

Her throbbing finger draws her back to the reality of her situation: fully clothed, horny, and without warning, and how would she be able to take Daph up the cunt with her middle finger bandaged bulkily? She couldn't even stand air on the wound. Could she Daphne's salty cunt? And her right hand was not so dexterous.

Does Daphne come? Vicki prepares an appropriately humble expression and the honest explanation: *Baby, I'm gonna keep on lovin you til the day I die, cuz I love the way you satisfy.*

No keys in holes.  
No Daphne.  
Only next door neighbor fumbling.

Without warning, Vicki feels cramps. Her ankles swell. Her finger bleeds every time she flexes. Her pussy is gamy with secretions. She wants to lie down. But Daph hates wrinkled bedclothes.

Vicki falls into a daze, limps to Daph's bed and pulls back its comforter and top sheet, limps then to an odd chest of drawers and removes a small object of comfort. After pulling her skirt to her crotch, lies face down on Daph's bed and applies it to her genitals eleven times calling Daph a whore sweetly and being Daph calling herself a bitch roughly.

Vicki sleeps deeply in suit, nylons, and one pump, awaking at 6 a.m. without warning, without Daphne returns the object to its place pulls top sheet and comforter over passion and menses stained sheets smooths her wrinkles brushes the lint.

#### A POET'S DEATH

A poet's death and sex thoughts rode me  
through the flashing December hurricane.  
My day was spent traveling in circles  
to get somewhere aboveground.  
I had a straight-ahead goal when I woke up.  
The floods altered it quite a bit.  
I didn't get there.  
Only got as far as the corner.  
The winds and no available cabs  
made me turn back.  
And I was unfulfilled in the afternoon that followed.

All day long your words fought against my forgetfulness.  
They became beasts with sharp bites.  
In the distance cars on the FDR were sucked into the East River.  
Cum residues sucked me back into thoughts of you.  
And you, floating somewhere over the Guinea Coast  
or some other blood-anointed place.  
And you stuck in Brooklyn,  
trains out.

The trains were running by the time I needed to ride  
them, and, oh, what a Dutchman's ride they were  
with absolutely no service to Far Rockaway.  
I did not have to get out of Brooklyn either  
and patiently passed the crisis underground.  
My addictions tickling me through several stations.  
I tried to memorize a poem by Whitman to get my mind  
off sugar.

Audre, my good neighbor,  
I miss your elegy,  
your so-long song.  
Long rhythmic lines of striking metonyms.  
A raging narrative to recall your hermetic lineation.  
Raw and grand images breaking splendidly  
and turning to new space.  
Spare like headlines or epitaphs.  
My loveliest, my darkest, my most voice.  
I miss my voice, my tongue, my most voluptuous lips.

You are in a different weather zone.  
The airports are closed here  
and everybody who's got a home  
has been advised to stay in it.  
Unless, like me, there is contraband you really need.  
Really needy me  
and denying it all the way uptown.  
totally oblivious of the fact  
that a thirty-eight-year-old woman  
was killed in Jersey City  
when struck by a gutter propelled by the winds.  
You thought it might have been me.  
It might've.

A poet's death and the smell of cunt  
rode me like angels of hell  
on the underground  
today  
traveling in circles  
looking for  
vague space somewhere  
just ahead or just behind.

Michael Lassell and Elena Georgiou,  
ed., The World in Us: Lesbian  
and Gay Poetry of The Next  
Wave: An Anthology (New  
York: St. Martin's Press, 2000)