

ANDY WEAVER

Two Poems

The Constant of the Universe

I

And under the stars tonight
I wonder if someone cares.
I'm lonely, that's the way I feel.

(Frank Black, "Man of Steel")

And so it's springtime
and every fool has his lips
pursed for the kiss,
the world has spattered
on love like a cheap cologne.
But let's chop through the false fronts,
peel off the plaster and open the walls
to the bare slats—the meat of the matter,
as they say. Loneliness is the only constant
in this universe

because your head is weighted to fall forward to the ground.
because Layton lied to us; death is never a name for beauty not in use.
because the dog keeps humping your leg and licking his balls and humping your leg and licking
his balls and...and, let's be honest, you're starting to look forward to it.
because if you say Heraclitus too quickly while contemplating sex he's bound to become your
favourite pre-Socratic.

because people die on the last day of every war.
because of telescopes and the long gaze into darkness.
because Picasso had his blue period.
because there are part 0. 0. T

because Tarzan is the perfect metaphor for love: we're all stuck in a jungle and love is the only vine—we grab hold and are in motion, but its arc ends and we must reach out, fumbling, blindly, knowing there might be nothing to grab in your hand. That anyone ever lets go of the old vine is the miracle.

because there can be no metaphor for loneliness, the form forbids it; and no simile—loneliness isn't even like loneliness.

because I'm finally ready to buy that "Too Fucked For Zen" bumper sticker.

because love is a knife: love triangles, rectangles, pentagons or octagons—more people means more angles and more angles means more cutting edges.

because I am not a swinger of birches.

because you run and run, not away from or to something, but at, at exhaustion, throwing yourself at it like wind at a candle-flame.

III

*You're the sweetest thing, darlin'
I ever did see,
Really like your peaches
Want to shake your tree.*

(Steve Miller, "The Joker")

And maybe all this is silly,
this courting of the double edge of love
and loss. Maybe it's a changing of priorities
that's required; forget about falling in love,
concentrate on tripping head-first into lust,

because her body is the evolutionary tigress of love.

because the bed's starting to creak and my hands are getting calluses and good God what if my
roommate hears me moaning alone up there.

because there's kum/
quats all over the place.

because I'd lounge with her through the night like a cat in a window facing east.

because we've all heard the crowing of the cock.

because of the press of lips into the soft rippling flesh of the belly, the slow curve of hands
around thighs, the sudden blossom moist on the tongue, the taste of birth in your mouth.

Because after this, all your words are bruised by the new language of her body.

because the lonely have always spoken in tongues, dreaming of speaking with hands, 3.3(w)26.3(ith)19(o2 2i)0

because you all know what I mean.
because I have no right to read her love poems.
because I've forgotten the geography of a woman's shoulder, how hard and brittle in places, how
supple and stemlike in others.
because my desire alone isn't enough for both of us.
because if I showed her the stars at night, she might see them as nothing but light cracking
through a frail wall, and I'd have no words to comfort her.

IV

*These words are dedicated to those who died
because they had no love and felt alone in the world*

(Irena Klepfisz, "Bashert")

And there is no hand
to reach for mine, to take
this pen from me, stop it from reaching
the end.

And so loneliness, in the end,
i12.06 .4(wno 4(wno 43 TD 08(dhTw [TD 0.00a(n t)15.4.1(cat)11.1.1429 -2.2679 T81(n)-6.18puD 0no 43 T

