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A Grown Man Masturbates to a Young Picture of Himself

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**A GROWN MAN MASTURBATES
TO A YOUNG PICTURE OF HIMSELF**

Laugh. Get it out, that blizzard. Say what used to dash
the green now has a house, many chambered. Ha Ha.
The river's frozen. Inside, the pulp is stopped.
A picture? Worthless for words, thousand upon
thousand, like what's wrapped itself over my face
like vines my hands can cut. Grasp up, over hand you
fall, I seal you, the cold, blanket open, the
dash, the flow, your mouth, now closed. Inside, vines
grow. A window I open hit full face my hands gleam
by the blizzard, face white, the vines I
leap out, up, up, down my shoulders the river pulp
foundation ruins, cuts, heats your
snow to rain to cloud again, vapor
light green
under blue
again.