

Client Intake Questionnaire

Please answer each of the questions below. Please withhold where necessary.

PAST HISTORY

Briefly describe your childhood.

I watched none of the movies. Impostered recess. Spoke without speech. Toe walked, as though Barbie, as though knighted.

Were you raised by anyone other than your parents?

God. He was mine until I ran out of grief. The minutes uninstalling. A man spits on my mother's hijab, silvered water. Faith shuts eyes to filth. I tried to be good.

If you had difficulties in the past, what have you done to survive?

All day I've attempted flowers. I'm not alive on purpose.

SEX INFORMATION

When did you first become aware of your own sexual impulses?

When I fractured my skull. That bright open saturn.
Body leaving its body leaving its mother
board. Is this not desire?

Any relevant details regarding your first sexual experience:

First unfiled police report. First tallest memory.

Are you sexually inhibited in any way?

Only in certain angles. Sometimes I play dead. Ghost gold.
Every lover passes through me pronounced. In vowels. Like an ambulance.

SUBSTANCE USE

Have you ever abused prescription drugs?

Pain on a scale of 1 to 10. Of syllable to lightning.
My threshold gets hungry.

How often do you drink?

Until my palms dull, crucified. So starving the body's
thirst. Until I'm stranded blood. Until bones struck
with dreaming.

**Have you ever gone to anyone for help? Are you ever
brilliant? Are you an impossible stone. Rotted? Do you need
reminding?**

Yes.

Is there anything else you'd like us to know about you?

No.

carrion

the dead deer we saw
on the way to your place,
brain knitted wet outside
its chest, once lighthouse
twice blooded, pulse instinct.
a body shot out of its head
quarters. every car's a fan tonight,
slowing to watch a heartbeat unheat itself.
who do we rot back to? steel
aluminum stare, ants crawling
the iced unblinking. the radio's playing
a song about getting undressed.
wanting someone down to the breast
bone. & the vultures dancing halos
at the head, wingwritten crown,
a five second Jesus. & then it's gone,
you're driving so fast it breadcrumbs
the memory. when you say shut up i shut
up. to die in front of everybody.
a tomorrow with no tonight.

why i didn't leave (in layman's terms)

after dara yen elerath

suppose that the body holds n breaths suppose he calculates a distance
suppose he points the gun forward suppose i stood there
waiting suppose he loved me after suppose a skull, parting
suppose i told authorities suppose i called my mother suppose up close
he was the seventh light suppose i'm a faulty soldier suppose attached
indifference suppose certain minefields, when blooming, are designed to shock
not kill their opponent suppose i've known a duller kindness
suppose a sockless hospital suppose that night we slept our ankles knocked
against each other pulsing back the music suppose, stunned by dreaming, i twitched
toward air suppose his slanted blinking suppose he turned and whispered: *come*
back *come* *back*

morning prayer

brain
glitchy
all panic
all panic
all panic
my God
likes
shaky
throats,
the sobbing, presto,
favored above all
angels, He adores us
limp blooded cry torn,
dying spectacular you
see dear, He can't luv
a heart already entire
i mean what's the fun
in saving the undrowned.
lick His ego cool with
loyal stare fossil eyed
before Him pleading bless,
sonnet this suffering pretty
come on where's ur team spirit
a pinch of misery music never
hurt anyone wreck the body raw bring Him
ur inferno something to light His cigarette as
He ashes it clean against ur halo like any good father
hand to God i like it like that you know i'm a sucker for
lowercase love o' heavenly Master i bow against
the rot of You handsome in Your cruelty may
this blood dry beautiful may i find
the gut to kill You.

teeth

in front of boys a shirt is of little help. i learn
this at nine. my face comes alive with face
when told i'm terrifying. *got no idea*
how much that means to me i always reply. so easy
to hard. the boy from across the counter. or the father
he's leaning against. tall shadows in an unlit alley.
you all look the same at midnight.
the first boy i called a bitch begged me to.
corporate crack light through office window
type boy. i'd just turned eighteen & he found me
online, water down his bare chest, wading.
during our sessions i'd call him *bitch* and he'd
say *again* and he never once touched me. i am
only as alive as a stranger's mercy. a wife alone
in a robe doing the math. will my life ever
be beautiful. i hold myself the way jesus
gripped the table, scanning the landscape
of hunger. all my boys stand at attention. then run
into radio silence. the temporary pause
between i and sent. an image unlucky.
does it still count if he never. he's already
putting his shoes on. he'll be here in ten.