

Smudgy and Lossy
John Myers

The Song Cave

Smudgy

The quick community of the gum tree

Smudgy replaces the sherry in the snail traps

Smudgy won't press the legitimacy of Smudgy's desire

Something pregnant with its own future, like a species

The hole unbonneted

Is Smudgy so different in person?

Smudgy's love if Lossy won't return it no sky can hold

Someone falling in love with me wouldn't ask me who I was.

A beautiful cat, paws dipped in soot, and tail and nose, too, the rest of its body ivory, is frequently seen in the parking lot.

I took too much light through something diaphanous. Red flowers.

But the embrace left me open like a flute. Today's forecast was this trap-door. The pleasure's awkward, pleasure is no more possible matches, my face in the flowers, the hours completely rotted as though shut in a cage wherein I can't stand or lie down.

It is being observed stumbling by the love object that lacerates.

I glanced down the three
rivers. A sustained recognition

like a twinship,
to forget or to be disobedient.

In the house I grew up in I always drew
where the windows were in the walls

because I didn't trust that I would be
otherwise held.

I stood on wax paper,
layers of it.

For a yes the risk of asking
extends the gaze

clean of staring, stacks of burlap,
rows of light.

Wherein I idolize egrets.

These seeds are hummingbird-seeming in too
quickly growing away from their thinking

even though they are wicked with roots, like deer
candy we trust but don't expect to pause

their crittery hindlegs a moment since
silence is the only patient, dear

melody egrets can learn. So can you
bare pistils with possible tinsel? Do.

Among the rocks
on first dates' lake

I was certain
so last night

I set my phone
to vibrate on

the floor best to
receive you—moves

considered, in
ours or any

community,
tacky. The light

lunch. The wanted
man, you've heard

of him, or his
body my mouth

exonerates,
no doubt. Suppose

eight of the most
talented tongues

auditioning
for the lead are

snails, then salt.

Wherein aspens harbor water.

So do you, you know. You compete likewise
for my attention. Anchors sweat sugar

which trees itself, quick cedar in the heat.
Is a theme to come over here, pick

me up? I had hoped you would, of course
the idea was delayed against the rain.

But shall we drop it: I fought flowers for shine
and I do not want you.

Lossy

Stop. The tumbler—at its face,

I was brighter; in effect

the only thing I could hear

was the big atlas alarm

I was sure Cynosure had

set to ignite and then my

gavel fell at the water

of the root system. All the

mirror I had was wet, thus

defective: sunglasses in

encaustic: visionaries

in alcohol, moan, gainwould.

Smudgy

A butterfly found cold, its wings caked into the dirt

Smudgy finds Lossy abbreviating in the corner

What is the point of the snail in the garden?

What else was Lossy known by?

An afternoon filled with holes

The answers pert and bitten

Can a meteor shower be said to have a body?

Lossy knows Smudgy to be on the receiving end of a fever

Wherein nightly you were barn amazing.

You are the conscience I exaggerate,
devastating your brambles. Show how you

are the first thermometer of the truck
flat sun, the jealous trees, the lemming. Then

fuck on the side of the road. The less ground
you hear pent the better. Do you ever

feel that way? To memory go full, too
unantlered not to feel you would say yes

to anything suspicious the stars
embalmed.