



Ode

I am in love with your elbows;
I will not apologize.

You folded your arms behind your head
from the hood of my car on the Jersey-side.

You spoke and your elbows served to amplify:
the city lights are Niagara Falls.

I was in love with your elbows and the rest of you
followed—on the coattails of boomerangs!

They harness and clasp and are everything
when you take my arm.

I would kiss them on the regular
if you didn't think me odd.

Your elbows wouldn't mind;
they love me back.