

Katherine

The moment we met I was like an undercover
detective who discreetly leans into his lapel
and calls headquarters for backup.
When I sipped the martini you handed me
I closed my eyes and heard the crackling thunder
of a distant Civil War reenactment.
Did you know that your name means oven mitt
made of Shetland wool, just as my name means
gargoyles by the sea? Is it true that you picked
the lock on a pair of handcuffs with the stem
of a maraschino cherry clenched between your teeth?
That the essence of your scent is Born to Be Wild,
that your Viking ancestors, prophesying your arrival
in the 20th century, christened you Wave Slasher?
I loved you the moment you cried big drops of tears
when I tried to explain language poetry, and I was thinking,
I'm in trouble here, officer down, officer fallen.
You are an aqua convertible with enormous silver fins.
You are a ceramic hula dancer with grassy hips that shimmy.
You are the wow in Oh wow baby! Loving you
is like finding red and blue depression-ware candlesticks,
an orange (decal intact) Captain Midnight Ovaltine mug,
and a Buck Rogers ray gun that still shoots sparks,
in a cardboard box with my lost program from
The Rock-and-Roll Caravan of Stars signed to me
by Little Richard, Fats Domino and Chuck Berry.
Muskin, your toes consort with misdelight and I
am the half-marrow. Loving you makes me want
to meet you again for the first time.
And then to meet you again, for the first time.