

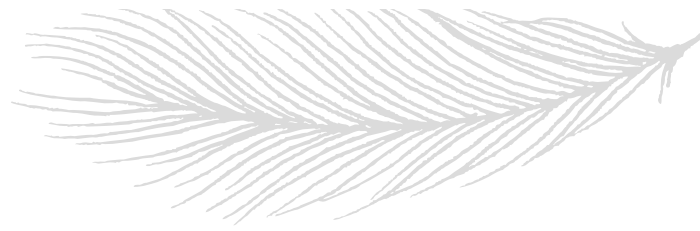
We took turns exchanging earthquakes in the bathroom
kiss me, New Mexico - the tattoo of el diablo
spanning her back, knocking on strangers doors
because every house looks the same
Silhouette Sophia, a gold dust turned flush when the sky
parodies the value that paints her mouth

A placental abruption / one stanza memorized
from the bible, only spoken in Spanish and congregated like a
love poem passing from one fingerprint to the next

It's written all over her freckles, a constellation fish and cheap cerveza
accented with finger-sucking Tajin she transfers to my mouth; no one
knew she could play the cello, or liked to break into her father's
house and steal his shoes - out of spite, she never finished anything
other than an orgasm but her vocals were versatile and hum like lush gossip

I saw things I've never seen again - a crescent moon waist with doubts
and disability, abandoned and palpitating, 102 degrees of afterglow,

She still smells like her grandmothers kitchen.



i lean in to touch lies with the bottom of my mouth /

i couldn't maintain stability, suburbia, yoga, monogamy

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dirt road - tour bus - dodge caliber - the one with the personal airplane

the one

who only rode a bike, either daisy or death / the stick shift i never learned

to physically drive because i don't contain the coordination - the one

with the chauffeur, the three where i chauffeured myself a mistress

i know where i live an accommodation with mileage, a place

made for divorcing

it's just things. numbers i collected. efforts i made to take

my bony fingers and use them to coordinate weddings

that i convinced myself i wanted to happen / birth and bells,

i once owned a minivan that was bought for me by someone

i hated

i couldn't look at him or tolerate the tone of his voice

i hated

to sleep near him and smell vapor rub, it made my tailbone ache,

but someone crashed that van into me - then into a tree -

i should have thanked them / bad drivers, alcohol, wives, work,

gratitude for all the problematic scenarios that intervened

to repeatedly impede on the time i was wasting doing the things

i was doing because i couldn't be bothered to consider the better things

i could be doing

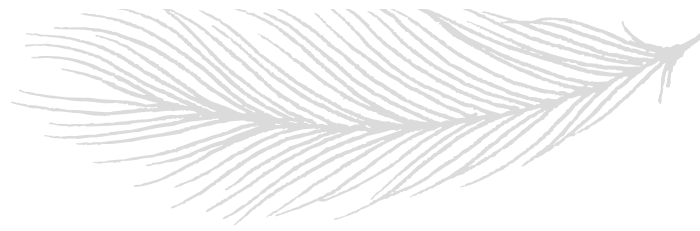
like leaving

stability, suburbia, yoga, monogamy, fidelity, shared bottles of wine,

cooking, cooking, cooking, cleaning, the sound of snoring and children

screaming, wanting to punch you while you sleep

i love you. but i don't want you here.



If a woman wants to vanish she can
Abolish the fetish of skin, to skin, to skin
Contact dematerialize a softened puff
That sterilizes her lips, fingernails spreading fig &
apple

47 pages of advertisements in Vogue

3 articles about how to make a man happy
Men are never happy
Women have no chance

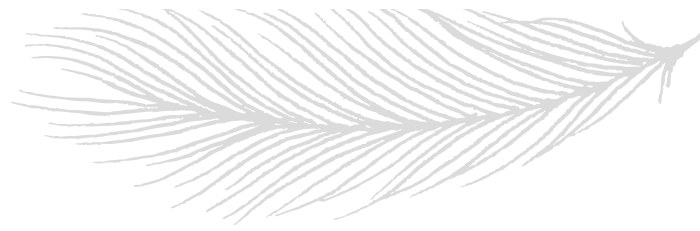
Every piece of clothing is black, the coffee is black, the
Leather is black, the hair is black, the models aren't allowed to be
"Too black", tattoos all in black, epiphanies in black and subject
to change.

There must be a goldmine down there between our thighs
several men have been jailed for connecting their
hands to their eyes... & responding with
resentment when we can't help
but reciprocate with contempt

The last time I tried to love someone, the ice cream truck
Grew fists my heart grew weaker nothing &
no one

Came to warn me about being monopolized by trust, and
Hope, the vanity of holding hands not waking up alone

No one warned me that being in love meant being a void.



Filonov could be Basquiat

There's a shade of blue in the skull
that you display across your back
that survives behind your hairline
that harmonizes in your eyelids

How are you always art?

riddles, roaming
in your comparisons of who I used to be—
Metempsychosis Magellan,
feels like nothing;
you're pigment. scheming. rubik
refashioned in the same shrouds as the empty
side of the bed
coming from a
mouth of spring
seven talismans

Ivory sulking throughout the feast of ponderosa
you've got the brain of fascist neo-impressionism,
bludgeoning the bones in your nose
that shade of blue.