

BLESS YOUR CROOKED LITTLE HEART

JOHN FINDURA

Things would be better if I
were drunk and you were
high and we were in Ohio

but the only way to fix
this one may be with some
sort of heavy machinery

and I'm tired of friction

I ONLY WANT SUCH LITTLE THINGS

I only want to know the saddest
girls with the darkest eyeliner
and the laziest drawn out voices

who sing only the most melodic
songs in languages I've yet to learn
using metaphors I don't understand

who wear clothes I wouldn't dare
and are thrilling to watch walk
as if they have a secret purpose

who read books I cannot find
and memorize theories of persuasion
before they laugh in an animal way

who watch movies more for the sets
than the plots even when they
know the screenwriters cousin

who remember me as unpretty
with cuts on my fingers deep
enough to feel but not to bleed

who let me teach them what they
had already learned from steadier
teachers in more cluttered rooms

who tell me frightening things
and then lean back laughing before
I fall asleep more positive than ever

that they will have left leaving
a very short note not really saying
much of anything I want to know.

IT WAS ONLY A WHITE SHIRT I WORE ONCE, HONESTLY

it started with prayers
ended with your blood
on my face a pinch of vein

your name was French
short and easiest to say so
I shaped it in my mouth

closed my hands and shook

STOP SPEAKING OF THE HOUSE

I understand your problems
with the language
as I once spoke it, too

It was the descriptions of
the boys leg
covered in dirt yet white
like it never saw the sun
and the oppressive heat

You were not at my hill
the ravine filled with rocks
and the ditch emptied of water

We had trees like eyes
but there was no house

There was never a house

We don't know who told you this:
the slope of the hill cut down
its length and trees like upward
beams

We don't believe there was a house

THE NOTHING ON THE FLOOR OF MY ROOM

I sat and spoke to the nothing
on the floor of my room.

It did not tell me much I did
not already know.

I did find its knowledge of maps
acute and surprising.