

Jesse De Angelis

Poem for Earth

Today I walked past a boy spitting
a mouthful of blood onto the begonias
at the edge of the public garden.

His tooth is loose, explains
the man beside him.

With my finger I followed
the Blue Line up the map: Aquarium,
Maverick, Airport, Wood Island.

Wherever you go, there is weather,
there is CNN. Someone's cellphone conversation
is moving through your body.

And some of the days are beautiful,
but you can only say so when the words are borrowed.

Wherever you are, you get some faint Wi-Fi,
which isn't an abbreviation for anything.

Elvis changed his middle name
to the middle name of his stillborn brother,
whose first name is my first name.
Later, Elvis changed it back.

I don't know what I mean. But in Boston,
I'm sure someone is leaning on their horn.
Someone yells *If you don't get out of that cab,*
I'll cut your fucking face off,
and I don't believe them.

Jesse De Angelis received an MFA from Boston University in 2015. He is currently unemployed in Boston. His poems have appeared in *Glacial Erratic* and *Bird's Thumb*, and are forthcoming from *The Kenyon Review*. You can subscribe to his newsletter at tinyletter.com/jessedeangelis.