

Ardessa-Nica Jesseau / TWO POEMS

WALKING WITH THE SAMURAI

and i think
this could be the most essential time to fight you
when you've entered this sphere with a sceptre
and then the shades of heat are coming in green again
and we are passing the lights in continuous streams
but there's a stillness i can't quite touch on
and it may be emotion though i doubt it
and when there's a live moon hanging above us like tonight
it gets harder to kill you or move
to turn your throat open

and though the moon awakens
it blazes
like you've blazed my troubles
with words
bright and fiery i watch you

and if we find flowers in the water
we drop them, say:
roses never did us any good anyway
and i'm thinking of the continuation of skin
that spreads from your neck down through your shoulders
it must be like nothing i'd ever imagined
pale white and touching
under your sweater i hunt for it

we run criminal
through zurich

masquerading knowing
everyone out here breathing tonight
has been locked in
the touch of desire the moon gives
and old age
i have wanted you for hours and you have
known it

we lay back lazily in the grass we
talk deliciously over opera only
you're so modern
or hung on the future
that i cannot contact you
even though
i absorb your traditions like laws

and stepping through the contours of armour
i bequeath you all weapons
all mineral

but if we stand under the moon again my
samurai man
i don't think i'll make it
to the next world

though you cover me with garnet, sabers, swords

WOOD CHARM

Gets us to the forest
alabaster and bark dreaming the
chicory stinging our throats Remember
when i took that sliver of you
into my eye Yeah maybe it was when you
weren't looking or when we searched
for the evidence
of our kiss i got
the warm mystery inside me its rose
palpability and Under the stars, mingling
Mixing the flesh soup did you
feel it The amber twist and
the voodoo conceal us
Clicking
underneath buttercups
the blossoms smelt so fine You
covered me with the dandelion fleece
the petals strewn in a kind of
maze along my belly
The other flowers bent
with reverence
Waltzing
through Chinatown just after midnight
we decided
to jump into the backseat of the Pontiac
turn up the AM radio and pledge
eternal love
I pulled
inches of you into my camera
slightly fracturing your being Yeah
did you feel it too did you see
my soul bounce along your tongue
as you spoke finally
my name

I stole the molecules you were missing i
filled the silken folds of dress with
shaking fingers the sheer beauty
of watching you breathe
heavily
The stomach swells the talk cheapens the
chasm opens our arms unfold
Remember
when we were lying in the grass
and you said
If we scratched ourselves deep enough
with thorns, branches
we could become closer linked with
the trees
And when i woke up
i saw the scars stretch up from
my ankles like a blood river, while you
had been miraculously
healed.