

Bad Naturalist

Finally watching Wayne and Maggie
Books as objects to know one through

That night with the Brandy Alexander
is the same as "I Love This" same night
Dad helped me down the stairs

Getting to the bottom
of her lack of baggage
Have to read his book
about gay men and opera

Tough girl is what I had to be

Have to read Susan Sontag's
"Notes on Camp"
Haven't camped in a while
neither with Mike or the naturalists

Motorcycles and vinyls, no bibles

I like the name Campbell: Dad's middle
Scottish clan with Pisces tartan
Not to mention gender neutral

Mike Martin said he was jealous
Mom brought John Voss
to the opera

Eileen Myles said hiee
could you not write that book

They also said they were a Kennedy
and so were we

At the opera with Mom
during intermission
Aunt Wilma's best friend Sandy
said they and Dad were in a band
covered Bob Dylan
and Peter Paul & Mary
He sang

Not be pre-appalled
by the paltriness of the language
Choose the third way
to reject the terms
a feminist preoccupation

Aunt Wilma played piano
Sandy drums maybe

If the intellectual voltage goes
to an endangered point
I have to artificially inject
mania into the room
Infinite enthusiasm
is going to be haunted
by its shadow of the catatonic
and the depressive
and the speechless
narcoticized fantasia

Dad always talked about us
starting a band
with the pets

Of course coexist
as the answer to each other
I cook up cheap thrills so I feel
alive enough to analyze

Mom would say she wanted
to play tambourine
though in high school
she played clarinet
the one I left
in Merritt Island when I left

You just have to do
the thing that's next
Pluralize and specify

Dad asked me to help him
buy her a baton
since she did that too
It was right when
the internet came out
and it never came

The rhythm by which
you would return to one another
would make the argument of why
they belong together
Informed by poetic nimbleness
how to change your mind

Happy to know Dad had a band
Puts a different tinge on everything
early success