

## No Matter, No Issue

*Marianna Jensen*

*For Olena Kalytiak Davis*

Reader haphazard and Reader listless, Reader soporific  
and still, unvaried march like a wooden soldier  
do I look you my eyeball. See you, I look you slowly.

I see you, Reader, slow-motion and stop, like first  
impression, pausing—to breathe like a snapshot  
all the walk-away captivation of you, Reader hard-pressed,

as a stone is mindless. Reader: Why this pretense  
at billion-year wisdom? and Why edges so round? Telluric, blue  
Reader, your absolutely simple eyes flutter like no

you won't stop. No matter, no issue, if you never thought  
to cheat me of my brief pleasures, for woman, Other,  
what perfect skin she has—better to let you yes,

yes, with all her easy lips painted sheer, but clearly more pink  
than all her fullness like virgin aspiration to be  
first-time and Before. But do you? remember?

how once, dear Reader, magical—barely inimical,  
you prefigured me a true love like soul mate? And  
you were unaware! Your heart! An older,

more so-mature Wonder! You are bliss! You know  
your every whim as yes, yes, how any one  
could challenge your sure-fire ecstasy

be they Lady Undone, ms. goodforyou-any-hour,  
ms. whatever your pleasure, ms. since ever after—  
not your mistress, you, Reader, unmarried! Lone

ranger the plain breadth of my westward travels. Reader,  
how you coruscate MindEye, what green-blue iris,  
one you flash, flash, slowly regard inner force

life so-never admit-bored, honey, my dear  
honeyed Reader, you may be thick and opaque,  
avid as sensual tourist, would be recently Green, but

Reader! Beloved—Reader, knowing! I am all you wonder  
of the coldblue World, be you all-alone maybe  
all-at-once want me, be your sometime lover, sensate—

—tion, how you wide-eyed wonder, again, quite sudden  
were you the one-time—yes, keep-you my crescent-moon long  
light,  
well if you were, well if you weren't—Reader! humble

Reader, have you ever patient, yielded  
like slow you were losing, Love, you were yielding  
to everything, sweetly—a quiet resolve in the end

lost your self-with-me. Oh, Reader! denuded, Reader,  
what-ever you-want what have you, you taste  
my hell in her mouth.