

Collected poems 2014-2019

2014

Shroud of Turin Bed Sheet Bears Familiar Image
greased in a manner that reflects a pig on a spit
myself, my Sheen
I read your mother a joke:

visit her mother by the southern coast
play with the dog wearing her christmas sweater

You have an idea of California and then
you have dry white power prison sprawl
Authentically a bad person and then
You are remorseful for that
The endless summer is where your pets go to die
And you have no idea about sunsets

Holy water in matcha cup
no more serotonin
no more abortions
America does not revere anything
Me too

How to make a mortise and tenon joint
How to sharpen knives
How do you find clean drinking water
How do spiders make their web
How does a spider eat
How do you live in the desert
How are you doing

How to pass a drug test
How to find the best lo mein
How to build a giant wall
How to win the lottery
How to commute to work
How to rake leaves
How to lose the lottery

If i were to say?
STOP THAT LAUGHING
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CANT STOP LAUGHING
significant enough that I could hear it

Complete tableaux chained
with a plethora of empty vases
To display all the good things I got
no flora found

The wheeze whine of the judge penitent
Pig
Man
Straight
Edge

coke Bust split with Vaccine
Coke Bust Pain and Suffering

Four perfect Plants
greened and yellowed
Four pained Lillies
erect and hoisted
Foul ball at game
Wooden stake carved from bat
Trampled Garden underneath treadless boots
Recumbent teenage fantasy speaks about Azazel
Authentic Evil means no consequences

Consider what it means to imitate terror
Four Perfectly crippled plants,
Equilateral petals slung around a stem neck,
a perfect break, snapped in two

Howling around like some flat footed devil,
rolling and gallivanting like unrisen dough
burning in hell
Now pocketing all of your valuables

Here's what I can tell:
Populated by the coyote guffaw
Cruel Mockery of my dumb retinas
the laughing spits behind my back

What I cannot:
Wealth and

How long it is that your mother will be kind to me

After awhile, all that wealth
starts to mess with your head

An Array of the masks of Character;
Fifteen bootlegged halloween masks arranged to imitate
and murder
systemically

Soft Lines in the Coarse Dirt

“I live over by the lake
but have been
subsisting
on the runoff from the sprinkler system”

The old and tired story arc swings very low
A Campy but Earnest portrayal of Hatred and Dismay
A Supple thing
a garment is trod upon with **Oafish** hands
working for the company
and then dropped from a plane
into the ocean
shattering it into 1000 pieces like a snake
Seen through jaundiced tears
stammering
It is me, the school shooter
whittling number two's into a lunchtime shank

Cerberus imagined, not realized
swathed in soil

A pox on visitors, who were several
came in the evening to pay respects
Some oligarch sick with time,
and me,
the jester
sick of himself.

Until we went to put her down,
Your dog was sweet and tired at the beach.

My vehicle became a residence enveloped in dust and grease;
my mouth sublime and whips of seaweed snax lashed my gums til they bled salt;

Seriously I ate so many god damned seaweed snacks

Achieving perfection via the floral arrangement in the hotel lobby

Fern image in the silver

The Shiba face, with a pointed snout and pricked ears, and it's omnipotent view over the restaurant

Here is The Devil

2015

Pining for heat but
spending most of your time
wading through soiled cold water
like clothing soaked in a dirty dish bath

soaking up
unhappy amounts of drywall
dust
grip vocal cords like a shrunken wool sweater
something needy

I am the dog that glares at your pontificate neighbor
I am a foul bird that waits and waits
to dry out
and spit up

To lover's two pups — hair tousled,
feathered and stuck
and perfect grins, too, when I looked up,
scratched on two snouts:

Two lover's two pups — names pronounced
CU-JO and BLIGHT,
eating oats and peanuts, lapping gangrenous wounds
—too, they fight,
in unhealthy amounts.

The two dogs trot past my seat
afraid and gaunt:

they dont smell too good
they are complete

To Adults, to the remaining dog, to fun;
to bowls full
and
marrying young;
A life domestic is as good as a life myopic.

Better than the real is the mimicry;

Better weeping at the window's sheen than me.

YOU HAVE DUMPED ALL OF YOUR DOPAMINE
FOUND AMIDST THE RAVE
CHEMICALLY NEVER HAPPIER WHEN
OD'D ON MDMA

Hugged
between
and
dampened
of
sometimes unfurl
brilliantly.
Unpacking
gifts
soil
fear
remorse
anger.
nights.
Quiet
without
without
without
without
in
bitter
strands
dirt
bed,
Tightly
fingernail

I have sucked at
hard candy until
it broke in my
mouth
— blood filled
my empty cavity, tooth's
lament/chemical repent,
Jeering vitriol and something
keen
— looking forward
to each day of advent

sugar is a stream
of piss I have drank
and then forgot

THE GAZE OF Christ;[—
some fluorescents glow dynamic

Open and vulnerable
like a snake's grin or Maestro's fist

Wry and murderous,
it swelled and heaved

in amounts large enough
to weigh down a woolen sweater

maybe it had been drizzling
or you had been sobbing

Congratulations on your victory;
In the winter I require a SAD light

When
you
are
deserving,

Low
hanging
fruit
makes
itself
available

Chords played in a minor arpeggiated progression;
taking pills consistently lonesome
the same hands
Supple body
broken on the shards of sugar crash

After all these years,
it was the same hands,
and the violent part of the dog.

one - once in heaven, sit down in a pool of blood
two - with aplomb, drive a ceramic shard into palm

I am hell bart, he who is covered in cum
And All people die by violence or sorcery.

There are many beautiful reasons to dye hair

A Thaw;

I cannot recall circadian rhythms

or

much beyond the viridian imagined terrain.

— Malevolent pride;

I burned flayed chip bags and annihilated rodent marrow

Ammonia-ed whites of jaundiced eyes narrow

the vacant no-doored refrigerator

licorice switches and emptied husks

and four slashed Good Year Tyres

have half softened into musk yellowed grass and

no more leaves

five months trash smoldering some

feet from a few hollowed stumps

thinking about

the maples, used to be able to bleed

them like a sieve

— I was

splayed out like

a squealing

macaw

that

fell

to

earth

my ankles crossed over on themselves in

a place where the shade from some branches used to live.

Still the meal-mouthed pick pocket

of your personal effects;

I am still the wearer of your cheap wrist watch

— white glove test finds more filth still

Whining and rolling around on my back

You who ask

the purpose of the moon -

-You fortuitous fuck;

May G-d spit in your gaping mouth

Laden along the windowsill
in a manner comely :

exactly one (1) retired gourd
deflated pumpkins
hued with bodily fluids

blued snow
or

sno cones
in brine and grease, swum

not noticeable but opaque
secretive swelling
in my
deserving garden

Bound i
 n Leather and
pared from the back
sides of family pets
 -pinched yell
ow pages without friends

not with rage but
with impotence
 I slipped
 your name
in it's margins

It's not my fault;
two lengthy stems
split from another
two sprouts
dressed in rubber
knotted some times
whispered soft epithets
in my mangled ear

an amalgum of willow switches pulled like teeth,
"Against blood and pus" milky ways curdled and culled, I made my teen nest in heaps -
A dawning snow

standing in a whitened bleach

with dopamine lush it was there - Chilled,
pooling with hate and unlaundered sheets,

a perfectly vile bedspread, unmade and unwed;
Turin's Shroud of grease

less frequent terror induced wakes, a diet rich in candida,
wearing four-day-old clothing
writing 'OK' in absentia

fully medicated and drinking greyed and warm water from the bathroom tap,
I no longer ache
— I Lay my body flat
take pride in hearth and home

Fiscally conservative, social democrat
remove the cord from the phone

hazy lenses smattered with smudges
speckled UV film
oiled years of dead skin gutters
and the cleared out nose pads

allowing for gentle rest
atop a nose swimming in
gristle and lemon oil,
gushing chunks of
egg colored cartilage and
deep alarizin shades

streams of spittle blight with charcoal-sieved water
the blown sandollars and crab corpses thrown like light across
what was going to be my dinner,
eaten from fists that night
Pooled pockets of air in heaven camouflaged forever —
— with bliss; Nothing in the world
believes you, or is strong.
Huzzah for all things that grow old and tired and meet
in the ethereal world, to marry and fuck and procreate
— love, every no-feeling'd fish I ate.

watch the sink-holes and the ditch fit to lay in
and the grass waves kind.
replacement parent-gifts and dead-parent bouquets
placed there with debt forgiveness

Proof of Divine creator:
the ostrich egg;
bulbous perfect to fit inside my palm,

the border wall; scarring reams and
filling with fluid,
my swollen, broken kneecap.

From before, sitting
in the park some blocks away
for not very long.

it was still cold on that day

where is the surprise, kneeling
on daniel's floor
rubbing my eyes once more

“—Hey,
I got this one political joke” —

I peer
 into the future and
 saw t he
 H eat Death
of you r home

spoiling partial remains of
fruit in the bucket,
I spat twofold;

once for every cop's fired glock
once for every neighbor around the block

Me and my punk band
we don't exist
we bash stuff
we're supr pisd

Me and my punk band
swallowing fist

Here's to:

the contents of your LUNG BAGS
FILLING OUT PLEASANT amounts of latex
balloons

Here's to their objec
t
ed reassignment surgery
into goose feathers
mired with spit

and cathedrals of
whatever is a life force

Huzzah upon the nothing sacks,
unwarming like clothing removed
or fresh bed sheets

and to mothers; and here is
to all the food tossed

Burnished and Buffed
rotten feet present themselves atop
some lofty ambitions
gnarled like a toadstool or bulbous smog
 - I am a boy, and
Men like to jack off
thinking about them

Matrimonial dust bagging the beech switch
and once I saw you in full bliss; your
broken nose eclipsed the sun like
the scythe in the hanging moon,
hair strewn all over
full, lush in your smithed gates
Sacred songs for one voice -

One day you will ache like i ache.

Landscape Master plan reads:
one hundred supremacist and carved
demon rhododendrons

VII: you will always pull splinters
from your palms of sand

oh and yea for the Illegal knife glove
illegal knife glove, who brings to me so much joy and clamour,
knife glove of incandescent pain Knowing no bounds ground by law or GOD
u can do whatever because you can

illegal knife glove redeemer of virtue and snipper of budsruiner of arcades and genitals
blessing me with one last grazing

I penned your name again today
the first time in months

warbly and washy was my memory
when i thought of the spelling

I've increased my sugar intake
looking forward to oral decay
comparing soft served ice cream tips and
the bred in captivity dorsal fin

I was a deku scrub in clock town
I was in my Goro Master Suicide Vest/
Accursed spirit hides behind a perfect veil;
Link is dead theory

A significantly dim lighting scheme,
OR
the tyre fyre of the millenium

Lucifer, the demon, the Greek athlete,
ecstatic from the dump of dopamine,
wrapped himself around
the topmost branches sniping off
Civs

2016

saving our rind of fictitious fruit, spake:
enunciated English from the speakers and on the screen,
finding Konami's casual umbilical chords (in threes)

blessed be your kind and character tongue
You are not real but it was real for me and
It will take days before i am ladled with shame

Tasting umami wet, the box fan blew

in an open window I hadn't touched for a month.
It was warm, and you were quiet.

waiting and

Angel Hair procured from the storm drain, an-ergonomic arrangement with

Perennials! silken and softly aflame

greened, or

Panicked, chugging silt

filling up with piss and vinegar

I've been enjoying a lot of music

object ontology

butcher and embalm the zoo's crane

perverse comedy

What beautiful golden disc,

a giant Discover orb evisc

-erating the old window-pinchd

bath towels, plastering my face and lids

with spits of dirty light-

Me, I had my dulled blade;

come to, and scarfed every scab on my scalp

I could hear the suprema

cists mix cd parse and spill through

my parents mausoleum bedroom

II.

flood damage yellow sheets, whisks and clouds of hair of

dog,

a can of Diet Coke for every Orville Redenbacher Pop Corn,

the dewy credenza blown apart

Laying blame to the natural world,

engorged on exquisite carafes of condensed milk

I stuck all things free and alive

with Olympic excellence

Have you been growing out your nails?

your finger nails, cobalt and leathered, manicured by

a will to power, militarized force and tactical gloves,

circuitous grating in poor neighborhoods, stroking

extremely gracious sun glasses

producing pop hits and

connected at wrist to state power but

nails and hands get cut and
we've been sharpening

There, it is
the floral arrangement,
volcanic spider bite of petals and pus,
potted neat conference table;
Conspiring against,
In speed and misery half scrawled
"7 billion lives matter"
in a soggy gum wrapper,
put on my favorite top 40,

*I think it is a complicated issue I
mean to say that it is important and
some thing about rotting apples
baby and bathwater
police body cameras*

a waterfall of insects
-milli and centi-pedes and arachnids and roaches

I sprint full speed into the lot of pigeons on broadway
thinking of the sound of music
frothing at the mouth

The heat;
it is egregious
a dozen catcalls and garbage vessels
swimming laps in naphthol fluids
latexing the contours of a body
decidedly abscessive

electoral politics, a claymation
wearing idiosyncratic
timepieces

somewhere it is always swelled heat
it is a bath in hell, and

it is more realistic imagining only one perfect appendage;

hair falling out

perfumed by stale city water
ballooning yurt of pus
 nesting ground for spider love and children
Hacked to bits with a serrated file
soft and chewy taffy
Veined and ripe with Lymphoma
 sweatless,
and holding the most beautiful trophy:

better than scorn in doubles,
better than complete emotional Godness;
 your skeletal and consenting hand,
 two inexpensive watches bejewel the same wrist,
 phosphorescent and speculatively realistic

Banal Capability
Frozen Tarantula
ate at The Restaurant of THE BEST Burritos
NEW JERSEY
problems with focusing
sugar
impulse control
frosted flakes

6 AM
Drug Empire <
LORD of the FLIES
lacerated into
the regicided bed
”
,
NO IM NOT
GOING TO GET HELP”

2017

Despot takes the seat in front of a full

take care; Steinway grand
 take time to show them
Make them understand

lo, it was The Knifist's timepiece arranged
ticks and tocks
a rhythm, a jest and my hat too tight on my head.

How foul a furlough to encounter and
a stabbing, a slipping, a puncture and
it was movement,

flush with formless staccato, mechanics

diazepam

A wonderful, well articulated experience. Many wounds
drawn in colored pencil

Alas, the Bather's delight!
how virile napalmeries sheathed my shaven neck
filed and folded as covenant ex files,
amongst your gracing pillows

enbalm'd in your furious bile of silken skin,
with anise and oils
and fire ants to eat and clean my skull,
like an aphid, on everything living.

feeding pigs gristle,

On Holiday, porcelain
a jaw unhinged and gaping
dinner plate wheels
fitted to ce
mented bee discs
- not sure what
endless drone means

was a very "hot" day and a very
"good" car
bowled, rolling like a shit
bug'
s naked saunt:
del mar, a drainage ditch

A tremor
A 40 hour work week
wobbly worker
chicken feet

A peace, dirty bedding a kiss, a wedding 40 years no ending ,
wasted years upending Mmangled career contending
the defense defending intramural gender bending

4 shards apiece, tourniquetting

-4 weapons, no pretending

Perfect Fencing helmet
grids Arnau's shredded face
you could think, 'what a jest!' what an opales
cent eyed boy to assail

Mist eyed, gazing upon a most tranquil
sanguine fountain
 I knew in my chest,
blood covered churlish and fragile male

there were foibles -
 they were all over the place;

extremely articulated
punishment detail

In California Every corrugated gate a No. healthy gum inspections regular, no abscess. with
long witch claws, peeling back some fat lips and like a miner that finds nothing:I. Fear
paradise is devoid of fear — finally a suitable wood grain
strictly pragmatic taste palette. cheers: Not entirely unerotic thoughts about vivisection, pelting
coins in the Urine Arc Fountain my skull felt wet
This is for Lilith, the angel. II. Moon and From above a poreless lot, Fuckt off with black Saint
Laurent gloves were held in hand a dream did rotNot an olympic body, No
III. Dreaming
Devoid of gravity,I fabricated disease at night over a pillowy canyon, caked in dirt and grease.
Laying completely on all things, and in my heart of hearts I saw victory

two sheets, one shredded blanket, one mattress, four empty plastic bags, some past
participles, one ringing buzz, one set of a father's power tools, forty books, one sleek
pen (le coubusier), one plumb, one level, one square, 14 oreos from 1996, 14 klonopin
(expired), one-half 2 liter bottle of sunkist, one 13mm socket, one safety pin, one lighter,
16 cups of tainted water, 4 cups of powerade (blue), one single tarnished high school
ring (1961), four hundred rings, no answer, one sandwich, one sick bag, three nails, 10
fingernail clippings, a copy of WIND (1992) on VHS, one scorched Hull of a 41' C&C,
one replica of a Hull of a C&C 41', one cease and desist letter (notorized)

The MSDS technical layout reads:
I. Collection of hatred systems
sprout in eyes

venture forward into
II. the house
collect belongings
make sure all ingredients are fresh
to prepare stouffers devils
III. food cake
many limbed disorder
walk across the carpet
soaked in kerosene
and out the back door
into geometry teacher's yard

A virgin phenomenologically,

the heat,
before, told to me like
"like sticking your head in the oven, dry"

Populated with galoshes, beiges,
pinks like when you turn a human inside out
and let it oxidize

*with black and grey script,
the idea "water"*

*burning din, indistinguishable
lit infinite meadow
forests and suburbs and brush pluming smoke
— a sky madeup maybe or a very large boot*

It is important to strictly adhere to a regimen. I have been considering the amount of meat I consume on a weekly basis, in addition i=to incrPracticing mindfulness, empathy and hopnesty. Following the t4achings of siddartha, not overzealously. I have reconnected with my father and Thoroughly medicated. Taken up causes like infantile genital mutilation and senior citizen rights.

Fun Strip Mall
Barefoot stepped on a pigeon,
feeled feathers between my toes
like a diaphragm it ex
haled when squeezed

and cooed:

Los Angeles

Psycho-schematically chucking stuff into a river;
The nexus of cockroach,
rat
Lining the esophageal hoses of a schykull
terra-forming the perennial garden

of this woman's adolescent.

In the inner ear, a worm
filing through industrial drone
coffee grounds old chunks of polystyrene
oil drippings probably endless miles of cassette tape curling and
pirouetting
silently around untenable fish

The report read
some thousands of feet up
charred and ashed hair
through astigmatism and
a plastic window there
was a
Vast Seizure

A FIELD GUIDE FOR TO THE BIRDS or What exactly is the disease?
first thing well I love orange juice in the morning and
disasterously too crippled to pork another soul. Ha
Find any good sticks? In a market, I mean I'm in it
so...A) Downtremors,
vacationing B) New England Black Site
C) City Limits

Dewy Eyed and confessional,
demanding of the Maitre'd denigrated Tilikum bisque,
or something sweet to sip,
I stopped outside my former father's work to piss
and tumbled language inside my mouth —
there were matrices of understanding and denial strung within a spiderweb of logic.

I came upon it, the well poisoning idea, yeah they mean
There were no lines and no distinctions to be made

apparently imploded like a stomped tent,
there was this —
I enjoyed it

Wow, and supine dawnlight garbled and careening through splintered gaps between leaf sprues
and fell upon a soft and sleeping face. Supine and not waving or fetal but some kind of askew
akimbo arms and legs to catch the breeze of a sour soft bed. More unanimous than armed
militants you lay, ahimsa'd out like some looping jane, unharmed and shy behind velvet lids: your
face stricken with strings of hair and a string of charms around yr neck. You wake, cooing. There
was a radio.

did you happen upon it? that nest of dithering spiders' eggs, before it careened over the burnt-
out well of stripped drywall 4x8's and splashed on my crown? There was a Horrid toupee
balloon sprouting bulbs down my sweating face it was profound, I felt, somewhere between the
taxonomical items scheming a perfect veg pumpkin pie and seaweed denominations in a

quarterly I had stolen, some visceral titular mag, the onomatopoeic kind, like Juggs or Raxx or Pong or Miss - u know, win some lose some.

I've begun scoring neighborhood planters with m'box cutter, yanking ribbons of tinder from their husks and imagining 70 by 7 petals gliding through spacetime, imitating their patterns like incantations of sigils in the sky. having gorged on gull snacks in the parking lot, I take all these dam strings and make my new home for my fucked mouth and other orifice basin.

2018 Fields

It's true it's true I have coward hands and its true

I would never pretend to know, but; antonymous of knowing is searching and within a composition notebook-esque field of fifth stage acceptance, speckled with very-similar-tude, I'm trying to search for geldings and foals in fenced lots but before mutilation. I'm trying to touch rudimentary grace and beings untethered, not unlike emptied metro buses . It's there I've found three heaving mutts, snorting and panting like hot pigs, sprinting after the horses as if their intestines were laden with peace itself.

I've seen it held between sun weathered Madonna-posed arms: an eight year old hardware store bucket containing grain feed and like an office desk dipping bird, half a dozen nuzzles peck at its contents. Printed on the bucket's barrel are labels split between health advisories and jargainy footwork for escaping legalistic blame. No matter: with arm break strength (their names: Kicking and screaming, Ethics committee, Lilly of the valley, Shadowfax, Isabel and Everyone) they kick, snort and careen through exploded dirt wisps and I'm thinking of joy, pants piss joy, aimless gazing and empty-headed joy that's nameless and without an answer to a hundred inquiries of "what?" but i remember what structural confession feels like and deeply do i know fear of submission and out-of-control and it sounds like "Nothing".

Among the visions is a field, around which is an oak plank fence. inside the fence is a chestnut and white-socked yearling and when a yearling is broken you can see it...I see a line trying to return to a shape, soured fruit sweeten again or anything becoming unburnt.

green, green and warm with ache does the maniac flay
imperfect but not imaginary attention to detail
wet with knowing become the fields that dry up at midday
yea, it's real—
solemn and bristle-y
like fruit plucked from the tree
not forever
but sweet enough for me

Beneath some Pervert's Yod or in the Mare's field,
pierced through your dollop lobes with care,
curled around your neck with your goldenrod trim, maybe,
somewhere in my Heironymous hell brain chemistry it's there.

There, a yellow green and blistered garden of hills and slopes and rivers and stone; there, a field full of golden calm, you can feel the air above the dirt in the cave of your mouth, shrapneled with rocks that look like not-rocks, pocketed away in the drab river delta, humming in the salted mist,

Yes earthly sweet, Yes we'll walk,

yea let's go seatbeltless and driving, searching, with hands brave and dumb. Backlit with your brilliant and blushing face flush against them, a perfect set of dopamine clementine wreaths hung on screen doors, whisper-cooing concord in Truckland's swampy trestles; take me to your field, Virginia drive me to the place you love, Florida

How To Peel Fruit

Truss and spit, for over a year I've built a stupid game. With some youtube compilation speed rulebook, I wake every morning and start my gambit scorched and lazy sweat doused, I've learned to become comfortable with animal friends. 'Did I ever know it? Could I ever name it?' I think. days: QOL is made like cum on printed pics levels of saturation. the period of full cognizance between noon and four o'clock fester into a panic mediation. Brian taught me once how to mindfully meditate, I never do it.

NIGHTS: the come down around sunset looks like untangling four year old headphones from a jacket pocket. longing for multiple hands to juggle time, I think about history's victors, 4 AM AR abolitionists yelling PUPPY KILLER WAKE UP, a perfect skin care regiment, faith in others. It is me, the ambivalent tether, I am playing a game.

*calling it how to peel fruit,
I wanted to be calm.
a dependency on chocolate,
serving size in your palm.*

burning lamb by the highway all food rots

What a precious vision, those mayday pole mechanisms, the same one that configures our DNA Twizzler like how pronounced a collarbone is or maybe how you grind your teeth or

how funny you are
the machine spiral that makes those fences or rope or
carves away at metal and flutters little ribbons while it excavates
what a fragile idea, an ideology split into two
spread across a populace like a divining rod searching for water

I am happy because you are happy
you are so sweet and I was not well enough to know
with my wary understanding, others play the wisdom lottery
and peace is a plain garland.

What better game than to concentrate on breathing practice and acceptance? still pitiful by comparison, there are still better things in this world

2019

To Andrew and Tia, on their wedding day

A sower went out to sow;
I'm there, through the griddled fence,
a child with his
 arrow.
Sung through the halls of a house,
Faith is a well to crawl in
everywhere I am I can hear your music
 - I listen

They're playing kickball in the park, it's windy
I hear tinny, sunkist bouncing rubber
whipped,
just cherubically stomped
 back and again
and as if dripping to completion, the pentatonic
greek chorus of evening bugs buzzing around our sweat
falls asleep
 - children play

Highs and lows;
ribbons, bows
The world is burning, I am burning
No one knows what it looks like but me:

*I see a ball riddled with mistakes,
mounds of dirt-made meaning, slumped over concordant
with all my furies and failures kicked up into atmospheric stuff
 an infatuation with birds
all the decay and
 duff*

I see peace

*I see you traipsing down the stairs
Apple of my eye,
 Cherries in hair,
braids, Methadone Pierrot
 which mask to wear
In a nativity scene painted on the inside of a ceramic dome,
 I see everyone's mom and dad,
 in love and at home*

knowledge defined as experience
and thru yr muggy soft breath is
a formless shape,
 desire
filling the palm of my hand with chocolate, and there is so, so
 much I want to know with you
When i do, I picture your face smiling.

weak together at home ,safely clasped between clammy fingers
our fantasy, our world, a house made of brick, one and many I'll make with you
mired in flame or wreathed in ivy, birds singing and cats sleeping
Every morning kitchen-table fruited fresh for us, to eat or discard
to remember or forget

Slices of pear, bites of peach
Empty chamber of heat
All of my produce is ripe, the day is done
every meal is breakfast
every letter in love
eloped with a prayer necklace strung around yr throat
The Sun is shining and I will make hay