

Every Building in My Bones

Dear Miss___,

I see the stench fall off your body
As we meet.
I see a detoxed sketch of myself.

You have a father like mine,
Bad grammar and stuff like me.
Everything you say saturates
Words until they could burst.

This is as close as I get to you,
Hidden in black, moving
With your pupils.

This is how we act
With strangers.

Our minds ignite little brain stars
And then we sincerely leave
And never meet again.

Infinite Marriage

1. Think faster than
His brain.
There's only his family,
his career and his beer.

2. Talk sunsets
and fruit. 3. Don't
eat all fruits
or say all things.
Love him like this
and like that. Steak
medium well before
sex, before sleep.

4. Keep your mouth
like cold water.
Taste like winter.

5. Breath slower
than steam and collect stems
in bottles for his parents,
6. for his skinny little sister
who leaves her pupils
on toilet seats.
Show beautiful photos
of girls who are beautiful.

7. Talk bone dust.
But keep a pitcher
of yourself,
for the champagne glass
at the alter,

8. for the sister
he loves who eats
like you and leaves her
brains out.
No one is complete,
even with you.

9. Just melt.

The Talk

In the hollow history
We sat together on a bench,

On a bent argument
In the middle of a graduation.

Mother and donor,
My composition.

I breathe with you on a bench.
We talk tricycles, vehicles,
Zygotes and divorce,
Loitering thoughts.
We search

Through silence,
Laughter,
Lying.

We think like reflections,
And don't say too much.

Our words brush the wind
Then fall like feathers

Until we stand to separate
Back to our silent galaxies.

Dear God, In a Good Way

The beach waves never
Made it to my navel
And now I'm stuck
With his smoke.

Everyone is watching
His footprints leave my lungs
Then fly around my face
Like dinosaurs.

I am grateful for the remnants
In my veins they cannot see:

our feet
in daddy's shoes,
rolling paper
into joints,
pretending to be him

my sister
couldn't bear his smell
the noise, the hell

the smoke
was all it took
to see his figure
fade away in fog....

I've been waiting for love
With abstinence and porn,
Losing holy water
From my guts.
Maybe you can help.

I don't know if his
Hands are burdens
Or bouquets

But I let them feed me
Salvation

From,
A bone bag

Next Stop:

As the homeless man smiles toothless
At me on the 4 train, a trendy girl
Hums r&b in the love seat.
-Excuse me ladies and gentlemen

There's a cup rattling for food or for a fix,
I never give my face,
Even when I'm convinced by the urine stench
Or empty stomach that shakes the coins in my wallet.

Reggaeton loudly talks sex to cool kids,
As my business boyfriends read the paper
To the lower west side.
The train fades to brown.
I look around.

The doors open to swarms of the suits,
High heels, diamond rings, masked sweat,
Until I only see my face,
A blurred fingerprint on the pole.

-Please stand clear of the closing doors.
And I do. Every weekend.
Straight down to Brooklyn.