

North Winds on Steps at Northwestern

I saw your lines and arcs, the perfect lawn in the rain,
the trimmed trellises by the concrete steps. First I thought and then said,

“If you let me I will stay, I will write literary criticism for you and wear
slimming shirts and perfect pants!”

“I’ll give up inappropriate cynicism, Wallace and waitressing. I’ll write innuendo without
ever using the word innuendo, and will sing about tropes from a bike while calling out
to you oh perfect administration!”

With all your saunas and clean hard wood,
with the libraries and their soft brittle shine, the books that smell like brass, and all
your long long lives ahead, with the Irish salesmen on Sundays:

I want you all.

Carmine trees and turtlenecks.

I want the institution that lives inside of you: your quietness, your discourse, even if
it isn’t really free. But, but,

You won’t hear me saying lines like that. No.

I will read Latin for you! I will get married and understand Lacan, but only just enough.

Nothing to intimidate or pull my hair out at. Ha! No.

Please,

strip away all the colors I am cloaked in, the banding art we run too, I want
the cleanliness your education provides. Grant me that life!

The quiet one.

Temper and indulge me,

Invest,

I’ll go forward under your mediating horizon. I

want to be in your critical mass. I can

push open the church doors. And if you let me, I will pass. Clewell’s passion

for not and for lack, well that will be mine too. I can be small with big shoes and hide my scabs.

I can make a deficit in my passion.

The whale of consciousness, of angst, will be gone.

We’ll hike in the mornings together. And you’ll see, my

love that is so big will be worth it in due time.