

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM

Or was it this morning?
I was crashing
at one of Frank O'Hara's
New York apartments.
"Which one?" you might ask,
well, I won't bother you with the
arduous recollection of
those things. All I'll say
is he looked like sepia
and smelled like those unfiltered
cigarettes that bougie Berkeley
film students blow on Bancroft.
I was sitting at his typewriter,
holding his hand
holding Manhattan.
"Do you take
your coffee with Strega?"
Before I knew it,
we were making out
in a cab buzzing up the East Side,
trying to shake off these petaled
streets. "You kiss like Yeats
and touch like a Pollock poster
on sale at the MoMA gift shop."
"I don't know what that means;
to be frank, I don't know what
any of your poems mean, but
I know I'm your biggest fan."
"That's the problem with you,
even your dreams make
too much sense."