

One Thing

To think about umbrellas is to think about the world.
I may forget the umbrella the closer it sits to
my feet the way this young mother with the strawberry

blonde hair the same as her daughter's wants
to forget her little girl running wild screaming
and squirming she just wants to run away from cooking

dinner tonight and breast feeding. I can tell from the way she
looks at me sideways with pleading eyes as though *my* life
were so glamorous, there is a mild tart devil inside us all.

So many frogs to kiss zippers to unstuck men to
avoid for they only want one thing isn't that right
but I've known men who want more than one thing

and they want it over and over again mom
they want less than you'd expect of other things.
I've known women who desire one man who can give them

everything as though their bodies were magic wands
money banks replete with houses, fine dinners, high heels,
jugs of perfume, trips to Morocco with Italian leather luggage.

It exhausts me listening to the wants of certain women –
what's wrong with wanting one thing I've always
liked that about men their desire for one damn thing

almost monotheistic in its focus manically messianic
whereas women, well, it's more complicated isn't it.
It's still raining it's pushing 3 I've had nothing but coffee

the sidewalk's colored swirl of cement I'd like to rub against.
For the first time I don't feel alone I am alone in my bed with
no one but Anne Tyler and Chekhov I may just put money

down on that huge giclée of the ocean and the piano
in burgundy and yellows reminds me of Long Island beaches
where I grew up reminds me of longing for one good thing

my parents were one good thing married 50 years, brown sugar and cinnamon on hot noodles ground walnuts that's what my Father wanted for dinner on a rainy Monday that's what we had that's one good thing

what will I have after I put money down on a quasi-cheap reproduction after I lose this umbrella the one good thing is always stolen or broken. I am tracing the outline of my face in Mount Rushmore. I am mourning

the space between my legs a monument, a widow, hair so black, so sandy so wet bald hair shaven hair curly straight Swedish blonde to match my eyebrows. Robert Rauschenberg said, "I really feel sorry for people

who think things like soap dishes or mirrors or Coke bottles are ugly because they're surrounded by things like that all day long and it makes them miserable." Maybe when the rain stops I'll call someone and say

nothing just listen to them and practice leaving things behind practice not accidentally stealing anyone's breath or fire or sex. Robert's mother was so frugal she made herself a skirt

out of the back of a suit her younger brother was buried in. Today I want to waste nothing. I want to gather my tears in Coke bottles, pour them into the Grand Canyon at dawn and listen to the echo of longing.