



Margeaux Walter © 2012 All Rights Reserved

## blind date

this night we call a canyon this hill we call our first this eyelash we call chance we'll persist like a coyote's tongue we'll carve a path through the dark with just our fingers and fate we'll be the echoes of the bats and live like rumors in the creek we'll be an inside joke tucked away inside our church pocket we'll be the footsteps of the footsteps we'll be the caterpillar between the creases of the page we'll knock on every tree stump every window we'll scare each other with lost door knobs and park benches we'll stand at each other's doorstep in only right angles we'll feel the eyes of ghosts standing on top of the biggest rock we find we'll bury bottles in the bushes we'll stretch our legs to the sky we'll be a ladder to midnight we'll be a freshly painted river we'll be the sound of your gate's latch opening we'll be covered in field mustard we'll be covered in moon we'll swallow light bulbs we'll stop calling october we'll make another bet we'll leave our shoes by the door and lose to the couch we'll be the rescue operation we'll be more tongue than honey we'll be the blind hike through rocks we'll stay lost together this bride we call bravery this moment we call tonight

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## Love Poem for Jeremy Lin

I'm ready to feel the love of MSG  
to dance with you and Landry,  
comb through the books,  
put away our glasses, protect our pockets,

use our ivy league degrees and ball  
like no one is watching.  
You did it, Jeremy.  
proved that Asians can drive  
dribble and dunk  
winding, contorting, and spinning through the lane  
there's ice water in your veins  
and you've thrown the world for an alley oop.  
Jeremy,  
there's a swagger in my step  
as if I were you leading the fast break  
as if I were shooting daggers and breaking hearts  
because of you there's a spin move with my name on it  
because of you this time I won't be the last one picked for pick up.  
Don't say Linsanity,  
say champion.  
say shake and bake.  
say threading the needle.  
say behind the back, off the backboard, and never the same.  
And when the ball stops bouncing  
and the puns are dead and gone  
just know Jeremy  
that the couch in my heart will always be for you.

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Anhvu Buchanan is the author of *Backhanded Compliments & Other Ways to Say I Love You*, forthcoming from Works on Paper Press. His poems have also appeared or are forthcoming in *Columbia Poetry Review*, *Cream City Review*, *The Journal*, and *ZYZZYVA*. He currently teaches for WritersCorps in San Francisco.