

gently

Puerto Rico is an island I might have been from

I am not

Is that why you kissed me in the swamps that June?

Couldn't you predict the fumble: pigskin

replaced by the bird that will not sing

on demand

I imagine you stalked poetic moments

in the District, casting your net

to bring home shiny swimmers

for your bowl. It is the bravest thing a man

of words can do – dive into the old joke

of a drastic kiss

But I am not your muse.

I am the paw that likes to stir your

watery rooms. And you

Are the man who likes to think of kissing me

Your fine mind's fingers ridiculously grappling with a soldier's reward.