

*pillows on a billboard*

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alone, the moon lit the room. the trees are gone now-----it went right in, a different trajectory than the baseball field. my head through to the sky, i wish i could get high now. there are new lines on my leg. i guess one for you and one for me--blank--waiting. knowing and perforating, suicide couldn't die tonight. i used to sniff vicodin because i felt small; dealt with chance, a shit throw, no stakes. no understanding because beauty wasn't with me my mother is war, my father a hunger (and i am just a pervert)--in love with the belly of a cold lamb

i flush the hydrocodone and pack up the dildos, then sleep in the middle of the bed

“are you sure you want to stay down there? there’s a storm coming,” atop of a mountain we have decided to sleep: settled on top of the cliffs, jutting--our personal floors.

“that’s where we sleep,” i retort, suspended just above, hanging.  
all of a sudden it starts to shake, and i climb, and the cats scurry. we try and make it to the other side, watching our bed-cliff break and fall.

my heart races and i grab the mountain. it shakes even more.

“that’s an earthquake,” i don’t even know who you are.  
i wake up

i sow, and sob, and break the wheel with my elbow (marked with not a bat, but a butterfly) and yet where the wheel goes is undetermined (my desire, my lust, my longing, *who holds me*; this piercing a result of desire and loss, cousins themselves)

*how do i lose myself in another, how to lose myself in myself* (will i desire more, can i be more, what do i not provide myself adequately, why vanity)

loss is blue light shining upon an empty bed, unmade,  
proliferating desire, i want to feel a clock tick in my hand

at home, we walk towards the community center. i carry a knife (assuming i have to cut someone out). *i look forward to spending time with you.* you make me put my knife away. so i place the knife under a parked bus out front, saving it for later.

the community center is like a maze and a park, with many different rooms. we go through them, we are having fun. there is even a library. we reach a point with an edge and a slide, and a pool at the bottom. it is a far drop. i say i do not want to, and you push me. i fall for awhile, and when i hit the water i do not feel pain of the divide but instead i feel the ground--the cement of the pool, knuckles scraped.

*always hallways*

we pretend it is the sun, but it is artificial

we pretend it is the foundation, but it is just dirt

*hand picked with care*

a cave painting, sometimes revealing itself, the figure--amorphous (beyond cloud)

my rotten octopus teeth, behind the golden curtain

“on the bottom of earth i search for my likeness,”

i was born a eunuch

my lover, my brother, my cousin, my grandmother: who were you born into and where did it  
come from, the thing that ties us together, the hair: the line out of the head  
the gender, the body, the care

you were never my soldier, my brother, my family, my lover--just a coward that left when they  
saw an easy way out, a highway thief that hid in the warmth of my light.

american.

my roots bear fruit, a dress, and blood.

i grieve my own pain.

i sleep in a room of 18 orchids.

i wake up and remind myself, "i am free,"  
and leave no trace of where i lay;  
my things in the corner.

the starlings more green,  
more gold.

you tell me you have a bad dream.