

REVEILLE

I.

Our mouths came apart
like the tearing of old carpet
from its concrete bed
adhesive parting
in bursts of anti-coalescent revolt -

I did not go into mourning.

Adonis
my small frame
can't bear your living weight
which living can't bear witness,
misunderstands me
usually.

I wish I was sorrier.

My hands have revered your
hips, cottoned on to your
southern byways
and the sharp veneer
that stands you out
from a soft-focus world, but

that's about all.

II.

Our mouths came apart
like the castration of bugles
during Reveille -
a violence
you couldn't argue with.

I've woken and grown archaic.

In sleeping
you'll be forced to lose this.

The difference
is in your weight
pressing me closer to the core
where self is first to dissipate
and I'll baldly state

I am loathe to find it.



MAYA BORNSTEIN

Maya Bornstein is a dual citizen, a proud elitist, a gluttonous book fiend, a beer geek, a mediocre guitarist, and a shameless lover of puns. An embarrassing percentage of her time is spent cornering people to read poetry at them and being barefoot. She values, above most things, the aggressive defiance of gender roles, le mot juste, and coffee, and fervently believes that if everyone on Earth read some Tom Robbins there would be world peace. Come talk to her after the reading, she'll probably like you.