

QUEEN (9–10 p.m., *Eastern Standard Time*)

I was just trimming the beard about my sex
(Sorry if you did not know royal women do this)

And nipped in error the skin between my mound and
Thigh, a tissue cleavage as soft and unhurt

As any among my husband's old properties. An alcohol
Pad is there pressed, and stings me, burns

Bacterial moat-hoppers that could get excited
About trouncing the king to the velveteen purse.

He says he should be the only one to course
Me, that the belt is the equal of one hundred

Warships in the South Pacific. He boasts
I am lucky. When I first eyed the silver scissor

I thought to slice my wrist, but a vast canopy
Of solitude brought me to my vanities, and how

My fustpot maidens were having tea just then. To groom
Any part of my own flesh is sure subversion. So

I choose the nearest I can pinch to my blackish
Hole, and begin by candlelight, in a commode, to snip.

NEWS NOW

Almost a backward swoon.

Little yawn.

Coming up soon on your
local nipple.

Again.

Again.

Again.

STRAPLESS

Sometimes we dress strapless.
You know, when you sense the self at your centre jiggle as if you might
break cold against
the heart, as if a lung might burst and out of your mouth will plume
white birds cooing and thrilling?
You pry and suckle.
Fold your leg backward and embrace your fresh buttock.
You rub your hair upward so it goes staticky.
Turn on the radio, listen for someone out there somewhere.
Dinner shimmers and snow hardens.
Absence is suffusion almost beauteous.
Nothing left to wrap yourself around, so you start with the vertical elements
toward which you simply lean.
Trees have a solidity most porches lack.
Telephone poles create society.
Internet's a web of felled me's.
You end one you begin another.
After this you'll get it.
Sequence is not your strong suit nor sequins out of order.
Let you help – thanks – with those eye hooks.

THE BIRDIE WENT DOWN (CBC)

Some drugs blunt emotions and/or reduce obsessive-compulsive thinking but these are also two main characteristics of romantic love Dr Fisher mentioned in addition to the obvious toll sexual side effects can take on a romantic relationship the shortage of key brain chemicals involved in love and long-term attachment aren't released.

All of this can make it challenging to fall in love or stay in love while on an antidepressant said Andy Thomson staff psychiatrist one approach is to take an antidepressant that can be stopped intermittently for drug vacations without losing effectiveness Dr Thomson offered Forest Pharmaceutical's Lexapro sometimes can be stopped Friday then resumed Monday which stimulates the patient's sexual interest over the weekends.

KEY BRAIN CHEMICALS (*Globe & Mail*)

for Dick

You have no idea you mean I focused
 on the bird
but as soon as you fired and saw
 Harry there everything
else went out of your mind you don't
 know whether the
birdie went down or didn't what happened to
 your friend as
a result of your actions it's part of
 this sudden you
know in less than a second less time
 than it takes
to tell going from what is a very
 happy pleasant day
with great friends in a beautiful part of
 the country doing
something you love to your gosh you've shot
 your friend you've
never experienced anything quite like that before not
 a good idea
each of you got a bird.

DIARY

What if book just wants to be book? So
relieved someone could lend money, or give it

Hard tell when donor is loaded Perhaps will
owe perhaps not Now what should do for

livelihood Have examined merits becoming surrogate for childless
couple but type get over-attached I I I

just imagine panic when child whisked into arms
uv other woman Obviously terribly terribly terribly terribly

terribly terribly terribly bored Once upon day there
was page who made breathe quick anticipation little

messages caused skin uv world set aflutter O
caught in web uv nostalgia for likeable screw-buddy

How minor province restimulate? Employed have advantage uv
exhaustion I I I I I I I

all too pining for action Once upon day
uv Valentine's miscarriage what bloody day arrived Month

grooves downward avalanche-like Nice shrink offered marriage advice
last week Willing subjects sat side side same

couch good omen return tomorrow wish by turns
salvage ruin ruin everything then to settle off

uv seething Sorry wrecked everything with rancour All
4 now –

HOPE YOU

enjoyed *8 Mile* I'm going to see *Roger
Dodger* ASAP thinking it might illuminate you a
little to me Almost saw it in NY
on Saturday but went to a cool extremely

minimalist electronic music show instead The main performer
wired a mixing board to send output back
through channels producing feedback of almost unbearable if
a little melodic high frequencies Another player rubbed

a reed up and down over a drumhead
and the quivering vibrations produced static which served
as a low dodge-and-burn intensifier In a dumpy
cement gallery space on the Lower East Side

about fifty very cool young people plus me
sat in reverent silence just a few of
them pressing fingers in their ears to protect
themselves I thought the whole thing would have

been better on drugs but even still it
sent up a blooming whining metaphor of how
my psyche has singed and squealed yet made
no sound at all waiting and feeling the

outer limits these past several months Rather simultaneously
exciting and too mundane for language's access Anyway
New York is a place where art is
relevant and I think I'd like to live

there The rather preposterously empathetic roster of papers
given on Acker at the symposium I attended
made anyone think it's a good idea to
die young if you're gonna write I don't

know why I'm writing you today just because
I think it's very grey and fallish outside
like dusk like the busride melancholy fills the
body and language spills into space like a

secret shimmer Why feel anything but sometimes the
thing itself feels its way beyond the body
like a semaphore from a border an empire
of the senseful and I become a secretary

Another movie that brought you to mind Ah
cinema, popcorn –

ANDALOU

Eleven weeks to the day, I held
Her or him like a branch.
Like a tipped word. Through the window
Is another window.

ABSURD PICTURE SHOW

That I trouble the waters of
your pretty face with my slow
finger, drawing down for a strand
of lily stem.

Fish go, floral tails.

You sway and dip your crown,
flat pad, under the edge of a second
pond.

I'm still kneeling on one rippled calf
broken like sound waves filling
a data screen, etched in magenta.

Yah, I dyed my hair orange, the
orange of the dusk sky, left the stuff on
an extra half-hour.

What are you doing, moon, in
my friend's mirroring
gawk at me? It's not midnight, the
news hasn't even started!