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Young Love

Legacy Eyes-of-the-Moon Russell

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I want desperate things:

To be undone unraveled unwrapped
Neonatal shadows never to be born completely
Wooden floors maintaining luster
Browns and golds of afternoon
to crack and whistle upon contact
Ceilings to cease in their endless creaking
To have this stabbing come to a stop

So I can rest—
She grew up in Indiana, somewhere near the capital, whatever that might be.

Whenever I talk about her with other people, they always ask where in Indiana she’s from. I always say Gary, because I feel like one time I may have read a story about some people who mobbed together and murdered a black man late at night on an abandoned road there. They beat him like Emmett Till, until his features looked like something on the butcher block over at Kowalski’s down Grand. I always say Gary, because it’s the first place that bubbles to the surface, expelling itself like a newborn from my lips before I get a chance to reconsider. I ought to know, but secretly I think it doesn’t matter. She’s one of those people with a fragile sort of beauty and I hold her close to my heart. It doesn’t matter where in Indiana she’s from; no one really gives a fuck about Indiana anyway, except people who are from there. They use it as a common ground to start pointless conversations, just as people from a city like myself can hold a conversation for hours about crowded streets and pushy people just because it makes their mouths water for the sounds of the city when they’re out here in St. Paul. I would never have even cared nor been interested in Indiana had she not come into my life.

I think I read somewhere once that men had mobbed together and killed a teenaged girl there just because she said aloud that she was gay.

She grew up in Indiana and when she first told me the story of how they met, she explained first that she had attended a high school that was affiliated with Indiana University. The story comes out most frequently when she’s drunk. I think that’s the time where she feels least scared of herself, and feels courageous enough to be flippant about the things that have scarred her past, leaving welts like roots. She’s talked about shiny stars in Indiana, and I’ve dreamed at night of seeing shiny scars on her back, figurative reminders of how they met, of what happened between them, of how she’ll never speak to him again.
She says he was a part of some band and she used to go see him in concert. When she talks about it, she lights cigarettes with a fury, her hands shake and she won’t look me in the eye. She says she thought she might have been able to love him at one point. At one point she thought they were in love and they took drives together late at night but never kissed in public except when drunk and one drunken night he pulled up her dress and pushed her hard on the floor. The rug burned her back and he slammed into her with the drunken grace of a five-car pile-up; sometimes she talks about how, for months after, she cut herself to ribbons. When I first met her, she wore black ribbons wrapped around her wrists, tied up pretty like a present, and I thought she was something fabulous. I didn’t know what the ribbons were wrapping up: tight, stiff, blood-soaked ribbons disguising ribbons made of flesh. I didn’t know silk was a seal for a wound created by too much hard alcohol, too many sweet songs strummed on electric guitar, too much admiration for the boy on the stage in the spotlight, too few sweet songs for the girl standing in the shadows, too many starry Indiana nights driving on abandoned Indiana roads that from an aerial view some say look like shiny scars.
ABOUT ME: i am probably in love with you i am probably watching you i am probably sleeping with your boyfriend or i probably don't know you but damn i sure wish i did i sure wish you could look at my face i am wishing i could see the way you look at the picture of me i took on iCamera tilted back so my chin doesn't look so fat I HATE THE WAY MY CHIN LOOKS IN PHOTOGRAPHS! i am probably in love with you but am being the bigger man i am a big girl i am LACOSTE i am TRIDENT i am SCIENTOLOGY i look sad but i am REALLY HAPPY i am not a painter i am uncomplicated! i am delicious! i am FREE FRIDAY NIGHT AFTER 8PM—
ABOUT ME: chinless/probably in love with you/probably watching you/probably sleeping with your boyfriend/maybe your sister/I WANT EASY MAC!
ABOUT ME: i think your dad is hot, i am probably tired i am pleased yes i am pleased reading Nietzsche i am sorry reading Lacan i am pious reading X-Men i am eating a potato while reading Laura Mulvey so i can learn how i can truncate your head from your body without feeling like such a creep
ABOUT ME: i want you headless i am LOOKING FOR: WHATEVER I CAN GET i am CHINLESS and LOOKING FOR: FRIENDSHIP i am IN A RELATIONSHIP but ITS COMPLICATED i am INTERESTED IN: Men! i am INTERESTED IN: Women! I AM NOT.GAY.I.SWEAR i am probably fucking your momma but you don't know this—ABOUT ME: i am fucking your momma and want you headless, face stuck in the box floating like Casper right above EDIT MY PROFILE
There are so many things I am not allowed to tell you—
   I touch myself, I dream.
I smoke cigarettes and sit outside in my underwear late at night when I feel sad
   At midnight when I go to bed I know there is a woman who moves into the other rooms of our house she expands and makes things snap and buzz.
   this I know I have felt her presence
   I say “fuck you” to my mother and I have a mild crush on my boss I forget sometimes to lock the door or shut the windows when it rains
   When it rains sometimes things get wet and I dry them up quick so they’ll be like new again for you if you decide to come home
   I make dinner for you sometimes—I do—then realize you’re not the woman filling up the rest of the house (she doesn’t eat) so your portion falls into the trash
   To rot for days
I sit in the bath for six hours at a time to clean off the missing that clings like ash I sing at the top of my lungs in the hallway as I’m unlocking the door—
   I don’t care if the neighbors are sleeping—
I touch the inside of your hats, put them to my face, hoping to smell your smell, even though wind through open windows has stolen your scent from this house
I drink bottles of wine at a time and don’t get drunk
   This loneliness is sobering, this “being alone” is immovable, unchanging
I like fast cars, handsome men, and having sex
I don’t want bike rides or co-ops or dread-locks or days without showers and tattered clothing
   I don’t want the revolution I am not a radical nor a fascist I don’t want to dictate but am too afraid of centrifugal force
I like engaging in entropy and disorder then cleaning it all so that it glows
I go to bed early because the days are too long I am always thirsty
   I fear for us—I do—I fear for this space these states separating us the plane rides bumpy and dissatisfying with crying babies in overhead compartments and luggage strewn all over the floor
I talk to myself when no one else is around
I ask myself “How are you?” and respond, “Good, thank you, and yourself?” and do a little soft-shoe in the dining room
I spin like Michael Jackson

Often I am not so sure how to write or to paint or to read or to think
(I know I love you it’s the only thing that is for certain)
I don’t follow hip music I don’t really know the lyrics to that song I wish all I had to wear out into the world was a pair of boots

I like being naked
I like being green with you

You come and go as you please and I’ve lost perspective I’m no longer at the wheel
We swerve and swing and I want this lurch to stop it makes me sick it gives me headaches

This romance is composed of ballads and valentines
Soiled with omission of contact and intimacy
Divided by the steely plastic of a telephone and the unforgiving hum of the receiver

Okay, I’ll let you be the hero

This time I will shut my eyes tight and drop off the edge
Plummeting down wind raspy and unrelenting with acceleration

Before I contact with cement—come lift me up
come make this safe
i hide in bathrooms
i find a thousand copies of you in the mirrors

outside, a party! museum Greco-Roman reliquaries and seas of taffeta crushing between perspiring legs

i wait for you to see me for the very first time:

the first time we really looked at each other—i remember—

you looked ducky in your camouflaged jacket
you sat in the same lecture
you were always in backseats

my eyes wanted to take your face so badly
   but to see you they had to spin around in circles and so they broke free like marbles

we were cartoons in our collision:
   i think my heart turned candy pink and swelled to ten times its size
   you were a wolf, slamming on tables with your fists
   your tongue rolled out like a wet carpet, sucked me up behind those ivory bars

i say: i wanna be yer prince and you try to make tiaras with my limbs

bones don’t bend and so they splinter
   you have pieces pulsating beneath your skin like a drumbeat
   you take them out one night at dinner, use them to make ivory bars sing out like stars
he told me to wear the one with lace and dressed me up until i no longer recognized myself for him. i was all garter belts and lip-gloss never slacks or chap-stick on top of amplifiers i leaned back and let him seize me he drained me pulling red ribbons from between my legs and tied them up about the room like streamers lit candles like birthdays he celebrated me by making me undone he unwound me in strings black strings pouring from cassette tapes mix tapes with songs like Castles Made of Sand and Rebel, Rebel, Rebel and i was muted by the volume of it all the ribbon hung from asbestos-covered ceiling pipes like satin strips of weeping willow i could not see through satin and so i closed my eyes and hung onto the pieces with my fists sediment bubbling up behind my lips like Champagne Supernova waiting for the shudder and jerk of a final finish and removal of a foreign object from the hidden rooms within

tell me again about those secret summers you know the ones where we watched the little boys through the trees we were little too then don't you remember and it was hot and we sweat profusely beneath our one-piece suits that hung from breast-less figures like loose skin there was no hair under our arms then or between our legs we looked like little russian dolls and perhaps we were we certainly had a few other little girls if not a full-grown woman or two piled up inside becoming smaller with the reduction of each wooden layer tell me again about the way the light fell through the armed branches dappling bodies with scars of sun that shifted and shook with the air and separated us from one another tell me would we have watched these boys had they been men or would we have turned away in shame for fear that our fathers might emerge from beneath the glassy surfaces of the stream and freeze us in our sin

you asked me if i remembered what it felt like when i realized first that i needed you those memories are blurry fixed in rooms with dimmed lights your eyes piercing through the shadows your fingers working topographically across the hills and valleys of my body you disrobed me do you remember what that felt like when you first set eyes on me did you see me really then or were you just pretending
sometimes i forget what your voice sounded like when you avoided slicing me to pieces and instead placed me in the recesses of your abdomen you stroked the hair on my head i let it fall against you curly and unkempt and was no longer ashamed you asked me if i remembered what it felt like yes yes i do for the first time in seventeen years i exhaled and it was alright you said you said it was alright
i spent my life living
in fear of
being called a nigger
in a whisper
i figure
being called queer can't be so bad:
fearing nigger
for so long
has made me strange, yes

little swastika seduce me
mon cheri
caress me
mademoiselle
miss me —
do

little swastika
i stare past you

mon cheri
the light, it illuminates you

mademoiselle
monsieur
you are written into history, too

there your names go
beneath the spilt red
clotting on tile above
little swastika
i know how to go wastin'
common fornication
even though
i'm not part of the race
you're running

mon cheri
care me
    yes, i'll call that number
    on a late october
    upon a sunset documented
    in numbers
    on a marble wall
mademoiselle
your numbers have been counted, too

little swastika
wound me —

do
i have been hallucinating you

Let's Play House! you be The Daddy i The Dog

your boots will find my fingertips pinch them until they black-and-blue

in worlds like these i am barefoot—

we barbeque all night absorb liquor and finger foods milk and cookies delighting in being left to their own devices

on the lawn the air smells like smoke

someone offers membrane states they will cut you into five points throw you into astral regions but you The Daddy opt to cling to skeleton

the body is different but the intention the same—

we dissect Family plucking away at harp-skins with neon nails

i bark too loudly down comes steel tips knocking free the pebbles in my gums:

on the lawn everyone is silent

i am laughing catching spoonfuls of ruby in my martini glass below

later this will taste like salt and overrule the white of you on my tongue—

mixed with you i will gargle paste, the color of a valentine
Autobiography of Mascara

i have always wanted to be your housewife: dick and jane, modern-day adam and eve
  jane took the apple and baked a pie
  she mixed in cinnamon called it America

i sit on stoops east village summertime sonnet i make up names for each man passing by:
  i call him david because i loved one once
  i call him bernard and then bertrand
  i call him rylan because i think he is from queens and in love with a fat girl named molly tarlov

summertime in the village is oppression: yuppies with puppies in bag-lets from target and angelheaded hipster sisters matching
haircuts banging like shotguns slung over one dead eye

at ten i asked my father to buy me Little Debbie’s Cooking Kit and he said
  goddammit, your fucking mother was supposed to have taught you to be a woman.

i learned that green was for boys that sweat was for sluts and that green sweat was the stuff of the
  Jetsons and Nickelodeon or maybe even Lesbians but all of that was omitted for a girl like me
  with no tv.

when everything went up in fire i wore my space suit and considered
  baby names my mother said i could have died because of the smoke which made me confused—i thought
  smoking was sexy

my mother woke me up early in the morning and helped me crawl over the sleeping bodies in our vestibule
  just so that i could get a look at sunset over tar beaches and
  rooftop antennas stretching their arms up to the sky like Kahlo’s calaveras.
when she discovered I had been drinking perfume she took the bottle from my hand and gave me a Lip Smackers that smelled like birthdays

maybe it was then I first learned to make cake: aproned and ironed I held my breath and wished for dust-brooms as around us our Pompeii rained down eyelashes
something terrible happened:
i woke up and realized i was just like my father.
the philandering goldfish loved to eat out
one night suggested fast-food Japanese and brought home a woman named Natsu

  i had no idea
  i was focused on California Rolls—oh, California i always knew you were trouble!
  at the Santa Cruz boardwalk i rode roller-coasters until i puked up cotton
candy in a trash can       i was dizzy and hoarse for a week

we kept japan a secret:
*Best not to upset your mother.*
  and so we kept eating and i forgot her name and face as quickly as California

i have had no boy friends      just boyfriends
  and that boy from down the street but everyone knows that fags don't count because they cry, too

at night i curl myself around a whisper of a woman
i spend my days running from the man who taught me to ride bikes by NYU
  he took away my training wheels and sobbed

  i never give him credit for waffles or Charlie Parker or afternoon riots in Tompkins Square  i keep secrets:

*Winona, i’m in LOVE!*
Pittsburgh—it's terrifying.
I want to get FUCKED, San Franciscooooo!

i fall in love a thousand times a day as an excuse i say i'm young
but one day i will be old

and my Natsus just won't keep—
Creation Story

it was at some point that she did not want to love her any longer and maybe it would be safer to forget their love affair altogether perhaps the scars from this fall would help to pad the next one and she delighted in the idea of being thrown into fire again daffodils baptized in butter

*

we went to agent provocateur and talked politics over panties watched all the sluts slaves and housewives leaf their way through appled lace on the shelves priced at several hundred dollars we could only dream that one day we could be wife enough to have strange men in black over-coats alongside us at check-out counters selecting their next fantasy an impulse buy! just another pack of juicy fruit

*

he was covered in hair and that made him a real man that is what convinced her to be a woman again and he drove her home and she let him rub lips behind earlobes a bite and a tickle sent shivers but she did not smile a woman does not smile she pouts so she pouted and gave sad eyes and he thought she was crying and so he sang to her the songs that boys sing and looking up she did not want him anymore covered in hair he was back in the pan. that night she found a flood of curls detached clumps and pieces floating on her pillowcase filling her mouth and eyes with stabbing pillars of salt—
do not forget our young love.

bus rides shrouded in fluorescent light wine glasses as big as bathtubs we foamed cream from our mouths inside of those curved transparent lines we called bodies then and during midnights sucking down beers out of bags in the flickering shadows of movie theaters — do not neglect those hours with Ozon covertly amongst the seats and other guests staring blankly up at the silver screen

i ran my hands along the secret folds of your trousers and you sucked in oxygen as if in pain do not forget how i could cut you with my fingertips

sandwiches in central park my favorite involves runny tomatoes and the crush of avocado behind unbrushed teeth

i was smaller than you

i stood on my toes to kiss you you

pushed headphones into ears and i could hear the whisper of the radio we walked on the grass there were lights in the wetness of spider-webs connecting leaves this you showed me and then shoved me into them do not forget the Ruin—how my hands froze while you smoked cigarettes with them on Bank Street and then on Saint Mark’s and

spray-painted letters on sides of buildings the liquid drops defying gravity making a constellation of your black jacket and how you said without shifting those blue eyes baby one minute more one minute more afterwards you kissed my fingertips as i peeled away the gold of your skin with apprehension

do not forget our young love:

i found myself drowning between the aqua-marine of Ralph Lauren sheets and from them was born into always being your Sistine Chapel baby do not neglect the pictures you painted onto my skin scars of ink sprawling out like cracks on ice possessed by determination they were hardly deterred by the absence of candy systematic harbingers in the erasure of an after thought
it occurred to me recently
that one day i might die a dirty old woman
i might die unshowered
unshaven
my legs might be hairy
simply because i just couldn't be bothered that week
skin slices as easy as avocado when its old

i might die a dirty old woman
i might die with smut on my computer
japanese bondage pornography
perhaps in my old age that will get me going
photographs of pool boys and twenty-somethings bending over
to pick up pencils or pocketbooks or to press PLAY on their podcasts

i will want to see their calvin kleins
i will want to see their 2xists
i will want to see their banana hammocks
i will want to sing their thong songs

i might die a dirty old woman
i might be doing a striptease for my partner
to bobby darin's mack the knife
wearing prada high heels and red lipstick

before they lay me in my coffin
they'll remove my push-up bra

---

Interview with Angel

it occurred to me recently
that one day i might die a dirty old woman
i might die unshowered
unshaven
my legs might be hairy
simply because i just couldn't be bothered that week
skin slices as easy as avocado when its old

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before they lay me in my coffin
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---

23
and roll my tits back up beneath my chin where they belong

before they lay me in my coffin
they'll wipe me clean again
until i'm brand new and ready for more—
they said she kissed
then walked through pictures:
figures pissing into doorways
nodding forward first then back again
bubble-gum polka dots left scattered on cement

she tried to focus but was distracted

somewhere above they’d lynched
pink converse high-tops and
left them hanging—strange fruits—
the knuckles of the laces soiled,
straining against starry metal beams
The Whistles, Part Deux

She grew up in New York. She never knew her father, and her mother and grandmother had raised her mostly. The concept of it taking a village to raise a family most certainly applied to her; she hopped from house to house, sometimes living with friends when her family wouldn’t take her, sometimes living with family when she had no friends. When she laughs, she opens her mouth wide and shuts her eyes, tight. When she laughs, her nose wrinkles up and she chuckles to herself first, then lets out an infectious giggle that makes me smile, too.

On a recent walk to the baseball field, she joked about having too much sex with her boyfriend and we talked about how we would have babies one day, whether they’d be friends, and how we would make families for ourselves. In the dugout, behind diamonds of steel fencing, our bare feet kicking the sand below the benches, she told me that her cousin-in-law may have tried to hurt her this past summer. The house was small and she agreed to share a bedroom with him so she wouldn’t have to sleep on the floor. The twin beds didn’t touch but were close together; when she changed in the morning for work she would do it in the bathroom, balancing on cold tile. She woke up to moonlight one night and her underwear being held down with heavy hands, heavy breathing in her ears. He was pushing towards her, whimpering softly, whispering softly to her.

She said she didn’t think it was such a big deal at first.

When I asked her how long it had been going on, she said it had been happening for several years. For several years she had been woken up from sugar-dreams when she had no place else to stay and when there was no other bedroom but his to dream in. She said she’d been woken up from sugar-dreams to feel hands burning through thin cotton, groping breasts, smoothing belly, pinching ass. She said when it happened this summer, she didn’t think much of it. She hit him—hard—and told him to get out of the room. When he left, she took a chair and placed it under the door handle. She said for the rest of the summer, she would wake up with a start to the handle rattling, to hungry hands scratching at the door, to whispering pleas of guilt. She never shed a tear.
On a recent drive, she told me she has a cousin who is eleven years old. She said her cousin, a girl, was eleven years old and had never even kissed a boy yet. She said her cousin was eleven years old and a man more than twice her age, her own cousin-in-law, had slipped into her room at night and stuck his tongue down her throat. Her eleven-year-old cousin had never kissed a boy in her life, only a full-grown boy in a state of partial, dream-induced consciousness.

On a recent drive, I asked her if she would ever tell her mother. Panicking in my mind, I tried not to raise my voice, but I demanded that she tell her mother. She didn't look at me, her hands shook around the steering wheel, she fiddled with the XM radio, she checked the rearview mirror. She stared straight ahead and said she would never tell her mother because she knew her mother would want him dead if she ever found out what had happened. I laughed, but she didn't even crack a smile, she just shut her eyes, tight.

On a recent drive, she said maybe it was no big deal, said that perhaps it would end on its own, and suggested that telling someone might just be an immature and irresponsible decision. I asked if she would say something for her little cousin's sake, you know, the little eleven-year-old girl, the one who has to sleep under that same roof every single night, the one who can't leave, the one who can't scream loud enough to drown out the late-night whispers.

She said sometimes she has nightmares in which her mother's hands are covered with blood. For the first time, she looked at me and said that sometimes, the rattling of the door handle sounded like a trigger being pulled.
they say she was a cold body before the warmth even left her

that she was confused, often too imaginative, and in this way child-like

no woman ought to do those things—naked tea parties, fights with husbands, neglecting neatly manicured lawns and nails during excavations of jungles behind basement doors that were not her own

under supermarket-manufactured fluorescent she inspected babies alongside pork-chops and because she saw no difference they gave her a valium and suggested a vacation

O, Diane, if you had only seen Los Angeles! perhaps the hills there could have saved you, something in the bubble gum pink streaking through the streets and skin shades darker than it was born,

perhaps there you would have been a showgirl or a pin-up or a betty boop
    locked inside a big birthday cake, oh, how your husband would have delighted when you popped out all dotted with glitter, wrists bleeding with ribbons and bells

New Amsterdam is all blacks and grays so many business suits and women bruised by the task of putting dinners on tables by five-to-six

fame is California! red-carpets stained with the footsteps of bette davis and brando

maybe you could have lived it while you were still alive:

a lady like you woulda looked grand in swimsuits and neon-colored cocktails, camera far away and floating in the azure of kidney pools and starlet bedroom eyes
I'm sorry I didn't come to your party
was on highway en-route to some other island
when he said there was a headache down below
unzipped, I tried to assist
below wheel, car barreling forward
he stared straight ahead, unblinking
while I gave him road head, unthinking

 somehow they dated, abbreviated
having had fetus extracted before
she swore never to sex again
meeting him, she changed her mind
yet fear of semen was unfriendly find
Lipstick on Bathroom Mirrors

re—romance is retrograde

:

failing tests of modernism like bellbottoms ringing in insolence
or
    theories of a store-bought kewpie politico
    branded with stars of black on an abused forehead beaten to a blush—

morning grapefruit sours in separation groans in disagreement with each push of persistent spoons round objects scar like whips
licking fingers impatient tongues serrated into the drugs of romance by the blinding teeth of blenders—

there is listlessness in sylvia’s hair golden locks keyless and continued knotted in
    elegies and self-sacrifice she eats fruit with her hands citric acid pinching at fingers frosty and impotent in their inelegance
nicks and grooves out-scream slips of ladydom silvered and guilded with american boredom

    —company is absent and she drinks wine from tight-necked bottles foregoing the victorian conservatism of such a tiny hole of
    entry in bedrooms devoid of shadows

    it is when our heads hit metal bars when oven cleaner makes vomit pool up within cheeks that we miss the point of today
    wishing for some sort of tomorrow’s yesterday to compensate for penniless perspectives drained of insight
        scrubbed clean and gleaming like coffins in their prospective glamour—

did sylvia think of daughters when her goldilocks realized the smell of burnt tongue hindering linguistic porridge
    packaged in plastics all yellowed and greened, the star-strangled foot stones of Hollywood boulevards
or did she ponder momma and poppa bear and the vests of fur she had made from their skin furious tufts of brown poking out from the
female parts of fastened bodices silenced in their silkk—
superstardom for a girl is never too hot/too cold/just right unless she is dead and if we are still alive we are made ashamed of reaching:

how does hair that is too short fall over oven racks with ease who can teach us or do we improvise until we expert the ritual of routine—

who has it struck as strange that there is this movement to expire and who shoulders the humiliation of turning down the offer to become the daisies in neatly manicured lawns straining necks to get closer to a waxen sun

did she smell the gas and persevere
did her heart flutter before language became deoxygenated
did she feel the need to decompress

perhaps she did not realize—after all we spend our entire lives in fast cars driven by little boys we smoke cigarettes summer ourselves until we are burnt to a crisp and take too many pills
and none of it ever unwraps us entirely

maybe she just wanted a warm corner to write in and was tired of sunshine

there was no mirror and lipstick is too difficult to apply when inside of a speeding vehicle
Finding Sappho

it happened between slits of silver sheets lacking satin we leaned toward one another so as to escape the burn of another original sin licking like orange-red at our backs it was hungry to burn between a casual tongue twisting beneath the table top fingers wrapped tight around genitals like tentacles they suffocated pieces of hair as eager lips saturated faces razor sharp and violent with symmetry it happened like Warhol like ford automotives machinery pumping in and out painting outside a given outline

brushes:
  wet  long  quivering  throbbing  swabbing

in and out of glass taller than we were at the time it made us cower between the moment of entrance and the realization of immersion diving into one another colliding foaming at lips like white-water breath drafting from nostrils as would Nostradamus when jerked from deep within himself

she said it would be difficult that somehow the world might pull away from one or the other of us that perhaps they would somehow remember and forget us all in one blow creating and erasing a pangea that was all our own our own beginning they could see it (they could steal it, too) take it away from beneath us leaving us to practice laws of gravity apples defying their orbit falling farther than initially deemed possible

she said they could slice us like fruit and that she had been cut many times before she had shed blood and along with lust left it crumpled next to wet undergarments to stain the pulse that beat moist beneath the bedroom floor
Hollywood on Strike

Marilyn Monroe is at Newark Airport and is pissed off because her plane is late.

The motion picture goes like this:

She walks down the runway her size sixteen soaked with neon and waving her hands in the air. Marilyn goes and gets a Starbucks, Chai Latte Frappuchino. Mappuchino. Nappachino.

She stands on the moving sidewalk and flies right past Snow Flakes and Dunn Brothers and New York Herald Tribune.

Gets off, goes to the powder room, takes a shit.


Outside—standing between jets with propellers big enough to chop a girl to pieces—she checks her iPhone, shifts from one high heel to the other, adjusts her thong.

A little boy standing nearby goes zoom! Zoom! Zoom zoom!

He runs his fingers up the line of her pantyhose: Excuse me miss—there are highways on your thighs!
she says your hands are dirty and i feel ashamed.
our bodies are possessed by light and thousands of tiny embers and dirty hands and all the burn is still there even after
noontime showers.
she says there is something in a rainstorm. if the rain stops, there will be hell to pay—we dive diamonds. the whole world is wet
and cut up into strips we are drowned in geometrics searching to be dry we make fish faces and the whole world goes dark and slow
then fast with flashes of light this external goes silent we mouth to one another like silent films and in every part of me there is a
burning as the salt sets in

i had a dream like this: i fell down a drain pipe and no one knew where i had gone and i could hear you shouting my name but when i
tried to shout back hair caught in my throat and i pulled braids from between my lips

they were drinking wine when things got complicated—her dress was too short! perhaps what happened could have been avoided if
there had been a longer hemline
he could not stop staring at the cheetah-print purple lace between slightly spread thighs
he wondered if he would get the chance to go to the petting zoo:
tonight his fingers were explorers
they set out on safari starting at kneecap-freckle but moved upward
as wine unwound
as stars progressed
later that night he left and he shut the door behind him
he hesitated in the hall / she watched through the peephole
he paused and did a little dance
she held her breath until she felt faint

she fell asleep in a constellation of condoms and sweat

alone in outer-space

there is a dead girl in a coffin and she is wearing a CBGB t-shirt last time i saw her she had a different nose a boy next to me in Creepers and tight pants says: ohmigod she looks so hot and writes in guest books dear so-and-so thanks for inviting me to your going away party you look totally fierce tonight
He liked to go down on her when she had her period. Red faces glistening like red rubies like red dreams wet hands sticky with monthly tragedy that, contrary to popular belief, led to only more time between sheets creating murder scenes splashed with genetics before any real homicide was committed. She thought perhaps he cared about her dreams.

When she watched his face disappear between sections of dungaree denim that evening, she let her head fall back against the wooden bed board, slamming unpleasantly against sharp wooden angles, stiff wooden beams mimicking stiff little wooden dreams. She stared up at the ceiling and wished desperately for plaster to fall down around her, killing them both in this intimate moment.

“Perhaps,”
She whispered to inattentive ears,
“Perhaps,”

She breathed in sharply as she felt teeth sink into the neatly folded circles of flesh nestled between her curving thighs.

Perhaps, she thought he cared about her dreams. Just for an instant.

Head dismembers from body as body disappears below bedside. Head floats menacingly above splattered comforter—an unfortunate misnomer in a moment like this—she lies, thighs forced apart, stifling screams, a mix of fear and fantasy as young-and-momentarily-bodiless adolescent fulfills vampirella fixation, quickly adding fingers to regimental flicks of tongue and breathing in the scent of virginal suicide, the breath a medley of adoration and exasperation, an inhalation that feels like a giant sigh inside, he inhales like that,

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1 For Mellie Carballo.
the same way she inhales when sitting on white tiled bathroom floor floating above Park Avenue apartment, bathroom that is temporarily dismembered, heads truncated like tape-recorded sentences, he inhales like she inhales when, after door is locked and iPod headphones are sunk into open cavities still moist and attached to dismembered dreams creating distanciation after door is locked, she sinks down against cold tile tracing the lines with soiled fingernail and scratches at her wrists, her legs, her toes creating small nicks in curving skin, in soft skin, in skin attached to muscle, attached to bone, attached to membrane, attached to memories:

Beneath bone beats a heart: Head dismembers from body and inhales, filling nostrils with the smell of blood.

3

When she watched his face disappear between sections of dungaree denim that evening, she let her head slam back against Classic Ebony wooden bed board, urging tears from dehydrated eyes and causing her to bite her lip so hard that droplets formed upon glittering Chanel Satinette, pausing in coagulated contemplation, then dripping downward onto chin to dry and glisten like snail-trail dug deep from lips that, like knees, fingers, and thighs, simply ask in haunting whispers "Kiss meeeeee....":

Hands crawled up thighs like insects, fingers moving separately from hands, hands moving separately from wrists, wrists attached to invisible arms that move about clumsily searching first for left kneecap adorned with Single Brown beauty mark—almost invisible as well—these hands make eyelids that have fluttered shut shoot open and cheeks flush Rock Candy Pink over realization that shaving during day-light hours came the decision to end razor nicks at kneecap level leaving evidence of actual woman on those curving thighs rather than fabricated-neonatal-hairless weightless-nicoise-salad-phantom and she sucks a breath in that sounds like a muted scream and, momentarily mortified, turns her eyes up to the ceiling to glare at plaster for not having fallen down sooner to knock them both into an endless sleep and out of their mutual misery.

Fingernails pause at knee and then run back down circling around towards calves, then index and thumb enfettering anemic ankles, she lip synchs lyrics, wrinkling nose up like some fucking primadonna—Debbie-Harry-punk-dream-girl and she strummed fingers attached to hands attached to wrists attached to arms attached to shoulders drifting over sealed heartbeat and she mouthed these words and winked at plaster and licked her lips wrinkling nose up like some fucking Rock Star she was delicious—
Freckles like track marks between fingers attached to fingernails painted Titanic-Blue-Titanium-or-Some-Shit-Like-That all the while feeling forgotten: Meanwhile meaningless kisses given to orifices, slabs of skin parting red seas like Moses, lips drinking wine like Jesus Juice, holy wine, like rock n’ roll, like Thelonious Monk electric guitar she wails, tears dripping down sides of face, defiling sweaty temples, salty invasion hands grabbing rack, hands attached to invisible arms pulling, twisting, teeth attached to dismembered head biting, gnawing.

After a farce of revelation, a feigned Sexual Revolution, head bearing X chromosomes moves upward toward her, shoulders and arms and torso, all attached and concealing coronary valves slamming under pressure of too many cigarettes and too much cocaine, body melts outward into the darkness, pouring liquid human being over smeared sheets

once face glistening red; a carnivore
hand pushes head down

one face giving head; the Common Whore
mouth cannot breathe
little girl chokes—Fantastic Pink!

in THE END two fell side by side
two liquid tombs, bleeding from two separate wounds, one bed
cocaine whites miming police chalk shut in around bodies like strings of pearls as they attempted to slow hidden heartbeat and drift into listless loveless sleep endless sleep trumping future years like King over Queen, like Urban Renewal, The Projects into Palaces, future fears falling as if autumn leaves, golden and disguised leaving families to stand outside in falling rain
Eighty-sixth street grieving fallen dreams

6:22pm someone calls from the Feds

6:23pm — “Punk Rock is dead.”
She dreamt of vacuuming and she spoke the words out loud saying “I am exhausted from cleaning the carpet.” and “I think the house is crumbling; there is always dust on the floor.” But the people laughed and so she laughed because let’s be honest, it was a ludicrous idea. The Dream was taken in for observation, strapped to a table to be dissected and so cavities were sucked dry swept and cleaned left glowing like embers in the salty sky of a Galveston mid-March. She was left with the feeling that something had gone missing. Though the people had laughed at first she realized later that the vacuum had been stolen and when she went hunting for it around the neighborhood she found that husbands were acting awfully suspicious and that wives looked freeze-dried and unusually dust-free. But she laughed and went home to sit out on the grass because, she assumed, it must have all been just an unlucky coincidence.
the joke is that she woke up first
her breath smelled like last night's pale ale
the fire-fly moon a sticky shade of blue-green
outside the street was stiffened with dirty snow
mountains of black illuminated with lunacy
the arm across her back had the dead weight of a fridge
in the bathroom the toilet seat gave her a shiver
she was naked and the house was too hot anyway
he writes a letter it says DEAR _______, I MIGHT _____ YOU IF YOU _____ ME. (she reads it and hears WOMAN she hears FUCK she hears LOVE then GIRL then NEED then HURT.)

you met him in Spain, she dreamt him up and he rose from the Mediterranean like a milkshake he made her shiver; gave her brain freeze until her nose bled; salty blue-green.

he writes her a letter on her palm it suggests that he could _____ her and that if he did, it would be something special. (she hears SPOON she hears BEAT she hears BANG she hears BOOM! CRASH! BOP! and the waves drown out the rest.)

there was las ramblas and la mar and all the trannies and prostitutes in Madrid who whispered sssst! Sssst! from between bedazzled lips and revealed angry inches erect and mutinous beneath the spandex of latex.

he wrote her letters then, too, they said DEAR _______, I _____ YOU, I WANT TO _____ WITH YOU. and because he was from Arizona she assumed the gaps were caused by the droughts there: the peach-colored sand all that cactus!

(she thought BABY she thought LOLA she thought CUNT then WANT then BE then then LIVE)
people can live up on the moon
imagine that:
being able to stay whole
and still be cast away
into astrological predictions
then spooned out from
between solar systems
and placed back into the globe's ballet
heavy with tidal symphonies
dizzying around itself

O, child miscarried by those planets
into atmosphere you've fallen down—
The Whistles, Part Trois

She grew up in Oregon, and talks about having lived in the same town as Elliot Smith for a while. She tells us stories about how she felt when she discovered Smith had killed himself, she talks about how alone she felt after he died. She listened to his CDs in her room alone for hours, hoping to hear some sort of final ‘goodbye’ between strums of guitar, lyrics soft and smooth like a good Yoo-Hoo.

Straightening my hair one day, she came up behind me and looked at me in the mirror. We discussed reflections, reflected upon friends. We talked about how her family wasn’t strictly religious, yet she had attended church when she was younger because her uncle is one of the leaders of the Methodist church. I told her I didn’t believe in God and that the brand of Guilt I put on in the morning when I get up I designed especially for myself. She chuckled and reached over me to grab her toothbrush, hand shaking furiously, lips wavering slightly.

She said suddenly that it had been the first week of school and she’d had too much to drink.

I believed her.

She swore she was a ‘good girl’ in high school, swore she had never gotten so wasted before, swore that had he not pressured her to drink more she would never have tried to do shots from pink little Dixie cups in an effort to seem cool, uninhibited, laid back, liberal, open-minded, wild.

I believed her.

She said it was the first week of school and she could hardly stand up straight, let alone talk without slurring her speech, and that he put his arm around her and told her he’d give her a tour of his house, asked if she’d like to go upstairs, asked if she’d like to get away from where they were, said all the people were making him feel claustrophobic and confused. He talked about being confused a lot that night,
discussing how he felt alone and afraid of his future sometimes. She thought maybe taking a tour of the house would make her feel more secure, make him feel like he had a friend.

She said that when they got to the top of the stairs, he flipped the light on, bathing them both in hues of gold that skipped down the steps and waited breathlessly for them both at the bottom of the staircase. Though she should have, she didn't follow them. While the neo-natal beams of light waited eagerly for her on the last step, he wrapped her up in his arms and planted a sugar-kiss on her lips. She said no boy had been there before him that night except maybe a little Jack Daniels and Captain Morgan. She couldn't remember what she had had to drink except it was strong, and she remembered that he was strong when he wrapped her up like a pretty present and pushed her past a door and onto a couch.

That night, he tied her up in pretty bows, nails scratching when he pulled down her jeans, whispers hissing as he pulled up her shirt, pinching, biting, moaning, coughing. Even though she was hitting his chest, she couldn't catch her breath. Like the golden beams of light on the bottom stair outside the closed door she waited soundlessly for him to finish, for her voice to come back.

She said afterwards she pretended like it hadn't happened. She said when people started finding out, she wanted to transfer schools. She didn't want people to dislike her because of all this, she didn't want people to think she was a liar. She never said anything to anyone except her closest friends; she was sure that people would label her a liar, call her a racist. She said she was scared that people might try to hurt her, might try to defy her liberal upbringing, might try to defile her belief in God, in retribution.

When she talked about it, she wouldn't look directly at me. She looked at me through the mirror, her face twisted up in circles, her eyes looking ashamed, her skin aging right before my eyes. A little girl, lacking old-woman logic.

She said she grew up in Oregon, and used to listen to Elliot Smith when she felt sad. She likes coffee shops and Gilmore Girls on rainy Tuesday nights. She doesn't want to be called a liar, she swears she
was telling the truth, swears she was a 'good girl' in high school: her uncle is one of the leaders of the Methodist Church, for Chrissake.

I believed her.

She said she doesn’t listen to Elliot Smith anymore.
She said she might not believe in God, like me.
She asked me if the reason why I didn’t believe was because of him.
I had a dream about you—yes—I did:

This time I was somewhere in the Pyrenees making leaps and bounds over bones that crack like twigs and

Have been groaning in their Siberian silence since humanity was spawned and brought up from sea foam like Bottechelli’s Venus

In waking I balance on over-sized shells my feet propped up like 1956 Barbie Doll mannequins my breasts, small,
hanging loose the hair on my head too short to cover up a restless pubic triangle

That is poised so delicately at the meeting of the two irreverent sticks you call sexy

But in the dream like sea foam I was silent and complicit with the force of a wave it ran through me making me its table

it put plate bowl and spoon on top of me it spilt its milk and juice too on my back I felt the heat of teacup condensation seeping
through dropping down between my thighs

Then suddenly a violent jolt and I was underneath the girl they call Angela twisted and contorted to be her breakfast table

This time knives and forks this time long instruments and stiff guitar strings and calloused fingertips this time neon pink guitar
pick and a song called Sarah

I was Angela’s Table and it was noon and no one knew we had snuck home from school and I was afraid you would find out
and so we locked all the doors and closed all the windows but couldn’t close the shades

There were no shades

And I lay first on my back and let her caress me I let her remove my bra with her teeth

I let her take pictures, too—

and I posed like the Venus de Milo arms swabbed in elbow-length evening gloves and another

Jolt and it was nighttime and she the wave had flipped me over and I was her foam table again my knees and hands welded to
the floor shaped like bear claws or lion paws or something with long, delicately carved fingernails

With fur without eyes

Scratching at newly shined wood sticky and uncomfortable under the weight of varnish

*Ceci N’est pas Une Pipe* (This is Not a Pipe)
And then there was a riding bit in my mouth and I was watching another man touch you
   You had come home in the middle of the afternoon
   You had thought I wouldn’t find out
But I did I always did and I watched you through curtains revolted hating him hating you both and swallowing back down bits of vomit that had risen to the surface along with vulnerability
And you were so green and he removed your verdure and I watched this I did with the bit between my teeth it was hard and cold and classic like a film screening and Greta Garbo suddenly was there hiding with me putting her finger to her lips and going “Shhhhh...” and winking and going “Silence!” all in whispers watching my Jimmy Dean take off her table cloth the clattering of silverware deafening us both—Garbo said I had to watch from my hands and knees she said she would leave in the bit because she didn’t want to hear me scream that day
Behind curtains I was drooling I could hardly swallow
   You let him hands-and-knees you in that forest he pulled off his pants the sound of his belt coming undone clinking like pocketsful of broken glass sleeping this dream bled me
   I was a kitten with a horse-beat I was a folly I was a fool to have ever trusted you
I should have taken Garbo’s word
   I should have known you two weren’t stopping off between the trees to breathe and mumble
   In fog like this I do get lost

In these dreams it’s always you:

   The girl holding the slabs of meat, standing in the shed between the racks of slaughtered bison, blood fleeing body through the nose
The girl who pushes me over the bridge, who holds my head down when I float
The girl who drives my automobile convertible with a cigarette wedged between her teeth and a bottle of pills

Laszlo Kovacs, in your alias I fed you food through the bars and you nibbled at my hand before you
Took a finger completely

I sleep in between you and your mother when we're in bed

Last night you told me you would be waiting when I got home

I was home by five and waited for hours

You never showed—
The Capillary Tree

the thing is, the phone still rings—

another bill collector, another father or mother asking have you taken your vitamins
did you lock the doors and did she break your heart yet

it seems that the phone rings when everything else has shut up and gone silent

the messages no more than two minutes but he says I'm thinking of you and for that there comes the ache that accompanies symphonies and lyrics but most often falling in love: the “you” hates him for it

you want fog you want dress-up you want Candyland you want him to write you a song,
tell the world you are his secret Cinderella

there are ashes, yes, there will always be ashes and cigarette butts burning holes in the fuzz of car seats that smell Forest Fresh, blame the pine hanging from rearview mirrors

the thing is, fairytales don't come in a size four—

though one day you might get your singing mice you will die at the end anyway, pulse shattered into a thousand little pieces

left behind they will catch the wind like dandelion seeds

a hundred years from now someone will ask why all the fruit in the area seems to resemble a collision of ventricles
You MADE me you should REMEMBER me

We took a trip and there were things in the road
   A deer was dying and all the animals had gathered around to watch its heart slam against its bones in the sunlight of headlights

You refused to get out of the car said you didn’t want to get blood on your hands later in a gas station restroom you said out, damn spot! and scrubbed until the black came off When the scabs came I asked you why you had been so rough you told me I like to keep a body clean, mind your fucking business

I/youthey/WE drink coffee in a rest-stop diner with spinning pale yellow seats

You point out I have left lipstick on the rim I. RUB. STYROFOAM.
   O, the work I do to be a lady for you—

   In the backseat I wake up with salt on my face There is no memory of the dream but I am sure IT WAS SAD. and when I sit up you say Thank goodness you’re back. How was your dip?

You turn up the music and Wisconsin flies by I see HORSES and COWS and PIGS
My hand is on the window, the sun is setting between my fingers dripping down my skin

SOLAR TROPICANA EXPLOSION—
Look at this! Look at what's happening to me!

Your eyes are glass, lashed to the horizon.
I Am Apple

In a million pieces love will ruin us: our punishment for bottles of Mickey’s nursed in the shadows of silver screens and velvet curtains.

Autumn means leaves are heavied with gold and collapse at the knees there they are sullied and snow too turns yellow and brown.

We want wings. We make septic-tank snow angels.

Everything is an icicle and trees reverse themselves, the green parts starting to look like the roots.

Girl and Boy are separated with seasons changing They reverse themselves, their green parts go to bed—

There she knows if she can get him to come inside of her they will be inextricably linked This is what we want: if he comes first he will come home

Summertime sags and we want my blood to become your blood we want to combine bodies: I want to be your semen-sister.

It is here in this world where I am apple and you are orange:

We stand in our fruitlessness just aching to be touched—
Story of You

You were very beautiful dancing outside
we ran into a man with dead red eyes on the sidewalk and with your flask You lubricated him with drink i remember smoking cigarettes only by smelling my fingers
this is how i know i touched You, touched cigarettes

You stumbled as You told me
we were somewhere on Barcelona beachfront property sitting in darkness, green glass slamming up against our little teeth
You told me that he had asked You for a picture of Your tits and when You offered to include Your face, he declined:

“i only want the middle part”

perhaps that is how he will remember You:
faceless, breasts pressed against the lens—
two fried eggs and something raw, unpackaged, whispering down below
you will never love me so this fairytale has been sewn just for you

this is the story that dots city skylines snapping bridges like fingers
  undoes all the lights of the world like a Ringgold bell ballooning outward and then shuts around my neck like a leash

this is our car rides in the cold
  your car smells like a taxi cab your car smells like cigarettes Marlboros are your favorite i like American Spirits they take longer to burn

    i watch your lips move i watch how your fingers take the steering wheel

    i like how your lips move how your drunk little teeth stumble over each other but never slur when you say my name

this is five am you bite my kneecaps refuse to sleep
  those freckles will remember you long after i have stopped playing the harps that wheeze and crackle the strings that burn my fingertips that pinch and whip

  five am six am and the sun is still playing dead

  seven in the morning only the fog floats on its back like an otter sprinkled with the confetti of Midwestern Januaries

this is development, arrested.

    you: talk romance, ask if you can take your condoms off, suggest and decline touching mouths, bruise my chin with the drive-by assault of lips devoid of direction, mention your mother got knocked up at the edge of seventeen

    i do not inhale.
oxygen means tomorrow we will still be here and for this i hate science
   in this auto-asphyxiation you chew my skin like bubble gum spitting as you go along your tongue hot tar
   my heels sinking into you

i will never love you so this fairytale has been tailored to fit around my neck

you are the professor and will not understand that nooses made from lanyard still do the trick

little prince i will dance for you, feet swinging somewhere in the skyline
Helmet Head

a million men came to me
tin soldiers came into my tent, called me a communist.

we had dinner. we sat at a long table

and when the people said WE'RE HUNGRY
i said so what?

and when the people said FEED US
the cooks brought out trays with lines of napalm like asparagus

i said golly I'm starved, let's get to work i rubbed my hands together: thank you dollface, this looks delicious

dinner made me Norman Morrison, my arms and legs were tingling like toothpaste i was running towards the capital

the people said NORMAN, YOU PEACH!

under the same moon they were gassed tin men falling to their knees
O, the clattering was thunderous—suicidal crystal—light bulbs popping! a final wheeze!

i missed it all showed up past curfew floor covered in skin i tripped i slid: HONEY PICK UP YOUR FUCKING BOYS!

the morning brought ideas all these soldiers cannot go to waste: i decided upon clam chowder

all night i compared recipes the floor was a sea of eyes
they stuck to me like powder
all night the wind hissed STAR APPEAL and for the first time

i was famous.

sunshine meant “...BACK TO YOU, CONTESSA!” and applause was deafening
there was a chill in the air
i wore a small body like a skunk
the head hung there i liked the angle:

HELMUT LANG, EAT YER HEART OUT!

the clam chowder looked like Veselka’s borscht, all bloodied with beets—
For You, A Mix Tape On Your Birthday

last night we were sitting somewhere in Maine the air smelled like fish and seaweed it was misty the air was wet and the surface we were balancing on was wooden it had splinters and was rough beneath my fingers you were sitting in front of me or beside me i don’t recall i can’t remember but i could only hear your voice and your voice implied your presence your voice it made the outline of a shadow and i stared through it and saw grass blades kissed with decay and your shadow took my hand and we went running i couldn’t breathe my outline was heaving trying to keep up and when we stopped the oxygen was salty it burnt the inside of my nose there were black rocks there were BLACK ROCKS and rising tides and it was windy and my hair was damp against my neck and from the darkness your hand emerged offering me a cigarette in the wind there were whispers voices asking me if i would like a cup of something hot or bubbles in the bath that foamed and hissed over salty stones below

... we went to the walker arts center it was a party it was a gala we had been invited eight o’clock no more like nine and it was pitch black outside not a star in sight we stood on the balcony and tried to imagine giant cherries floating on spoons tried to believe in modern art but we sucked down soupy triangles of cocktails rainbowed in pastel pinks and greens i let a man who was not you put his hand around my waist i tried to fit into him pushed down my shoulders and slouched he was not much taller than i but i tried to be smaller i wanted to be a PORN STAR i wanted double-d tits and stilettos made of glass that never break and come with ease i wanted pillow talk and bedroom eyes right then and there if it was dim enough for him to touch me would it be dim enough for him to try to take me home tonight and unfold me putting arms and legs away in drawers for safe-keeping could he keep me detatch my lips from my face like a toy put them on his night table would he want to or in the morning would he ignore my pleading from within wooden drawers lined with the silky triangles of neckties that rub and burn like rope with corporation

... he says he meets men for coffee at starbucks in Edina that wear football uniforms but dislike physical activity when it involves a gym he says all i wanted was to be fucked that’s what i want he says my milkshake brings all the boys to the yard and he lets them parade him home little CALIGULA and into bed he lets them strap him down like a mental patient lets them punish him for liking boys for
wanting men he never thought his mother was beautiful he spat on her he hated her he watched his father shower once when he was small he thought he looked like marble drenched in moisture and post-cleansing perspiration he wants to be arrested asks to be cavity-checked to be pinched black and blue don’t worry dizzy girl he says to me don’t worry i know when to stop i know the secret password that will make them know i want to breathe again this love is safe i know it this love is real i promise
in August there will be no room for fur

Ladies will lunch nude on Œtoile-patterned loveseats and leave behind evidence of one tea too much their boys will come sniffing
after cushions missing their mothers and titillated by montages of sailing vessels French shooters schooning like stars

summertime results in selective memory due to cocktailing and tail-chasing

Anne of Green Gables, you should recall when i wrapped you up like a piglet in a blanket and laid you down in a million layers of
porous and permeable you should remember i kissed your slit wrists and when i came away with blood on my mouth you forced
two eyes to focus and in a stupor inquired why you hadn't died yet

da Vinci loved his hobbies spent time making war machines a great artist indeed everyone agrees
taught himself to make a human body whole with lines and then disconnected dots with the untold machinery of paper
machetes

we too studied the flight of birds and decided yes yes they were perfect objects for sky-high dropping of anthrax hearts powdered with
the helicopter-sugar of the Vitruvian Man

Dante, Dante sing of lip-gloss lipstick lip lacquer and lip service

sing of tights and stockings and leggings and Run-Free Toe Protection

sing of training bras and then under-wire and then married men who squirm and squint

when summer comes silk will stick and stain, just wait, you'll bare your bones
Chloris, eternal spring-shine, you FLIRT!
    your morning sickness means toilets will fill with flowers at the expense of your gag reflex

the Trojan War began with Paris and so that's where all the little girls want to post-card their honeymoons

    when we grow up we will wallpaper with cashmere leaving rabbits world-wide cold and robbed of their camouflage but our homes will be comfortable and crisp like Sunday's Sears catalogue insert
I fell asleep with a ribbon in my left hand. I dreamt that I was skipping over three dead bodies all lined up in a pretty little row. I was dancing in the rain on tiptoe, burying them deep in the ground, my eyes shut tight, mouth open wide, laughing, laughing. In my dream, the gun glinted sharp metal in my left hand, solely responsible for neat little holes in the sloppy hearts of the dirty three lying below me, silent, unable to scream. The stars above shined like scars on a hot Indiana summer night.
FIN.