

PRINCE

He sang to me
once, we made out

back of Baker's Keyboard Lounge.
I dream I write a poem about it.

I stay up the whole broken night.
A poem about faith, question, genius, children, journey, love, the purple

of the moon glistening like tragedy. A cold city factory. Metal
sky that is a metal sea rains its iris

dust across a rusted cornfield.
But I never write the poem,

I wake up & chop salad
instead, purple

slaw with sunflower seeds.
I serve it to Bonnie typing—she

lives in my body—dark purple
nails, pinot, plum-rimmed eyes,

princess hair pulled straight up
like a fucking harebrained palm tree

doing her f-ing best
without him.

Bonnie Jill Emanuel
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