

# Drunk Permutations

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## where you are.

I'm pretty much  
with someone else;  
I like her. She seems  
so accepting. She's not  
you, but she doesn't make  
me miss you. I think  
we're at similar spots  
in the time-pool. I  
could probably love her, but  
I would let you spit out  
my bones and reduce me  
to zero for another chance.  
I would probably leave her  
if you asked me to. I  
don't know—I don't  
know if you're just a muse,  
and I'm never meant to have  
you. I don't know if these feelings  
are manufactured—I hope  
not—and all this would pop  
like a bubble if I touched you.  
I want to touch you, but not  
just that. I want you to be

a part of my sixth sense—  
the sense of knowing where your body  
is. I want our bodies to occupy  
the same space; I want to know  
where you are.

Where you are now—  
for me—is in my eyes,  
my voice, and my hands.(Not  
physically, although that would be  
nice.) There's creation written  
all over your face and your eyes  
and your tits and your ass and  
that tattoo of a phoenix on  
your shoulder-blade. You fucking  
inspire me; you engender me.  
I can see the stars in your eyes  
and hear the scars in your voice.  
I want you to lean on me like  
I lean on alcohol. I want  
you to want me there for all  
the happiest and saddest occasions.

FRIEND: a person whom one knows and  
with whom one has a bond of mutual affection  
...exclusive of sexual or family relations.

LOVER: a person having a sexual or romantic  
relationship with someone, often outside marriage,  
OR a person who likes or enjoys something.

We're friends—we're not.  
We're lovers—we're not.  
I am a lover of you. I love  
the abouts of you—the happenings.

I want  
to sip  
your soul  
through a straw,  
drink  
your wetness  
down deep inside  
of me so that it  
can cool or warm  
my guts. I have  
to stop. This is  
getting too long.

**what I like.**

Your eyes look like blue gumballs, and  
your hair is chocolate. I wonder  
what your lips taste like—  
probably gummy-worms. Your smile is  
just for me; I see your careful words.  
I step around them often.

I think about your sweetness often,  
letting it rot me, and  
I send you words upon words.  
To me, you're a wonder;  
the way you float around my skull is  
elegant and hummingbird-like.

When I look at you, I feel like  
I need to see you more often,  
but I can't separate the isn't from the is.  
I do laps around my house and  
think and worry and wonder  
why you have all my words.

What fantastic things—words  
—but they only show what it's *like*;  
they just make me wonder  
why I wonder so often.  
They won't tell me the truth, and  
neither will I—it is what it is.

It's hard to tell what this is;  
It'd be nice if you came with the words.  
You come and go and  
go and come as you like,  
which—for me—is not often.  
This is all for a wonder.

Your words crunch in my mouth; I wonder  
what this will be, and is.  
It doesn't matter if it's often,  
or if it's only words.  
It'll be almost like  
we're supposed to be, and

I'll wonder about it often  
and forget what isn't and is.  
Your words are what I like.

### My cousin is (out)

My twenty-four-  
year-old step-aunt  
kicked my seventeen-  
year-old blood-cousin  
out  
of my Uncle's house.  
My Uncle,  
blinded by the  
young twat he's  
been digging in, feels  
almost righteous in  
his decision.

My cousin is  
living with his un-  
natural brother, getting  
rides to school (so he says),  
smoking too much weed, on his  
own in a small town  
where the main industry  
is hog slaughter. I hope  
my step-aunt gets pregnant  
with a heavy, troublesome imp  
who will never love her and leaves  
as soon as it's legs work.

**it's Thanksgiving.**

My diabetic mother  
is eating Cheetos  
right after announcing  
she had a milkshake  
earlier in the day.  
I've also seen her eat pie,  
and jellybeans; it's Thanksgiving.  
Have you ever watched  
something die? How  
about slowly? I feel  
like I'm watching  
a cruel child pick  
the legs off an insect,  
piece by piece, tearing it  
to nothing. I'm in  
the bathroom right now.  
Sugar is anything  
but sweet.

So eat; eat. Eat. Eat  
until you lose one  
of your feet.

## Naturally

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