

[DEAR HENRY]

Biggest tune in the world pull up!
You don't need that Roberta Slack

you need that Robert Dinero.
Congratulations this sex is redeemable

like tokens at my trading post the mouth
of a nameless river. Miami doesn't exist yet

but semiocapitalism does.
The Tequesta are already gone

from the bay. You care for your wife but she is sickly.
Nothing can stop the American Riviera

but your preference of some waters
to other waters. What is not to love

here? Everywhere there is has everything
in it: the internet, a crystal ball, the small of your back

is a bread and butter plate. The minimum
slippage between signifiers is the measure

of consensual reality. Once upon a time
I searched for your smoke signs on the Internet

with a capitol I, but it collapsed like a tent into a wand
and a point where everything vanishes like the moon.

[DEAR HENRY]

The summer Vaughn Bell hung terrariums in MASS MoCA,
I was paid to stick my head inside and spritz the mosses.

Now I live there. It's called Dadeland. Every day
is an exercise in hydration. The cloverleaf wavers

in the windshield like smoke. Light hits my car so hard
it bleaches the upholstery. The surprise of light pubes

on my favorite black bouncer. I don't know Haitian Creole.
I don't even know Spanish. Sometimes I forget you are Cuban

until I look at your ass. Come back walking backwards
to me like out of a cemetery, protecting your identity

from every spirit but mine
because I want you that much.

[DEAR HENRY]

The dog beach is on fire.
The iguanas are fucking the peacocks

on the banks of the canals. It's the end
of the world. I'm on a speedboat

in a staring contest with the sun.
My tongue is thick and white.

I lap at language currency, try to go native.
At the checkout counter, I understand

even what I don't understand
more naturally than any gift economy.

Really I'm afraid of intimacy.
Once after a bad night

behind someone's little sister
in line for the club:

Are you the female who stole my iPhone
you two face bitch I know who you is
I don't even gotta make a phone call
my religion got it's eyes on you
I'ma keep my hands clean and you'll still end
up on your knees your punishment is truly perfect

your thieving will manifest guilt
emphasis on the guilt
I'm going to fuck your heap up I'ma snatch that wig
throw it in the air and make your bitch bald ass jump
like a four-legged animal and that's not even mentioning
how I'm gonna retaliate

laugh it up now you dumb cunt trust me
you will never see this coming

[DEAR HENRY]

Child's Play is based on the true story
of a Jamaican nursemaid who made little Robert
Eugene Otto a doll in his likeness: matching sailor
suit, booties, locks of his own hair.
Robert the Doll became Robert and Robert became Gene.
Robert was three feet tall and made of straw.
Gene loved him and gave him a place at the table.
Robert conversed with Gene in a distinct voice.
Robert was cursed.
He stalked from window to window like a cat,
overturned silverware, moved furniture,
locked doors, caused Gene to cry out in the night.

Gene grew up and became a painter.
Artists get everything before everyone else
except money. I love you even though there's no money
in it for artists. Gene and Robert were intimate
throughout their adult lives.

Robert has a facebook. His aura was photographed
at the Atlantic Paranormal Society Convention in Clearwater.
Robert lives in the Fort East Martello Museum and Gardens
on Key West, safe-locked by LoJack Supply Chain
Integrity, the official sponsor of sweet dreams.
When Robert overexposes film or fails pacemakers,
the staff cajoles him with peppermints.

In other words, you don't have to fear
loneliness, animus, the anus,
the soul, the uncanny, infirmities,
naming, blood, darkness,
otherness, bad art, old tricks,
a climate where nothing dies,
where insects and germs live forever

like my love for you. This letter is a valentine,
an invitation, a waiting dog. The wax of its seal
contains a drop of my blood.
This letter is not junk mail, anthrax, a ransom
although I do have something
that you want, an orange.