

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.

september session

baby birds falling from nest
and dying. we prove our bones
in strange ways. i watch helplessly
through my therapist's office window as she
asks *when's the last time you had thoughts of*

wings. thoughts of winging others. she speaks
and another bird autumns. i shut my eyes to black
the bleeding. the air between us stutters, gives my mind
away. to contemplate is to chew

is to chew isto chew

without *swallow*: a bird

known for singing when under attack.
she asks have i tried coloring. something to pink
the itch. somewhere a newborn baby twitches
into light for the first time. screams into song.

how much are you willing to understand?

how long is the fall to hold me?

play cousins

i'm waiting for my plane at gate B7, and the lady
next to me is shuffling tofu bites around in her bowl,
as if convincing herself of a garden. she arrives
at the finger. she steers. i fumble with the dial
on my suitcase lock, crowding its patterned gaze.
the vodka in my body arrows toward the center,
interested in itself, and suddenly i'm breathing
in active voice. is it foolish to clear the muscle,
volunteer to sit in the exit seat by a losing
door? three hands shoot up. they're given
instructions on how to line heaven. i look around
at everyone—that these would be the last faces
i'd see, white as air from a rifle. i stand tighter to myself.
i touch the light that distracts the light.

muffin glitter

same as you: picking off the olives to keep the hunger,
our fingers soaked with breaking. you'd correct me
when i'd say *sweatshirt* instead of *sweater*,
and with this knowledge lord kill us
both. a softness implied that i'm always missing.
what i remember best when you could stand me
were all the wires straight out, your office desk
veined and so long on the run. i'm trying to understand
the speed of indifference, lowercase headlights
on the faculty lounge printer that i'm banned from.
you're paid not to happen to me. i realize that looking up
implies a shadow left in, and i've barely learned
the difference between memory and guesswork,
but the last time we saw each other i was waiting
by my hair, and you stared with the caution of an exit.
i ask if you're proud of me. your sleeve sticks to your
wrist.

playground

i
zigzag the alley
beautiful, good, dire
so quickly i promise that
you could smell the
heart on this thing
i do i do i don't look
back cold breath blinking
against the rib holding a weapon
that my body is too blur to open
so i run crooked & he calls me
beautiful says beautiful
where ya goin ?
beautiful the leg
on you, his hands,
two units of hunger,
system in heat come
hereee baby forward
i forward the blood
tints the breath so
beautiful his shadow
now my shadow he
threatens something
i will not type
eight block
race ready
run run
go baby
go go