

Milk + Honey, Whiskey + Ginger Ale

well that's how it goes
weather always lingering too long

a casual blue fourteen percent grey

there was any number of things
we could have been talking about:

the stiffness of morning
the best way to purchase stamps
how to walk great distances

but then days and days of rain

I said let's keep sleeping together
casually

it was like a finch swallowing milkweed
it was probably bored

Temporal, Flickerlike

I remember I lost the clear night
you had tied around my thigh

and today I hate you
even though winter is far away

I'm living in a low voice
I'm throwing the hillside

making a mess of myself and running
around with one eye closed:

it requires the ability to judge distance
his body firmly in order

looking for blood in the sunlight

[...]

what you said was careless
death at the cape and everywhere
tiny birds making false landings
embers felling leaves like feathers like
bodies fumbling underwater

and disappearing is always simplest
in massachusetts is darkest blue

I wanted to ask

if I looked any different standing up
if dizziness is an affliction of the lips

and if I were
to catalogue our weaknesses by name
it would be *scoured or hysterical*
tenuously coupled lungs blistered
in the young light and the snow

in december
you lost your last cigarette
you told me not to die
you picked burnt leaves from your carpet

inside a fever dream
we made ourselves a home movie:

me, plunging the hawk
through the bedsheets

and of course you're miserable

like a steady brow

like home

if one of us were to stand up
our inflections would no longer be
compatible so equivocal

death at the cape
so we stop at the liquor store

I hold the flashlight
while you fill your tires with air

you're miserable of course

(if I am standing then you are standing
and we both look the same)

and if this is darkest blue
we are coupled by blood and anxiety
thick and red like molasses on tobacco

like being pulled to bed at 4 am
because it is not yet december
and somehow this means we are safe

I rip a shard of amber glass from my palm
but the skin is still translucent

in the fever dream I tell you
*winter lives in naked bodies, an ode
to sex or death or birds*

or something

what I really mean is
you drive beautifully at night

Neither Here Nor There

I'm still pulling blood out from under things
nails and telescopes and cotton swabs
it's sweet it really is

how you try to smile one tooth at a time...

I made you a sweater
and you didn't even know it was yours
when you asked if you could have it

I haven't gotten it all sorted out yet
how one slow mechanism is wedded to the next
a convulsive fit of the lips and then

it is april and I am all liquored up
basking in the tickled heather

one crushed thing after the other