

First Crush

I ask him why does he smoke
And he says he's lost a soul and so

Am I his, brain and nerves sixty-thousand
Miles long, wrapped around the earth twice
Until sinking inside it dead; have been

Outside so long, I don't know what a business day is,
Which matters, for a parcel of tissue's hurtling

Toward me by express in the rain, and its sugar
Might dissolve through the road with rocks
Becoming crumbs of cardboard, but the Grumman

Long Life Vehicle's not a bone
China teacup, he says. It'll hold it; it's fine.

But then the birthmark on my foot disappeared
From the same spot my father and sister had
Theirs, neither close by to mourn the bumpy

Hike, the birth and life of it splotch;
He asks if it was strawberry, port-wine,
Or Café-au-lait but wouldn't pay

Attention to location, how now I want
To burn three parts of my face off,

If a genetic disorder's here but is sick
Like a canary first, moles like moss
Replacing soil in acid, but look at the bleeding-

Hearts, he says, but I see them as bleeding hearts
And foxgloves plucking a timeline skinny as clothes-

Line. I knew I was killing us, but I wouldn't stop
Because I thought there would be a yesterday
With shedded skin on top of it, ticks and mites

Of my worries gone, of me worrying him for those
Reasons, close, under the cornice with umbrellas

Sculpted from stone, though eaves to him, his
To question: why am I here, if not to smoke?