

A. HARVEY-FITZHENRY

## Smoke Signals

let's be honest here—  
you're all wrong.  
boys who spend time  
in chino  
and talk about themselves  
in the third person  
are just not for me—  
and yet,  
this dizzy obsession  
is something  
i won't give up,  
not even for the sake  
of good taste  
or sanity.  
i suspect  
it's too late anyway,  
i'm well and truly  
on the tiger's back now,  
convinced that photos  
are staring  
back at me,  
building energy  
like mr. mojo rising  
with his back to the audience,  
and i'm waiting for you  
to turn around  
even though  
you are looking  
right at me.

there is something  
too delicious  
about sitting in a house  
so full of music  
that i can't hear  
the scratch of my pen  
on paper,  
writing poems  
about tattooed rock stars  
who sleep around  
but when they're lying  
on the hood of a car  
and watching  
the stars,  
none of that matters;  
i am not a 28-year-old  
married woman  
who really ought to know better  
and who still gets carded  
at clubs,  
i'm just a girl  
who is  
setting fires  
in the desert,  
and using the smoke  
to send signals  
in rhyme and  
haiku  
to unexpected and  
unsuitable  
muses.