WANDERLUSTS

H A I L E Y L E I T H A U S E R

Mercury
My vitreous planet, louche
element, my wee dearest god;
Ruby-throat fevers
clamber and plummet,
upswing and summit, dive like a stone.
Reason abandons, abandons, abandons.
Youngblood goes Maying, sobbed grave to the bone.

Venus
Vesper-lit, as myrtle-hat virgins
enchanted by sermons, limb by limb loosened,
not horny, but moral, till dawn-spun
underskin blossom, then O
so vice-lovely, four-ace dice tumble.

Luna
Love is a mirror
useless as prayer,
new as a storm sea,
admired blindly.
Mars
Men like their arts (as Venus her darts)
and red is a Rubicon lust-deep and crossed
reveling sun-tilt of helmets, their long pointy props —
Sanguinious lads! Right-foot quick march!

Jupiter
Jackhammer blather vexes the night —
upheaval’s the patter, the
patter’s the pater
illuminatum, from tip-top to bottom,
extremum rex.

Saturn
Seven days, and one gets a season,
albeit a bleak one, of sate.
   At least
there’s a torch in the tunnel,
(urgent, rebutting), at least we can
re-create yew-bright and roses
nibbled by now to a crumb on the plate.

Pluto
Poof — you’re demoted. You are trash, you are
looted. Whoosh — you are suckered, you’re plucked
up to your elbows, you’re circling the farm.
Take a glance in the glass, kid, there’s no one around;
only heat rises, we’re headed downtown.