

## In Place of Diamonds

In place of diamonds only water  
Grey clouds that shout with a tooth out  
Dripping through your hands abyss  
Liquid attaches, disintegrates

At the river you disembark from your thoughts  
Prepare the canoe with the mud of your soul  
The current sends you south, under  
The sky, only water, holy

Your toes cannot manage without you  
And this is something that makes you smile, drag  
You press them against the wood  
You feel them pushing away, turning white

I've seen you from near the edge  
You've brought something for your only self  
It is small, a thin obsidian, a transparent leaf  
Those eyes see themselves sometimes

A fire for night sends the electric into your fingernails  
You remember the nightstand with Jesus  
You are there again with your face in the cedar  
In the armpit of something once loved

Everything drips through your hands  
In the abyss the liquid attaches and disintegrates  
The gray shouts out with a diamond tooth  
In place of water, only you

## Cherry Langue

Blink twice and tell me what to do  
Blink and suck the air, but think about something else—  
a time when your mother was naked  
and her tits were bigger than yours and you wanted

Your sandwich is fat  
Bobba bo bobba ba  
Suck my fingerprints with your purple pink  
Print “bobba ba” against your outstretched neck  
Understand that I am here  
Or complain that I am not

Stop using your voice like an earthquake  
I want to enjoy this kitchen in Paris  
I don't want to think about what has been inside of you  
Or popsicles

Lets scrape our green wrists against the tile  
Use your lips to tell me what color my eyes are  
I think I tell you I think  
We scrape ourselves notre dame  
You say “donnez-moi votre langue.”

I wish I knew  
I know

## When a Lemon Rolled Out from Cortez's Boot He had Found the West

Near the edge of your wrist,  
where it curves and sort of dangles like an unfinished spider web  
I ride the vein as if it were a wave with a hand and toes dipped in the wake  
And we yell

It is sunset in your eyes and the sand is sinking  
I pull the lids down to block the color, which is blue-pink if you are wondering  
You look left and wink and vibrate like a twang of broken summer glass

We snap our fingers in unison together to the suck of California  
I have come for you and for the drugs  
We use our socks to dry off in the ocean  
We use our fists to plug our noses and to punch, of course

Have you ever touched a rocket?  
Or faced an explosion that is orange and communist?  
Take off your top and let me explain it to you

Can I drag a finger here?  
Can I drop a lip for you?  
Can I do everything I can to not work and stay drunk?  
And take out the garbage every now and again?

We are at the bikini bottom  
Shrugging our way through the palm trees  
And everything looks beautiful up top

## Apple Pie

We load our rifles and fuck until tomorrow  
We have grapefruits delivered to our doorstep  
We discover a shell on the moonstone beach  
We fall over, laughing at the midget with a lazy eye

You look for apple pie on the menu, but settle for ice cream  
You wear underwear today  
You pull in your stomach after swallowing the ice cream and say "I'm fat"  
You look at me with your eyebrows and I tell you, "you are fucking crazy"

I mention something about seeing a dolphin last year about this time  
I care about whether or not you believe you are fat  
I don't care enough to tell you that I care  
I become a god in a dress dancing on a unicycle near a midget with a lazy eye

Everyone tells us we "are fucking crazy"  
Everyone smells like jasmine vine and I think immediately of your neck  
Everyone gives blow jobs and you think of me and your knees, but mostly your knees  
Everyone sings like diamonds in the palm of a psychic

Bear tells me to stop punching parking meters  
Bear growls when I tell him I don't buy honey any more because I feel sorry for the bees  
Bear brings me a river in his paw and asks me to smell  
Bear gives good blow jobs, for a bear

Where am I?  
Where is something to wear?  
Where is the house?  
Where is the wolf?

I think I hear the piano playing  
I wish to god in a dress dancing on a unicycle near a midget with a lazy eye  
I take off my head and ask you to stare because it is the sky  
You are a rose, perfect, without aphids.

thread head

yanking on this thread  
dangling from my old t-shirt  
i think of  
your hair unraveling  
until your head is gone