The sun shines out your asshole

and into my mouth. I'm promising you

an orange grove. The media promised me jet packs,

but I'm a trooper. Send me your prosthetic leg

in a loose cannon and I'll inhale it like a bouquet.

I will suffer an ignoble death

blindfolded before a steak knife taped to a roomba.

This might take some time. Doing nothing is the new

something. I spent a whole afternoon candying yams

over an open flame. They tasted like citronella.

I feel like a wet seed wild in the hot blind earth.

I feel like a boa constrictor that grows to the diameter

of the drainpipe and then stops growing.

From all the ganglia of desire I abbreviate:

This is my flower.

I've given it to you.

Try to imagine our skin in the future, the future city

freezing and cracking like a screen.

Vodka poached by water doesn't freeze. I'm onto you

but it's mostly funny. We haven't yet eaten all our reserves

in the luxury of an emergency party,

put the water weight of this storm on our bodies.

Imagine the future after the end of the economy.

I dug your bad heart

out of your chest

in a fit of young shenanigans

but you put it back wet and cold.

You can do something good when you're young.

The same thing older is not as good. This is how I feel

about my love. This is how I feel about my art.

This is how I feel. This is the state of things.

This is the state flower of Florida.