

Thomas Hawks

Oysters for Breakfast

Spent fuel rods dream in their baths
While Sir Laurence Olivier laughs because Tony Curtis
Thinks he means oysters. The green baths
Steam. Nothing in this world can hurt us

But in the next, cloistered fuel rods dream
Of flying over Tokyo. It's really about sex
Sigmund Freud explained nearly a hundred years ago. I only seem
To be crying. Our safeword is: a *Tyrannosaurus rex*

With the face of Tony Curtis rises out of Tokyo Bay.
This happens every day. And when the first ship disappears
In whirlpools Tony Curtis and Sir Laurence Olivier
Fill their marble bath with tears

And feed each other golden Nashi pears.
This happens everywhere. One night, in Prague
Behind a velvet curtain, up spiral stairs
Tony Curtis unfurled his green flesh like a flag.

It was surprisingly dry. Even the red spine
Quivering beneath the lips of Harajuku girls
In sailor skirts, those pouty lips the shade of iodine-
131, even the tips, even the swollen frills

Were dry. He only seemed to be bleeding and I
Practiced descending by him on the stair. Scarlett O'Hara
Was not more sheer than I. I was all sky.
My pearl gown burned behind me like a cloud, and in my mirror

Tony Curtis wept for the dead. Atlanta. Sendai.
The concrete-reinforced containment tanks are bones, bone-
Dry and fuel rods burst into translucent flames. Is it my birthday?
Oh, you shouldn't have. The only thing to give to Rome
Is love.

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