

## ***POETRY***

### **Love, Anyar\***

Anymore, I say, *forevermore*  
to quantify and qualify so closely,  
I ask my glass throbbing heart

*how long do I have you?*

500-1,000 years;  
my life seems more nylon than ever.

Dear bottled-brothers scattered in dirt /  
Dear cigarette butts in new concrete silk /  
Dear plastic bag, or is that your aortic arch?

To stretch your rubber scent all over my body,  
walk the shore beside your shadowy skin.  
My Captain Hook piercing the ocean's big eyes

you sail out /  
metabolize your half-life /  
message me when you shimmy back /

The Anyjar's life is worth/weights < 2 million Mountain Dews.

I slurp your sugar and swim it on my backflip on my breaststroke

I am high on the tin-can high on the crest of your carbonate I am tuna-melt  
hyped up on the dip of your fingers, Anyjar says, into my cool tunnel of quantity

*your majesty, truly yours*

—how do I look, all puffy from love?

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\* [jaimie.gusman@gmail.com](mailto:jaimie.gusman@gmail.com)

like a coat full of starfish /  
like a ship full of sea mush /  
like your fork bent to belly /

a damn thing that has abandoned the sea,  
grabbing for it,  
pulling it out.

No hello-ing/goodnight-ing

*this is where we live,  
between perpetually and extinctly.*

— **Jaimie Gusman**