

ADAM TEDESCO

I'M HAVIN' A FOUR LOKO WITH YOU

and this is more honest than going to Veselka for stuffed cabbage at 2am
and saying what's on my mind
or what I tell the cops when I've been pulled over
or the way my body is built like a car
parked after two pitchers of watermelon margaritas

partly because you don't care about my grammar
and half of all stones by half of all creeks
are really broken glass

partly because my love for you is something that doesn't require a body
and because we laugh at ourselves for needing these bodies to make these
words
and know these bodies won't last

which is partly because of time
which is partly mass hallucination
and it is hard to believe in when I'm with you
and also when I'm alone
that there can be anything as still as that first thought
that all of life to come exists within

and all of these feelings are due in part to assiduity
to the world in relation to you
in the warm New York at sunset as I buy two slices of cheese
then drive over a bridge
built from stone dug
from a mine that I have visited twice
to witness my reflection in the dark mirror of endless water

and my face moving there was not my face at all
but the water I drive across so many evenings
which has the final word on all things earthly

I look

at the water beyond the guard rail and think of you and all the water in bodies
except for the vial of tears resting near the places we have been together
because you are not a grave thing

because we can laugh about the problem of how to tell children that heaven is
for the people who can't share this moment with us and smile
and the fact that when two people laugh it is one laugh
and a thought can't exist for an infinite amount of time
but laughter can more or less take care of us after bodies cannot

just as we laugh beneath the Nude Descending a Staircase or

talk about Barbara Guest and Method Man ringtones or the cruelty of Lydia Davis
and what good does all the research of the body do when

all the body can do is get you fucked or fucked up and all I want to do is sit in a jar
with a view of the sunset and remember the shape of Joseph Beuys' crowbar
extending toward the coyote

and remember
this is all I can be
in this body
as much an animal

as the coyote

it seems we were cheated by these bodies
which is why I am punishing mine with this silly green can
which is wasting me
but you won't be wasted on me
which is why I drink to you