Humuhumunukunukuapua'a (triggerfish with a snout like a pig)

When I think of open windows, I think
of Matisse and that time I said regularly

I wanted to jump out one
and you got so serious

because you didn't consider that

funny. The red promise of rose petaled
sailboats. The shivering sardine veil

of winter. The drippy snot of a good
dunking at sea, and the horseradish

mustard smudges of a new day. Also,
the quackadilly windows, wood-

slatted. We could
climb those ladders

together.