

## Pewter Miche

Me and that old geezer  
spent too much time together.  
Too much time spent in front of Soho House's  
head to toe mirrors while  
sipping gritty espresso while  
spitting up almond cake while  
watching Beverly Hills rush under our bellies.

I  
felt like I had a chance in  
It  
gave me promise of the ritz.  
I  
was stifled  
outside of that certain expectation  
unbeknownst to me.

Of course,

I  
was  
thankful for a strange someone  
who imagined ingenuity hidden in a young hot body.

Yeah right.

That old geezer  
sold me a stupid and ubiquitous dream.  
That old geezer  
believed in movies about sluts and sellouts,  
which of course he said I was not, never could be,  
so different than the rest of them.  
That old geezer liked to drive fast  
with the windows down in his shiny souped up thunderbird.  
That old geezer was freshly  
emboldened by a hot new arm candy.  
Libby, you will play here one day  
Libby, you should stay in my guest bedroom  
Libby, I just think we'd be great together  
Libby libby libby libby libby libby libby lib

Lib, come here.

Nothing but a Velcro finger  
swollen to the touch, a fury uninterested in the real,

the dream more colorful than breakfast in the morning.

## On My Fifth Christmas

Dad mistook me for a doe and shot  
needles off the growing pine branch,  
sending it spinning,

missing my near dead scalp by a foot.  
He froze white  
and wished it was a penny gun.

It was that December that I was told by the fire  
that I would burn if I was not bound. That I could be  
loved if I knelt down.  
It was then a desire began to fester,  
a reverence for mounted things. I wanted to be  
glassy eyed and incapable, mantled forever deathless,  
from an envoy to keep me as ungrown.

But what kind of love is one of capturing?  
The stuffed deer above the fireplace,  
an unfinished thing,  
never allowed to die,  
never allowed to become.

Would I live for that moment in the viewfinder?  
If being seen through its green before the pop  
meant my last chance at becoming?

I am called another's little doe  
and  
I kneel  
down because it's easier.

## **Broom**

I grab the broom and the room turns.  
The floor swallows itself,  
suckering  
into the filth, into the rot of pre-scorched things.

Sisyphus rolled  
his

way  
into  
light.

Found himself  
down  
again,

always after.  
(next)

As I sweep, I will think  
of her, who tipped her bag of speed  
when we fucked on the Seine.

the boon of cumbia, shoes slurred, and scuff.

a name,  
the same  
forward,  
as

it is back.

Annexed with flame

from

one pole

to the

next.

Her name was my first word.

I move

back

and

forth

back

and

forth

back

and

forth

through those four letters.

And the tile gets cleaner.

As I throw out the dust pan, the neighbor's dog can sense me and barks.

I call her name over and over and she stops for a second

And keeps barking.

I am improper again,

misguided,

wormed.

The mirror makes me

lift my shirt.

Her picture makes me

sinful.

Functioning on a tightrope,  
I ask the internet if I was born wrong.  
I dive into a kiddie pool.

I sweep the kitchen floor, cluttered  
in filth.

I sponge the purple stains  
off the tile.

I bleach everything I can see  
Until I am nothing.

I think of her,  
And feed her to the neighbor's dog.

I think of her

And

sweep

the

floor again.

### **A Good Day**

We wake up fighting and I am  
5 minutes late. My social worker has me  
on hold and drops me, lost, a forgotten stamp  
card. I expect nothing but gravel today, I ask  
AI to turn the car around. A drive cools us right up  
and we soften  
between the sand and sesame miche. half-naked  
in the sea foam and dancing  
to Italo-disco makes us luxurious,  
and euro trash. Charlie hands me a joint, and  
after the longest time I say sure.  
We continue to smile and cry  
to songs from our teenage-hood that  
were the first things to make us feel. We drive  
an extra hour just to listen to the songs, and  
do not tell anyone that we made a wrong turn.

## **Another Good Day**

I'm meeting Peter at Le Pain on Larchmont at his behest  
for no reason other than his detest for hip white  
coffee shops that annoyingly sell ceremonial  
matcha. An old senile Parisian takes the conversation away  
and offers me his hand  
to kiss and I refuse because my mask has teeth today.  
I am smiling as he tells me of his equestrian years  
At Le Fontainebleau. I am delighted by his green tweed  
and long nose hairs, I haven't met an old man in a while,  
it makes the street feel possible.  
He shot an arrow through a wild boar and  
offers me his apartment to stay in when I visit.