

Excerpts from Narragansett Beach

Gold cranes winding
To the pond tucked with fish,

Bow to their destiny
Window in car dealership.

Arms crossed, every angle of her body a landing especially her face. She will not marry anyone and we all want to marry her. Her feet are grounded in painted white bodies of Buhto. “Must be white washing”. But really, your mind is white with fat and fascia awash in western media. A shadow made of sun, not created by it. And when you are captured by it . .

Once Ariel had a new york lover, you know? His silver tongue and incessant rhythm just gonna make it make it make it despite the keebler elf cookie cots, the only un-mythical sleeping arrangement you may find be in your parents’ house, if they’re still together.

She laid in the elf bed and found a blonde hair. Well that makes no sense, Ariel’s hair is black. She got this mother fucker back.

The tall blond in the bathtub too small for his ‘bawdy’. His feet curled, cramped because she was going to get hers. He ate her out on her period in his parents’ house.

The tub mushed his ankles. She saw his tongue wrapped in silver pine skin. From Burlington? Akin to Christmas, is it not? Ariel on a throne of punctuation or bowl of face. Afterwards she guts the drain of uterus clumps, hair, newly soft ankle tendons and well, if it isn’t finger licking .

Months later, he wants to watch more indie films but needs her to do so

His accent bull-headed hard! “Ayao Ariel, Silver pine prickles, green, leak grey in the autumn sky. You know what I mean?”

At Narragansett Beach

You are wrung tight on the stars of Gemini. I pince the stars. Your heart pops from your chest. Your skin barely covers the nodules, valves, circuits and motherboard of your body. Entire body.

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The stars with insignificant names! I crank Pollux slowly and sublux your shoulder, expose the sinews mirroring a spider web until it whinnies. And leave the other arm to gape at its brother's unimaginable length, newly realized! By the wonders of invention. I crank the machination that moves the universe. I have rheumatoid arthritis.

I crank the silence. The deep blue, the shuttering black with the eggshell in between, of sky.

Fluvial lines twined round a turning wheel that I crank. Tight and thick bands, or at least i think, crank out A dollar a day of 365, around Earth Gemini, until

The septic tip of the Judas Cradle tips the asunderment of your legs.

Houston, Houston we have not reached the blowout of your body. Wait until your meninges pop from the miniscule pores of your scalp like candy corn.

Somewhere there is a fire.

You run through a personal encyclopedia until rest. Then alert

I collect your blood in an empty nail polish bottle that will be central to a night of merriment, kettle corn and trans-glottal indulgence.

It's in my mouth. I rain rat poison, cyanide and lungs on your form that wishes to shrivel.

You scream for singular deity, angels and demons. Only takes one devil. You want a pact. The ability to get out, or furiously within that the manipulation of your shell can not render you from peace.

I laugh. Religion can not weigh you in space!

.In orbit, in polarity, we are not.

Your fat leans. Your organs lean into the tension of your torture, bile and shit slide from your anus until emptiness. Your organs eventually worm out too. Your systems lean, spicy pork rinding, twizzling skin

you fly twin gone bald and mad-bat, neigh from hell nor heaven soar anywhere sore, sore.

you just on one; into irreparable chaos.

YES!

You are twinkling Gemini

At Narragansett Beach

Pancake face undulates the sippy cream with a grin. The skillet cradles the pancake's waist and inches toward violet undertones from the dawn. Some green, hand picked stem of parsley, fennel or cilantro guillotines the skillet to neighbor the unctuous egg yolk. Its yellow eye burns with a

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life-saving secret someone hears from wind railing off olive branches in Israel. Its white petticoat portends there is no secret at all! Just a fizzing out wish, washing and wading out. The flow everlasting like bone.

Hot butter whipping up an egg Machiavelli. An Egg Pilate. An Egg Enis. An Egg Paglia. First of the chinese zodiac, ambling to your rat race, behind proclaiming bumper sticker “Jesus is in the passenger seat and we’re cruising for pussy”

At Narragansett Beach

Agitation of sharp lady at angle. Mouth; two lipped hook like angler. Sketch thin outline. Hair ratcheted back and center standing like a scared cat. Sharp feet. Black sketch.

Lady of sharp angle at agitation. Jagged. Lumpy. Boiled cream of wheat. Suppertime on white plates, wearing wide brim hat to the foot race. Chagrin. Pocket in chest lining overfloweth with suppertime. Month of bread. She’s eaten crumb cake.

Agitation of the sharp lady at angle boy, you were not supposed to have a girlfriend. Girl, she can not complain she can only speak solutions. Wire that mouth shut, honey. Pocket overfloweth with disability. Not in time the skill for solutions. Truth flows out of trained mouth. Feral mouth is crumpled in her coat pocket barking parts of lofty sentences.

Lady agitation at sharp angle like she drank coffee. Black sketch on white blank paper. Faint.

Juniper. Agitating. Juniper. A taffy voice would make her favor. Mewl baby mewl. Pour the milk to your boiling bowl of brown sugar. You may never have a taffy voice but you can taste it.

Titter titter titty bop. Wasn’t the boobage that got you in second place! Eyes and agitation. Not girly enough. Well, extend that wing span and remove that waist! Take yourself on your own damn date

And

Agitate marriages and new-born affairs. Kisses anew and not for ‘you’.

You are not able to complain about a man anyway.

Ponytail a spike, a blade, a honing satellite for honey. No one will, no longer pat your head without a nick. Pocket lined with boiled bread. Show her your children. She does not complain.

Throwback: I want to be someone’s wife. You are, some outspoken intellectual.

Underpants Blossom puckered sucking on warheads. Stark as the orange around the hot toddy.

You ain’t a dollop, you’re a flu remedy. Necessary. Stocked in the cabinet. Stale?

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Making people slap the table and yell “DAMMIT”.

She, is a long distance sprinter. Where should she look?! There is no comparison of girls but there is a metric for race. Pass a rod, drop a rod, let a rod go! How did you get your hands on one?

She swims in amniotic fluid with educated women.

Pluto power of destruction and transformation

LOOKS LIKE Saturn’s rings at sharp angles agitated by a lady! With a moral backbone. A dense inner world and an agitation that rings the eyeballs. The women lament about the men.

“Whimsical”.

She’d tie whimsy around her pinky finger, imagine it’d be nice. The layers of whimsy are cool air and a pressure cooker. How much can a wee finger handle?

If she moved the “I” in complaint it becomes compliant.

She sticks to the ground. She is speckled by the rain like bread pecked by birds. Where should she look when other people kiss? Instead of shock, arousal

Gazing for a bite

Sharp lady at angle is agitated! Looking back over her shoulder, donning the figure of a line man, pulling the trim of her polyester 80’s jacket

Down. Flared pants licking her shins or a shadow? Bustier top to her fine bodice. She is flat.

Sketchy. Can you tell what the line under her nose is? Hands in pockets, she is aturn, she does not have a husband! she is thin, she is a line, she is scattering, she is a sketch! a sketch! a sketch!

Many unfinished horizons together! in agitation.