

long sands

you burnt your hand shaping bronze.  
wearing combat boots and long dark hair.  
making metal into naked men late at night.  
the fetid smell of skin and fire sank into the  
space at your feet, some never left, was  
buried by turpentine and dirt.  
you went out and danced with ivan.  
he loved your hair and bought you drinks  
at the royal savage.  
the woman smoking in the mirror  
made you feel green. seafoam.  
you drove to the ocean because of its horizon.  
and the way its tide chased you to the wall.  
because out far enough things sank  
into the edge. coming back as sea glass.  
you told me this when i was (you were)  
younger.

## Vending Machine

I am wanting  
to be elastic.  
To bounce  
and stretch.  
Have form,  
not  
bound to it.  
They are not  
the same.  
Thrown  
against cement  
I split in half.  
Two pieces,  
naked  
and futile.  
Wanting of  
having.

## Gold State

Girls with bronze hair  
tremble,  
loud and looting,  
past spit slick teeth.

Short shorts tight to round  
asses

and more amongst  
steel and glitter,  
waiting.

Jungles of declination  
rent the marrow  
of curved bones.

Watch wristed,  
dragging dead necks to  
feel the king of the carnival.

These vagabonds  
dwell in dual  
basin sinks.

Danger towards  
corruption and  
the desire of  
sultry shins.

Petting the shooter  
marble eyes  
of kick me dogs.  
The sheepish  
way they scurry.

## Caddis

It was foolish  
to think the quiet  
would hold.  
Wetted patches  
on my wrists and neck  
had healed.

I stood,  
watching  
the old forms  
standing  
stacked against  
one another.  
Manes of smoke,  
knotting and bulging, adjacent  
insular gleams.

Reflections  
bent by twilight,  
becoming obtuse.  
Summer's heat, hunting  
where the river broke white.  
While  
drunken wolves  
of  
May collapse.

## Quadra

Arcing islands of light rise and split  
breaking upon flat steel,  
spreading  
until they find new borders  
and fold unto themselves.

Thin stacks of heat pop and sink,  
flung smooth  
opposite tempered glass.

Chips of orange flint throb  
in shattered piles,  
swept with husks of blue.

Gathered shapes cleave  
titian blooms,  
borne in hidden wells of cinder.

Ashen sheaves crack  
and flake beneath lists of  
consumption.

The last and lurid warmth,  
settled and shifting.

Heaps of lignitic soot  
falter and compress  
like black spume.

In the slowed,  
torrid redolence,  
the violence was here  
before the dust.