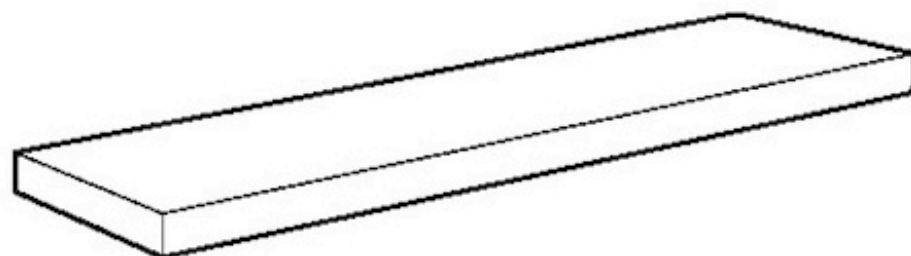


LACK



A CHAPBOOK
BY MATTHEW DINARO

what if poetry is a myth and no one has yet written an
actual poem and it is actually impossible

what would all this stuff we wrote be worth

i don't remember our last kiss

i think i remember pulling you close

your head in my chest cavity

i scratched the back of your neck

my mom drove me home

the roads are long from town to the highway

the farm stands and the little white churches

god bless my cold heart

god knows i'm ashamed

god knows everything

every kiss feels like the last kiss

did we have a good last kiss

what is a good last kiss

what is a good kiss

what difference does it make

who cares

we have a nice rapport now

we have an easy relationship

we send each other hearts

and pictures of cats

and stuff we're working on

i sent you a poem

you sent me a trained chipmunk on a unicycle

wow how does he do that

thanks for liking my poem on tumblr,

that's rare for you

so it really means something

after poetry class

black sky of winter and icy glass stars

i wanted to be brave and take the bus

i lasted at the bus stop for three minutes

the cold burnt,

i ran back into the class and asked the one person
still there for a ride

he drove me home

such a nice guy,

i felt like an asshole

you were on the couch in the dark with a blue glowing
laptop

mysteries on

near where the poetry class was,

there was a long kinda mall

a long grass park, which sloped up to a ridge across
the road.

on either side were houses, basic and white

at the end,

in the distance just before it gets blurry,

something was there ahead of me,

over the ridge,

fall in the humid air

the vanishing light

there are other people

some of the things are harder,

some of the things are not easy.

some of the things are just terrible,

some of the things can't be counted

some of the things are forgotten

something love is not is money

byron's bad poetry sold better

think of a literal pile of all the bad poetry ever written

think of literally, a library of alexandria of bad poetry

all of it sucks

so bad

what you are in me

and where that is,

and where i am in it

i see i did not fool you

living with bipolar

having bipolar

your struggle with bipolar,

treatment of your bipolar

talk to your doctor about your bipolar rage

symptoms of bipolar

bipolar in your area

bipolar stock market

bipolar memoir

upon memoir

upon memoir

lithium for bipolar

the bipolar child

the bipolar boss

the bipolar husband

the bipolar advantage

the myth of bipolar disorder

bipolar or waking up

a cure for bipolar

new research into bipolar

cannabis triggering bipolar

how do u no if u have bipolar

is my girlfriend bipolar

am i bipolar

bipolar cure

bipolar cure?

bipolar genetic

bipolar narcissism

bipolar borderline

bipolar celebrities

bipolar artists

will my child have bipolar

how do i know if my child will have bipolar

percentage of bipolar children born from bipolar parent

is bipolar real

bipolar big pharma

bipolar natural cures

bipolar spa

bipolar disability

bipolar not otherwise specified

bipolar i with psychotic features

bipolar II with rapid cycling

bipolar anxiety

bipolar fake

bipolar bullshit

bipolar lies

bipolar suicide

bipolar suicide rate

bipolar substances abuse

bipolar alcoholic

bipolar weed

bipolar lsd

bipolar brain

bipolar recovery rate

bipolar mixed state

a lifelong struggle with bipolar

dis

order

robert lowells cat,
buried in the cold hard rocky
ground,
not at all like schrodinger's—
definitely dead

we could have danced

ancient subaru's dust heat

valley winter

no muffler

outside, ice,

charging the hill,

growling, growling

growling

should i remember how your body felt

and the clothes against it

breath in the ear and heartbeat,

and hair on skin,

my hand across your breast

your back to my breast,

still in the warmth of us,

3 am

breathing

my watch ticking

on the bedtable

always i am there

or an inch of me,

some desperate heaven

in the leafy graveyard with the hot sun

& cicadas hissing,

illusion blur above the headstones

& on the periphery,

man-made ponds stagnant & green

& you pointing out the bullfrog

& the bullfrog's split eyes,

us on the stone bench,

o what terrible fondness,

kissing the strangeness of each other,

& you are laying on me in the hill in the hot sun,

& i lick your jaw sweat & we are happy & sweaty,

then you are shrinking up the street—

on the trail i gave you a fat kiss

fake but hopeful,

i said i loved you

& i am worried i meant it

could they have been anybody's lips

why can't i untangle the bad & good....

when we were lying on the beach

i brought up sex on the beach,

we agreed it was messy but we imagined doing it

and there were the waves washing in & out,

the sun glowing through my hat top

reaching my hand across the sand for yours

i find it, soft and tiny and sandy

the breeze through my salty toes

the view up the cape coast and the big jutting rocks

brittle white crabshells

seaweed necklaces, asphalt black

roasting at 2 p.m.

we waded in the stinging water,

the cold and the seamuck,

trying to ride waves

holding your salty body in my arms

kiss your salt lips

you dry off so quick

the plovers so cute

their little sticklegs & birdy footprints

watching the families

i said a boy was pretty

it made you insecure

which made me insecure

i had a tantrum

something about double standards

i was wrong

and didn't notice how cute the restaurant was

how did we get to the restaurant

i rant so much i forget where i am

did we drive through storm on the way up or down

were you nervous in the rain driving

did i feel guilty and powerless

i don't remember

maybe that was another trip

is it raining where you are too

i am in oregon but you know that

i could check the weather but i want to ask you

is it also raining

are you on their couch

are you watching their kid

their kid is cute

what's on your mind

i feel a need to write poems

what's on your mind

are you looking for jobs

are you at the museum

looking at the monitors

is there a kid smoking a joint near the air vents

are you logging it

are you painting

are you happy with it

do you feel a need to make pictures

i feel a need to write poems

i don't know if i want you to hold me

or if i want to hold you

i want both

i know it's too late

when it is cold and rainy i want you here

i also want you in other weather

we were sad a lot together

i wish i had something to miss

all i have is you

Matthew Dinaro is a writer and musician currently residing in Portland, OR. His poetry and prose have appeared in McSweeney's Internet Tendency, Electric Cereal, Potluck, Voicemail Poems, and other publications. He co-edits Pom Pom Lit with Irene Doukas Behrman and plays bass in a rock group called the Toads.