

## Yours and Mine

O body, yours and mine,  
stack of proteins dehydrating in the apartment,  
piles of morning on pyre  
of drugs hills rocks and wind--  
--you never taught me the english words for it, your name,  
only that mine would mean something like:

*I'd like to stop eating not because food is evil  
but to prove that good air and good trees are essential so much that they are enough to live on*

*I'd like to stop loving not because love is evil  
but to prove that good air and good trees are essential so much so that they are enough to thrive  
on.*

I'd love to stop  
guessing at your name.

On the last day, we cook lamb,  
Fuku, apricots.  
Tomorrow I will have button teeth, for  
I'll open not my mouth.

For dessert I crumple you up,  
rub the ink on my face and hide  
in the dark stink of the bus station,  
to watch you slither away,  
mounting your plaid grin like a silver soapbox,  
belching a warm but ill-fitting laugh that I wear now like a fox.

I recite your name, something like:

*O body, yours and mine,  
stack of proteins dehydrating in the apartment,  
piles of morning on pyre  
of drugs hills rocks and wind.*

## Petrified

Bridges, things  
that used to hold the most,  
petrified by miles and hours,  
flat amber suns solidify  
then crack at the flick of a wrist  
of a wheel,  
tire grinds telegrams through grates  
over, stop.  
Over,  
until the outpour of their marble amory  
glints across the seasick dark:

*these people loved, and truly lived with  
those plants loved and killed.*

These full songs wash back burped  
by arms of mother pines,  
satisfied, projectile,  
return to their opposite as lake foam.

Sounds are muffled here  
words soft and short like bread pinched off and tossed to  
contained aquatic life  
they gel amongst the buildings  
amoebic and neutered,  
nothing to cross and  
Nothing to send,  
or amber laurels only  
a crown of horseflies.

My fearful tongue darting in and out of your mouth like a suburban housewife  
with a house on fire,  
not sure where to  
last ditch  
finger some objects or  
die with the heat.

## Monarch Behaviour

I was awake all night  
building its frame the way  
a body must build a fetal skeleton,  
thirsty,  
ecstatic asexual,  
whole and  
holy as a communion wafer under the tongue.  
There I whistled along to the hymn  
that mortals keep stored in their spine,  
inoculated in faith.

I had skin thoughts  
in front of bone-in-desert bleached face,  
gesso crackled to veins,  
Anselm-apt for injection  
as pedestrian notions of trust in science  
in capsules and tubes,  
brushes and knives,  
in a tool's ability to frighten the  
lingering rot from our organs.

To propagate is the only desire  
sucking nectar through nostrils,  
regenerating,  
at lengths of paint and radiation,  
praying to typewriters and cradles.

So many attempts at mimicry  
to yank the wool down in  
front of the death's eyes,  
as if the shroud would spare us  
in admiration of our attempts,  
or be unable to stomach us  
in our morbid associations to tragedy,  
a black and neon  
epidermal exhibition,  
egg tempera smeared  
like war paint under eyes,  
as I circle the surest thing since  
the subject of my birth.

I know my corneas will be donated to science.

And I too will lay prone,  
as if projected onto a cross for some  
vague eternity  
like my grandfather before me,  
absent of hue,  
sockets cured of intention,  
jaw fastened,  
framed.

## Once, Like a Name and Not a Time

Once I lived by a lake and my body was a weapon.  
Night, day were simply the difference of a sun  
or no sun  
and that's all.

A bladder of Once like the anatomy of a name and not a time.

At 8 a.m. this morning I scorched some person who had no concept of  
hypergraphic fertility  
of the water breaking of  
Stop, I'm having a poem.

A ladder of poem like DNA and not a document.

It's been tough to justify dropping kid sentence  
here, thing needs a few hours to walk but  
every time  
gets eaten by a noise before we have a title  
let alone a green card.

And it's been hard to find justice as a mountain goat,  
living at the base of a mountain when  
once, my head was a weapon and  
creation, abortion were simply the difference of an idea  
or no idea  
and that's all.

## For Poet's Sake

*Being,*

you are the place where ponies go to die.  
Place your foot on the pedal  
and bluff by the ends of your unthumbed hoof.

*"This filter of a ghost town breathes us."*

Poor for words,  
reading Whitman on the john and jerky tongueing  
dust bowl eatery preserves,  
every piece-meal linguistic a  
petrified cliché,  
an amber word which you eat alone and then,  
jockeying down Front street in your lace winged coat,  
the wind takes its turn to nibble you,  
breaks a tooth and everyone's horses go hungry.

*"We can smell our own."*

When I see us in the window  
bent over our notebooks I  
know that you, too,  
are up to your knees in shit.