

Hockney

by Dulce Maria Menendez

I wonder if he talks about Hockney to others
or if he just does that with me?
And what if I wanted to just brush black circular
motions like a long playing vinyl record onto a canvas
as I listen to *Happiness Is A Warm Gun*? And what of it?
Do you think that I really want to sit in this uncomfortable
chair and watch the paint dry? I will lay it on thick
just like all those dicks I held deep into my throat
while a moan escaped a stoic prick. And what of it?
What if all I all I want to do is slap oil paint on that canvas
heavy without rhyme or reason other than to watch gravity
pull it down? What if all I want is to smoke clove cigarettes
and swallow the molasses-like whiskey letting it slug down
my throat because that is all I remember about love?

