
K. Lorraine Graham

The Dictums of Nature

I took the workaholic
dialog quiz, listened to Texas
country. Girls girls girls
say Zambrano's in trouble,
but it's just the 4 bar fiddle solo—
Feel it floating away like the
anxiety we can't speak floats in.
“Fuck off,” I said, kind of an
accident, to the surfer coming
down his private dock. He'd said
“Good morning.”

I said, “I'm going to dress up
like Elvis soon,” and everyone
laughed kindly.

~

A chance of drizzle apres—
GOD I AM BORED save
me from fake marble columns.
Assignment/project deadline due
makes a good day to wear red and we
think ha ha. Is that an
OK combination? My “I heart
public transportation” shirt is

see-through.

I dunno. Stay cool,
little one. Bring your passport to
Rosarito and tell the director so
he can update the database.

~

Or, you could just make
that the poem / floorplan / teacher
maldiction
maladdiction
Which is it?
Anthony Braxton riffs on the
only song my friend could play
on the piano. She was so hot.
Even with her face orange from
early experiments with early
self-tanner. Said it was
from a recent trip to Nepal.
The captions of the previous
commercial stay with the
next one and I think “love” and
“how do we say the experience
was rich?” You’re telling
me the story of volunteering
at the rabbit rescue center.

~

We will listen everyday except Thursday. On Thursday we
will watch The Hills. And that Jesus camp documentary. God
God God and inadvertent swearing words. I don’t know what
death is like. How long has it been? How long have you not
wanted to get out of bed? One minute to dinner.

~

This is the worst.
The worst.
The worst that worst.

~

I want to dress like Cal Worthington and hoola hoop across the country somehow in tribute to Peace Pilgrim. The rest of this poem is censored.

~

Jealous of
etc
read email awash in you
know what
awash yes
sponge imitation
changed hair color and overbright retort
dinner table boxout awash in
secrets which are so secret
insult withheld here insert bland
excited comment about landscape

While discussing forgiveness I got sidetracked and thought about the most recent roadkill a smashed raccoon in the bicycle lane near the lagoon and then imagined explaining my forgiveness to a friend who would think it was stupid. Intuition

has been
off
today.

~

Can not seeing you be our date?

~

The dictums of nature are all about
splinter / I am foreign but not
nearly enough. I'd still rather be
murdered in the city than the
country where the couple
just dies or gets eaten. It was interesting
how they did some type reversal in some
small way. Some small method times types.
Operatic—the gypsy in me! Sorry. Come
to mama. Maman. Baby, it's not baby, that.

~

Substitute the center of you for your belly
and my middle abdominals for your center.
What would be our head? My neighbors
are dropping furniture and I
am singing to you. It is hard not
to be sarcastic, but I mean it “like a nice
spring jacket kind of thing,” says my neighbor.

~

My hamstrings are holy and epic.

~

Our relationship was about how to be
like frites and pureed potatoes. Enharmonic,
“like British food,” she said.

~

The Queen of the Amazons is, incidentally, a vaguely white French-speaking woman being controlled by male ivory smugglers. Later, she leaves her life in the jungle behind for marriage.

~

I am the father of Kung Fu. I can't believe it. The conditions are ideal.

~

Avoid these facts, nature as real politique: The Phantom Layer is composed of millions of squid and luminous squid ink. Their entire world was known by touch. The scientists are watching a film that says the sea can feed the world. They, the scientists, clasp hands, manlylike. Come on, Lady Reporter, the time has come for your promotion, under the sea.