

DEAR KANYE WEST

BENJAMIN GLASS

It's me again. And again, thanks
For the bottle of scotch you sent.
It tastes like campfire.
Your letter said it straight: you've got
to be a god like you're a god
to those you are a god to.
I tried, I honestly g-d tried.
I told that joke you taught me,
at a party, some dapper goons
and festooned ladies, everybody
milling around like they aren't
thinking about what everybody else is thinking,
about the blind man that picked up
a hammer and saw. They stared,
and then they laughed because I brought
that scotch you got me. Boy,
were we drunk. Yes, I'm still in love
with XX. No, she hasn't come back.
It feels like losing that part of you that draws
joy out of pain like a needle. You're right,
you're g-d right, that means that what
I felt was like the throne of God:
irreparable as it is potent. Or do

I mean irascible? You've taught me more
than I can even remember!
I want to be like you, the genius
of your home, but my home's empty
as a metronome. I want to be you,
some days. I want to own clean sneakers.
I want to curse a paparazzo so hard
he pops like a balloon. I want my face
on every other page of the glossy earth.
Do you recall your letter awhile back?
You said XX was a Kia when I should
be driving Bentleys. Who on earth
wouldn't trade their heart for a stone?
And that stone for a luxury vehicle?
I keep imagining that blind man
holding a hammer until his knuckles
fray, and suddenly like a camera flash,
light enters his eyes and the world
glosses over him like the inside of
a snow globe. See? Some joke. Oh!
I found that rhyme for you (finally, right?).
How about hot heart/blown apart?