

Two Poems

Raven Leilani

Wanderlust

She listens for the bell of your voice over the ooze of traffic
blotting itself to a yawn of headlights and lo-fi winter buzz,
she saves all your voicemails, and erects them into a chorus
she can press her hips against with the mechanical fervor
of a Top 40 hit, of the porno flick regarding its plot more seriously
than the flesh around its starlet's face, hanging slack and vacant,
a fist of beaten clay, a scream maintaining its song
by snaking through the teeth
of kids with guns and housewives burning duvets
and the legs off of spiders
for what is hidden carefully inside the home.
But not too carefully she says. She says, don't be careful with me.
have you existed under such perfect hair all your life?
She wants you the way any woman wants sinew,
stacked up upon itself like mile long car crash.
Her dress is lined in circuits in the cold
soft light of fridge, and she thinks of her husband
when she pours the drinks.

Extensions

It was Tuesday when you and I parsed the oily kinematics
of the New Jersey ponytail.
The way to slick up your hair, attach it with zircon pins and glue.
Sexy as anything synthetic can be,
like aspartame frothing up compounds through the condensation, beading like tears.
Or drawing eyebrows on for the first date, just so he will get your jokes,
and in the days we kept our eyes like saucers below our bangs,
you weighed 100 pounds
less than the celestial tease of hair wrapping itself
into the fists of every boy with brown eyes along the seaboard,
still acting as if you had never once existed in the daytime,
as if we weren't cocky, matted derivatives of every fake orgasm
cutting on spined feet through a modem and erecting a norm within its choir but no
understand that my hair can castrate, simply by lying here above my ears,
render the hands of men too delicate,
too petal-like to hold.