**How to Drain the Brachial Artery**

believe a man 27 years older than you loves you.

suck him off and moan with the last of the air

in your throat. do not breathe in after you swallow.

counterfeit 96.4 weeks of orgasms. wait for a kiss.

read your palms in the bathroom after you moan

with the last of the air in your throat. do not

breathe in. sever your love line. hemorrhage, but

do it quietly because you need to go back

and mass produce another orgasm in the sweatshop

that is your bed. the blood you fracked from your body

through the pipeline of your love line now sloshes

in the open cavity of your bathroom sink.

the man that is 27 years older than you is colorblind

so he calls the blood water and spits in it but remember—

he has a heightened sense of smell and knows this is not

water. remember. do not breathe in. take your bloodless

body back to bed and forget

you have a voice.

fail to understand that orgasm and sound are simply

vibrations passing through narrow and damp spaces

of the body. cause no drama. tell no one. take

your bloodless body to the bed and moan in a 2/5

time signature. call this music. make an album. win

a Grammy. when he pulls your hair at the root call

the not blood not water slicking your thighs

a mercy.

**Creation Myth #18**

How I was made: “I see you. You are a part of me.”

*The mark of greatness*

I don’t remember what I was before you what I was isn’t memorable

*is when*

you were worried I would go crazy.

I did. but I am not lot’s wife—I look and look

at the ruins (me) and do not die.

*everything before you*

I don’t remember how I was before you how I was isn’t memorable

*is obsolete*

what to call this: murder?

maturity?

I don’t remember where I was before you where I was isn’t memorable

*and everything after*

to survive I unremember: how to know, your unlistening

deadweight, a short film starring your ex & her nimbus of hair,

*you*

I keep: your hand under my dress in a movie theater,

your head on my shoulder in a movie theater, 28 snores

of perfume on my neck.

I don’t remember why I was before you why I was isn’t memorable

*bears your mark.*

all things question their makers—

if you did not love me, then why?