POETRY

I Am Ill Today

by Ema Dumitriu



"Shower" by Karl Zuehlke

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to Frank O’Hara

If I were in New York today, at 13:31, mean hour of London,
I’d walk and pay attention to my steps, not knowing
if the splashing sun would silver sneeze as rosy mouth, thick,
burgundy lips, as easy to be seen by your blue eye, thick
in black ink. I am that carcass by Soutine, the fire in my belly gives
warmth to worms, dark little things, they shun me when alive.
New York must live forever, slick and strong, the disembodied waters
of the sky flooding its camera obscura. Light rain, light symbol,
light light, they spread a bedding cover over me like dehydrated sand.
Fleshy mouth full of wounds, the maggots writhe and jump and pay
attention to the sound of poetry, dark little things, ill-fallen from the sky
of that miraculous New York.

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