

ted nielsen

time enough to weigh the distribution

I am mainly preoccupied with the world as I experience it, and at times when I would rather be dead the thought that I could never write another poem has so far stopped me. I think this is an ignoble attitude. I would rather die for love, but I haven't.

—Frank O'Hara

you know sometimes the body is twisted,
long lines of the heart drawn taut as advertising,
restricting the flows.

go then helpless to time, & feel the city's breeze upon your back.

the buildings will not distract me.

as the streets draw your purpose to their blankly flashing lights,
we must flash blankly back, blowing kisses to the taxis
& their lines of tangled curls,
popping in the beauty-coloured static.

so your hair is straight.

will the flavours of regret now crowd around me?

no. last night was but a memo, thrust upon the office of our lives.
the day will open its vast files, the proper forms arrive at last.

there are no attitudes beyond the sales blurb,
the necessary chronicle.

time enough to weigh the distribution.

touch me & we come apart.

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