

beyond god

the mirror smirks back in a hazy room, flashing  
its tattoo needle that scraped away my ribs and stung  
like gravel pressed in flesh your

thumbprint of ash smudged twice above my eyebrows  
singed from when the Wednesday flame flickered  
too close and belched that metallic funk you hit

the bong so I slapped the bongos in African rhythm:  
Father, *namu namu*, Father, dude, I found you dead  
behind a mass grave of stale breath and broken

girls and if my face breaks loose in the morning my eyes  
will eclipse your fat fingerprint and melt  
into the coherent chaos that sleeps in vacant bedrooms

remember that we are stardust breathing in the cosmos  
and in a cardboard space suit we'll return  
to our celestial body

The worst poem ever

sounds something like *one*  
*fish, two fish, red fish, blue fish*  
praise Mr. Seuss if instead you

created some lines, maybe *five*  
*fish, two fish, red fish, blue*, they'd fail  
you hard how

dare you flex your

feeble fingers, lingering  
ink where perception catches  
you on color or lust, trouble

or lucky four  
leaf clovers  
or the fish.

Still,  
the fish are red today and blue  
today and *two* rhymes  
with *blue* so you blew

the dusty chaos off  
the busted globe and probed  
at what you saw  
that made you stop.

A forgotten finger painting

clings to off-white among a residue of magnet letters  
sighing H I, C A T, M O M, B Y E. The kitchen table

is dirty with gummy, juvie handprints and crayon  
wax. The child has been bad and momma had a bad

one so the brownies went uneaten. The sweetener  
was stale so it must be the caffeine that actuates

the car in the morning. They mourned the brownies,  
but the brownies were in the trash and there's ash

on the boy's windowsill so momma locked the glass  
from outside on a ladder, grandma died falling from

an ash tree. The boy flirts with his grandmother's  
corpse over that organic girl in chemistry class. Classy

kid with lighter burns and a network of neural pathways  
firing from his hair like chatter spewing out between

Sunday's twisted teeth. The wooden pews are old  
and stale. Father punched the child blue, he's bleeding

red paint and white blood cells. Mom's favorite color  
is magenta, so he painted his fingers purple with his heart

blood. Her kitchen is burning corpses and brownie batter,  
his charred eyes, black eyes absorbing the color spectrum.

world magnet

caught with the moon

magnet

pulling that tide

magnet out to see the bottom of the water where  
rocks and grinded whale bone cling to Earth like  
magnets

stuck but some girl's body bloats

at the bottom and her belly is fat  
and then fatter it explodes  
and the fish eat her skin in  
a minute

and the sun

magnet pulls on the earth with the fish on it