

GOLDEN

Didn't We Have It All

for Mom & Ms. Angie

Any is such a small hollow
in the face of a human's spectacular

specific. *Any-body, any-one,*
any-where—just say the word, Sister.
Even slimed with cement or salted

as slugs I'd crawl to you
& ask *Do you need anywhere*
soft to lay on?

I'd meet you
where your body lingered *any* day.

Sun-slushed on your gapped teeth,
blood & bile in your Earth dressings,
laughing in the folds of your forever story.

Angie, when I reach for you
know I never meant *any* Gods,
any heroes, *any* friends.

You would hear me sing *I want to dance*
with somebody, & we would

timber in every kitchen, hover
in every requiem of Heaven, drink
& dip in every street dazzled

in our destruction. We think we know why
we want to live & then we just fall into the dust-

star of so many decadent disasters,
so many dandelion descendants, becoming
siblings in the den of some simple

destroyers. *How are we thinner than sky,
no louder than the thunder
of ants & such solaris mountains?*

We danced, didn't we, gurl?

We sang, didn't we, friend?

