

THREE POEMS

PETER RICHARDS

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What do you suppose behind all that netting
each eyelet attacking your two red pawns
tending winter coming alive serving up blood
crushing a city for a white dot the norths can
enjoy breaking apart an orange choirless pill
the first half going down with the next perfect
in time until all I could hear was the netting
making primeval noises one breast nudging
the other I cannot read from their vantage
a lamp signals YES YES measure us completely
just leaning over they appear not to weigh
as I imagined they would on purpose withholding
news of our total exertion do they sometimes
practice like that blazing in soap or do they keep
their elations mostly at bay I don't know from
pretending one breast can outstare the other

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It feels like I'm dripping down a very large flower
it's the lamp it's the odor black straps composing
my face once as you were leaning over I traveled
to some bad foreseeable depths all taste completely
hidden lengthwise indulged and the great dreck shape
rearing listless punctual and all so broken apart
barking out orders to the shapes it delays but never
at you for all Helsinki could not shout to the wonder
in daylight when you just walked away swinging those
huge and living absolute gongs and my own dated
circle is not once to have seen them crowning the air

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Julia bellows what now had become the most refined tract of her patience and gathers herself behind a massive pill she had otherwise taken from the dead a mixture of fame and cattle seldom gave her a speckled urn containing humidity from sex to sex as if coves could maintain a likeness to themselves or that below sea the same things do occur before that she was somewhat divided and can no longer endure seeing a man being seated nor the matters of a household set out among the lawns of summer before that Christ had risen so that nothing reasonably ladylike could exist not smoldering May poles in the stars breasts in heaven have this terrible symmetry not there in the day nor in the night they wash up perfectly betraying the outlines of clap and hoof beneath a plain number three in the middle of a square the hoarfrost seems like grieving in space slow quick and at the same time each hand is a hand among people in the old days baying old