

Grow

I want to go
where the peaches grow
when I grow
old.

I want to be
like teeth and
teeth and
tongues.

I want to come
undone.

I want to feel
like the sirens feel
while I am
young.

I want to be fictitious,
Righteous and lunar and
Bold.

Shall I grow young with the sun,
Or old?

Vessel

The tired blood of my youth still
Simmers insidiously inside of
Blighted little veins.

It looks the same, tastes the same,
Bites the same, but flows
A little slower, and white hot—
Whining.

Sweet, pinkish succor unravels, rolls
Toward the punkish little infant
After all.

Minutes thunder by like fists, like
The pulverized child with suitcase in
Small hand, pushing with devastating innocence
Into a world made equal parts opaque
And so sinisterly clear.

Just look at those everywhere
Eyes, those two glossy vacuums
That spill no weary cosmos
Over purpled cheeks.

That age-old blood still I
Cradle in watery pockets,
Waiting for the runaway with
The suitcase, should she need it,
Should she find in her fragile self
A siphon.

If she had ever cried out,
I think I'd still hear screaming
From time to time. I think
She might be easier to find.

Dying twice

Who would have thought that it would be
You, all life and life and life; you, grinning
Under gnashing teeth, gnawing on stratosphere,
Howling back at the sterile beast; you,
Pouring glorious midnight over maddening light—
Dying once, and dying twice

Who would have thought that it could be
You, my anguished chasm, cancelled phantasm;
You, shrugging healthy in the bloodlust,
Maintaining mayhem in the grand bore;
You, who ran with folly at foot and benediction in sight—
Dying once, and dying twice

Now I holler in the dying night
To out-wail the deadening echo of the tomb
That opens once, and closes twice

I swallowed that cyanide,
Thought, then, I could hold you,
Perhaps I could have you. Then, I saw the
Geraniums inside your eyes
And with colossal heat, I smothered that piercing light
That burned me once, and exposed me twice

Even the mechanism questioned that
It had been you, for none so much as feared one final
Fight; you, fist of song, sanguine soldier,
Rhapsody inscribed on this side of fire;

You, delighted in rivalry with the speed of light—
Dying once, and dying twice.

Skin

Goodbye, ephemeral other. It is
goodbye every time. Hear that hurling
wind weave its way through me
just like you. Heave, now, the mortal whisper
down my strangled throat with your
brutal sideways eyes, your
cruel sideways eyes closed. Strange lady,
you're the blood-letting love-truant
with the everything-but-me eyes.
Emotional infidel, won't you at least
blind your foolish man who has the
my shirt my skirt my skin eyes –
It was nobody else, and all skin-felt.

No, child, not here. Please, do not
unzip your skin just yet. Hold your
little self with tenderness. There is a
her-shaped-hole and a her-shaped-hole
and a her and her and her-shaped-hole.
And then there is a him-shaped-hole,
his for the excavating because
mothers leave and fathers take
and all flee with dying fall or mating call.

So, child, this hell is hers, these
sins are his, but your skin, your skin—
Your skin is yours.

Timeline

Until the bathroom tiles
Are awash with pulpy red and
Titrated iron, they shall not move.
They will hear the tireless drum quietly
Pumping existence out onto the jagged ceramic
And your mother's favorite shoes.

But they will let it rain out of you
Like terror flows from time.

They wait for that 3am dance into traffic,
When your wrist looks like a baseball,
All because of how you used to dance
In your father's favorite dress.

They will not hesitate to plunder in the
Darkness come of living room lobotomy.
They will not wait. They will piece apart
Your poison on waiting room floors
And perform it for you like
Your brother's favorite song.

Do not listen to any sordid hymn.
Creep toward those blemishes
On the timeline. Will you find that still
You stare down at that old shoe
And dance in that ragged dress
To the pulse of that tired song?