No Matter, No Issue

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For Olena Kalytiak Davis

Reader haphazard and Reader listless, Reader soporific and still, unvaried march like a wooden soldier do I look you my eyeball. See you, I look you slowly.

I see you, Reader, slow-motion and stop, like first impression, pausing—to breathe like a snapshot all the walk-away captivation of you, Reader hard-pressed,
as a stone is mindless. Reader: Why this pretense at billion-year wisdom? and Why edges so round? Telluric, blue Reader, your absolutely simple eyes flutter like no
you won’t stop. No matter, no issue, if you never thought to cheat me of my brief pleasures, for woman, Other, what perfect skin she has—better to let you yes,

yes, with all her easy lips painted sheer, but clearly more pink than all her fullness like virgin aspiration to be first-time and Before. But do you? remember?

how once, dear Reader, magical—barely inimical, you prefigured me a true love like soul mate? And you were unaware! Your heart! An older,

more so-mature Wonder! You are bliss! You know your every whim as yes, yes, how any one could challenge your sure-fire ecstasy

be they Lady Undone, ms. goodforyou-any-hour, ms. whatever your pleasure, ms. since ever after—not your mistress, you, Reader, unmarried! Lone

ranger the plain breadth of my westward travels. Reader, how you coruscate MindEye, what green-blue iris, one you flash, flash, slowly regard inner force
life so-never admit-bored, honey, my dear
honeyed Reader, you may be thick and opaque,
avid as sensual tourist, would be recently Green, but

Reader! Beloved—Reader, knowing! I am all you wonder
of the coldblue World, be you all-alone maybe
all-at-once want me, be your sometime lover, sensate—

—tion, how you wide-eyed wonder, again, quite sudden
were you the one-time—yes, keep-you my crescent-moon long
light,
well if you were, well if you weren’t—Reader! humble

Reader, have you ever patient, yielded
like slow you were losing, Love, you were yielding
to everything, sweetly—a quiet resolve in the end

lost your self-with-me. Oh, Reader! denuded, Reader,
what-ever you-want what have you, you taste
my hell in her mouth.