

Nude

When I came out I wore nothing,
And when they bound my hands
I wore the rope with pride;
For it proved that I was not sick,
I was not unclean,
I was bound and held.
And like water I morphed
Into the shape of my container.
Then I was fluid.
And nothing could hold me.
They would proclaim,
“She came out with nothing,
And left dressed in the finest garments.”

Menelaus's Niece

Come Muse, and speak to me.
My muse is a bald man and a black bird with a white wing
That I frequently see in my garden.
"Nothing, whorish, unclean," he said.
"It ain't much but at least it's mine," she said back.
My uncle was Menelaus.
I watched the whole battle from the beaches of Halkidiki,
Where Gold is mined beneath People.
But then he moved to Colorado for work,
and took his wife and kids with him.
I suppose that's how the battle ended.
The bald man sits away from the bird.
"That's nice," she says.
"That's nice," she always says,
Because there's not much substance to daisies that grow in all seasons,
Or battles that last lifetimes
And don't know that it's too cold in the winter to keep chirping.
But when great kingdoms fell,
And heroes and kings were not synonymous,
Menelaus told me to reread Kerouac,
And come to Colorado.
The bald man sits in the garden with a girl of curly black hair,
und ich schreibe auf dem Balkon,
in a box I built myself, in a country I know not of.

Stone

My name is stone.
That is not a name, that is a thing.
I am a thing.
You are not a thing, you are a person.
I am a person who is a thing.
You cannot be more than one.

I am one.
 That is too simple.
I am complex.
 You are too complex.
I am simple.
 Nothing is simple.
I am nothing.
 You cannot be nothing, you are always something.
I am something.
 What are you?
My name is stone.

Bohemian Lips

I go back and I read it one, two, ten times
Over and over in mammoth waves that violently roll,
Tumbling over each other in a truculent hurry.
 A hundred times, a thousand times.
But there is no more nostalgia for the quintessential word of your mouth,
A deft click of the tongue and drawing together of the rouged lips
Red like the setting sun that a sycophantic goddess has set aflame.
Red like the poppy fields where young women bend their broken backs to the harvest.
 I have eyes of golden curls, eyes of thieves, cruel eyes.
 She has a heart of gold, a heart of a pirate, a mean heart.
Hush, hush. We are no longer listening to your bottomless speech,
Bubbling from empty tongues that linger longingly on soundless syllables.
 A million times.
She sits behind thick walls that won't crumble as the ruins have before them,
Or as the world shall after them.
 Ten million times.
She whispers gallantly of Queens and broken swords, of Kings and quick ears.
But the story cannot be read, not a hundred million times more,
Until it begins again.
I go back and I read it one, two, ten times.

In my time with others

I wanted it if it was simple and fun but now that it's not, I don't want it anymore.
I'm a monster, don't you know? I once belonged to a benevolent master who would only beat me when I
was wrong.
I read about this once...
Tell me something you've wrote about, Tell me something that you said, Let me tell you something that
no one has told you before.
You have this sort of intelligence, sometimes you just say things that I can't understand.
 I'm in love with how you speak to me.
Beautiful.
 Beautiful.
Beautiful.
 What is beautiful?
You're beautiful.
My love destroys those it touches, it devours, My care for you will only kill you, What is beautiful about
that?
You make those around you happy.

699. I'm sick, I'm not happy, I'm sick and I make others sick.

It's not your fault.

Look at the price being with me has been. I almost killed someone.

It's not your fault.

I died once, I was murdered. But then I slowly remembered how to live.

I'm at that point in my life where I just want to love someone and be loved back.

I love the way you make me speak.

If that's not what it is, I have to keep looking.

I never write with my glasses on.

I see better that way.

Sometimes you say things I don't understand.