

A N T H O N Y C A L E S H U

Love, I Have Slept in that House

Sleep in that house
An apartment a technicality

Almost a brownstone
3B 1180 Commercial
Almost Chestnut

Well-furnished
With an old sleigh bed
Your body rolled out of

Without so much as
Wrinkling the sheets
Sunday today

And we have slept in
At least I have slept in
You have been awake

And are now out the door
Closed
And down the stairs

To the corner-store I imagine
For milk the paper for us
To divide and conquer

Then to make peace once again
Back in bed
But the slow ticking clock

I wait and I watch
I watch and I wait
Until I am and this is

The sun's ultimatum
Through the bedroom blinds
Live and love

Or stay in bed forever
Curled into no one
The sort of attack a child has

Whose mother has gone to the store
I check your jewelry drawer
For anything missing

I should ask you now
Before you go missing
We should you know

Get married
I'll follow you to your research
We'll buy a house

A home
In the country like you want
In Maine

Where you'll have more lobsters for study
And we'll have more days of snow
No matter

I love the snow
I can practice my skiing I can—
And I am down these old stairs

Bounding
The rambling run of the streets
Looking for you

Who's not in the corner store
 (Your back does not bend over papers
 Your hand does not hold up the milk)

Running for you
 Who must have gone
 To the farmer's market in Haymarket Square

Where in a mobbed moment
 I wring the wrong skirt hem
 Based on the wrong hair

Needing to see the turn of your face
 Thumb thumping some fine laced melons
 One of which

Large as a bowling ball
 I run off with
 Past Faneuil Hall

Into the tunnel
 Of Quincy Market
 Where not one of the many food stalls

Is selling
 Even a taste of you—Outside
 I run past cart-vendors and crowds

Hand held lovers watching juggling clowns
 I run to four states over
 Connecticut New York New Jersey PA

To where we saw last night
 On late night television
 A documentary of love and loss

About a town
 About a crime the man said
 About a man

Jilted

His heart filled with days so black
His loss of love

Struck the final match

That sparked the whole town
Raised on carbon

Underground mazes of coal

To fire
How this whole town

Still stinks of fire

Of burning tunnels that flow
With flames in the man-holes

The smoking ground

An underground kiln of heat—
O love

Where are you

Leading
Me now?

Not here

You are in some far away corner store
Buying milk

And it is all too obvious to me

That I am the man
Who holds the match alone

In a panic

In delusion
With a melon

Large as a crystal ball

Where appears
My own charcoaled face

That'll testify when washed
To genetically faded skin
City member of brush and smoke

No sun and cobblestones
City of poverty and tuberculosis
No students or suits

City that will burn
For at least another hundred years
All the while

Revising rekindling
That old flame—Who
now that I've mentioned her

I've always said
Did nothing for me compared to you
Who I would follow

Across the Ocean
Port Rush if that's where you need to go
Assuming the North Sea

Isn't too cold
To grow lobsters
I hear it's a nice port-town

Plenty of water
I haven't checked on the facilities
I could teach English

Write my poems become a fisherman
Or if at first
You need to go alone

Further East to the Far East
I could work my way upstream
Nanking

Perhaps you'd come out to meet me
As far as Cho-Fu-Sa
Where the River-Merchant's wife

Wrote she'd meet him
Where you could do your research
Catheterise lobsters

Test their urine
For signals of communication
A better sort than governs

My run—
Among the soft ash of coal
Me with my melon

You not standing
In any blown-out window
Nowhere to be found

In this city's infinite streets
Where I can feel your speed
In a runaway coal-cart

The S curves of mine shafts
And now the jolt
Of Boston Mass

1180 Commercial's door mat
Three flights of stairs
Up by bounds

Three at a time
Through the door
To where I

As I have
So many times before
Find myself standing next to you

Who is in our kitchen
Scrambling eggs
And I have been?

For this melon
I now offer as testament
Of our love—

O Coda. Coda. Chorus. Coda.
I am not
To burn the toast.