

Two Poemss



Allen Street, George Luks, 1905

Cash

Give me Arcadian milk,
Bleakly delirious throes,
Persian tobacco & rose-
Water, prosciutto & silk,

Cardamom, berries & sweat,
And those perfumes that unfurl
From the coiffure of a girl
Learning to be a coquette.

Flowers all fall from the bough.
Listen, my seraphs: the gloom
Deepens. Release the Khartoum
Wolfhounds of Flattery now.

Give me dark, fathomless wood,
Harpsichords, shisha & steak.
Cash is the home that you take
With you. And Home is a Good.

My Mother Wanted As Many Children As Possible

The question of why she'd pick *him* as her
Collaborator in this undertaking
Remains absurdly unanswerable
To me, and also to her—to her, because
She doesn't go in for intelligent
Introspection, and to me, because I do.