

I

the panama disease killed the gros michel banana which
tasted like the yellow confections.

there is someone who gets paid to paint flowers,

Who rides on your brain stem flesh,

Who clumsily deconstructs your anatomy,

Who lives in the hematoma timelapse, pure rupture. you,

it's ok to forgive yourself don't kill yourself

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the dance you're feeling is foolish and inelegant and
honest.
nothing has to end while doing laundry or watching
medical dramas.
there is mercy in something, lacquer covers twin sides in
earnest.
Who follows you in sleep, the steel door so precise and
brushed.
"when will things be safe?" from the logarithmic spiral of
a toothy
southern grin.

domestic fantasies so powerful you wake up cradling
consumer goods.

stories from a man in jail about being violent against
someone until they shit themselves.

waking up asking "where is justice?" hallucinating
indiscernible figures in

dish suds.

in a chant, alone, "there is a future," tautologically sound.

later, masturbating silently while circuiting your gaze in a
loop of the

woodgrain.

someone spends everyday in bed for eight years and
gets malignant brain cancer,
unrelated.

II

so complete the feel of wrist,
so too the walls swollen in the retinal shine
no one can see the swaths rubbing
in the space vibrating behind your eyes
no fingers can glide that thing
beyond the black cache hiding
there is safety in that glint of a
Nothing inside
a silent wink for Who?

the witness
cloaked in arboreal shroud
lithe the exit, lithe the absence
no one can see you here

the witness

where are you
i dream about you often
in my dreams you are ok

III

Who in the myelin glow said nothing,
stirring from the clonic dreams of safety, finally.
on an arm tapping absently in seeming encryption,
these fingers are unconditional syndicates.
Who witnessed the bacteria in unbroken recursion,
convoluting into a
terminal black,
exhausting.

“THERE IS LOVE IN THIS
FLUORESCENT MEDITATION.”

this germ mourning not
the pinkish lye
the quieting
the vacancy

Who sits in a room of prime numbers.

IV

these garbage bags are ninety-nine cents and fit most kitchen cans

these garbage bags have odor eliminating power from a sister company

these garbage bags are black and have yellow ties

these garbage bags are white and have black ties

V

never thought you could fall in love
until you met the man with neither
feet nor hands on the safety yellow
pentagon with the round head and
the nondescript briefcase, wishing
dearly to feel his arm on your arm,
wishing dearly to be like the round-
faced nondescript woman who also
has no feet or hands, to be haunted
by him as he hovers between two
parallel lines, like the nondescript
woman with neither feet nor hands