Didn’t We Have It All

for Mom & Ms. Angie

*Any* is such a small hollow
in the face of a human’s spectacular

specific. *Any-body, any-one,*
*any-where*—just say the word, Sister.
Even slimed with cement or salted

as slugs I’d crawl to you
& ask *Do you need anywhere*
*soft to lay on?*

I’d meet you
where your body lingered *any* day.

Sun-slushed on your gapped teeth,
blood & bile in your Earth dressings,
laughing in the folds of your forever story.

Angie, when I reach for you
know I never meant *any* Gods,
*any* heroes, *any* friends.

You would hear me sing *I want to dance*
*with somebody,* & we would

timber in every kitchen, hover
in every requiem of Heaven, drink
& dip in every street dazzled

in our destruction. We think we know why
we want to live & then we just fall into the dust-
star of so many decadent disasters,
so many dandelion descendants, becoming
siblings in the den of some simple
destroyers. How are we thinner than sky,
no louder than the thunder
of ants & such solaris mountains?

We danced, didn’t we, gurl?

We sang, didn’t we, friend?