If you subtract the minor losses,  
you can return to your childhood too:  
the blackboard chalked with crosses, 

the math teacher's toe ring. You  
can be the black boy not even the buck-  
toothed girls took a liking to: 

the match box, these bones in their funk  
machine, this thumb worn smooth  
as the belly of a shovel. Thump. Thump. 

Thump. Everything I hold takes root.  
I remember what the world was like before  
I heard the tide humping the shore smooth, 

and the lyrics asking: How long has your door  
been closed? I remember a garter belt wrung  
like a snake around a thigh in the shadows 

of a wedding gown before it was flung  
out into the bluest part of the night.  
Suppose you were nothing but a song 

in a busted speaker? Suppose you had to wipe  
sweat from the brow of a righteous woman,  
but all you owned was a dirty rag? That's why 

the blues will never go out of fashion:  
their half rotten aroma, their bloodshot octaves of  
consequence; that's why when they call, Boy, you're in 

trouble. Especially if you love as I love  
falling to the earth. Especially if you're a little bit  
high strung and a little bit gutted balloon. I love 

watching the sky regret nothing but its  
self, though only my lover knows it to be so,  
and only after watching me sit 

and stare off past Heaven. I love the word No  
for its prudence, but I love the romantic  
who submits finally to sex in a burning row-
house more. That's why nothing's more romantic
than working your teeth through
the muscle. Nothing's more romantic
than the way good love can take leave of you.
That's why I'm so doggone lonesome, Baby,
yes, I'm lonesome and I'm blue.

- See more at: http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/19161#sthash.O38jt1mc.dpuf

Terrance Hayes

terrance Hayes was born in columbia, south carolina in 1971. he received a b.a. from coker
college in hartsville, south carolina, and an m.f.a. from the university of pittsburgh writing
program.

he is the author of lighthead (penguin, 2010), which won the national book award for poetry;
wind in a box (2006); hip logic (2002), which won the 2001 national poetry series and was a
finalist for the los angeles times book award; and muscular music (1999), winner of the kate
tufts discovery award.

about his work, cornelius eady has said: "first you'll marvel at his skill, his near-perfect pitch,
his disarming humor, his brilliant turns of phrase. then you'll notice the grace, the tenderness,
the unblinking truth-telling just beneath his lines, the open and generous way he takes in our
world."

he has received many honors and awards, including a whiting writers award, a pushcart prize,
three best american poetry selections, as well as fellowships from the national endowment for
the arts fellowship and the guggenheim foundation.

he is professor of creative writing at carnegie mellon university and lives in pittsburgh,
pennsylvania, with his family.
- see more at: http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/437#sthash.cU8wA06J.dpuf