

Mars Tekosky five poems

from **And You, the Woman on the Other Coast**

Skin-So-Soft

The faint buzzing of your weather-long waking. The world's on fire between us. And the delicate old-bones crawl to feet on floor. I am a weeny mosquito circling the cities. Can you feel this tiny glimmer of interest in your bedroom? Nodding the wheat fields, drill sounds, unclean clothes. The pattern of a car's whirring immediacy as it momentarily orbits near. I say your name as a geode explodes. The thickness of how uni tastes and how an unopened box feels in your hand. The dogs in my neighborhood are howling and my feet are broken with walking. My eyes on your eyes all day. You would absolutely think that might want to mean something.

Fishing line, power strip, tremble dimes, four Christmas trees all boxed up.
It was enough at first to see but now I want to touch.
I want to keep loving you long after long.

Linen

I have felt you in the messages you don't know you leave for me.
thimble sausages, a grainy granulated egg-slip corsage.

blue beach dreams.
(her sunset silhouette against the wealthy east.)

blue seams.
(you are a fifteen-year-old boy I'd like to get a better look at.)

my embedded transistor.
the rage of this spaceship.

in the interest of solidarity, I offer you blood oranges.
orbiting your morning breath that I dream into being.