

## POEMS

### **Untitled Peradventure**

And if, peradventure, Sodom was not so wicked after all.

The Black and the Irish made subhuman so those who enslaved  
them were morally unscuffed.

Homophiles made pedophiles so those who felt their  
institutions threatened could hunker down

And close their eyes and ears again

To the pain that their institutions

Whether blindly or pointedly

Had caused.

Peradventure the past is not made of monsters

It is made of cowards.

Peradventure there are cowards today.

## Deference

You sniff the dumpsters when we walk by them  
which is fair:  
there's probably a lot  
of interesting stuff in there to smell.

When we're walking  
and you eat something off the ground  
with a gross "crunch" sound  
I do try to remind myself,  
within reason,  
that you know better than me  
what it is  
that made you want to snack on ground food.

If I found a black bean quesarito  
sitting on the curb  
still in its wrapping,  
still warm,  
I would at least be tempted.

And anyways,  
realistically,  
by the time I try to stop you,  
you have usually already won,  
started to swallow,  
and all that's accomplished by my intervening  
is that I seem like I'm being an asshole.

So you, this time,  
whatever it is you see or smell,  
enjoy.

## Deference 2

it is fascinating and meaningful to me when you get to lead the  
way  
not just choosing at an intersection whether we go left, right, or  
straight ahead  
but when I fully follow  
and you fully choose  
going around and round a park over the same patch of space in  
every conceivable fashion of diagonals  
nose to the ground  
following something (I don't know what, but I know that you do)  
for as long as it takes  
it is strangely easy these days to forget what is the real world  
and what isn't  
I would do well to remember always that that moment with you  
is the real world

## Reciprocal Amplification

We take care of each other, you and I.

I give you food

You give me a happy reason

to get out of bed every morning.

I give you water

You give me perspective

on the world

when we go outside to walk.

I give you a cool room to sleep in in the summer

and a cool room to sleep in in the winter

You give me a warm belly to snuggle up into

when I need that.

We also get each other off pretty often

And we share a sense of humor.

This morning when I woke up feeling like shit

It all turned around when I had a glass of water

and then I got down on the carpet with you

you wagging happy boy

and I shared wet kisses with the best person in my day to day

life

an awesome dog who likes to make out with me

and who I like to make out with him a lot too.

A gladness filled my entire being

pushing out all else

at getting to revel in your affections

and to give affections to you in the same measure.

## Meditation

Sitting on the dock with my pal on this lakey night,  
meditation occurs.

I am sitting on my ass  
hunched over

my elbows resting on my knees  
my hands clasped together before myself,  
holding this compact bundle of self together tightly.

My weight bears down on my lower back  
and on the backmost portion of my ass,  
the part of flesh which I sit on.

It has rained earlier today  
and the dock is wet.

The ass of my pants is wet.

My body weight and the planks of the dock hug one another.

In front of me is my dog,

my friend,

my boyfriend,

my mate,

my lover of countless designations.

I can tell just by looking at him how it would feel  
to reach out and pet him;

*exactly* how it would feel, down to every intimate discernible  
detail

texture, give, smoothity;

I gave him four handjobs in the last fifteen minutes,  
one at each of his favorite places in these woods hereabout.

He was feeling eager tonight.

He sniffs the air;

I'm glad for him.

Soon enough I give in to his alluring aura

and lay down on my side alongside him—

who gives a damn if my shirt gets damp on the rain-moist  
dock—

and I respectfully pet his back

and watch as he continues to sniff,

picking up scents that

as he slightly turns his head and faces his nose and eyes

I can at least pick up on the direction of  
and try to guess what he's found,  
unearthed as it were,  
in the air around our post at the edge of this lake.  
At some point something worries him—  
some sound, some disturbance.  
I ask if he wants to go back inside.  
He licks his lips to say yes.  
I stand up.  
With stiff joints he stands too, and leads the way.