

Raynaud's Phenomenon

I found you under Mylar
pinned to foamcore. I
found you while Santana's "Smooth" streamed commercial free.
I found
you in the front seat of a Lexus (
I am not a car man, therefore cannot provide the model). I
found you behind the story of your daughter's birthday.
I found you
wanting. I
found, once more, a
starving liar, imprinting on the first vibration to emerge from crusty corners of childhood attic. I
f-
ound y-
ou, sweating, heaving slowly, atop slick dampened linen wh-
ile the shower (one of two) ran i-
n the other room. I
found y-
ou in a stray graze of paw,
I found you in eye
contact connected by
silent
content
torso. I
found you i-
n the wakeful, separate rising moments of solitary weekends.
I
found you fettered to black hens in western golf course. I found
you in moments, i-
n inches, be-
tween unkempt eyebrows. I
found you i-
n recreational drug use references which you never included
my-
self. I
found you where
I
left you: at
the end
of a
nylon line, salty and twitching.
I found your comparison of my physique to Hollywoodland tinsel flattering. I
thought
myself leading

you, but motion
is relative
depending
on point A location in relation to solar positions, point B placement to personality phases. A
slave to the praises I
found me in you: desperate for unquenchable, untethered human i-
-m-
pulse. I
am the one leaving
heel marks i-
n mud, ruts downhill. You
found me, looking
up, imposing arbitrary restriction.
Raise anticipations as dried floor wax after juice-pressed evenings.
"You are a better kisser."
"Because I meant it."

Drs. Lauber, Neher & Cie

Convenience cereal
curled up upon a third floor
floor, surrounded
by meager clothing piles
mild topography

Elevated subway burritos
grease catch of future hopes
A-team cooks
tapping metallic
code, unlock
buried conditions
Unbridle manes

We met in tube TV
light
twilight between daylight savings and federal
holiday mandatory PTO
light interest with high ball glasses
non-physical caresses
reflective black tile wall
all showing / no
one
knowing. The morning brings
a strange comforter an unfamiliar pillow

Transport husk
grain belt conveyor
empty silo
siphon the maw, distribute the
burden. Yearning
Cubic volume remains
consistent
the gaps
vary
dependent on the (Independence) Day

Dependence: fetters
Shackles: friendly epidermis
wrap your pale pork
in heirloom llama
no, please please
go right ahead
We've (I've) made copies
of all keys to unchangeable

locks. Foresight to Friday
forebringer of affirmation
herald of wells
wet rubber mats
bourbon pollution hangs
low, clings tight, in these
low lands. Low hands
squeeze firm

Pleasure: fleeting
Fleeing: one more
Profess hues
gray cats, all dark, mark one
another as hydrant
vibrant was the liquid volume
perfumed in Chicago taxed
nicotine, debauchery a teen
never dreamed
standing at the Shell station
flat brimmed jumbo slices
lining windows, warmed through neon
catching amorous vapid vain glances
reflective off grease pools
keep me warm

Take me anywhere but forward
Hone alone till we wake

He's Never Coming Back (Locomotive (II))

Not to be indelicate

,

but

your orange theory rarely

resonated with

me

Buttered in Seraphim glitter

you speak rudimentary

Portuguese haltingly

A South

Bend Express

"If you don't like

it wait

a few minutes" Midwestern

axiom graffitied across

The Meaning of Birthdate tome

prominently featured in

Michigan residence

Saturn enters the threshold, shakes fluffy

damp crystals from his wiry

black beard

"Fix the flue

I've brought flames

of desire

I've brought flames of

virtue

I've brought flames

of platitudes

I've found

flames of attraction

I've brought flames

of equilibrium

Ready

an appropriate home

for each

A light, a light, a flight

from son of York"

Glorious malcontent

Tennis a common theme
more common than the buckeye
(be it lychee or peanut butter)
with more reoccurrences than
men holding gold totems

Naked, misty from sterling
silver faucet
Deforestation of showers (
black mold sanctuary)

White ashes, dry, affixed
to flaky forehead
absorbs most of your attention

A week of digging dilettantes
from dough
"Perhaps
a new career is
in order"

"Is it the feeling of emotional emptiness
following fleeting pleasure?"

No
Virginal hope
undigested
harshly
passed, loudly consigned to oblivion

8 Below

Gone are the nights of four
hour friends – the pretty men (or) ugly boys
fizzy in low light, slender
in highball spectacles - spectators of the spectators'
speculation. The thread count caverns,
the amnesia countess - all lost to dehydration, spiritual
irrigation. My stop comes, cold
calves, breakfast
at noon, with strangers, gone
are the three
hour foes
In their midst, lips slick
from the one
before, the prior, previous, Drift

Burning eyes gazing for pioneers
praying to be homeland no more for aliens
razor to wilderness, bare like infancy
in frame, frame the past twelve hours
sample the tongue's bud
swab
dust on a cotton swab, Drift

Sandpaper lids, eye
Shakespeare line, sophomoric
Lucy at the kissing booth
Catch a cootie
Catch a tiger
by the toe, Drift
Follow my blog

Two years after first smelling bleached
temples of bass, shoes are still
sticky, night's are still long. Metaphorical
rest, still metaphorical. Strangers are no
longer loitering by the piano – their
undergarments neatly folded
by the other wash. Visitor's must wash
their own sheets in the new
regime. Urban sprawl remains, while I sprawl
underneath the leather umbrella of
"oughta" (or) "thisis". Nail down that thesis, leaf
through indexes, murmur hexes, throw
shade. drift . . .

Onion Paper

I hunger.
I only hunger after
two things. One of which
I quit years ago.
My core is a quivering mound of resolute possessive pronouns.
All taught skin, puckered blackheads, begging
for thumbnails.
All taught back muscles ringed in barb-wire. Barbed wire we
despise. Green as sun-faded iris
Green as moss toad
green as palak panner between teeth
deep as wells in eastern slopes
of Pichincha
A day dream of red rock hiking
shivering beneath Gore-Tex
shivering beneath shaved flesh
plucked flesh
chicken pink
shrink wrapped twice as tight
One passive passenger
wing without tendon
athlete tending to attention
“I’ve never” escapes
as balloons deflate
upstairs children stomp
bedtime another hour ahead
an hour behind I drive
in a Toyota Camry
east along Roosevelt
past the pet store
Weimaraner lay upon leather
staring at three framed photos
of herself
she prefers men
“don’t we all”
the compost heap on the kitchen counter can wait
I do my best writing in our dark