

EGG AND SPERM, YOUR MEAT LOAF

You kicked me in the teeth of my language,
which was when I found out what a mass of flesh

my words are, how they develop syntactical
hematomas that bloom like corals, fathom-deep

under skin, behind eyelids, bed linens
& the veneer of a supposed and hoped-for life.

I deserved a good mauling, of course, a thumping,
a trounce, my words had leaped ahead

& you just sat there silent, waving a copy
of Flaubert & reminding me of what I hadn't done.

One could argue, I said, that what I really meant
was something I had imagined I could not say:

"There is only one beautiful thing, and there is no
end to all the beautiful things, and on this

problem my entire rot sits, waving stupidly under
the sea, waiting for the right combination of egg

and sperm to light the tip of my tongue with speech."

But instead I said, "Your meat loafs remind me
about something my mom once said about remorse."