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Expatriate Anti-Sonnet

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EXPATRIATE ANTI-SONNET ROSE SWARTZ

You have no idea what's going on in the night sky: Kentucky Jack bottle up
past the fields of Bratislava, riddled with sunflowers, blurred by steam.

If I pointed up and told you my mother was no Cassiopeia, would you believe me?
No less beautiful than any sea nymph or thin, Euro trash bartender—

I only wanted enough whiskey to kiss you back to Prague. Go light a Lucky Strike;
no, a Camel Blue, exhale me, a red-haired accident, from the Slovakian train window.

Slip me between pages of your book called "Becoming Quiet."
Book where we burn pianos and name pill bugs *Federico*. Back pages,

keep me distant, glossy and generic as the poster girl for Vespa Mopeds,
long-haired and black-clad, legs bared to make faces irretrievable.

In bed that last time you spoke of garlic mashed potatoes. And you were one:
white under-skin in the dawn, drink nearly worn off, you were ashing

in an empty chocolate milk carton. You'd like to travel Russia on grant money
and commit murder. The way you say rifle but don't mean it. Hate to say it, but

I can fuck things better when they have hip bones: dirt scientists whose filth
is greater than or equal to my own. I want to watch you hold a gypsy's hand

the length of Old Town Square. Drop me a postcard in any loud language,
in German or Discotheque, in the sky, Perseus will be unchaining Andromeda;

Do not draw any metaphor from this. I need no help with my chains. Besides,
you would never be so bold. Let me keep you outside that hostel, park bench

where your pocket was snipped out. Do not let that flask of sour mash lead you
across the Atlantic to my humble porch. Go on with your earthen geometry,

corneas stuck in the sidewalk cracks. I only wanted a slug, you, too good for me,
well past noon. You, too green for me, face-down in a flower-bed.