

## POEMS

### **ghostly, i**

I don't write poetry as much these days,  
but here we are again.  
I'm having a good night.  
I was playing around in my butt,  
not way in there,  
not lubed and going for depth,  
just having fun feeling around the outside,  
legs apart,  
touching around in between the cheeks.  
Saliva for lube.  
Pressing fingertips against the flesh.  
No intention to even get a knuckle in.  
Reslicking my fingers now and then  
with my tongue  
and going back at it  
and going back and forth between the two,  
groping my own butt  
and sucking the fingers that  
have been doing that.  
I rubbed one out,  
the same hand touching my dick  
and my ass  
and my mouth, any and all  
directions of travel.

After I had finished,  
shot jizz on myself,  
I wiped up some with  
the hand and ate it,  
just what I do,  
and then I took a shower.  
A couple of weeks ago I shaved  
my arms and my legs.  
They're kind of stubbly now  
but I still feel nice  
not having  
thick hair on my calves  
you could comb through.  
The shower,  
putting a soapy cloth  
over my kind-of recently shaved  
body was a joy.  
Afterwards  
I put back on the same  
shirt I had been  
wearing. It still smelled fine,  
and I like getting back into  
clothes that have been  
a little lived in.  
I like this shirt too.  
It has lots of holes in it,  
long sleeves,  
it used to be too tight on me  
but I've shrunk  
and it's loose on me again.  
I sit now on my bed  
back against some  
pillows stacked against the headboard,  
knees resting wide apart,  
soles of my feet pressed together warmly,  
top warm in my cozy shirt,  
balls out in the cool air.  
I sat down with my tape player  
and big headphones,

and started playing a kind of trippy tape.  
The light is dim,  
moonlight through closed blinds.  
It happened that the way I sat down,  
once I was all comfy,  
the shirt covered my package.  
I don't mind having what I do,  
but I imagined I had a vagina instead,  
and kind of vaguely looked  
down at my legs  
as I listened to the tape,  
and ran my hands  
over my inner thighs,  
stroking the skin  
one way and then the other,  
caressing myself,  
feeling myself up.  
I am without the two things  
that were the bases of every  
day last year.  
My husband  
and hard liquor.  
I am utterly alone and sober.  
My life, these days, is grounded pleasures.  
Comedown.  
Minding my diet  
and making sure I still get out on walks.  
I'm having a good night.  
My left hand smells like ink  
from holding this notebook  
and writing on both sides of the  
pages.  
My right hand, well,  
you can guess.  
I am alone  
but I do like myself.  
I'm figuring it all out again.

## **ghostly, ii**

I see ghost  
images of us  
when I'm out  
walking. Across  
the street,  
coming the other  
way, a slouched  
over scraggly man  
walking quickly  
to keep up with  
a tall dog whose  
nose is driving  
him forward  
on a mission.  
Coming down  
towards me from up  
the hill, someone  
in a skirt that  
is completely  
inappropriate for  
the winter  
night's cold,  
and her dog  
going back  
and forth  
against  
the blacktop path,  
sniffing the  
small plants  
on one side  
of the path  
and then the other,  
checking in  
with what critters  
have run over this  
space, and finding

a good place to  
poop on the  
crisp grass  
between the path  
and the trees.  
I see us when I am lying  
in bed with my eyes  
closed, and remembering  
the different ways  
we used to cuddle:  
spooning; side  
by side; tucked  
into one or  
the other's  
belly; one  
night we slept  
under the stars while we  
were camping and it  
was cold  
and the blanket we shared  
helped just enough  
to where it was still  
a little uncomfortable,  
but how close  
we were together  
that night, I hope that  
I never forget it.  
Sometimes I see the things  
that it was easy to take for normal  
when I was living it,  
but now they seem  
like something from an inaccessible other world,  
how often I made out with a dog's butt  
and he was glad for me to,  
how long of walks you were happy to go on.  
It is Veterans Day today.  
That wouldn't mean anything to you.  
It doesn't mean much to me either,  
but it's something that crossed my mind

as I was approaching the part of a trail  
where you had sex for the last time.  
Earlier on that walk,  
we had tried at another spot,  
where I still see the both of us often,  
a human looking around  
while crouched low to the ground  
as she encourages a dog to have some fun here mounting her,  
but on that day,  
at that spot,  
you hadn't quite been able to get hard enough,  
and of course I didn't want to pressure you,  
even as I knew  
that was probably the last note for that, for you.  
Then, as we continued along  
and we got to one more of our usual regular spots,  
we passed by it at first,  
as I worried others might be out  
and I wanted to check ahead.  
But when I saw we were alone,  
I asked if you wanted to double back  
to that second spot,  
and you did,  
and that time it worked,  
you mounted me,  
you did your thing.  
I'm glad that you got that.  
That your last time  
got to be one that you seemed to enjoy.

### **ghostly, iii**

There are many moments for which it can be said that  
I, now,  
am the last one to remember them.  
There will come a day  
when no one does  
and they will be gone.

## **Awroodrongk**

Awooo!  
drunk drunk drunk  
Awoo Awoo Awoo!!!  
drunk drunk drunk  
drunk drunk  
Awoooooooooooo!!!!!!  
drunk drunk drunk  
drunk drunk

## **Forward, Forward, Forward**

I made a rum and sprite  
and it reminded me of our lifetime here  
this last era of your life.  
I had made mixed drinks since  
but this one brought me back so specifically  
feeling like I was there again  
strong drink in my throat at all hours  
and you.  
It did not bring you back to life.  
I didn't think it was going to.  
I had no designs about that.  
I didn't know it was going to remind me of you  
to begin with.  
I miss you.  
I think of you so often.  
When my first soulmate died  
I was younger  
more bent to extremes  
and I felt immense guilt for remembering  
any sexual moments he and I had shared,  
guilt for continuing to think of them.  
Grave robbing. Desecration.  
With you, you were such a pal,  
we were so happy to flatter each other sexually,

I still continue to think of our sexual moments  
and feel no shame over thinking of them fondly.  
All of it is still so on the table to me.  
It was the nature of what we were  
to be happy to get each other off.  
I think sometimes of how you are not in this bed  
to cuddle and fall asleep with.  
I think very often of how you are not here to walk with me.  
I think of your penis sliding through my hand  
and tasting it in my mouth  
and I think of the smell of your belly,  
the solid feeling of patting your side as we were walking,  
the taste of your paws,  
and so much more,  
so much more.  
Your time to go came,  
there was no way around it.  
You are still so much a part of me.  
I have learned and improved, grown,  
around your knowledge and perspective,  
and now I stand alone  
but shaped by you evermore.  
There is a negative space inside of me shaped like a dog  
and the dog is very beautiful.