

Therapy Burgers

We spent the afternoon
half-talking about guilt

that we are not balanced
like the american burger

we hold in our hands.
When to digest this,

we invariably become
proportions of grease,

fat, guilt—the delectables
left to bubble inside us

and cause strange sounds
after the chewing of beef

and the exhales that reverberate
off our walls remind us

to love the stains we leave
despite our careful mouths.

Rite

But this, I would remember correctly:
we were but seventeen and eager
in night time and yellow light around
the removal of dividing thread.
Between your legs lay a dream,
a chanting, a song, an initiation,
a drink of medicine produced
metallic taste of that new spoon.
You instructed gentle handling,
waiting in shamanic patience
for my adherence to ritual
and rite, and I before passage
did not know the ways in
but saw then I was flint
to bringing light on by the flick
and watching for a fire
beneath your eyelids.

Volcano Lesson

I'm remembering there's no rite of passage in watching another man wank it in a tunnel.

That wasn't the code of Man, Roberto.

These kinds of things did not happen outside,
which is why you took me halfway in
to a hundred foot storm drain and plopped on a moldy couch to show me
your perverted inside as you somehow slid against friction
and swelled and spoke calmly, asking if I've ever seen an eruption.

Now I realize there's nothing volcanic about men,
but rather a tendency to mistake
molten lava with masculinity.

I knew the temperature could range from 1,300–2,200°F depending on the kind
of masculinity you're dealing with. Caustic was perhaps a more apt description.

But I think in some ways, male urge is a kind of mineral
suppressed and pressurized long enough to become intense heat
seeking an escape often manifesting as this explosion.

Yet, I was more of a Hick's Dome type, then.
My own volcanic potential was still dormant.

And I sometimes intuit nature as having some sort of order
but fail to realize none exists in this chaotic display of magma
spewing all over the place.

But even *still*, I think this is a learned behavior
and I don't remember reading about volcanoes
having any sentience to rain excuses in the place
of ash and soot or whatever clouds your home's
magmic. dynamic.

But whatever.

You jerked off in front of me.
And then, you stole my bike.

Still Afloat

Listen, yeah there's lonely days in this sea
despite having a "mate" to keep you sane
tend to your every need,
and remind you not to shoot albatross
moments. I was captain borne
because I'm detail-oriented
and I constellate solutions out of otherwise
disconnected, chaotic elements in life winds
and there's that nuance I can't find
in anything or anyone other than you
and your brown eyes dripping into me
or the splits between your teeth
multiplying the wider your lips depart
to reveal you're happy to see me
even when some days you wish
to crush me into a congealed paste
that dries to become adhesive
but even then I know you well
enough to realize the parts of us
that are transmutable by love
and you'd fancy my becoming caulk
to hold you together on a bad day
when all that saline floods in
and you don't have to bail
because you're bound together
by the ways I've inserted myself
into all those cracks and holes
and that's not always
a bad predicament to be in.

ten·sile

Seamstress power can repair tears in the fabric of us.
Your hand guides them through the repeated puncture: our consistent conversations.
Supposed medicine, our therapist says.

Let's close the distance. Bring the otherwise separate pieces back together, and
with enough patience,

we can thread through and make us appear seamless.

We just have to stay bent over each other, willing

to do the work.