Dorothy Barresi

A Series of Earnest Offers, for the Raising of a Man from the Dead

Being human,
I have ingredients enough.

Breath mints, rouge,
a thimble of sperm,

a pocket of nail parings,
a phone bill for each of your dead cells to pay.

Oceanic strivings,
hunger in the provinces, riots in the bars, and, love,

if you continue to lie so still and boring underground,
not even the dampness will eat you.

What does God have
that I don't have,

besides you?
Daily the poets

make their stupid surmises
and the goddamn green grass is green since you've gone.

Is it true you were tucked up
wearing cardboard shoes?

Take my hiking boots, it's a long slog back,
and for your passport,

a failed report card
for handwriting in the second grade.

Remember the pranks, the prime numbers we used to pull—
"Meet me at the Lobster House at eight"? Well,

the phone in the earth is ringing;
it's for you.

Can't you hear it in your deadest bones?
(I might as well *be* God

for all the help I get from you,
the grief I take.)

Come forth!
If it is a new blue suit you need,

not wormed to bandages,
I'll buy you one, and a nurse made of sugar to lick.

I'll take you to the marketplace of worry
and buy you a new face.

Pretty please?
To close this deal

and open your hard case, I'm begging,
or come as you are.

My life's ownership is signed in a dead hand, friend,
this green annihilation where I wait.

Come back in pieces,
dragging your feet.
Honey, I'll give you my parking space.