

H A R K H E R A L D

1 . o v e r t u r e f o r t h e b i r t h o f a d e n o m a s i n m y s m a l l i n t e s t i n e

(blind old mole)cule;
wake up on the floor of my room
i'm sweating into the carpet and my jaw's stuck
a new warm substance across my skin:
an oil, water will not embrace it

bio(degrader);
barium sulfate; rock salt; white wine
potion pulls the color out from me
renders the flesh into foil
a slippery translucent plastic, a ligation
clear enough to ga(u)ze through
see the contents of my bowels
see what needs to be done to me
to divine the next steps

auto(surgeon);
the world swells, bruiselike
grits of metal sand rolling
under my skin — embroiders the belly
they're breaking bread together
black meat is being cooked nearby,
fragrant, and i'm itching

prince con(science);
watch my hands work
watch them do their part
my hands are workers' hands, washer's hands
they're washing out the alembic —
let us be sprayed clean by peace!

2. *RSVP ASAP*

julie's got the cash out

the money comes so easy these days
fingers starting to stain before being noticed
(skin of hands worked into grain leather gloves)

“and how exactly are you going to make a living?” dad always asked
answer: pass it around until no one knows where it comes from

big black hound on the train — it won't meet her eyes
it rests its jowls on the sticky vinyl floor / snuffles at the door

why would queer boys wear collars when their dogs don't

owen takes the trash out

men in suits bleach each bank on the high street
suppose it's that time again

guts sucked to the smalls of backs
street-crossers cross streets at their approach
the last pigs in the pen

old women in the china shop
menthol cigarettes tangled in their teeth
sucking on black teabags
shredding buttered toast with their acrylics

always peel back the paper on fags you didn't roll
there might be sewing needles wrapped up inside

alex clears the cache out

something profane pressed against the other side of the glass
“it's just another one of those days...”

those missing girls they find sometimes in the squats
no one crossdresses for mother's love
we keep our spines hackled tonight

there's a medicine for each wound
one day, we will all be beheld