

Dear Joanne

Dear Joanne,
tell me again
how you hate to be filmed.
no cameras in the classroom.
only pens and dream poems.

so tired of being a beat generation woman you
published a poem about it.

Dear Joanne,
let's go mediate in the Himalayas
make Ginsberg take our picture and
forget to say he was there.

Dear Joanne,
I'm accidentally deleting things all the time. my fingers get all jumpy on the keys

I've lost writing and notes and music and films little on purpose
I'm just not paying attention.

can't write for you
my phrasing is clunky
will you workshop me from the stars?
my notebooks are full and my pens have run out
do you have a spare note pad with your script on it to lend me?

Dear Joanne
I smoke weed in my underwear
cross-legged on the bed
tank top no bra
like I've had a hard day
bong between my knees
on just washed sheets.

I wash my wig for you
and then leave it at home because
you taught me baldness as elegance.

Dear Joanne,
the women in my family are generations of varicose veins
clear blue pressure against a fleshed glass ceiling.

Dear Joanne
we are here to build the resistance.

Dear Joanne
I walk a dog named Sailor Moon she sighs
in the shade
on the porch
as I meditate.

Dear Joanne,
last night we celebrated Ginsy's birthday
at the Fox
evoked lost souls
howled your name on my lips.

Climate change is breaking through
the Boulder bubble
too little snow for a history of real winter

watch me plant you pink roses to bring new life.

Dear Joanne,
fuck capitalism
pseudo-spiritualist fascists
hoping lululemon will bring them closer to god.

Dear Joanne,
visions of you
Wine spritzers and traditional tea time
filling your vintage dish with our date pits
on your patio in late July
notebooks
dates times people present
all recorded
and hidden behind big
beautiful
Cyprus hedge
"cool, for summer in Bolinas," you said.

Dear Joanne,
you are the farmer's market
wildflowers
on my kitchen table.

Margaret R. Bryant, Boulder, June of 2017