

Sleeping with the Fishes

Your face looked the color of sea-foam. The sick waltz
of a man
torn between the things he can't swallow
and the things he wants to digest.
Even then, you looked sweet enough to make me ask for a bucket.

The porch-light swung back and forth like a hammerhead
fished out by the tail
and dangling. We were
medicated pendulums, us.

Our arms were a kind of salt-taffy, pulling in our own
and twisting ourselves

around ourselves and over
and over
and through it all
again and you said you loved me.

And then that you were leaving me
for her. And I laughed.

like bewildered pope must laugh
when he arrives in heaven
to find his favorite whore spinning yarns
with his wife, a whirling dervish in her lap. The only thing
that could have been

more inappropriate was the reply:

So what?

If my body was an anchor, yours was a buoy on a rusting chain.
A moored mine. We were slipping
loose from our gums in the most common American nightmare
to ever reinforce modern dentistry.
So what? I said. And the canvas sails
slumped in the gulf. Everyone
is always in love with someone else. And at the same time
only no one ever seems
to mention that.

That last night we slept together
on the sofa
in the living room of the closest thing to family that you had.
We mistook the sinking for the swell and everything that could float
for everything that flew. That night all the starfish

sparkled high
in their black and famished skies.



Adrian Wyatt

Adrian Wyatt was fired from her hostessing job in 2009 and wandered into the Bowery Poetry Cafe for a drink. She hasn't sobered up since. Originally from New Orleans and Houston, Texas, Adrian spent the last 7 years in New York City before finally settling on the sunny side of this literary landmass. She is an in-house poet and PR rep for the Poetry Brothel and is on a mission to start the Los Angeles faction. She is the mischief maker-in-chief to the Poetry Society of New York, and was recently published in a Write Bloody Zombie Anthology Aim for the Head which just recently received a glowing report in a write up in the New York Times in Jan 2012. Her work has also been accepted to Far Away Literary Journal she has been privileged enough to contribute most recently to The Encyclopedia Show L.A in November. Adrian has only submitted two poems and has yet to complete a manuscript or compete in a slam. This is not because she is lazy, she simply has her fingers in too many pies and needs to pick a plum already.

