

opening the vein

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the good thief

ingests pain and transmutes it

blinding blue light of morphine

on that night when Sean covered me

under the Verrazano, inhaling him for hours

lord christ i said god damn

every cell in my body wears your mark

skyline at dusk for eyes, i long for your

limbs curled around me

opening the vein

total abuse

we lie on my bathroom floor  
in silk, folded up together  
fuzzy rug soaks up  
his vomit, my tears  
white dragon comes (in waves)  
her thighs plant bombs inside me  
while little jupiter's whiz 'round my fingers  
in the a.m. sound & shame will burrow  
through the door to remind us of the snowless  
winter outside these walls

opening the vein

this is where i reach you

(how beautiful) slightly apart,  
from this one last blaze  
before a lazy flood of stars  
not in the flames  
but alone on this rooftop  
against my black sheets  
(i am) thinking of you,  
while shafts of illuminati  
turn this city into  
a holy thing,  
something i can believe in

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loisaida

i know why jim carroll had a fear of dreaming

“makes angels of us all”

me & jennie we was girls together

rode the billie/monk/trane nights (while)

our lips mouthed mighty O's

in praise of past opium eaters

til men sealed our mouths – paralyzing

turning all sound sad

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night out

(philly prefers to inject)

we smoke, soak up the stars

while the city converges on this rooftop

soft charge of night strikes a low chord

squeeze of yr. hand 'round mine

destroys the dream, as you lead me

into the public solitude of the streets

walked on thin blue cables of time, to a diner;

couldn't eat, sat in silence listening to Carly Simon