

Hokkaido

Don't blame me for the way the flowers look,
I'm still not used to how the roads work.
The clocks went ahead nine hours
when we landed in Hokkaido,
and I lost an entire night's sleep,
so forgive me if your Asagao is a little bent or in need of water.
I'll think I'll grow to like this place,
probably the morning we have to leave it.
The food is good. But I can't use chopsticks for the life of me.
How can two pieces of wood hold anything together?
But then again, how can a person hold it together?
Or maybe that's just a me problem.
Strung out on the porch like a clothesline of thrift store finds,
I may or may have peaked at your behind when you bent
over to pick up a hairclip.
I'm looking at the floor. It's dirty.
We've reached the point where you just laugh. It's become natural for us.
I thought you were gonna behave while we were here.
I was never good at following instructions.
Candle lit sovereignty, wax paper wall separating what sets us apart,
Come with me to look at the landscape
You'd rather just stay in your robe and read.
Fooled to think we'd come around, doomed to believe
this was meant to be some sort of retreat.
The quivering fear that that's the first thing you'd do when I leave the room.
If this is the city where the poets go to die,
let the moonlit valley of floral hypnotization carry me to the sky,
away from all the broken pieces of myself that you still hold in your grip
while you sleep.
Gone are the days of syrup and pancakes and cockroaches
under the diner counter
Now time is just a conundrum of flowers I can't pronounce,
a mountain shoreline of snowy announce,
and a soiled toxic love that I cannot ever renounce.

Yet I still held your hand when your stomach was tossed
around from a night of bad sushi.

