

I LIKE IT HERE IN AMERICA

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For Matthew Rohrer

we have bellies
consisting of a soft wind over water
& a money tree
grown so tall
we can no longer eat its fruit

though we can admire it
the way the light catches it
at dawn
while you & i
friend
sit with our coffees

i like it here in america

here
the birds innocently sing
doo-wop
music
which makes me happy

almost purely so

our rocks sneeze
occasional toxins

though it's not so bad

i like it here in america

i'm still allowed to smoke in my backyard
which is nice

& when i'm smoking
i'm allowed to enjoy the air
if i want to

up to me

& we have prettier things here than anywhere else

ourselves

look at how we look
at our screens
& get so much done

& our hate
our hate is more lovely
than moonlight over the Seine

now look to how we say good-bye
bow out

i like it here in america

perhaps
because i do not read the news

for obvious reasons
though
mostly because
it does not affect me

because i live in fantasy land

i like it here in america

we have the moon
which speaks only to us
showing off its bones
its perfect speech

it spoke to me
last night

it had the breath of a mother

did it speak to you?