

LYNNE THOMPSON

## When Nothing Else Will Do

I don't want to pluck my burr from your flesh  
nor do I want to be kind Or if I am to be kind,  
    I want to be a kind of chameleon,  
                                night-blue fluorescent

I want to kill that gnat on the wall  
but I don't want to Hoover under  
    our once-bed, site of our rub-a-dub

I don't want to be a full set  
of some starlet's perfect teeth &  
despite having nothing to boost, I want

to walk around wearing only my bustier  
    I don't want to flower unless  
I narcissus (and yes,

I will honor—& always—  
my fey black body, our first  
delights, and our mournings)

I want to tell your best mother everything:  
    that I don't want you to ever forget  
my length of legs, both of my hands just there

I think I want to know what you want  
    but, perhaps, I shouldn't look in that mirror

because  
    (& even *because* is a kind of want) so

just tell me—who have you been reading:  
    Kafka Morrison manga for animé?

All I want is for my hair to a n e m o n e—  
& the *not-wanting* to go for broke

while I drink honey bourbon and listen  
again then over again— *Not a Day Goes By*