

Two Poems

M I A L E O N I N

Are You Too Far Away to Dream of Me?

Then sleep. I prefer you that way—cranky Gabriel
bound in your Indian blanket, emasculated
but for the spear of your sleep.

This is when you are most pure.
This is when the moon casts her doubts on your ancestry—
you are *chino*, cave dweller, man of the clay pot and skyscraper.

Sleep. I'll do the rest.
Woman is the only synonym for labor
and invention the only profession. I do it well.

At the bank, I unleash our debt from its yelp.
I carry home the church in a child's baptismal shoe.
I divide myself into loaves. I conjure soup from a bone.

Florida Story

One night, I mistook you for the sea
and fell in.

I dropped my kitchen utensils like two snakes
and left my village of dust.

I unhymned my mother's plans,
unbuckled her tangle-haired clan from my waist

and walked in the only direction, unbuttoning
every dress I'd ever worn, touching each hem for the last time.

One night, I mistook the horizon for the shore
and stepped between the dark waters of your arms.

Among the waves, our limbs lost count
and we cleaved to the strongest part.

I was the slender bottle to your brain's dark ink,
receptor and receptacle of the message

gathered at the ocean's tip, the peninsula
of a new world.