

BEN SEANOR

I Want to Hold the Hand Inside You

If this is
collaboration,
then I will come

along. Just
standing
in the goods,

the day making
necessary
fragments

of the day.
The sky being
the sky with

its lid tossed
aside. To be
stuck to a time

by telephone
wires, parking
lot, a bit

of woods off
to the side. How
the outside

reaches a hand
to me and
my inside.

A gesture
of need or
mercy or

companionship.
Thank you for
making me

less afraid
of my soft
and wet self.

Thank you
for saying yes
to me, letting

me accent you
the way italics
really let knock

knock. But
to show my
gratitude?

I let the small
shade
slip in.

The wisp of
death that comes
with loving

this whole
of experience,
its pink and

rosing edges.

Optimal Wednesday

I wake up with the empire
still killing us, but at different rates.

In the gray kitchen of dawn,
I tried to find the best course of action,

but said hello to work instead.
While peeling an orange at lunch,

I rubbed the juice on my hand
onto my pressure points

so you could find the scent later
in our room where we curl together

because the heater broke.
I have peeled many oranges

with those I loved who are
now gone. Bags and bowls empty,

ribbons of peel on the table, pith buried
in our fingernails.

There can be a pause;
it doesn't have to mean an ending.

On your laptop, a background
of people painted and picnicking

on a tan beach among tan air, almost
postcards of themselves.

The thought leaving you is like taking
the fine silk from your head.

I told you, I know my favorite
animal, and it is you.