

# POEMS *by* ERIC ANDERSON

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## A Warning

Today I feel better, because I woke thinking everything that disappears from the planet  
might reappear somewhere else. The thought was grand at first. I imagined the dodo,  
silly and lost forever, still alive in some other dimension. Inevitably, though,  
the thought became smaller. I tried to save it by imagining the dodo's core  
ingredients recycled and assimilated into otherness: absorbed by predators or  
scavengers, turned into dirt. I began to care less about form. If my body broken into atoms  
still exists, then the loss of my body is not a true loss,  
for I was only briefly human.

Yesterday, when I woke, I felt not so good, because I realized that every day the possibility  
of my sleeping with two women at the same time diminishes.

A sad thought

first thing in the morning. It only proves how ridiculous thinking can be:  
the wrong thought can waylay all other plans and send one into a daylong daydream  
about Porno World, where the best career you can have is plumber or pizza-delivery guy.

And now I am sad once again because it is unpleasant to realize that both thoughts carry  
equal weight in my mind: a world where nothing dies because everything still exists,  
and a world where beautiful women call you up to fix their television but decide  
they'd like to fuck you instead. I thought of their mouths on my body, and also I  
thought of the dodo being not extinct but opening

a fragment of sky low to the horizon — even the air at our feet is sky —  
and stepping through into dodo heaven, becoming the *dodosattva*, but still  
essentially a large, flightless bird, easy to catch, pleasant of taste.

Now it occurs to me that even if the dodos came back, I wouldn't be happy for long.  
And even if two bisexual roommate stewardesses suddenly ravished me midflight,  
eventually I would want more than that — more mouths, more women —  
and even smothered under the weight of their passion somehow I would want more flesh, less air.

Nothing ever goes away enough or arrives enough,  
and I want to cry when I think of my heart,  
muscle pounding in muscle, greedy always for joy.