Concerning a Rough Sleeper

Skin soft stretched taut against clavicle bone

waistband elastic worn loose and string untied

my little raging rough sleeper bed sheets discarded

curled hair as a nest my hand perched as bird’s wing.

A little discretion text from your mother hand on my arm

feel not well feel very well aching as aching subsides.

Body against body I can taste copper on my tongue

finger tip against rib pulse felt and pineal nightmare drips

from leaky faucet my water is never warm it is always cold

do you want to be my fake everything my artificial lover

my hypothetical little baby baby never felt so comfortable in

repose like statue carved into sensuous fold and sinew.

Birthmark like spilled milk over left eyebrow isolated flaw

loving little thing spoiled little thing child made rotten by

shifting summer skins and trails of my haze smoke

Inhale to bitter lung bitter lung gives way to bitter heart

Eyes like vapor, touch like vapor, impermanent and lovely.