

**the giz (from "the kiNd of  
history they doN't teach  
iN school")**

I am sitting  
on the floor  
of the bedroom  
in my condo  
at seventh and main  
with Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
trying to get good  
after seeing Noel  
the twenty three year old  
poet who I love  
with another man  
at the Twice Told  
I am down  
jonesin' for her  
like a junkie  
crying  
like some dumbfuck teen  
shaking  
like it's winter  
which it's not  
Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
is prepping  
the giz  
and reading me  
hard  
I'm not ready  
for this Mister Man  
she says  
pushing the screen  
in tight  
you're begging  
her to dis you  
and she's doing it  
the loss is hers  
she says  
you always treated her  
so well  
but she can't handle you

Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
says  
while she loads the giz  
you have me  
anyway  
she stops talking  
holds my plain chrome zippo  
to the end  
of the giz  
and hits it  
I watch  
the smoke curl  
down the tube  
thickening  
as it whirls  
in the bowl  
rolls through the chamber  
and dances  
past her luscious lips  
till nothing's left  
and I know  
that when the blond  
bogarts  
the giz  
I don't get  
good  
so I'm wired  
and let down  
but Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
leans forward  
puts her hot open lips  
on mine  
and  
blows that thick  
sweet  
smoke  
into me  
she leans back  
smiles  
and waits  
seconds later  
I am smiling

back at her  
feel better baby?  
she asks  
and I start laughing  
she loads  
the giz again  
hits it hard  
and gives me  
another euphoric kiss  
as if her  
straight kiss  
wouldn't be enough  
she puts the giz down  
and wraps  
me in her arms  
get over it baby  
she says  
holding me  
like I'm precious  
I'm smiling  
visions of Noel  
the twenty three year old  
poet who I love  
fade  
replaced  
by memories  
of Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
and me  
together  
not so long ago  
when we were  
one hot number  
when there was no one else  
in my life  
after Kathy  
my forty two year old  
just ex wife  
left me for Greg  
her thirty nine year old  
lover from la la land  
who she will fuck  
but not marry  
but all that  
is near invisible

ancient  
history  
as long as  
the giz  
gets me good  
and Ashley  
the how old is she  
diva from heaven  
holds me  
like I mean something  
after  
I don't know how long  
she leans down  
puts her ear to mine  
like putting my ear  
to some impossible  
delicate  
beautiful  
sea shell  
and says  
can you hear my ear ringing?  
she laughs  
her celestial hum  
spins around mine  
in my head  
she  
turns to me  
faces me  
puts her soft  
aggressive  
lips  
on mine  
and sucks the pain  
from me  
for awhile

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