

Three postcards from Türkiye.

I. Rhodos

How his hunger shreds her. A blue rubber ball, some kelpish lump in the throat. Her maybes. None of that. I bring brown chrysanthemums, tequila, heat-warped breath. It just keeps getting weirder. Something stirring. The telephone. Red flashing Light. Not yet—she scrambles, scruples. Each book weighs more than a whole body, mine for instance. A stunning heroin frown. On blackness, it's the mind that dreams, not me. Your Valentine so far away, a hand on a face in the remote dark. If that were all there were. Some poets did. Now I would say I'm sorry. I counted seventeen cats in one courtyard alone. We distilled pianos, drank bottled water, looked at her map. Pink Mary came around at me from everywhere. Dust from being driven. I smiled. If you did this twice a day would you. No one else didn't. Later.

II. Ephesus

Later. Some sleep, his whirring syllable. A thin green ink. French dictionaries. Backlist, taped-on paper covers. How do you know. She shook out her hair in spears. Wearing black didn't answer us. It ran into it. Love, give me the decisions: Aeroplanes, planchette. You wanderer. I made them say, unless. Those days at four a.m., full light became possible. And crossed the calling. You cannot be sorry enough. The Fraulein spirals upstairs. Never mind. Show me your equations. Can there be, in a manner of speaking. A scarf wrapped around the throat. Common ground. Trying so hard to find. I will not be like, I resist, him, but cannot study. Time, basically, throws me. Lost for us. A hot spring in midday. What we could share, a desert. Others brought me to you. Alterations, garments. Failing, hunted, all together now.

III. Istanbul

It remains. Pretend anyway. Energy wraps the silvery centre. Your quantum intentions. The chopping block snatches at failure. She hides her wrists. An unopened box, tortillas, tea, pecans. Land of quilted preachers. That rich profound treble. Old hands, spotted, clapping. Why turn when the tires won't. I suppose not. Well. No one's mother. Two naked girls buzzing, baroque impatience only interesting to a therapist. What we chose, less a hundred years. I reckon she repeats, tumultuous, rocketing to close, *burning everything that's sacred in my jeans*. In Paris. You saw her with me there frail. The steering wheel. No other way. To end, to be at first. A lawnmower blade caked with steaming grass. I've torn my mustard-colored windbreaker. Flapping wipers. Would it even help if you were Here. The tiercel opened. Were you averse to dreams. Or aware. Of all my betters.