

Duane Reade Vase

You are loose like change.

Too out of focus and he was loose like change.

You curve around life, vase-like, the nice grey kid who never gives up!

The kid who gave up too soon waiting for the subway.

New Yorkers, pile up in the, pile up in the mailroom.

Need in life is a vessel.

I still haven't found what I'm looking for, where the streets have no names,

Around my life, a leather watch band.

Semen in your hair. Curve around, gauze.

Old friends from the street, vagrant attitude.

Adding water to the vase allows my flowers to live a little longer.

The color used on the can of blood-orange flavored sparkling beverage

A line of clothing branded towards people who smoke cigarettes

Valet costs, the Duane Reade that fills your apartment
with all the cares of the world/

The motivation, the cause, and the special effects.

Sporting Patagonia, he did drugs
and wrote a book titled, Reading

Run fingers along rim of cup.
Adjust kern, fluff, toast, and broil.

Pocket dial begins a vibration,
beside my ass.

A word for relaxing that sounds like “sifting”
as a trust fund runs dry.

Earth 2 Angel
Maybe the color, or that shade but not another,
preference one over the other.

Lift u up, Lift u up, Light me up
That’s how we ball out

Wrapped up in the warmth of your feed,
I slipped on subway bleach,

the cement was demin’s gentle touch,
on my thighs.

Bogus color, walking with a rich limp.
And I still got my money.

An affair with a chair that curves around your life and spine,
togetherness with the designer’s treatment of your comfort.

A website about fashion.
The trickle down feeling of life after noon.

And a shadow that strikes
violet across the room.

Skim my ashes from the lust of a teenage couple fucking.

The weather inside and keeping cool
in the midst youth.

In the east river, a press release,
for an exhibition of paintings set in times new roman.

A sailor on shore leave—
your wrist watch is broke.

Cramp in the hand, masturbating softly until dawn,
to a movie with a slow pace that ends just as the going gets tough.

The acreage of Black Flag tattoos.
A tree in the hand is one in the hut.

Resourceful like clams, pleasant like clams,
a different kind of salad

Rap at my door like a bail bond,
I grew up to be rich, ATM and war-limp.