



# PROGRESSION IN FIVE

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S. S.  
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## I: The Band Wakes Up and Shares a Joint

This is my seat, or this is my birthright;  
the band is building up. Lord, to beat prices like  
husbands beat TVs - still I clump, still their  
hair comes out in clumps. Flavor's not things  
like hot or cold. And not everything is cold. This  
Sincerely,  
this isn't a tipping of the hat, it is some  
ambiguous sibling born where a G flat should've  
been played. Someday I will watch, as a  
country, head bowed and army bowing,  
while my children are slurped up like mongoose tails.  
I prepare endlessly, legs splayed in an aeroplane  
hangar, not disgusting alien language, where  
I know I am safe, and  
my security wards off blood pacts,  
running to unconditional chords,

## V: DYSTHANASIA

Always I said I'd love you always  
I always understood love as always  
  
The boy-nurse strokes my hair  
He goes to close the curtains, light blue and twill  
  
Dead honest I vowed my love  
yours til death do us part  
  
He imagines my body as Charon  
I imagine IV fluid as white wine  
  
Crystals of ice coat the hospital fudge  
sizzle where my lips meet his / hiss out to tongue  
  
If I had forever,  
would I have spent it with you?  
  
The boy-nurse unshelves me, sadistically slow  
(sun-white heat, red iron to skin)  
  
Not so gently, my heart takes a final clench  
Beats out thunderously into that lovelorn loveless night

## IV: i am an ocean, he is outer space

city of mirrors

country of size

he writes poetic, writes sick  
writes it is these and i size myself  
up to the city for him

at work i speak only to the camera

i have

no answer to “and you?”  
if my manager is starving,  
i slip her portions of my thigh

सो ऽहम् i know

सो ऽहम् i have always known  
he calls me at dawn; i rise to pray;  
he exiles god to my aortic valve,  
far away from love

i have mind with which to convince,  
or train to swoon and breed  
at night, the universe balloons to  
fill me  
through stoic moon, i sun

## II: frustrate by making foolish

I picked this up boy, listen

I picked up this boy

The type of boy you could fold up and  
put in your pocket, young master  
masquerade boy

He tells me all the coolest guys live in  
underground cellars, and the coolest of  
the cool don't even know what a mirror is

We spend burner days, hark hard, speak of heaven as a place mid  
hills where we can run around naked and free of Aligherian storm

He knows karma, he is caught by;  
so even when he leaves he won't miss  
it. All the worthwhile parts were his, and  
turned their backs when he turned his.

Today I durate old strings, pray he  
sees these perfect pictures of me, pray to maintain  
eye contact as floes drift and pair. When he turns  
the second page, negative space faltering,  
understand signs of aging and all of  
God's mistakes remain.

### III: Porchlight

He smoked twin flames. He burned his lips for fun.

Fauré is playing in the room now, and he  
asks me why I'm sitting in silence. (Now  
he asks.) Isn't anything going  
to play? (Babe, isn't Fauré on?)

honey we have hunted hundreds  
cathartic, comfortable  
your eggs in Saint Laurent, sea-flower pulsating  
this week or the next I serve and eat my sons

molten shed she'd say she said  
"since we're kids we only speak  
of the future / but tomorrow we'll  
dine on the past"

well honey my love! (hurry my love)  
my words are words not webs  
I share your blood; if not by God, at tea  
we share a bed with flies that no longer fly

charred scars arching, she howls, then hums  
"leave the chalias on, with  
caution / this life feels shorter  
when I picture it with you"

in law, our families have never killed a bug  
but when wings are clipped and  
homes are made, microsleeps are borne  
of virtue. we grow as I do and die as she will.