

THIS

PORCH

"Sleeping On Front Porches"

I pull in at 2.30

From Gate 6

Seat 37 D

Passenger baggage must not contain radioactive material.

We will stand in the place of American  
revolutionaries

But do nothing. Instead "Where you guys  
heading?"

Repeated by sandy boys with the promise  
That one day out in the rain we'll see change.

6.15

11. 20 Lit up snowmen mark your door.

We're here to live and swing on front porches  
I don't know you  
But people we like

Show and tell your liquid beats froth out  
The basement notes casual contradiction:  
Seeing everything  
But noticing nothing.

I change in the back of your truck  
And end up asleep on your porch.

"Standing On Front Porches"

9.45 Two New Yorkers take us down Ocean Drive

Mom says "No talkin' to strangers"  
We talk, share thoughts on city-life, it's  
'no-stare policy'  
Yet gesticulation in abundance.

Piling loo in the back bin fag seat  
Generating fag steam loo bin heat  
Bin pulsating to the fag back loo beat

Two cities converse side by side.



11.00 At Marble House

Gawping and gorging  
Of too much of too much  
Take the Coastal Walk

It gives me time to think, to think of Suzy Lee.  
I'm told missing her is unhealthy -  
More unhealthy than cheese on pasta, cheese on  
toast, cheese on cheese?  
Tonight we eat out on the porch of a stranger.

I change behind the gas station  
And end up asleep on your lap.

"Swinging On Front Porches"

It's Friday the 21st and I 'get' George Moore  
So everyday I head to the library to check in and  
say,  
Isabella, I think you're architecturally astounding.  
I could watch you go up, extend, lie still forever.  
We'd rest on the common and stain my white shoes  
red.

Today you take advantage -

Instill in me mass consumption.  
You tell me that this is the modern world!  
Your pants swing from the garage door  
Decorated in red ribbon and green clover.

10.18 Breakfast at Bartley's

Take off your shoes. Sit on our rugs!  
Tell us in advance what is yet to come.

There will be sound checks at 5.02  
But we're still in the yard eating leftover  
fruit.

I picture her chunky bracelets  
And trace her movements in and out  
Of all houses wherein men have lived.

On Copp's Hill -  
Would you do things differently?  
Course not, but think most probably.

3.15 And we swing in time  
Books stuffed into side streets  
Books stacked into neat peaks

Scratch in this moment -  
Say something cliché: the willow strokes  
the surface and parts the lake  
And Duck, Duck, Goose - Duck glides  
right on through  
Or perhaps scar the skin with needles  
and pins.

Books spill into your suitcase.

I change hats as I exit the taxi  
And end up asleep in Seat 19 C .