

Joshua Moore

In the Want-nursery

In the want-nursery, I am keeping
in my mind, the cuttings and sprigs
of intimacy, are light-proof, ageless
as tinted specimens beneath glass.

Framed under this green room's chording
beams, its dust motes wavering like
snowmelt given-up to sun, a periodic chart
maps the landscape of my sampled wants.

Yes, those gas-bright hungers
slow-cooking the thalamus' narrow
folds, souping the hormone matrix
to an air-thick chamber, hothouse

of hydrocarbons coupling and uncoupling
in the fog. And the lighter yearnings:
trace of a palm on the gear shift,
fifth digit of a passenger hand, closing

on the perimeter of my back, finger pad
troubling the stitch work and the blade
slackening. *I'm shit at this*, I say, my breath
catching in the haze of your burned clutch.

And the way the light is bending through
the aperture, stage clips nestling the sample
to the plate, I cannot see the coming fissure
your touch a coverslip narrowing

the aspect of the frame, just
the push of breath, clinging into droplets
on the windshield, just your waiting hand
pressing me to start the car again.

Love Poem Ending at UPS

We've been at this for hours now, trading
narrow breaths in the off-light hollow

of a freight container, ordering the eagerly-awaited
ornaments of other people's lives into temporary

structure, building box walls out of what we don't
possess. Over the clockwork churn of package-rollers,

we trade barbs, constructing the first shelf, set the firmest
boxes flush against the corner of the shipping crate,

only breaking to call bullshit on an anecdote or crack
wise about which of us has stronger morning breath.

And this is how you tell me that you've met someone:
slantwise, off-hand, tucked into the backside of a joke,

then turn with equal ease, and ponder if possibly
I'm seeing someone, too? I let the question pass,

press the last box into the C-Can, step back
onto the loading dock grate, and pause,

as everything we've spent the morning on is hauled away.