

**LUCY ANDERTON**

**I'm sorry I have to put it this way, but**

Dear Herman I am good here.  
Camels walk about my sandy  
bones. Also trees of licorice,  
Kate Moss, and a wet corner  
of the world that I cannot name  
called my cunt. Herman, why  
are you so called? Such a name  
belongs only to old gray tires.  
When they spoke to me  
I could not hear over the roar  
of *Herman, Herman, Herman*—  
their leather leaves now roasting  
in the fire, their voices now  
bleating at the blackness  
that sheathes the slept-away day.  
I trialed and traded carefully  
cut curtains and long  
delight-filled pisses on the side  
of the country road for  
a plumb fuck from you:  
we shaking car window,  
we traveling in the grille  
of open smiles. Herman.  
My spitting crater. I smoke  
out the grasshoppers here  
in the hammock—flat  
on my broken back—my neck  
enthrottled in the tender fist  
clamp of the sun. I saw  
one shadowy person here  
in this snow Herman and  
she spoke of you  
with a red word or two  
and I saw my tangle of whiteness—  
that was slipped onto me  
by these streets and cemetery  
eyes. Here the birds two-step  
rather than fly. Here Angela  
Davis laughs in my float-  
about face, my fist  
held high. Here the wetness

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will not come forth  
in the cavern—the fleas  
are drowning the pears  
are waiting for their  
silver green dive.