

**Screen**

sometimes i want to see a polished person  
and i feel dirty for wanting that  
because i don't know what i want  
if not for that  
nothing aspiring  
but rather  
the normality of daily looks  
thrown in our faces  
on our screens  
i can't watch you  
cover your eyes  
because it's hard to see what you are  
not because it's ugly  
but because it's what you are  
you're done  
you've made it  
you or someone like you on the screen  
now what  
when i see a made up  
done up  
kristen stewart  
standing there  
(not being gay)  
i hate myself for wanting to be her  
but it's also something to do tomorrow  
or later today  
because i paid to see this movie  
because millions paid to see this movie  
it makes it necessary  
it can be needed  
or wanted  
we are capable of worship  
i can't tell if i do it on purpose  
i can't help but be programmed  
i am born out of a ritual  
in and out and in and  
i come out  
of something smaller than a closet  
but a closet nonetheless  
i tell my mother i am the only thing i will carry  
because my jeans my jeans  
are too tight already  
it's the fad  
the kristen stewart  
fad while the world is ending  
we can't help but hope that  
what we see on the screen is more important  
we cannot get over the wanting  
that comes from things  
like screens

the necessary made easy  
 by searching and finding guaranteed  
 everything can pass before the eyes of a person  
 and one of us will want it all  
 simply because it is there

### **Colorado**

you started harry potter again  
 and still don't fall in love  
 you're reading  
 which is a form of searching  
 for magic perhaps  
 for the childish will to believe  
 that you could run  
 straight into a brick wall  
 and pass through to another world  
 we grow up and  
 call that death  
 call that heaven  
 call that a skull shattered  
 call an ambulance  
 but i hope you find a way  
 to call it magic  
 to read  
 into believing

### **1966**

anne sexton descending the stairs  
 with a busweiser in hand  
 showing us how to be a woman  
 never carrying sex around her neck  
 jabbing it into us with every word  
 she's stink eyeing the barking dog  
 her hair rock hardened  
 into that seemingly housewife shape  
 she lights her salem  
 without thinking  
 about her hair  
 the heat seems to melt the smoke  
 right onto her hand  
 she's at her desk now  
 in front of the typewriter  
 pages of poems stuck to the wood  
 she never wants to throw away her work  
 is four years ahead of her life  
 and her husband is camera shy  
 but his suit looks real nice on screen  
 she doesn't look at anything  
 but her cigarette  
 is gone he is  
 sitting petting the dog

**Relation**

i know my mind is  
something that comes in uneven

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i've had 8 hours of sleep  
the nights feel fine  
i hope  
but it will ruin  
a year  
i'm far away  
from that straight chick  
i told you about  
i'm not you  
i want to be honest  
she made out with guys  
cry and suck  
all the hate  
believe me  
i'm far away  
from the crazy  
temptation that i seem happy  
to cheat  
i'm never gonna do  
this crazy chick michelle  
who has a boyfriend  
sophie the whiskey drinker  
how i imagine  
a nanny to be  
bubbly laughs  
start feeling more at ease  
oh yes i'd love to help you  
i'm not even looking at my eyes  
open so we can  
please let me  
have moments of clarity  
usually something random  
like gasping for breath  
reminds me of  
you  
found me  
tell the dogs  
i couldn't be happier  
i'm drinking the most amazing  
colt 45

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i am listening to bright lights  
i am the only thing  
i have felt  
in a while

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talking about sex  
about lesbian sex  
about in love  
having sex with her  
so turned on

i genuinely go  
down but i know  
it's all fake  
none of it  
means i know how much  
i love  
and how much you mean  
being here hasn't made  
me love  
any less

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i couldn't focus  
removed from everything  
crying it's really hard  
for me to feel at any moment  
i could lose you  
everything dimmer  
i am using the distance  
to grow into someone  
to make you proud  
i know love isn't in this  
impenetrable box  
just sitting inside of me  
apart we are based on  
conveying how we feel in writing  
not able to affect  
each other  
you seem like a stranger  
i am getting to know  
i cannot make you happy  
with dinner and sex  
this distance can touch it  
in my mind  
there are different wants

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isolated in france  
dear you're in the woods  
surrounded by trees  
all living  
but not in the same way  
as you

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i miss you and that's no ones fault

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all this reminded me of the time  
you peed on the street in Paris  
the feeling of being discarded  
still remains  
all over me