

*selected poems from love and death and other life sentences - an unpublished manuscript*

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*cowboys never get the girl*

full-blooded american spirit.  
a secret she'd never admit to anyone.  
not even herself.

they say astrology isn't all it's cracked up to be  
but hemingway was a cancer too and  
i think there's some truth in that.  
don't listen to me.  
i'm a martyr for the tobacco industry.

the desert never ends.  
a love story that goes on without me.  
which one am i to you?  
the good, the bad, or the 'almost?'  
that word always makes me cry.

a catechism that just says 'miss her.'  
lilacs and gunpowder.  
my brute of a heart.

*untitled #1*

sometimes i think i've seen more in the madhouse  
then i would with my passport.  
the lifetimes lived in there, the lifetimes that will continue to live in there.  
my best stories could never be written because when all i needed was a pencil,  
all they'd give was a crayon.

transatlanticism and my accidental boyfriend.  
his mom just didn't understand.  
cough medicine and my best friend.  
sometimes the same thing.  
i'm not allowed on walks until i stop telling the doctor he reminds me of  
mussolini and tearing pages out of books.

it is my roommate's birthday.  
no one called.  
no one calls.  
the safest places are full of emergency signs.

*party foul*

dim lights. crowded rooms. fabric friction and the great escape.  
sculpted to your framework, hands mend me like clay as i bow to your composure.  
kitchen corners keep me awake with an electro buzz against the countertop.  
it's a rhythm i feel in my heart and between my thighs.  
the yellow haze emanates down from the ceiling fan, adjacent to your laughter.  
i can't wait till morning.  
sunshine through blinds, shadows dancing on white linen.  
celluloid and charcoal mixed with flannel on charred wood.  
the smell of sandalwood and rose with the hint of tobacco and fresh coffee.  
i don't want to talk, i want to shower your divine.  
words, words, your lips, and more words.

*chimera.*

television static as the napalm skies loom.  
the walls bend and curve with every crack in the ceiling.  
another night as the dream war wages on to no avail.  
my fingertips trace the ruins of a forgotten memory inscribed on the  
fragmented granite.  
i'm not sure it's mine to revisit.  
i'm not sure anyone should.

a mortar sounds off.  
my body shakes.  
something about sounds.  
years lived on the battlefield do nothing but add to the problem.  
the general slaps me on the back and we pull through.  
he asks if i have my talisman.  
my jaw clenches, a fist forming around the object in my pocket.  
he nods as word of an air strike comes.  
i lose him before i can confirm the reality.

the first battalion pushes on.  
a united front against turmoil.  
a shapeshifting enemy with her voice.  
no.  
his voice.  
some of us hear more than one.  
another explosion and the game has changed.

i'm stuck in a cell block.  
my hand clasps the talisman.  
it's still with me, that's good.  
i'm still alive.  
that's fact.

*the paramour's lullaby*

what brings people together like a suicide?  
she begs me to play nice.  
violent dreams of tearing flesh from bone,  
my hunger can never be tamed.  
it's a thirst that burns in your throat.  
a fire that just can't catch its flame.  
i see his hand trace her spine every time i close my eyes.  
the blood pools.  
oh what bliss, a sight to see is she begging on her knees for me.

it's a shame everyone wants her but hardly anyone needs her.  
i wonder how she'll feel when i've left.  
charcoal kisses, smitten with despair and rebukes of love.  
i build coffins, she paints houses.

my friends feel love with open palms while mine clasp around yet another grenade.  
i want only what i can't have, so i set these seas ablaze.  
here is my scorched earth.  
a barren wasteland full of nothing but aphrodisiacs.

so long lil' camisado.  
so long.