

## O K L A E L L I O T T

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CHICAGO LOVE STORY—OR: THE VEHICLE LURCHES THREATENINGLY

Ancient children tussle on the grass.  
They are at serious play.  
We walk past them, leave them  
to their ancient ways.

Hold my hand; it is yours.  
Lick the plum pulp of my tongue; it is yours.

We translate the sidewalk's prose  
into poetry.

*[Forgive my Romantic excess. Forgive  
my romantic excess.]*

A helicopter flies over Chicago,  
and I pretend Plato pilots it.

*[He is searching for us, but we duck  
into an alley.]*

Steam rolls from our mouths,  
our heat warming the world.  
I recall to you our expert fucking  
from the night before.

*[The best sex is sex  
you shouldn't be having.]*

What is it about you?, I wonder.  
But I know.  
It's the pinwheeling tilt  
of your scintillating lilt,  
the slow sway you enter every room with,  
the way your words singe the air.

There, over there, the helicopter is landing.  
The vehicle lurches threateningly,  
but the passengers step out, unharmed.

Let's go in here, I say, pointing to a hip establishment.  
I have a strong craving for hot coffee.  
That is all I want right now, and I do not question it.  
I am questioning nothing today.