

Scalpel

You wake up in the morning
trying not to think of me
the same way I used to
wake up trying
not to think about
the tender knives
you used to caress me
like I was a blade of grass
in an empty gallery
capable of making everything
around me invisible
& uniform, *i.e.* apotheosis,
that is to say
you scraped out what few
ribbons of himself
God may have left in me
as a way of thanksgiving
that is to say
there was a scalpel
& you made it out of the sirens
that lured me into your arms.

Poem About A Suicide

I just finished reading / a bloodthirsty affair / an article
I can't even say it / "Wealthy 26 yr old / Shoots Homeless
Man, Leaves Him / to Die While She Goes / Out To Eat".

I haven't felt awake / under a haze / since she died
Possibly a mauve episode / the hills glitch / the rope tightens
That morning eighty friends / gathered in our living room/ to mourn.

Sobbing through our cigarettes / calling her friends / "She seemed happy
The night before." / the gargantuan dances / the handiwork of hills
We laid out the stars / according to angels / sounding the hems.

Our kitchen carried / thirteen kinds of breakfast / which we ignored
& I read in the park / the whole day crumbling / away & away
& she carried me / into sunspots & hovels / darkening my insides.

dying dream

abstraction breeds confession in disguise:

the naked incense flies thru my third chakra
as I feel under my nails for nothing
like the latest lilac in manic bloom

drown primitive stravinskian paint masks
peeping sticky wickets & charcoal prima donna
ego jest petals fall under clam jawlines

graduate gringo points at green crepuscule
la vida no es como un río
palm beach: my first spanish sentence

then the earth either collided with a strange
object that history could never record
or it was like the sands of time

but I had a vision beneath my rattle snake
vision where I was floating in a ball of chrome
slowly spinning among the stars in space

with the outline of a human shadow sitting
beside me steering the stalwart orb
watching the earth explode very slowly

& everyone who ever existed perished
in its neuro-seismological outburst of nickel alloy
shattering everything except for us

mystery outline of a ghost from the womb
my mother's miscarriage & a brother
sharing the serenity of demise

the sun weighs on its very own shoulders
fixing the magnetic fields & deforming
the irradiant rot of the crystal god

who sings deep in the eternal hippocampus
where my childhood & yours elevate
into hazelnut pastures of ever-presence

wet we laughed & pressed on Brickell balconies
thinking of future plans testing no waters

hanging on to the elation of go-letting the ovens of memory

the opal ganglion of envied prescience
invaded our pearly floral uniquenesses
& each of us had a full eternal spirit

made of flesh, metaphors, neurons,
brandy, sunday hives, name-calling,
metamorphoses, film cuts, & pickle jars.

dusk fades

into
sunrise songs,
cemeteries of cumulonimbus,
afikomen
a thousand apologies
like circling
dead leaves
& ziploc
shatter
a thousand
dead
apologies
forgot
how to read
chaos into
the form of things
forgot
true
love

lost in
desire

for desire

forgot
happy
foot tales
easily with
lost fairies

alien citadel

the Gleam against

sudden epiphany

her palms

pupils flit

with souls

we are not
made of silicon

or love

we are made

with pain

by mothers

who exist
not necessarily loved

to love

you are my citadel
true love is born

& found still breathing
the broken glass

of a thousand days
naked in our towels

your hands in mine
together again

we fell over
the edge of solitude

& breathed
inhaling epiphanies

teasing out
every last confession from my heart
at the center of this poem

an endless film

a juggernaut

at the edge of solitude
some thing unsubdued
the endlessness of your destiny

my destiny

(caught fire

caught wind)

inseparably yours

the trust set us on fire.