Poems Commissioned in the Street by Strangers and Composed Spontaneously on a Manual Typewriter

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Benjamin Aleshire

C A S S A N D R A

It took death to bring your namesake across Elysian Fields—
but you do it un-cursed, nightly, willing—
with your powers of prophecy intact,

& your hair plumèd in feathers & silk,
as hierophants & hanged men yield to your whim, the moon’s sickle dividing the sky’s revolving zodiac.

A knight a knave a rogue a rake they want the wand you wield—
Sweet inversion. Cards divining your mind’s augury, exquisite fact.

(You scatter pentacles in your wake:
The more you give, the more you take)

—For Cassandra, the Tarot reader
1.17.16
New Orleans, LA
TINDER

Benjamin Aleshire

Where there’s smoke, there’s a pyre:
   once our tinder struck flame
I had no need of a crystal ball,
   the glowing screen of my phone.
The moon alone illuminates me now
   that you’ve tended me so tenderly.
Clocks too cannot command me,
   nor the ascendant sun, gaudy charioteer
who through night-black velvet curtains
   I spurn
   as we burn.

—for the Norwegian guy’s girlfriend who he met on Tinder,
who never checks her phone and always sleeps late
1.3.16
Havana, Cuba
D A R (To Give)

Benjamin Aleshire

Gravity gives itself to the moon
    & the moon gives it to the surf
& the surf gives so much to the Malecón
    that the Malecón cannot contain it:
the Malecón gives & gives & gives
    but it cannot quench you
along this stretch of highway
    so you grind it to dust,
to a seawater paste  to a salve
    & you give it to the canvas
who turns into a mirror & gives it back,
    who turns you into a rich man, full
with the reciprocated universe.

—for Carlos the painter
in an art gallery along the Malecón
Havana, Cuba
UNREQUITED

Benjamin Aleshire

You are the Albert Einstein of lovers: believing that love, like energy or matter, was created in anti-apocalyptique ecstasy & cannot be destroyed.

Or maybe you are the Nikola Tesla of love divining its vibrations in the places we can’t see or choose not to look.

Maybe you are the St. Francis of Assisi of love, letting it roost unbidden in the palm of your hand when you least expect it but I don’t think so.

I think you are the Vivian Barclay of lovers, reading poems’ braille, reading poems like maps.

—for Vivian Barclay, who still believes that love can be unrequited even after a breakup, who always asks street poets for this same topic
12.29.15
Havana, Cuba