

ALAEDDIN TAKES US FOR
A RIDE DOWN TO BAYOU
BIENVENUE

Lee Ann Brown

Be like evaporative beings
Holding each other round the waist
Then when on the viewing platform
Write a poem called Pink Moon
Lune in reverse not cursed
Yet somehow unfixed
Rebellion against
Extinction
Pink party
Boat : we *are*
The boat—freer
In the morning of
The poem twister
Incremental as a blister
Blasted flower now a sower
Ever growing forever so much
On the nose your gallery courts
You and rings your bell Max in age
Makeup I forget to write the dream
Don't tell anyone he says that
The dream somehow gave
You the poem on the
Corner of time & space
We looked up and words
Crossed like outer space
Black wire lace connecting
The whole city—I was at a French
Dinner / the last one of my residency
Working my way through the tables
Of a double serving of white wine
And honey straws
After standing like a
spokesmodel holding
A fancy tray of doggie
Treats on a rack shaped
Like a cake—some were pink
And it was difficult to find anyone
With a roof roof dog to give them to
Then I was whisked with a younger
Woman onto a newfangled multi-colored
conveyer Belt subway / yellow green muted
Reds pieced together moving fast quite a ways
To our next destination—