

Antique Store Serenade

Cadence

1.

To fall in love with a poet is to fall in love
with a legacy
to have something tangible, mouldable
a snatch of yourself
hidden
in the scraps

In the wasteland, there is more information
than there ever has been
more things are recorded
than we ever could have imagined
and love letters
are published in anthologies

instead of being found
in basements
in an old lady's cupboard
scented of mothballs and time
only found because of the
ticking that became a swirling
that became a screaming.

2.

*I love you dear boy / dear girl / my catastrophe / thing that ruins me / kills me
/ my father's eyes look like a wolf's / glowing yellow / but when I ask he says /
it is the sunlight reflecting on them / I ate a violet the other day / and mashed a
green carnation / then drank its juice / then threw up / but felt fuller somehow
/ like I was brimming with something / indescribable / something woeful / oh
dear girl / dear boy / I must go / I am always fleeing / and I have nothing to say
/ anyway / but it is to you / that I wish to say / this nothing / and I would say I
love you / as a goodbye / but we both know / that I cannot / I hope people will
think / of how I drank / the green juice of a flower / and know anyway /*

3.

The nights are endless and nuclear



and most people don't fall in love
with poets.
Most girls don't know the taste
of violets
Most lovers love
in silence
lest their cries alert
the hungry eyes
the nights endless
the rays piercing

4.

*Then they collide into each other / again / at house parties / and clubs / the
dancing hiding their closeness / their bodies leaning / yearning / for each
other's touch / and they go to the gardens / and pick magnolia flowers / then
press the petals in old books / of Greek poetry / staining Sappho's verse with
pink / and return the book to the library / so someone else can have the scraps
/ of their love / but they don't write love letters / because they are too scared /
too unsure / too unsteady / and even though their bodies tick / underground /
nobody can ask the bones / how violets taste / how the magnolia petals felt /
as they crushed them under their fingers /*

