

#1

we can all be better off than he's Narrative Problem
we are all alone here's a carpenter who paints a
variety of trees we know very well there are many
different types of leaves on each tree we are sorry
about that our voices aren't loud enough to be heard
we are sorry we are sorry we have to come
to a solution i didn't mean to create this we
can't send back to us we could send back to
you we could send back we could send back to
those we can we't we could send back back we
could send
back we couldn't we can't we't we could send back
the sun bear we have to admit the world is

#2

'm not ready to say goodbye I'm sorry I'm sorry
I could not possibly be more thankful for your absence
I can only hope that today is your lucky day
I'm sorry for the distance between you and me I'm
sorry for the absence of answers Answer: I don't know
how to feel without limitations Because as your body fills
my body With joy And comfort You remind me I've
always felt my trustless I know this isn't a good
situation Abandoned Love Sonnet #1 I wake and find you
asleep, over the pillowcase. I wake and find you asleep,
over the pillowcase. Relapse Desire #3
Just like in your dream I'm pulling the wool over
my eyes. You want me to wake and say yes.

#3

a tall boy gets a new job at
a large blue gas station. and eventually the store becomes
a gas station. we want to know if that is
how it all started. a man holds a box of
quarters in his left hand. the box was supposed to
hold the keys to heaven. now he holds the crow
who found the crow in the kitchen sink. #5 we
are in the desert and need a place to stay.
the radio asks what is happening in the desert and
we ask what is happening in the rest of the
world. I don't have a way back to heaven. the
sun bear is not there to bear the forgotten book.
and the star fruit on the screen are not written

#4

I'll come back in August and say I want
to have a cup of tea. You're welcome here. When
I say welcome you're supposed to be thankful. I'm sorry
for my absence. My father, a tradesman in Birmingham, has
no fondness for whiskey. I'm sorry I'm not your father.
Your mother had your grandmother's body hanging from its sheath.
My father, who died in December, drank whiskey every day
for two years. My mother was a mother to two
boys. The only thing missing was an elephant. How could
I know when my mother died, I asked. At the
very last moment of my life I woke up in
a pile of
rice straws, a dozen bills in my pocket, and a

#5

how do you love the liminal spaces you see
in movies like The Hunger Games it's so easy to
remove the liminal space. The liminal spaces are not a
place for thinking. Consider: imagine someone says Well, it's fine
if I was there and she was sleeping in my
bed. Logically, the absence of an object is at least
half a story. It's hard to imagine the mundane objects
in which we live: the glass glass cabinet, the clinking
of batteries, or the tapping of the back of a
phone. Sometimes we are missing the other half: joy in
the absence of sadness: myself in the bathtub soaking in
warm water, and a bagful of mangoes on my hands
as I place them around my neck.