

Listening to Joanna Newsom

Matthew Hurley

There is a sacred ribbon
with your voice on it,
and when I imagine
pulling this ribbon
back and forth
between my ears,
I am on the floor,
eyes rolled back,
my top teeth sticking out
for a grin.

You may make your ribbon
into a clothesline,
if you like,
and I will be your laundry
hung up by this ribbon
as a gentle breeze
blows me
in the direction
of a nearby cornfield.