

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## TE Tomaino: Three Poems

TE Tomaino · Wednesday, January 23rd, 2019

### i fuck on the first date

ginsberg wrote through  
the eyes of a sparrow but  
i'm too busy teaching boys  
how to best hate themselves

they're all bad-bellied  
skin hard scar  
red&colored  
to the fingertips  
too skinny  
top jaws in yellow  
stain. cocaine  
thrusts. cement  
judgement

this is nothing  
more than stained-glass oration  
cracked in fractures of color  
how i charm, churn  
the base gaze. lean  
closer&lie a little  
longer. whisper  
*tinder creates ashes*

smashes vio  
lent, vio  
let kaleidoscope &  
capillary

fall in funeral rouge  
fault&resentment&  
a bit of blonde-dyed frustration

they can't say shit to a woman

when they're a secret sleep  
in a cheap casket or

a folded composition  
from hammer hook of  
sulk&skull.

\*

—a

i was a nervous line behind.*sip sip*on lobby lemon water.your husbands reservation in minneapolis adjusted for two minus you.& cool strawberries grew from his skull&silent vines curled from her lips&both glanced&turned away from my tart surprise&i dribble/blinded by the shared twinkle their pupils held.you didnt go that year.you couldnt.the kids/probably.so i wrote a poem that weekend about the pause in a circle&how it makes me dizzy&depressed&o! how i sucked at recognizing the radius that grew around them.what *happens at AWP stays at AWP*some fuck *lick lick*in my ear during a panel on feminist free verse&your husband and her and that twinkle locked in a room of recycled impressions he left on your milk skin.his unrolled tongue of irish fathers/the silvery motions of *slop slop*and sweat sweet of forties&fit; her sensation/his approval/breast&taste of tangy cunt/a breathe so many forget to be there for&after i jogged/stopped in awe of their cun&traveled as an x-ray on a nj boardwalk counting beats of white diners&black waiters.but today ill tell you about this jog&how i saw that twinkle again against the atlantic/her hands *lock lock* in your husbands gray familiars.how can i be a master of this awful language when i cannot unroll my own irish tongue to protect&predict how your heart would *breakbreak*?&its okay you drank all the tequila&lost it on him.you are allowed that sad smile of sucked salt&lime&all the pauses in all the circles under the stars we *twinkle twinkle* silent under.

\*

## Vision

my dreams are  
parallel lines  
of light &

last  
night

\*

grandpa bashed  
my baby sister's  
head in &

still  
conscious

buried her  
behind a wall.

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