I used to steal pencils

from the public library.

You know, those little yellow ones?

I didn't do it on purpose.

I would just get home and my pockets

would be filled with the damn things.

Bath. 2006

It was the taste of smoke and the feel

of your hand making me long and beautiful

I was under the spell

flittering terrible, I turned

into seven thousand flowers.

the space between your skin and toe nails

was filled with dirt from drought, colored

like the shitty hot chocolate my mother used to buy

because it was all she could afford

and I loved it

because it was all I knew.

I remember the cigarettes and how

they made me feel so good and dirty.

You pulled up onto the lawn

fast and covered

in sweat, smiling that sideways

mouth of yours

and just looked at me.

we were already fucking. Inside,

my roommates were building a solar cooker.

Twenty-Something. 06/07

We are the late night shallow bones

holding each other up by the hard wires

that run the length of us.

We are aluminum and rubber spinning,

commuting from here to there

from somewhere to nowhere.

We are one drink from drunk,

a stumble to tunnel vision.

We are the early morning blinkers

hum drummers

sweating up basements, sucking down substance

spitting innards.

We are somewhere between the knees

and the next century

the lost and unfound, not yet sold

bottom of the barrel. We are the change

spent on cigarettes and booze

instead of toilet paper

the strings that stick

to calloused fingers

out of tune and ringing.

we are the highway at night,

the gas stove

left on lite

the hair clogging the drain.

We are hydrogen and helium,

gessoed and waiting

learning how much wine it takes to stain teeth

pitying sleep. We are the leftovers for day's misgivings,

freezing floorboards, the gnats that hover

over dirty dishes.

We are the graffiti on stop signs

looking for the right words, wondering if there's anything

to say. We are this same thought punched out

from the young bodies of our ancestors

eloping with disaster, ignoring hunger--

hardly aware.

Circadian Bee-Bop. 06/07

Fog! Fog!

Roll on in over

my bones, let me rest

find the slumber behind

my eyes, the dreams we forget

before waking.

My hands are dead

bathtub fingers, dead

shriveled under early light

I can no longer bear

to lay here with you

such a fool to throw off my clothes and think

you might wake from such fantastic sleep

hands in pockets of bed sheets.

I cannot write this poem

because it is the death sound

in your dreams

it is the moment before sleeping,

the warmest

day of winter but I'll try:

skin tongue sweat under cap

saliva-made bridges collapse

close, closer, nearer still

hands rich with thick

knuckles bend,

pop, push me

under,

press the skin onto bone into

malleable parts

dissect unwind lift

pick through the bits, now

sky arches under backs

head and feet meet

slow lull leaf

budding before fall

pound down under jeans in dark deep

release a kite from the third story window

curtain fingers bend to turn the chord

billow out of the hollow touch

dangled and ready for the final blow

Let's go

anywhere, I'm guessing

we'll wake soon

no longer able to trick ourselves

into the grind.

touch my toes you are

so soft. lets go, lets go, lets

go to the bedroom

where you will dream of me,

your grandfather's no-string guitar

in my lap, all of my hands

could not make it sing

tender, tender please take care

of me.

Manifest Destiny 06/07

It was in a drunken Germantown alley

that we decided to move to California.

I was nineteen in 2006 and I never believed

in purgatory before those months

working sixty hours a week

getting wasted every night

sleeping with a man from Birmingham I didn't understand

who's face was too stunning to stare at directly.

I didn't know why he wanted me.

And the only man I'd ever loved

found a diamond in the Marsh parking lot and moved west

while I saved in hopes to pay

one month's rent in a city 3,000 miles from home

if I ever made it there.

I remember swallowing a thick gulp

after watching Matisse snort a line of coke

off the wooden kitchen table at the house on Swan Street,

her eyes water as she shooshed me goodbye.

It was three weeks later that I had my first line.

No matter how much I drank

I couldn't get drunk

that last week before we moved

and the drugs just kept me up so late

that sleep became an act

and if it wasn't the cocaine then it was

Julian and I in the kitchen with the lights off.

I let him borrow my copy of Slaughterhouse five

with a secret request encoded inside

for him to come with me to California.

When his girlfriend handed the book back to me

at our going away party

I was ready to leave.

Amy and Damien sat on either side of me

at the end of the terminal

with their different ideas on leaving

and even though I didn't love him,

I wanted that man from Birmingham

to come running past security guards

just to kiss me goodbye.

I wanted all of my high school teachers

standing next to the plane waving.

I wanted my mother there to hand me the last blanket

my great-grandmother ever quilted

so I could finally sleep.

In flight

I became acquainted

with the curved nature of our planet

and learned that even if I squinted my eyes

I could never see the midwest from San Francisco.

fall

2007

I still don't know: am I a falcon, a storm, or a song?

I still don't know the smell of Oregon air or what its like

to fly over an ocean.

I still don't know if I have anything to say. I still

don't know if my words are accidental plagiarmism. I

still don't know if

I am a fraud.

A falcon makes me think of mother

A storm makes me think of earlier

A song makes me think of things that have tried to keep me from being

here and whether or not I should believe in signs.

Oh. I still don't know so, so much.

Falcon, cloak your wings around me

Oh darlin I want your talons in my back.

Spread over me, I feel the blood raining down on

the precious earth below.

I can sow nothing with that blood, Oh

I can sow nothing with that blood, only

watch it drip as you take me down

to your feeding ground

to your

feeding groud.

The scent of your hunger for meat

running under skin

through and through

I was always here for you

waiting, calling out

like a distant bell dropping a pearl of sound.

You could smell the substance in me

Before I knew I had anything to offer.

On Passing. 2007

Being ten must be like a firecracker

in space because

I can't remember it.

One of my parents must have been asleep

in the basement while the other

muffled cries on the porch swing.

I was somewhere inside

trying to find my genitals

with no way of predicting the weight

my hands might uncover and that one day

I would lose my virginity

too soon to the wrong person

on Hallowen night.

I thought that two houses might be nice, though

One for forgotten memories

the other for frail adolescence

I could box up the rest and leave it

at the backdoor

of the Goodwill store.

The year I forgot to buy her a gift on Mother's Day,

she lay crying in bed all day long.

The cat pissed in her hair

that morning and one of her students

committed suicide the day before.

I was busy wondering

when I would get my period and if it was too soon

to reapply my lip gloss.

I saw a ghost today

It vanished when I remembered the suicidal student

had an identical twin.

A other people walked by with other tragedies,

I wondered if when he tells someone his name

does he want to scream,

THIS IS NOT FACE!

THESE ARE NOT MY EYES!

I WILL TELL YOU NOW

THAT IT IS ALL A LIE

AND I LEFT WHAT WAS MINE

ON THE MIRROR IN EIGTH GRADE

IN MY FATHER'S BASEMENT

WIHT A PILE OF SEMEN STAINED SHEETS,

DIRTY UNDERWEAR,

AND ONE NOOSE.

ITS ALL ROTTING UNDERGROUND

SOMEWHERE IN MY HOMETOWN.

I recall these moments like angry girls

who enter the room covered in rain

with no idea how beautiful they are

standing there, dripping.

There was nothing that could have kept them together.

There is nothing that can keep me from thinking of him

everytime I see budding leaves

against clear late winter sky.

Let us leave archaic words behind.

There is nothing here

to hold us.

I have no story to tell.

Kyle MOTHER FUCKIN' White. 2007

I see all the movies, the songs,

the mirrors, the bands

of color that bent over your eyes.

I put them there late that night

in a bathroom filled

with people we once knew.

Drunken, tired, spun

about an apparatus for conveying water:

all that circuitry

bound in soil.

We paint the skin

to hide the things beneath.

Your new girl is beautiful

with so little hair, fat cells

mingling among those empty hips. No woman

would bear the weight of your treachery.

You say you've been drinking

everclear all day.

I saw you stumble

I saw your stumbling heart

among the ruins of my own

where feet met on tile

in a place where people shit

and clean up

in that room where

we painted our faces.

2008?

1.

It hurt too much

so he had to pull out

and I said,

so that's it?

2.

I fucked him because he had

green eyes

and it seemed right

until morning

3.

I sucked his cock and started

to put him inside me then he said

"I think

its past your bed time"

and he kissed me in the morning

he kissed me in the morning.

The last I heard, he got engaged

to someone he met a week later.

4.

It felt good that day

in my hometown where highschool heirarchy

still meant so much

When he put his arm around me

and our hips synched

as we walked into

the Target store

5.

Our first kiss was in the men's restroom

on the floor above mine

I kissed him even though I was

friends with his girlfriend

and it ended up

that his penis was too small

but he gave good head

we watched batman

in his dark bedroom and

he said I fucked

like a pornstar

6.

He had a great smile and teeth

he had no idea how attractive he was

and when I fucked him he breathed hard enough

to make me remember

that he was a virgin

and when he didn't come, I remembered

that i was lonely

In the morning

when he rolled over,

kissed my head and said

"I like you"

I shriveled up and acted like I was still asleep.

7.

Alcoholics fuck better

when drunk.

Kate. late winter 2008

You touched my back, held my arm

in your hands and told me

about the girl in France.

There was something in your teeth.

I knew from the strain

in your voice that you loved her.

I knew that you missed her and Paris.

We were down one bottle

of whiskey and wearing

sharpied mustaches

when we kissed.

I found something in you that night, atop brassiere,

above denim

before you got sick

and called for him.

2009

bowl.

that touch buried

in stone

is the haggard hand

pushing down upon me.

my skin, so porous

to the things you lay down and leave.

A drill bit

on your mahogany

dust gathers on skin

that stays still

i am still holding

this bowl. I wonder

when you might fill it or sip

from it, break it

or bury it.

Cold air sinks onto skin

that stays bare.

A tense twitch bends,

burrows

Take the birch

and make it work,

i've got a wheelbarrow

in my backyard

we have already died.

Aug 16th 2009

aaaaaaaaaah!

ah!

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!

I want to pull off

all the snaps on my shirt

scream til it hurts

take off my shorts

walk around naked

because THIS IS MY KITCHEN!

THIS IS MY FRONT YARD!

this is the wooden swing

swaying from MY oak tree.

Just let me be

looking up at the leaves

from underneath

you stroked my palm but POUTED

your lip when i told you

i was raped in Italy.

its been three months since i saw you last

long enough for me to forget our past

don't fucking pout your lip at me.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAH

aaahhhhhhhhhhhhh

give me a big open canyon

to pour all my sounds into

i want all my insides

out of me.

August 19th 2009

Queens

The radiator is leaking

the doors fought against us late

last night while Gabe talked too loudly

we sweat, eat breakfast pizza

all the jesus stuff needs to go

grandma chicarelli rolls over

i showered upstairs and feared

hopefully to see the ghost of a mother

who wasn't mine.

august 20th 2009

Queens

powered by magic

nothing to see here

if she shows off her beard,

she's winning

that was my wink, ya like it?

flower table box

fake flower garden

why did she put this in soil?

pink holy water sponger

dried out, how will you release me?

ok now i'm gonna take a picture

lets have that vintage New York

experience, so last year

there's the aperture on the left

four dollar botanical garden

a new pair of shoes

lets look at the old shit

on free days

and make sure the man in the subway station

is still breathing

August 21st 2009 Queens

Mother's Birthday, I won't be calling

the youngest girl in the book i'm reading

died today. i read the words on a lazyboy

and bawled while a song from the living room

threatened to make me fall in love

with everything, but its ok

because that's rule number 4

I wrote a promise on L'abri's bathroom wall

to keep fucking up

and that's what I plan to do

when I get home to you.

recalling mariah cary lyrics

august 23rd 2009

Queens

you're getting your lipstick

on that sandwich

the red stays

on the tomatoes

Ben hangs the chilis

in the kitchen

while we sit strange as clowns

in make up on our mouths

speaking of mary magdelynn mistaken

for the virgin

lets sing songs to eachother

and stay in Queens all day long

last day in Queens

August 24 2009

When I'm alone

with the remnants of slumber

strewn across the floor

trying to forget my parenthetical dreams,

i recall my feet among the onions

on the wallpaper in that small hot bathroom,

those bell shaped babies couldve been cooking.

zombies walk out of their cave stereo homes

while Al ponders Coney Island, a place

I imagine to be filled only with empty warehouses.

Jacqui speaks of her grandmother

from her half shaved head

she will be memorialized

this Thursday and every year following

until the whole congregation dies.

last night, on the way back from Brooklyn, Lauryn said

"You let go and I'll let go too"

Fall 2009

My dreams are the well from which I pull these words, nearly drowned,

they've forgotten theyre names. With swollen eyes and cum soaked thighs,

I revive them.

Oh I am still drunk.

Maybe because I'm still drinking, But there is half a thumb left in this

pint of Beam's Eight Star and why the hell not?

Its November 29th. My bills are paid.

Ryan's alarm clock sent itself screaming into my chest, dropping a stone

ripping to the ends of my body. After the shock wore off, I started

laughing.

"The last thing I said in my dream was, what the fuck is with all these

pubes on your window?"

June fifteenth the year 20ten

today i.....

opened strings in ryan's living room

almost fucked some more

walked downtown cuz my front tire is flat

hoped for tornadoes as the clouds opened

and closed outside of Rhinos'

glass windows.

walked home, harmonized with the warning sirens

got home, fucked myself with a pink dildo

ate a hot dog on pita bread with horseradish mustard

now its time to go to jaqui's show

but i should mention

the split open tree

its rotten insides

the soft bone

and that yellow sky.

june sixteenth 2010

we could not leave the bed

until we gave eachother hand jobs

to appease Morning.

There was a wreck on 37

just before we crossed it.

sweating, the driver screamed and cried

while crossing the interstate

in shock, but ok.

jacques watched her hypervenelate

as we rode over the glass.

when we got to the food bank,

my tires exploded both at once

from the heat or dry rot.

a dog named gypsy, a dark skinny boy named spit who i accidentally

called spic,

a piano we moved with his friend who's name

will always be yours.

Ryan had a breaking bag full

of dismembered dolls and a typewriter.

we walked that way

together down Washington St.

and when I got home

the doors were locked

because jacqui and abby were giggling

stoned inside.

june 24th 20ten

my asshole oozed this morning

cum, mine and yours

mingling with shit.

i wiped to find blood (the kind

mother will tell her friends is paint)

you left, i woke

with a jolt and frustrated

with nothing to say for half the day.

there was not enough paint, there was no surface

my hands did not work

so i napped instead

wrote a song about fleas

abby needed a release so we rode south further

than we'd gone before

my thighs disentegrated into

bails of hay.

curry, Katie

you are covered in paint

when i got home i thought

someone was trimming the bushes

at midnight

but it was you

punching your typewriter.

june 26th 20ten

why is it that its so boring to write about love but so exciting to

write about sex? kisses don't leave stains quite like cum does. but

something happened last night when you removed the ejaculate from my

face with your mouth.... i wished i was Greek with another word for

love.

it feels so good to let go of these things that once meant so much to

me. today i'm sitting in the front yard wearing a sun hat that showed up

at my house on the day of jacqui and katie's wedding. I'm surrounded

by crap or gold, a cat named maggot says "hello? hello?" at this yard

sale, i contemplate the history of objects. i sold my first guitar to a

man for ten dollars. he looked like Mr. Natural and told Al and I about

a man named Lee who used to own our house and worked for the railroad. i

hope that Lee fisted his wife on the kitchen floor and played bochey

ball in the front yard. i hope that he collected model trains and kept a

hidden box of beastiality porno in the attic off of my room.

"DADDY WANTS HIS DICK BAAAACK!" Evelyn says of her future family and

imagines coming home to her spawn who eat the scabs off their legs.

She had pelican beaks for bones

under that skin.

nearly bursting through the corners

of her bent elbows.

August 4th 2010

I can't see my hands in this darkness

Today I learned how to be a substitute

who fights bad blood with universal precautions

How did I end up eating three burgers

in one day?

And spend the rest of it not kissing Katie?

We solved the problems of binding

and made new spines

Listening to 90s rap music made me horny

After the electricity

went out in the storm,

we had to find the words or some batteries

I knocked over the Chuparrossa love candle

spilling red wax

all over my hands

I think I might pour it now

just to feel it burn again.

friday, august 6th 20ten

it started with a clutching of eachother's bodies

in the blank morning but stained

by the night before (having been

empty of transparent words)

i rolled over

riding, walking, learning covers

with kira

she'll be in antartica next week

i will remember singing folk songs i've never heard before

with her on a pink chair

it felt right to keep looking into her eyes

i sang the lows and she sang the highs

we'd switch sometimes

i'm not sure how or why but it

it made me feel

better.

soon i was catapulted into space,

dressed as a cowboy

covered in glitter.

i think it was Silver

who said, "i wonder if this is what

my future will look like."

but after many hours

of humping the air,

i had to go home

and sleep alone

cuz daddy's coming in the morning.

to be sung with Abby Mack

Fall 2010

no sex!

no money!

no job!

no honey!

I'm so, so happy

She said its gonna look like a hickey

I said it better leave a bruise

'cuz I can't stand to not have any proof

of all the pain I put myself through

no cigarettes!

no booze!

well maybe just one or two

oh how i've fallen

for you

the american flag i stole

was not flammable

the flame just burned little tiny holes

in all the fabric's folds

no sex!

no money!

no job!

no honey!

i'm so, so, so healthy

i'm so, so wealthy

And like tightrope walkers

we'll stand up on our bikes

just to feel a little bit taller

JUST TO FEEL A LITTLE BIT TALLER

Summer 2011

I write my polyamorous poem

on a bisexual page

today july 27th

twenty eleven

another wedding invitation

elementary school convocation

we fooled around with the basketball

in the food bank

but i went without dinner

and cried into this typewriter

sending a belated letter to Cooter

It will get to Montreal before she does.

summer 2011

I liked the way he looked in those jeans, so I layed him down and

blindfolded him so that he couldn't watch me as I rubbed my hands up and

down from his knees to the top of his thighs, that glorious spot where

things come together.

I felt nasty, I wanted to make strange faces, grit my teeth. I wanted to

grimmace and moan in the way animals do as they learn to survive.

I whispered secrets to his body, biting down on that denim, ripping it

open like flesh. i looked up, his lips parting into a shallow breathing

grin. he began to reach for me but i slapped his hand away.

'not yet'

traveling by hot breath, up and down his length, i began to slowly

unravel his clothing. he writhed in a quiet anguish for my mouth, my

skin. he wanted his body inside me, entirely.

'not yet.'

june 28th 20eleven

he came to the door(the door that opens to my room)

and knocked

when he said his name,

i thought it was

"Caddy"

ha. ha. hahahhaha

Caddy wanted a wine key

he'd bring me a beer

and when he did the Budweiser can had the special

july 4th holiday design.

He was our neighbor for a year.

we'd always wave from porches

but never exchanged more than a few words in passing.

i kinda liked him even though all my roommates

thought he was a creep.

last month, i went to an art show

and he was there in the back, standing next to his art:

oversized posters of women with their skin

replaced by glistening promotional meals

he was amazed, it was his first show.

when i told him i didn't have any cash for the cash-only bar,

he (impossibly) pulled a Budweiser tall boy

out of the inner pocket of his jacket and

handed it to me.

july 8th 2011

I'm under the water, pulling my ass down into my knees, pressure builds

up in that place behind my ears. It becomes a ball slowly filling with

air. when i come to the top, i take the deepest loudest breath, push it

deep into my belly and move my arms upwards through the water plunging

down once again into the deep end. it is amazing. i can feel myself

disappearing. all i can do is focus on breath. i breathe in when my head

pops out of the water and send myself plunging. then as i let out the

air slowly from my mouth, i become less boyant. i sink better. once i

hit the bottom with my fetal toes, i push back to the top. over and over

again. i can feel myself disappearing. i am so close, i am soo so close

to disappearing. it probably helps that i am stoned to bejesus at the

time.

chris was doing the same thing across from me but i was pulled out of my

space tank when i noticed that he was eyeing someone behind me. i look

and there he was, a man of nearly 58 bending over the water filter next

to the edge of the pool. He has a cigarette going, smoke peeling across

his cheeks.

I think, well we better acknowledge him or something, we're the only

people here!

"Ch-checkin the water?" i say

"Yeup, the pee-aightch"

"That's gotta be about 20% urine, right? hahahahahah!!!" the man didn't

even chuckle "...cuz its a public pool and... uh" I trail off and look

over at Chris. Oh no, oh shit. I think. Well I better just not talk

anymore because I'll say something wrong.

But! I thought everyone hated their jobs and harbored resentment toward

their bosses. I guess its probably different for the guy who's job it is

to make sure there's no piss in the pool. So I just stay quiet for a

while and swim about quietly, trying not to laugh too hard or say

anything weird. I'm pretty sure I'm whispering anything I want to say by

this point. After some time I feel better, and relaxed. I mean, this

guys just doin his job. He doesn't care about us, or the fact that we

broke into his apartment complex's pool.

"Luke used to live over there," Chris said, and instead of reacting like

a non-alien human being and saying "oh, weird, that's so close to our

apartment," or something like that, I say:

"EEEEWWWWWWUH! Oh my GAWD whyyyy?" Chris looks at me with this

I-can't-take-you-anywhere-stoned look on his face. My face curls into a

frown and I give up, collapsing under the water. I pull it together and

try to redeem myself by saying, "Weelllll, I guess if you're looking for

something you can really depend on, you know, something predictable..."

Just when things can't get more awkward, two guys come walking into the

pool with trunks and tshirts on, their flip flops flapping with every

step. They've got a case of beer and when they come into the pool area,

they say, "HEY Bob! How's it goin?" And sit down with him, before they

handed him a beer I think,

OOHH SHIT. They KNOW Bob. They know the pool guy. He's probably here

every day and so are they and he knows everyone who comes to the pool,

he probably does maintenance for the whole place and knows everyone who

lives there, who's allowed access. He's their friend and he's probably

security too!! I look at Chris and he's thinking,

oh-she-finally-figured-it-out.

We swim around tentatively for the next 2 minutes then decide to leave.

as we pull our chlorine soaked bodies out of the water (me in my black

one piece, untrimmed bush, and hairy pits and chris in his tiny mesh

speedo) Bob says from his pool chair, "Hey, if you ever come here again,

you better wear a swimsuit."

"Oh, this is a swimsuit." Chris yells across the water.

We walk out and on the way to the van I say, "They were definitely

checking out your package."

fall2011

SEVEN, THE CHARIOT

We are not far

but too near:

smoke billowing

from your left

palm.

out goes the dog.

salmon dog but black, she knows

it is raining

so she waits.

ramona, you are too

slow and soft.

charred from the iron

skillet, her baby

was solid gold.

Welcome Home to your

pricy near-westside

storage unit

always full of other people's things.

come and know they'll hate it

when ya go.

Fall 2011

sister, come to me

in the dark, please.

i've made the painting.

sister, cast a circle round me.

at dawn so that i might see

your transparent body.

mother saw you as a butterfly

i will see you as a moth

sister, stray further from me.

i wish for things

that frighten me

i grope for things

i cannot reach

to the black water, my hands sink

sister, i've been writing the great text

drew out my divine deck

carved into the wooden index

planted deep a glass-jarred hex

(stomach slows hollow

leaf falls to paw-paw)

my sternum, where the deer snout sits

& a raised freckle: the lighthouses

of my physical body

sister, i cast

this light that you might

follow it to find me. (Though I’m not sure

that I believe) I hope it is then

we will finally grieve.

Early winter 2011

one day i'll be a child:

sunk below a pile of leaves

hardened by cold night. they give

a quick prick melt after the soft stab sip.

one day i'll be alone:

no one left to spray with salt

or to trick with a feather and whipped cream.

one day i will be able to sleep:

a table beside the bed

a bowl filled with your hands,

severed just below the wrist.

forever

i sometimes wonder if people think i'm lame

for leaving parties early

but then i don't give a shit

because i know

that when i get home

i'll be eating snacks, listening to music,

and farting

a lot.