, but like the leopard on the branch,
and a daunting number of other things,
you are looking at me again,
and so the poem will continue, like gossip.