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# THERE ARE THREE FLOWERS ON ONE STEM AND DO NOT TAKE THEM

It starts in September. It holds up  
a boiling mirror so we can better  
watch ourselves standing around  
in different attitudes of light. If you  
are not there yet, I text to let you  
know I am and am standing in  
a wide corridor of light like a wedge  
of cake kept for a year in  
the freezer: bridal, overbright,  
out of balance. I write into the livid  
mirror with my finger and my equations  
burn. Say we are in our cups. If “cup”  
follows readily from “we.” If I circle  
the scene again like a compass, hawk  
or bat-shit lasso. If there goes your  
pretty oppositional face, lazy-susaning  
into view. If given anything, I will lose it.  
Like an old child, the light weaves hot  
loops and I have late fallen sick, dizzy,  
drinking magazine water with all the tacky  
questions swimming inside it. Why Do Men  
Pull Away? Why Do Boys Yawn and Cut  
Out and Recede into the Distance Hiding  
Themselves in the Hills like Ants?  
Death, where is your branch? I asked  
and it fell out of my mouth but  
it was larger than I imagined it would be  
and I couldn't fit it into anywhere.