

## Tonight I Am Tired of Loving You

Tonight I am tired of loving you.  
Worn down by distance—  
miles, types, and layers  
of thick earth.  
Still, I write to revive your likeness.  
But you are dead,  
your matter dispersed to places I  
do not care to know anymore.

#hashtag

#livingmybestlife

#momentofdiscovery

#beastmode

multisyllabic single word sentences

#lifewithoutspace

sans capitalization, punctuation, fluctuation;

caged.

Familiarity found in a meta data search.

Platforms!

determine your

worthiness

Pound by pound--

hatches and coops aren't for me.

Perhaps I'm old fashioned.

I am glad to

#diewhenIdie

## A Filipina Poet

I have a compulsion to write,  
and it's not entirely enjoyable.  
Then again, coercion is never pleasant.  
Not for me at least—unless we're screwing.  
It's irritating enough to try  
and format to fit this screen.

A *Reserved* sign sits on a table  
making the acquaintance of any passer-by  
with a fêted defiance.  
Its pride, presumptuous while on display,  
is undeniably attractive and silent;  
lonesome, waiting to fulfill its promise.

Pointless really.  
Ineffective, vain, futile, et al.  
What is it to wait, and wait  
and wait  
and wait  
hoping the bottom falls out?

I linger around with an outlaw bible  
smitten  
with Kaufman and Ginsberg;  
pissed Jews write such great poetry.  
Envious:  
I am from a Pacific Island.

## Simplicity

Humble lives of many ties, for some reason, worth repeating.  
If I am whole, then there is nothing,  
nothing here for me.

Winds push sea to shore, push sea to shore,  
push sea to shore,  
a constant cadence  
sometimes broken by a shrieking bird  
or by breaking  
on the beach.

Rarely— by luck or chance  
a cliffside cracks  
boulders slide,  
rocks  
and powder plummet;  
shards and whole terrain slam  
against the fierceness of the sea.

After the roar and dust  
and calm settling of ivory debris  
some would notice, some would not—  
the face of the landscape changed.  
The cliffside, incapable of undoing  
its transformation.

Winds endure to push sea to shore...sea to shore  
in some extraordinary and ordinary way  
it continues—

a single break  
hardly  
worth detecting.

It was whole  
I am whole  
so there is nothing here for me.

## Home Yet?

I'm in some pajamas, and not  
a night gown; it's been  
eighteen minutes in hell and  
counting. My clock reads  
11:07, and you were just here  
in my driveway feeling awkward  
at 10:54. I wonder who you're  
with and what you're thinking  
about. Maybe the color red,  
the sweet odor of a dirty  
condom, a cheap guitar, or  
getting your sweaty fingers into  
some girl's anxious panties.

Are you high again? Feelin'  
good? Tastin' fine? Are your  
eyes swollen enough so you see  
the world like I do--your  
Asian shore? Or are you bull-  
shitting with your friends,  
sidetracking, wishing you were  
on the streets of MADRID down  
on dirty knees begging for  
change. Are you under a  
soot-layered roof, at home,  
sitting quietly in your room?  
--I doubt that. What are you  
with and does it tease you?

Have you only killed yourself  
one hundred and ninety eight  
times today instead of two  
hundred? How much flesh have  
you slaughtered by proxy?  
How many people have you fucked  
in your wildest dreams? Did  
you wake up with a dirty grin  
smeared on your face, or  
slightly dissatisfied? Do you  
ever think about me?

I need to wake early, and I want  
to shatter your heavy world  
of sleep with a phone call.

I want to hear your voice  
tainted by the waste of repose.  
Then I would have the satisfaction  
of knowing I stole  
your first thought of the day.  
Selfish...but my pleasure lies  
in greed. Come and taste it.

I've killed myself one hundred  
and ninety six times today, and  
I'm loading the gun so I can  
catch up to your fucking  
glamorous 198. I wonder who  
you're licking, and what you're  
thinking about.

A small fragment of expressed  
thought makes a person seem  
mad ¿no? Bedlam does rave  
truth, so paint it black--  
it makes me sick.

Tomorrow I'll wake up and  
Feel better; maybe precious  
again. I'll open my eyes and  
wish to see the rise and fall  
of your chest, I'll wash  
my face and wish you'd  
hand me a towel; I'll get  
dressed and wish you'd watch  
or ignore me...I'll walk down  
the stairs feeling hollow.

Kiss me good night--and not  
someone else, and when you  
do lay your breath to my  
forehead, think of me too.