

## DETROIT EROTICS

### WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT

seriously? Whether I puke  
on your shoes or your mama's  
depends less on feasibility  
that of weather forecast than imagination  
IMAGINE a torrential rain pelting the top  
dollar tennis courts of La Jolla  
with frozen spinach  
"the stakes are never that high"  
someday this will all be a digital  
recording vastly insensitive  
to four-letter words stenciled  
on dinner plates matters of personal  
defense rendered vain by the concealed  
touch of a nuclear warhead  
What time is it? Que hora hermanos?  
red handkerchiefs bobbing up & down  
in the copper heat the way a child's  
cornrow stands up isn't just counterpoint  
to a nation at night and small  
fires I could just come close  
to the fence too close or rusted without  
expense of the larger set  
your teeth successful like a shopping  
day it took restraint's hot collar  
to make me watch in silence what is good  
for you and fig to me  
by way of flowers I'll cut glass and yell  
manure mostly fog and asshole  
as I get into a black poison-control overcoat  
to snicker around my vast wealth  
of unnatural acts

Chris Tysh