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The lover writes a poem about the night we met. How we turned abrupt corners through the West Village under a full moon obscured, finally, by the onset of a blizzard. A week goes by and she removes all the line breaks. I say, give me a good prose block any day. The rows of beet and radish seeds I put down in the garden this afternoon wait—: small brown vertebrae hugging the cold earth. I want to feel possible in all of the intimacies: radical / queer / sisterhood / State / room. Tell me what block is not a good prose block? *The way the phone rings in a foreign country*. The heart, its own many-roomed country.