

MARTHA COCHRANE

What I have is

Houdini, kundalini, zuchinni
Super nightmare, days of aquarius body surging electric
Hormonal, groanal
High trills and thrills, gills
Rapid notes, soft furry, purry, firey eros divine
Madness inclined, Blakey, flakey, ding dong the witch is dead dreams
Manic depressive, hysterical, clerical river

What I have is light fractures, light skinnies
Sailors In The Wind dead on the beach, fragile gifts of the sun

What I have is varicose veins, allergies, wobbly arms and fat
Soft full breath and confident terrorist screams hugging the belt of death
God we'll see you soon, the innocents and me

What I have is terror plus love stretched out on a popsicle stick
Taut, cremating, forever joined in compassion for the dreamer
who doesn't know her dream.

What I have is you unfolding inside the mirror of time in me
Christ, Kristo, Crisco, the Jolly Green Giant at play in a field of pink geraniums
and flox, criminals, lox, bagels and sweet licorice.

What I have is grace on the line, privilege divine
You and you and you and you to love.