

Keep You Safe

(If I dropped acid
In the fire with you,
Pulled the trigger
In the dirty rain,
Could you have pushed despair
Out of the nightmare? As if I
Pulled it from the vein?
 (A thin whisper in the wind urges,
 Keep him safe—
 And I keep you safe).

To have and to have held; but today
An ironic gravity pits in the palms,
A bitter serum sits on the tip of the tongue.
Seraphic injustice—
It's candy for the atheist,
But I will not let you float away.

Don't you leave me, don't you go—
There is nothing behind the sky.
I am not inside.
 (In the throat of a stranger,
 A guttural cry desperately keens,
 Keep him safe—and I vow that
 I can keep you safe).

As you slip into ashes into
Atoms into angel,
I am the broken cracked open,
The activated, blackness-saturated
Runaway on fighter plane,
And the jet engines sputter
Blood orange fire to the
Hellish core of it.

I am what was.

I shoot up with your words
In the thickening sickness of it,
But the cold old world is bitter
And inextricably twisted as it
Misses you in it, and
I think of you
I think of you
I'll think of you eternal

 (And silent lips breathe a final plea of
 Keep me safe—but
 I could not keep you safe)).

synergy

you yearn yearn yearn for fusion
fire like neurons fire like ice like
blue green neon inside of those veins
under paper thin innocent skin
electric like synapse like lover
like volts charged to fry the membrane
rewire the brain shock shock shock
you back to life

you choke on your words
because you like the way they taste
fly they like shrapnel lodge they
like bullets fester they like
dirty maroon wounds
and they wince and you dry cry
sink back into the silence
into the solace of pinkish
pinkish internal inferno

suddenly you realize the folly of the melancholia
the surrogate pain the surrogate shame
that ceaseless loop that looks something like a noose and
you're caught in the amber when the chair topples over

you tread upon the bloodstains
gone and so gone
don't you scrub; recall, recall all of it
ride ride ride push back against
the idle night; the darkening coward
might he perish in the pride
gone and so gone and
so far gone this time—the hellfire defied
he shook he cursed he trembled upon the throne
he denied he lamented he lied he lied he lied
the heat, the crime, the final word misheard
you understand with anguish what the burn belied

In the hot beyond

in the hot beyond,
I take my time.
I do not measure sighs
or sideways eyes
with seismograph and blood-stained tiles.

in the hot beyond,
I am trusting.
I do not take for blistering
the cold nothings.
I do not think the anomaly a cosmic microcosm,
and these thin wisps of sinful whispers
are decaying, graying.

in the cold cold old,
I am salt salt sordid sidewalk
dirty shoes dirty shoes dirty shoes.
I have every limb in the casket,
and I am brutally wasted,
you bastard.

in the cold cold old,
I am the dirty death march.
I am become him, harm.
I am bandit come undone in the blunder.
I hush hush—push back against the thunder.

Funereal dirge and it tastes like delight:

In the hot, hot beyond,
still I burn, but
I am alight. I am alight.
I am light.

Tractatus

The riddle does not exist
The elusive everything-all
Captured in the vanishing
Hurled flashing backward
Into the vacuum

I am accident
Fibers in the hellstorm
And gone so soon

Space between raindrops
Glimpse of the maybe mystical
I am a nothing nothing nothing
But I move move move
Constant crusade for the womb
The something the all things
The one thing

They laid pretty bricks for the haunting,
And I thought I had a dollhouse.

The riddle does not exist
I bicycle in the timelessness
Crepuscular man, idol of the twilight
Hold hand, hold hair, hold heart,
Hold dirty appendage, bandage,
Baggage, everlasting damage
And flash vanish backward
Into the vacuum

The riddle never existed
It was only ever the spectral echo
Only ever the crippling withhold
Always ever masked in the damaging
And tongues glistening that
Only ever left me famishing
Weary in the search for nurture
Crusade for the white hot womb, and
I was only ever vanishing

Child for Sale

I am a child for sale
won't anybody please buy me?
I'll tell you, mostly what I do is read, and
I am enraptured, I am so very fractured,
that whether lowly or holy
I can humbly assume any role you need
noiselessly, I can put myself to sleep
my flesh burns, my skin bleeds
but I do all I can not to weep
some may say I am cheap
sure, I'm a child knight errant
in search of a parent, and
I'll barter, I'll bargain—
you can just have me for free

it's whatever you see fit,
whatever you see fine
prospective parent,
I am docile and I am kind
I am deferential and benign
I am nine

could you teach me
how to tie my shoes? (if
I could so impose), and
might you show me how to
just grab hold? then, if there's
time, how to mercifully let go?
would you teach me
not to throw out my woes?

you and I, shall we sanctify?
allow me to bask in the
sweetness of sadness dignified
and if I go unsold, may I die
may you lay me down alone
without the nonsense
of a headstone
yelling about my unsacred bones

Retrospective parent, remember who I was
I was a child for sale
I was good, I was kind
I wanted so badly for you to be mine
Please, won't you think of me from time to time?