

Holding Your Hands

i dream of holding your hands when we sleep
because with your body there's too much heat
and without you, I feel completely incomplete.

within this liminal space, we reside as beings
coated in flesh belonging to some corporeality.
however, your metaphysical body remains incomplete (

pieces of some unknown, within some dimension unseen.)
i wish I knew your dreams and the dreamy scenes
of your mindscape; how they danced you into sleep

into the dimension beyond your comprehension. We
wish we knew where your mind existed and what it needs.
the sheets are too heavy upon my body; incomplete

images of heat map across my flesh with my feet
hanging, breathing outside of our peace.
too much heat radiating from my skin to yours as we sleep.

Without my body and within your dreams,
Our hands are separated, and my mind can't be.
These twisted and tossed and colorfully saturated sheets (covering incompletely)
held me. held. hold. i dream of holding your hand in my (as we) sleep.

Don't Get Married without Me

The third finger, left of your middle,
your knuckle smelled of old, old metal

His Skin

His skin wrapped tightly around his ribcage,
resting, suspended across the chasm between each rib.
Inhalation tested the malleability of his flesh;
exhalation congratulated the intactness of the prison.
His skin grew into a pattern of beads
like the bleak peastone that lines the walkways,
and the breeze kissed him relentlessly. He loved it.
The coursing fluid that surged through him
filled his veins to the brim, and they reflected light
with deep contour to demonstrate the vitality of his life.

His bones and veins and beads begged an exit,
to be released. However, his skin, so taut,
entrapped each member of his innards.
They were so close to bursting from the cage.
What a spectacle that could be: to see him
without his most elegant, intricate, fleshy feature.

His nails tore at the topcoat of his skin.
Ashen grey took over the vision, but soon pink shown.
Satisfaction coursed through the rivers of his nerves
at the completion of his desire to appease the sensation
for which he had no desire. Softness grew upon him
as the skin grew its own glossy liquid to protect
from the matte matter that desired to invade, to enter.
Those that enter may never stay, and those who leave
may never return. Those to live within need to stay within,
or else they exist as nothing without him.
Nothing exists without him. Not even his skin.

I amorph

into bending flesh with
creaking trees laying flatly underneath. I hear running
— holy flesh holes
bleeding a gaping agape

leaves of scabs from naked bodies gyrate(ing)
their crusted bodies against cement and saws made of feathers
until something opened

and cells tore the sensual lace that held them together
and my offspring pour out of my body like a murdered,
pregnant mother spider drooling out a crimson
that puddled into blackness. creaking feet bleed
into the underneath
as we stampede upon splintering trees to see
Abramovic die,
Goya cough up black oil,

Bacon to skewer his love
with a second hypodermic syringe
as he studies the castrated male body

with fire curdling at the sides of his bed until

SCENE.

The Happiest Little Ellipsis

His bones danced under his skin and around his capillaries;
his flesh contorted sweetly to the grip of his music
around the plastic of his pencil, continue..!