

—

*does me in, the
language of love greasy sheets
days in bed
body still - mine
though under yours
could i grab your arm and keep it
that part of you or another
your smell but
is a scent ever ours*

*my armpits like ketchup you said
yours skunky - weed smell
and beyond that in the aisles of department stores
agreeing on a new perfume*

*not for neither of us not me nor him
but to wear out sublime our love
ruffling in sync on a never ending side walk home*

—

once love is possessed the beloved falls out of desire
unattainable

*can't you see what this is?
that desire turned sour
to greed want sick need
all the pieces the skin the meat the bones licked clean*

*and what is left?
a rippling image
beautiful maybe
but just the ghost of me*

*there's no escaping waiting for you
whatever i believed to be busy doing
with joy hearing from you brings
nothing but despair*

*he said :
 you betray you lie
your face changes all the time*

*they said i eat them like air
mouth opens mouth shuts
 so slow
slowly*

i use them, so they told me

*they use to say : that girl's stuck up
some kind of kooky saint*

*times have changed i thought
the days move slow
so slowly*

—

to possess full power and authority
over

—

*and even the thought of your body vanishes
into rotting flesh
bitten nails
varnish scaling*

*the pressure
bouncing back under my thumb*

gone

*just a pool of fat
and in it my body*

wading

—

*and what are we if not
and what am i if not*

*half smile
empty headed passed curfew
bored hours of emptiness
cycling down the damp tunnel past the river
seconds of dark shelter muffled sounds and on the way out
tears in the rain*

—

*what are you searching
by which means ?*

*and if you were to find
what you're looking for then
what would you intend
to do to it ?*

—

*i woke and remembered
i had two children*

*two but none of which i bore
though as a fate i chose*

*neither had a father
nor faces i can remember*

*two the names i wouldn't dare tell you
no pity ! think again !
it all perfectly suited me*

*so she said
so sad
so she asked
but no answer
and no
no one could
would tell
help remember
when did they
if did they ever
wouldn't say
sadder than ever
when they parted
if they ever
and if i had
would you ever
were we ever
will we ever*

try me

—

you think you know me?
o yeah? then which one is it?

one
herpes you got it off someone else
someone you never loved
wouldn't remember

two
a salad wringer it flew off the shelf and burst
your lip open
a ripe fruit

three
which one is it?
try me!

—

—

*words in my mouth
,,, sawdust
the reflection of you
delights even you*

*just out of the frame
i remain pale
morning light shut
heavy curtains*

—

god what a total waste
fearing what may be

let me ride my bicycle senseless
no i don't think i might die

and yes i'll keep blasting this music and
no i don't think i might stop ever
or at the red light

i'll still scream and kick your car
slap your windshield
and laugh at you o' scared shitless stare

—

when you say power
do you mean you use to have power over me?
do you suffer now, from that loss?

becoming slaves to the wants
increasingly created by the process by which
they are satisfied

My Hope and it's Angels

—

Eileen Myles puts it into words. In a conference she says: “Sometimes an action is a poem. It’s a way of phrasing existence the act of poetry. Or the act of action. I’ve been collecting shit for years. I went to MacDowell first time in the 90s. I went to the drugstore in town to buy whatever and it turned out to be a Christian drugstore. It had a Christian book rack. I spun it. And there was a volume the Blood of the Lamb. Christianity is very bloody. It said that Lucifer was an angel, the biggest angel and he got thrown out of heaven for changing the order of the sacred words. So there is an order. And I must disrupt. And that is the religion of Eileen. This is not poetry. This is not craft. My dog beat me up. This is how I see it. I don’t mean a highly individualized convocation of truths.”

—

you asked me in a text : ‘can i love you forever?’ and i answered ‘yeeesssss’
when you asked ‘what am i for you?’ and i said ‘the love of my life’ with a smile
you said ‘that’s a bit much isn’t it’ and i’m pretty positive you weren’t joking

—

honey

*you fucked up real bad
and i love you
but now is payback time*

—

*if all time
could be made of the moment i
find sleep within your arms
the moment i feel
your substance again*

*body weight equals nothing
polyurethane unicorn
plastic poney horse
wrapped up in crinkly sheeting
resting in a box with
many other plastic poney horse unicorns*

nested shining gold

*the way back is an endless trip
running up
in sweats
to nobody*

*but what does it mean - in essence - about me
do i care if the expanse of your love is
boundless?*

*knows no enoughts
nor stops
nor : knowing at the center of this room
your own self
which indeed could use some of
all of the above*

though what if i of my own wanting
if such a thing exists

desire that expanse
and what if the loss of any sense of steering
or control
is something i might root for

walk straight in that direction knowing
behind is no longer

sticky liquid seeping through
the parted fingers of
my open body

accepting demanding that what is no longer
is lost
and

walk straight into you

—

14.02

tonight's dream

somewhere in a house in normandy i think the house d was talking about but they're not ready we should come back later

a bar we keep coming back to, the owner is awful, homophobic sexist old fucker two gay men i'm one of the two but i see us from the outside still, hunted down by a wolf pack - the deal is the wolves can fuck them one at a time and they spend the whole night getting fucked by wolves and in the early morning they're perched up on a tree branch looking at the wolves running still looking for them, one of the two (the one that is me), and at that moment i'm also there but invisible, that one asks, take all the cum i have on my body (the wolf cum that is) and it was a thick heavy paste and a lot of it and stuff it all in me and the other guy does it and doesn't seem to mind at all or to find it abnormal, i hesitate but i do it too i'm still in the dream but i can feel the pain somehow

the night before d was sleeping at home with me and i dreamt we woke up and he suddenly had to leave, at 8 and we were in spain between andorre and barcelona, closer to barcelona say. i was really sad he had to leave after all and we parted he rented a van to drive all the way to paris, i was in a car, was looking for andorre i think i was looking for my parents i was somewhere in the mountains, on foot by then, asking my way around - is it this way to Andorra?