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SCARECRONE

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SCARECRONE

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Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts of the City College of the City University of New York.

DARK POEM

Today I sorted all-beef knockwurst
in bags of sauerkraut.
They were ancient knocks
too old for our humanity.
One small girl ate a fat knock
until she vomited light.
I watched her vomit in the dark
and felt I was owed a dark poem.
I kept saying *daughter daughter*
though I could never be a mother.
Light is every rainbow color.
I offered her my dark arm.
A poem kept us company.
It was dark as evidence.
Poetry is not evidence,
it is and it is not not not.
Somebody is lying
about the moon disappearing.
I offered her a cherry cola
to help her vomit darker.

THE SAINT FRANCIS PRAYER IS A TALL ORDER

Mostly it's hard to believe
what matters is in your heart.
I'll remember for an hour.
I'd like to tell god what god's will is.
I'd like for god to make god's tongue
really fast and gentle on my—
sorry if this isn't scripture.
I tried / I'm tired
and I ate up all the begats.
To be a saint is to be courageous
about the pursuit of what?
I have a pretty mouth.
Meet me at the black clock.

DONUT

Thirsty for milk and humping
god's knee till god feels like a doll
passed from suffering person
to suffering person
in the therapy circle
at Dr. Strangelove's house.
I have never loved in a way
that wasn't gorged or object-y
but am getting better
at praying for all humankind
in the dawn before I eat
Mecca. No god wants to be
an old man with balls down
to his knees and I don't either
I don't think. I waver because
you shouldn't just fill one space
with the unclarity of another.

**THE OTHER EXISTS AS A PERFECT
EMBODIMENT OF YOUR DESIRE**

A separation of the speaker
from herself across time
so I am me who is no one
in black velvet hunched over
carnations. I want a hot shaman
to sew my lips together and say
HEAL. When a man is just a head
it's intimate. I'd love to watch
your head suck a big tank
of holy water. Instead my eye
is crying into a plastic cup.
It doesn't matter if I search
or stop. The house is going
to levitate or it is not.
No medicine man ever
told me his secret. I drew
a heart myself and licked it.

I'VE LEARNED A LOT BUT NOT MUCH

People are still fucking
and we haven't invented anything better.
I don't read *The New York Times*.
When I fuck my beloved I pretend it is him
as a young man. When I fuck
a young man I pretend it is me.
I think I might be doing something wrong.
Let me be a saint among humans
is a dumb prayer anyway. Beat myself up
with a feather maybe. I am waiting
for a stray kitten to scratch this whole place down.
When my beloved says a stray kitten is wandering our block
I come running with deli meat crying *BE MINE*.
I sit beside a parked car for two hours in the night.
The kitten comes close. He looks into my eyes
to see who I am. He sees that I adore him
but I will not see him. He steals
a piece of meat and runs off
in the dark. At midnight it rains.

TROMPE L'OEIL

I really love your work
the way it is nailed by its wrists
to a cross
I mean to say
the way it gushes from nothingness
but words make a meal of me
chomp chomp
and isn't it Jesus
everybody is buzzing about
the way he was not wearing
a microphone
and did not own a camera
to self-record the curtaining
of himself
as he knew himself
tremoring up there on the grain
how did he wait for it
I cannot imagine
I can only make a small map
of my fingerprints
which are your fingerprints
and a roof
which is a human roof
and tell you
how good it is
to have a roof
before the sky

A PREOCCUPATION MAY BE SHARED

I saw time fold into a careful of women and they dropped their cunts like husks.

I'm afraid of turning purple.

I don't want to hear any alarms under my hair.

O sanctus sanctus sanctus varicosis-minimus lolitas roseus coralus salmonus tightest pinkest
jonbenet jonbenet jonbenet.

PINK - 1. Pale red. 2. The highest degree. 3. Prime. 4. To prune or trim. 5. Beefcheeks' maiden
voyage.

There is no need to be pink when another woman is already pink.

Jealous women jealous me into being jealouser.

If I soften I get to meet Joan of Arc.

We snow into an ashtray til she asks whose ashtray is this?

You must learn to love all the women.

I am proud of my me in Joan's hair tonight.

I am proud of my no-game.

The universe hums the theme song from Platoon but so what?

Well ok I care.

I will maybe stop being of service to illusion.

I am interested in the ways that numbers fail.

Heaves of mourners form villages around the dead numerals.

At the funeral I finally find my eyes.

The game of my small coal needs drops down.

I am defrocked by prayer emergency.

The nudity is a wholesome pyre.

FANTASIES OF PRIVACY

Have I ever thought that I am evil and I want too much?

No, I am going to make a man pork chops and the chops will be a cinema of compassion, but of that piggy?

I am writing no promises on any walls, I want to be beholden to no creature, responsible for no breed, I am a number and I did not ask to be bred, I never said *dream a little dream of me* that was your very own volition.

I do not know the *you* of whom I speak. But I have an asshole that must be kept clean and it is enough of a punishment.

I am very sad today about this and other musks as I hear myself say *where are the pork chops?* at the grocery.

Do you know how to laugh at teenagers? Watch them shine and then fade like propaganda in their neon sunglasses.

SUTRA

Be alive briefly. Let the light love you
till you can something something.
Puke a little to try and make meaning
but you are no creator
only the want of more time
only no sun and an egg
and nothing is coming
to rescue you from the cosmos.
The cosmos is vomiting all over
your legs, upchucking black blood
and cosmic upchucks suck, they don't even make
fun sounds, just coughs, so fuck that cosmos
and its lame gushes. Fuck its vagina.
The cosmos made you without your consent,
coughed you out then stuck you in a bow
and what a gift, a gift to be regifted,
a gift that will annul itself for stars.

MUD RUSH

I have new commandments to help me love the wilderness
First commandment: never leave the wilderness
Make a fire or beget an image

I beget the fallen angel Azazel
We are kissing in a ditch
He cries for banging up his mother's heart

Every woman is the same woman
Azazel's mother is his wife
Who am I?

I can make tattoos out of berry juice and sticks
I tattoo crosses on Azazel's fingers
I make them so they look like anchors

Azazel sinks his anchor fingers in
I turn sapphire blue
His hands will not stay hooked

I stuff my holes with sticks
Then I burn down the wilderness
I burn mosquitos and flies

I burn wolfshit and trees
Azazel begins to choke in firelight
In this way he rises

DIRT NAP

Azazel's dead body rose
because Azazel was never
alive. I am alive
and this is also about me.
Highly sensitive persons
are angels. Let's give a shoutout
to softness. Humans please touch me
until I grow an adapter.
Fetch my dopamine blanket,
the moon is in Aries
is in crisis. Azazel rose.
Azazel was colored bright orange.
The nozzle they twist on your lips
when you die makes your spirit
arcade off its hinges.
The body turns colors
that a spirit underneath
your spirit always wanted
to be. Azazel was
cantaloupe. Azazel was
tangerine. Break my spirit
I say break it now on a grave
or over the edge of
a casket. You will see it
was only a blemish.

POEM FOR MY SON

I am giving birth to a 22 lb baby
on the cusp of pisces and aries.
I will pretend he is taurean.
We know with salvation
the sex of each child we carry.
We know what we want.
I exhale the word *Avram*
to breathe him into form.
I pour snow on his chart
to divine a life of civil service.
He will Mary Magdalene
all the brides on earth
in the space between their legs.
He will shoot them up
and walk them down a pink aisle.
Bridal headaches will fortell
reality beneath their veils.
They will stay brides for two years,
then pay curfew to ooze.
My nurses twitch in purple scrubs
awaiting baby Avram.
They drink purple kool-aid
and eat powdered donuts.
They pour kool-aid in my mouth
to hurry out my breaths.
They pray over my gown
and I suckle on the donuts.
Cast out of my zodiac
for smelly food and coarse dreams,
I was born a virgin.
I am proud to be
so delicate a mare today.
Take care of me I say
like it is nothing.

THE PURPOSE OF RITUAL

When you fled I disappeared
into the abscesses of my brain.
We are both impulsive humans
and perhaps my disappearance
was premature. To reappear
I had to grow younger. I began
consuming images of boys
at a very rapid speed, never
their bodies just reflections.
I distorted all the mirrors
in mucus, oil and blood.
When I say that I consumed
I do not mean that I ate the mirrors,
only that I stood beside the boys,
dowsed the glass and incanted.
I chanted *you love me you love me*
to 3000 boys but none said yes.
What does it mean to be so sick
with want that you create rituals
which lead nowhere? Only to be
human, I think, and less ok
than animals. I don't want
to be human anymore
so I have covered the mirrors
in blankets. You returned to me
but never uncovered them.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER NO IT'S NOT

Obsession is my weather forecast.
The object keeps raining.
Shut me up with a computer.
Give me more than my share of you.
Revolution is coming for my pillow.
Can you make the revolution come fast?
Throw me in an unmarked van with my leather shoes.
Talk to me about free thought.
I am frightened of revolution.
I am frightened to be seen through the eyes of a dog.
So boring boring and full of black instruments.
The instruments pixelated like yours.
We are fucking in an unmarked van.
Only one flame of eros gets lit.
You try to choke me and buy me a seltzer.
I choke on the possible air.
Porn is the weatherman.
You change coats again again.
Talk to me about free love.
The revolution will change me for five minutes.

VISIBLE WORLD

I bang
my forehead
on a thing
then go oops
the sky
it looks like
sheet rock
or a joke
it is
the sky
I am
waiting
on a stroke
maybe
chandeliers
up there
magick
is for people
who do not
believe
it all
is already
here
when
they build
a lab
that burps
goodwill
I will
worship
science

ART

What I am saying is doomed:
men in tunnels running headfirst into trains
with grins on their faces.

Mother says
*make sure they love you
more than you love them.*

Men lay out the wine and incense
for my memorial service
on a \$90 art book. Rizzoli.
I wanted there to be no wine
but I am dead.

I sleep on my hair like a wolf.
I knock against the shells
of cicada-men.

Have you ever crawled inside a shell?
It is the end of an image
you projected and adored.

The image was ripe
and full of protein
but people kept mouthing
the word surrender
which you must have heard
because you killed it.

I killed a pinkish man.
I popped the bubble of his head
with a safety pin.

This released a ticker
bleating *you you you you*
and all the ink
that poured from his mouth
I had written.

REMOVE OBSTRUCTIONS SIMILAR IN SIZE

What are you looking
in the water for?

I am looking
to fall in love with
my opposite. Narcissists
are on their own side
so that is not me.

I would be a sensualist
if there was no such thing
as numbers. Get naked
it's too much to count.

Hang me upside down
over the water
as a waif

whose pubic hair
is back in style.

Give me a year as her
to fuck who I want.

I will invent
a new style of fucking
called fuck-your-wish
and still feel nothing.

Who would you be
with no body?

Fire. Next wave
make me fire.

ASK TO BE RESEATED

Dirt coat blankets the universe
and I pillow asteroid
with pervasive sense
an explosion is missing
rejection-sensitivity
soothed by palm trees
Pantheism
nice trip to CVS
vanity reasserts itself
when pain subsides
I could build a theater
around your head
perform the violence island
I was never taught to latch
I was born
Latching

JUDGEMENT

When the shaman comes to town I try to hump the shaman
I try to hump angels
I cannot untouch sublime beings

My guardian angels are mine and all for me
When they leak they leak me
Still there are cracks between us
And you have to fill up cracks with candy

If I am not allowed candy I use my body
If I am not allowed my body I use the internet
Television is going to deliver me from the internet
The angels pray over my screens

My angels are probably lonely
Also disillusioned with me
I have always felt the presence of a disappointed being

The shaman says I am not dead
I am definitely dying
I am already digging out of my coffin

I dress in cicada skins
I go bright blonde
Above me is the blonde angel Raphael
And I try to make the blonde angel french me

The blonde angel has a thick tongue
He wants to talk about healing
The violence no one has done to me

Every violence I have done to me
When I leak I leak me
What was so hell that I violenced me?
There were 80 years of candy magick after all

There were also beautiful horses
There were cracks in all the horses
When I stuffed their mouths with candy they turned to rotten

I made candy luncheons in the pasture
It tasted very desire
I poured cherry soda into all my cracks

Tell the angels to give me sugar
If they do not want to hump me
A supreme being should heal me
But only for forever

PENELOPE AND ODYSSEUS

Penelope is waiting and she is wet.
What else do we know about Penelope?
Is she braising a lamb shank to lure Odysseus?
O yeah, a lamb shank, it makes Odysseus wet.
His stomach grows heavy but he still can make rain.
He rains down on Penelope and dissolves her.
Odysseus and Penelope dissolve together.
Their stomachs are very heavy but they fly.
They fly around the whole world over every ocean.
When they fly over the deserts Odysseus laughs.
He feels he is the wettest juiciest lamb shank.
He believes he will never be dry again.
Odysseus will have to make rain again.
Odysseus will have to make rain again and again.
Odysseus's face becomes a black desert.
He asks Penelope to leave the sky.

PROTRUSION

I hold my legs
like two chicken drumsticks.
I could rip them off.
I am capable
of nothing
but black words
on a white tongue.
God gave me a red tongue
and only god knows
who god is.
Build me a priest
gushing off
in the moonlight
with fishies that go
for a night swim
so I with open mouth
praying over
a dead rose
can gulp
that ocean butter up
and swell
like a baleen whale.

THOUSANDS

He is told to send a lock of hair
but instead sends a dossier
full of charts. There are bullets,
vectors, single choice answers.
No questions. On every page
appears a yellowish husband.
The husband is a sick man.
I want the diagram-sender
sicker. I want every man
fainting in a reservoir
of contaminated water.
I have black chrysanthemums
in each hole and a gypsy smell.
My climax shakes the basin.
I hold out one hand for every man
but I'm looking at my snake.

TRANSCENDENTAL CRITIQUE

As always there is schism
between skeleton
and never asking for a skeleton
tearing around the kitchen.
You enter with biscuits
and each contains a gemstone
that tastes like its color:
ruby is cherry,
pink tourmaline pussy.
The word for wish is *want*.
Knowledge gets us what?
Not enough biscuits.
Sick dogs sniff each other out.
I build an oven over your mouth
and set the door on fire.
Grunts are still possible.
Let's corpse.

POWER ANIMALS

What kind of words do hawks use
my husband has a busted lifeline
a hawk beats its wings over his palm
squawks *make it grow make it grow*
these are words hawks use without fear
my husband is deaf to feathers
I wave at him with my arms

*

I put my arms into the bed
and dig up my husband
we go to a mansion
that is a glass-interpretation of a log cabin
we are not wealthy enough to enter the glass door
a hawk flies us through a window
and the hosts are delighted to have a poet in their circle
they make me give a recital by the glass fire
then they shoot my husband with a glass rifle
calling me derivative
as he bleeds all over their glass sofa

*

Wealthy women ask me where my baby is
I point to my dead husband
they ask *where is the jaguar on your jaguar*
I say *I have an alligator*
the wealthy women want to go to Rome to eat
I only eat frozen things
I ride my alligator the wrong way down a one-way street
my husband lies in the street
he begs me to bury him
I say *no*

*

A crow issues the call:
do not fuck with this one
she will turn you into bad art

*

(BAD ART HORSEWISH INCANTATION)

Horse farm horse farm
cottage with ponies
stallion bungalow
thoroughbred yurt
will work for mares
no skills
muck girl
dead meat
die in sleep
cowboy fantasy
magick forest
crystalline dream
unicorn
getting better
spirit horse
h e l p m e

*

Horses are under my pillow
they are made of words
you can assemble a mare or a stallion
you can make the bedroom have an ocean
I ride an Arabian down the bedpost
and nod at my dead husband
who is rotting on the carpet
I say *make it grow make it grow*
he says *no*

HOW TO GIVE HEAD TO A SICK PERSON

I am going to grow you from a bean
and anything that I grow shall be mine
I will suck you from a bean
and I will suck you into a horn
and I will spell out i a m h e a l i n g y o u
I will do it with my tongue
this is not all I will do
but it is the last of my words
there have been so many words
falling over us like paper cutouts
there has been great disappointment
but here we are now
my elbows jut like strong wings
I am a very strong girl
look at what a woman you have
I am the priestess of resurrection
though I cannot make your body strong
I will make your heart loud
your heart is already so brave
you have given me so much power
you are my mother and my father
I am your dog and your daughter
look at how we are still alive
the clock is dead under the floor
and you go in the dark cavern of my mouth
and you go in the dark recesses of my mind
and you go and you go and you go and you go
and you go and you go and you go and you go

CHIME

Opening my deathclock I step into all the best brainwaves:
orange, vacuum, multivitamin, spider, clone and door.

The scent of ancient sex hives my clock
into a chamber of heady musk.

Chicken fearful flees the premises
releasing every horse I've tyrannized.

When comes wisdom? There is such a thing
as too much too fast, but monks gather in
and say *it is true*. Some battery
manages to map all the holiness
of earth in a ticking. Ancestors smack
their lips chanting *you delicious you*.

Now I believe
there are 6 billion hands
moving at different speeds
in a deathclock warehouse,
one for each of us.

POWERED

A lamp powered by blood is called
a miracle and a legend
powered by blood is called a church.
I am not against anything
not even infinity I
just don't want to be made to watch.
My consort's head is burning hot
so I take it off. This is not
how compassion works but it works.
What of next? Next the headless man
and I go dancing on a death
til we're dumb dumb dumb and blonde blonde.
Oh how I love a dumb blonde neck.
No universe tells it to stop
and put an apple in its mouth.

BLUE AND GREEN HOUSE

I am in a house
I can see the sofa from here
There are no pictures
He owns all the windows
There is no mother in the house
All the clocks are dead
Curtains are a reflex
Dinner is cardboard
I want to lay quiet
In a bowl of batter
I want to shine His hands
With my hair
He begins to cut
He saws and grunts
And takes off legs
My mouth is gone
I am too loud for a mouth
I am too wet for a crown
Every wire hangs
I spark and spark all over
The dog is burping dogshit
He loves and loves his master
I am afraid
Jesus is a man

THE GREAT

This is a conversation.
I am conversating with The Great.
Though I know no perfect talk exists
and if it does I will never talk perfect.
I talk with snow in my mouth.
I talk with snakes in my mouth.
There are many greater mouths than mine.
Can we still be friends?
Volition me to The Great!
I seek in garbage doors.
This strange seeking is not without reason
for The Great has made a million dark and slimy charms.
My palms are full of slimy cargo.
I am carving my way to The Great.
I am carving through my slimy body.
When it breaks The Great floods in.

WHO LIVED NONE OF HER ADULT LIFE

My dear cult following,
I am releasing none of the boys.
Look at all the painkilling dicks.
Jesus wanted barbiturates.
When you write my history
tell your professor
it was never about the fucking.
Tell him I was sedating a clock
and knew no better fumes.
God was moody. I was moody.
The rain came and made us clones.
When god starts humming
I'll start humming.
I will go to dinner like a natural woman.
Boys are growing up on videos
and mannequins that don't need pins.
I want to be there for them.
I want to be them.
I know I know.

INFLATE THE SLIDE

Trade a man
who loves you
for language
I am addicted
to my thoughts
when our world
blows up
there is a pink bed
and two girls
sitting crosslegged
in pink smoke
meditating
on my dick
they feed him
strawberry yogurt
he gives them
chimeras

IN SERVICE OF DEMONSTRATING LIMITS

I have learned to love all the women
so you can call me a mystic now.

I have stopped dodging abysses
so you can call me a martyr.

Still a hellion lives in my organs.

How can a prophet help anybody
if she has not pissed all over herself?

You have to keep pissing up
if you are going to help anyone.

Attach the first draft of the abyss
to the edited abyss and pray.

My drunk god got drunk on tamales
cooked in kerosene. I am still praying.

The thicket before the windows
to the soul is fun. I wish god
a slow recovery.

WHEN I HEAR THE WORD SERENITY I THINK DOPED

I am told to sit and wait for it
in the liturgy of moths
like there is even a choice
like if I called it would eclipse
my sad sack of dark words
no it would not
no it would not
every time I called it came
but not like a thunderhead
not the lasers I expected
always peoplewords
or some piece of person ripped sideways
sideways spirit
below as above
and no one is watching
but please believe it cares
I must believe it cares and cares
as hurt dots the sod
let my tongue unravel
to lick a milky cord
even as I waste my minutes
let me cream the cord
right to my heart
with syllable and spit
though it will never be what I want
and I am going to have to resemble me
as I came into this desert
broken up
and full of bones
like the universe is too big
to be seen all at once
like the whale was already written
like ok there is a light
but I cannot feel the nod
I will not get to feel the nod
and if I feel the nod
it isn't it

DECOMPOSITIONAL METHOD

You make graveyards in excess and memorials
for bent stems
but I will know you post-bones:

no chill, no torturer, no hell, no
cold morning after sweaty dream,
only one dream

and one absolute: sky pukes light.
Remember
how the cars looked like toys in Massachusetts

on the hill you and Joshua
you felt you floated?
You were correct

so out of your mud bed
under the corncobs
my dream dreamt your bed to begin with

I promise
it's good
the end.

THE NATURE OF OUR CONCERNS

This is a fire, a fire of learning
to die. Oil the fire with no objects
specific to one generation
just a pyre of sitting
in the collected whispers
of all who have lived. Allow them
to frighten you with their having passed
and still keep sitting. Don't reach
for any clothes or tattoos,
you are always naked anyway
and yes you do
have angel wings
that grow heavy with love
sometimes. Love is all the time
if you are quiet. How much
are you quiet?

SKY MALL

There once was a sky full of boys.
Gravity is a vile invention
when time owns the ground.
Every field is raked with clocks.
Turnips wave a white flag.
Potatoes are bombs.
I explode them in my mirror
to fly the glass.
I fly to the leopard coast.
Sophia Loren is old and dull.
Dig, she says.

LIGHT OPERATION

Flying a spaceship
through a canyon
splinters the ship
and cracks the canyon
I am looking
for officers of light
I wave a candle
in a cave
but no one is there
to reflect me
the opposite of light
is making mirrors
out of men
they look like suns
I find a man
and lay him out
on the nose
of the ship
he is ablaze
in the face
of my curvatures
of mood
he is no aurora
but I am
ultraviolet
I give him back
to his world
purple

LETTER FROM A CRONE

When you get old the autumns come
bearing black pistachios

which are not more delicious than green ones
but they are good enough.

Do not forget you can find your way home
by saying *thank you I love you help me.*

Put the note in god's bra

and poof you are in your nucleus
with big dreams again.

You were despondent
when you were no longer young

but now you are hooked up to an engine.

THIS ACTIVITY IS NOT AVAILABLE

A fire ritual
burns hot little graves
for my electrons.
Sear those electrons
I don't care, my womb
is wordless anyway.
Once I picked out names,
girth, necks, the color
of their irises.
Last of the line, last
of the line, I'll wear
my dust like petals.

HAUNT

When I was born
a man died wheezing
to make room for me
on the green islands
over the ocean.
I see him in the mirror
and repeat
I did not choose
still a choke
grows inside me
so brittle it is a bush.
I don't want to see any more
of god's green factory.
Trees are a trigger
as are vines.
Anything with petals
must be zapped
look how the grass
grows in knives.
Vitality comes
with too much skull
and an evil rose on its lips.
Lace may be safe.
Daisies
are off limits.

SELF-PORTRAIT AS SATAN

My wings are made of garbage
At least they can be touched
I want you I want you
Especially the old and ugly
Take these bottles of Ensure
And tubes of cherry lipstick
These are my demon breakfast
And my red red hooves
It is better to be satan
With half-trash filling
Than try to stuff your holes with clouds
Lacerating on your nails
I once stuffed my holes with halos
Until honey dripped down
The honey smelled like village women
Full of want and feces
Village women screaming out for anything alive
I shut them up with jars of eye cream
And a plastic head
I gave them eggs of pantyhose
And a melting cathedral
I gave them black snakeskins
And menstrual sponges
I gave them sainted men
With semisoft dicks
Making it hard
To feel totally fucked

I GIVE A CONVINCING SERMON

I give a convincing sermon. I say *The body is a coat. It is a very dark and heavy coat but worthless.* Mother Mary nods from the pews.
If I give Mary all my atoms she will plant them in a garden where ripened women relinquish their bones to make room for littler women.
It is dangerous to grow accustomed to a garden.
Just when the flowers soften you, they disappear.
Then you are a weepy fern among skyscrapers.
I don't want my soul exposed like that.
Neither can you make a garden stay. Don't even try.
Every plot becomes a dark city over time.
I have collected many dark ideas over time.
I have so many ideas they are a second coat.

MULTICURSAL

I am walking alone
through a dark forest.
I have to stop for each rock
in my chest or else
they grow bigger than me.
Caked in ribs the rocks
of desire are hot
for inappropriate
trees. These rocks have burned
a long time. I stop
for 21 seconds
each time. I am only
allowed 21 seconds
or the trees will kill me.

VENTRILOQUISM

The gap between motherhood
and no motherhood
is grip. I wield my eggs
against women who have
dried up. Mine will dry
on a river rock. Punish
my future body
for taking the river
for granted. Hold my
palms up to the Goddess
and say *Tell me what to do.*
If the Goddess wants me
knocked up I'll be a fish. If
she wants me in the river
I'll be wetter. She calls me
daughter. A man becomes
an infant in my lap.

POMOLOGY

I was in the garden with a strawberry boy
He pulled me to his ribs
I had twelve
He put his mouth on mine
I could taste his strawberry breath
I said *you love me*
Into his mouth
He said *ok*

I had an egg
My egg contained a coil
And in that coil a corpse
The egg was looking for another coil
To wrap itself around
And crush the corpse
Until bones spit out

The strawberry boy
His mouth on mine
His tongue coiled down my throat
Into my bowels
He plunged and plunged
And found the egg
Where his tongue did a waltz
Crushing up the corpse
Emitting bloody milky smells
Pink milk or skim blood
So delicious he blew bubbles

Then his thrill was quenched
He pulled his mouth off mine
His ribs apart from mine
But by his tongue he dangled
Like a crashing bird
Strung up from my guts

HAUL

Hello porn video. Hello scarecraone
on the train. You know we got old.
The young are devils in our dream.
They are made of rotten sugar.
We are holding onto one car
and the car is named *tight
like a baby*. Call me
tight like a baby.
Clarity is a wart.
You see the warts
on my face? Eat them
retrospectively. Save me
scarecraone. The condition
of my face. I ate
the world and I ate
the world. It tasted
like a bandage.

HIP OLDER FOR YOUNGER

Dark piano enters as ode
to maggots. Maggots
rise with streamers
to my skull. Boyfever
eviscerates maggots
through magick
breath of pizza
no ash. I rain ash
on boy sunglasses
to deceive his eyes.
Why don't you give me
a kiss? Why don't you
give me a tomb? Look
it's a funeral procession.
Don't bring a baby here.

TOUR

My heart has nine chambers.
One of them contains
a mirror. The other eight
I do not remember
ever being inside.

HOPE THIS HELPS

We need a loving grownup to give us advice
and that loving grownup is the universe.
Who wants to go to the fucking universe for help?
You can't touch the universe
or kiss its mouth
or stick your fingers in its mouth
though sometimes the universe works horizontally through people
and I like that.
A human channeled the universe
when he said I was milk.
The human said I was born milk
but then grownups poured in lemon juice
which makes sense
because I've always felt like rotten cottage cheese
and I've been running around the planet
like I don't want to be this
when in fact I am milk
and was always milk
and will always be milk.
I don't think this is a story about blaming grownups
for the ways we are ruined.
I think this is a story about knowing what we are up against
mostly ourselves
and what our essential consistency is
which in my case is milk
and in your case is milk
you are milk you are
milk you are
so milk.

PIONEERS OF ESCAPISM

My name is entertainment, chemical father
of the low-grade search for namelessness.
In the end I just exhaust. Picture Moses
thrusting into a river. Everybody wants
to be dissolved. Jacob jerked himself off
into a coat. He wiped his palms
on a pink triangle of sand. He was still
Jacob. He cursed his veins. In space
you get to stick it to eternity, he thought.
If aliens were watching they laughed.

MYTHIC

California is vacant
because I am
there.

I brought my holes and all the men
flew up inside.

What got left behind are women
who will save me.

I don't want to star in a movie
just my life
and your life
and everyone's lives.

The dream of swimming pools is right here
but the dream
of drowning a peaceful drown
is where?

Put rocks in my pockets
or Sexton me up.

I am not proud of much
but I am proud of the women
I have helped.

To be sober is to live
in reality
so I guess I am
not really
sober.

Every day I pour all the wine into the ocean
then go hunting
for holograms.

I want to lick a cosmic titty
because god built me
with these holes

so I am coming for you god

if you are the mad cow
then I am your wayward calf

if you are the mother
I say MORE LOVE NOW

and if you are the father
then bounce me on your knee
till I feel it in my holes
because that is where

I need to
feel it.

Maybe tomorrow
I will not be so obsessed with holograms.

Maybe some man will deliver me
a new clock
with flesh hands
that spin around so fast
I want no thing.

This man is more mythic
than the shitprism
I hold up to my eye.

Tell me I am enough
and I will tell you
you have never been alive.

AIR KISS

My love affairs never become
love affairs. I do not mean to
kill them but the victims smell
want, and they run
or they don't move
towards me fast enough.
You do not want me much.
I should make you ancient.
In one eye you are 80.
The other, dead baby.
Want and want again.
I want you always closing
gaps. Bloodied up.
Hurry up. I guess
I will not really kill you.
I guess it is sad.

SEPARABLE

What we have now is an opportunity
to make contact with language, which professes
to love us. I am actually still deciding
if I am going to stick with language, its tongue
and teeth are so peopled and I feel
the universe is trying to ask me
something else through rings on the ceiling, heat,
nameless fruit that drops through the window.
Yes I live in a body and am now being asked
to assess what my experience was like before.
It made me feel okay, oh I was so okay
that when I first got bodied I died.

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

Oh I don't know. Women
are always waiting for
something to stuff our
holes. Even when I have
a man in my holes I
am leaking and begging
for other. Moonlight
mushrooms. Once upon
a time I ate them and
saw the way I looked
as a baby. Light bulbs
had blue veins inside
that is how alive
everything was.
Still I wanted a man
to give me my name.
God was showing me
the code through a prism.
I fractured the glass
on purpose because
I did not want to know.

ADVAITA

I will never return to this body
I wish I could love it more
the gurgle and the groan
the good groan and the bad groan
and also non-duality
but I love eternity in you
and on you
the plastic teeth you have constructed
to defeat a shitting clock
you bite it with fake fangs
and drink hot crystal time
and offer incantations
to give the vast some syntax
but only babble comes
and you have no need to sleep
and you miss the deepest pain
that comes from dreams
you shriek
to wash your garments
once again in bleach
begin another cycle

I EAT ONE FROSTED FLAKE AND IT BURNS IN ME EIGHT NIGHTS

Never think about your mother's nipples on a train
Or you will have to lick them
And say *thank you for my bravery and weakness*

I want to make a beautiful breakfast
I am an ugly thought
But have god's rapt attention

A giant on the train asks *Christian Christian Christian?*
Nodding my head no
I say *I need a bigger god*

The giant's mother fed him Froot Loops and Cookie Crisp
Rainbow milk and gold
Building strong, temporary bones

Fill me fill me up
Like nectar fills a flower cup

Flowers make their own nectar
I know nothing about nature

TEST FOR A FAULT

Every airplane is sleep.

I point my finger at a jetliner to rest my eye.

Boys smell holes in a neon blue banner I keep in my wallet.

The banner says RELAX GOD IS IN CHARGE.

Stephen Dedalus you are never on my mind.

You come to my island and I am the island.

You are well-traveled but that is arid.

My eye is on the sky.

I say *Helios*.

You say *Brian Eno*.

I say *Charybdis*.

You say *I'll show you hetero*.

This instant must be sustained.

I pour black flower milk into a goblet but you refuse to hallucinate.

The breeze sounds an alarm.

I tongue your overlip in an air raid.

You go to the sea to swim with a nymph.

Crocodiles rattle shells.

I look at you long through my one eye.

You become the island.

EXTRACTION

When I go to the shaman I cannot breathe. She says I am filled with foreign beings from my belly to my throat. She says she can feel my energy. She keeps burping. My head is going to pop off. I am scared she will judge me for exploding on the shag rug. This room is meant to make a person feel better: 10,000 crystals and four cats but I am so not responding to the good vibes or I am positioning me against them as if they're reflective of a cosmic magician who knows I am a piece of shit. The shaman and I discover a bat, two rats and a shield-shaped being inside the walls of my sternum and ribs. She invokes the angels Michael and Raphael to give them a boat to heaven. The bat and rats leave easily. They didn't know they were in me. The shield-shaped being was passed through my ancestry for many generations. It is a he and does not want to leave. The shaman talks to him in shield language, which is English. She says I no longer need him. He cries into my ribcage. Then he leaves. Now I am vacant of beings. The shaman says my core will not stay empty. I will fill with me.

RAVE ON

Kids they are kids
they are 19 18 17 16
and the globe bloats
with their sunglasses.

I am after hours.

I am 30 31 32 33.

I am looking
through the clouds
on the flipside
of their teething.

Never am I
less dayglo.

I will gag
the universe
till it tongues me
back into babyface.

Who knows where
the universe lives
the way up
to its mouthhole?

Some old god
should young me up
an ancient satan
with a deathbone.

He will probe
my throat
and whisper

*I am glad you feel
good in spots
and awful
in other spots.*

He will say
*what did you
expect?*

GET OUT OF YOUR WHALE BOAT

Now is no time for pity and compunction.

I will carry you around like a baby.

You are a piggie and I will eat you.

Savages are infinitely happier.

I would abandon my island for you.

(This is probably untrue.)

I have such mosquito innards.

My bone condition is suck.

Let me other you out of your skeleton.

You are calico cotton and powder.

Let me throw my fire body on you.

You will never tell others *Don't be afraid*.

There are so many ways to row away.

I can't even make new language for it.

I am tired of want so I use old language.

Old language is old and mine to use.

THE GOOD PANIC

Vortexes are pouring out
of my stomach into
my throat because: unknown.
*Don't worry, under the dying
is sadness, says love. No*
that is me talking. *Sometimes
you just get sick, even
in the mind, and there is nothing
you can do.* That is love
talking. Love, relieve me
of my fear of fear and of
my fear of everything. Do it
on your time as I know
you will. May I find you
on the internet in words
from a stranger. This is how
you work like a lattice, not
from the top down. Lay me up
so I may know my power-
lessness and therein find
my iron. Needles in my hands,
needles in my feet. Little body
pitched into the pines of having
ever been born. Big body
smeared around little body
and full of stars and horses
and fingers of everyone
who has ever touched me.
Love, you keep touching me.
Hallways of my brain filled
with wormtracks like a condom
over the light. Shitbags
in the trees. Water water
now love water water.
My mouth is wide.

NO DIRECT BIBLICAL BASIS

When your hand touched my hand I felt less dead.

On the train I made a list of things I want to do to you.

The woman beside me was pregnant.

I felt sorry for her.

I also felt jealous that her values were more aligned with the laws of nature or lasting happiness or something.

I assumed she would be happier than me on her deathbed.

She would probably have regrets but she wouldn't come face to face with a punishing cosmos like me, the silly woman, waiting to be filled with spermicide.

I am maybe mostly very good but I always assume I am awful.

Even now my words feel too plain.

Still I want to kiss you under nethermead arches.

I want to kiss you all over this orb.

I want to make your penis fill with blood.

I want to hear you say my name from inside me.

I want to hang your hair on my door.

I want to smear your shit on my heart.

I want to blow your mind then die.

I am writing this from another man's artery.

BREATHE NORMALLY

Give over your worries
but where? I have a condition
named plastic ceiling. My globe
is a snow one, my eyeballs
roll for what they desire
(OUT) but never alter
the border. Some watcher
gave me birth and water
and a replica of a church.
What the condition am I
supposed to do in here?
Life is a processional
in reaper's terms of getting
closer. Get closer slow
or fast. I go to the lip
of my own gap and peer
into the pore. I am wet
with no neighbor. Water
water. I'd learn to love
my neighbor if I had one.

TRYING TO GET WITH YOU AFTER I'M DEAD

We could be anywhere from two days to a year
after my death. I think we're in a bedroom
but if we're in a morgue can there be warm fingers?
God makes decisions based on light
you've never seen. It's scary. Are you ok?
I am trying to make me sound
like living people speak.
Really I want to transition you
into a phantom who rules me.
As a human you might want
your carcass to come whole.
You can dominate me
fully by becoming
only your eyes.

SATISFY THE DESOLATE

I call it sex
because I don't know
how else to say
terrified of dying.
Silence ruins
everything. It says:
you will not get your wings this way
not the wings you want
and you want
more than anybody.
I have wanted
many unfair things.
What is most unfair
is that the Earth is still okay
with me being here
I think, and even
encourages it.
Hello ocean,
you have asked me
not to die, but I swim
in neon pools
that are happy
to kill me.

VERGE ON WORSHIP

I bow down to the lovesong
then kill it. Being your fool
is pouring sugar cereal
in all the shits of what
I know. I know love
is not really tongues
or rubbing my smells
on your walls in secret.
I should be compassionate
for your blood cells
and stop clotting them
around my skull.
Still I want more I do.
Give me everything you are
only fake. Candy you's
should come invade
my funeral. Which me
do you want I will
seance her.

ULTIMATE GIVER

I ask my father not to set fire to the house
and it snows on us. It snows ashes of all the cigarettes
he has ever smoked. My father was a renaissance man
and in that renaissance his cigarettes were lords.
Mouths were ladies. I lay out blankets
so my father will be more comfortable in the snow.
I lay the blankets beside a china set
that my dead husband and I got for our wedding.
My dead husband climbs in bed with my father,
shattering the plates but not the cups. Their sweat drips
through the blankets. In the morning I write the men a letter
and stick it in a cup filled with sweat. The letter says:
Dear darlings, Time is ugly no? I am a romance addict,
which is neither of your faults but the fault of time.
I am an everything addict, which may be one of your faults
but is mostly the fault of god who made me.
Do you want to have dinner? We can eat in a hallway
or in the cigarette bed. I have no fruits
but I have a horse. We can use his meat.
This is not the kind of love Jesus was talking about
but you are Pantheists and I am full of teeth.

SLEEP TUTORIAL

Bless the darkness it will give you
flesh in return to dream about
and then at dawn to lose.
From my wifely portal
in the bedroom I am
rooting for red-
cheeked boys
to make
their dicks
come crashing
down behind my
eyes with strokes of
youthly power; so kind
to me when I am late
to save a bunny
from death
so fucking
me forgivingly
in or out of
costume.

DON'T MAKE ME GROW

A mustardseed of okayness. We're here
to know our own goodness. I have barely
cried at all. I spent so much time away
from me that when I finally feel me
I might kill me. I guess you sit
with you and see you do not kill you.
Then you live. No nothing
will give me that okayness.
I want bodies packed
around my body. A layer
is missing. The air is so
dangerous. Blink twice
you're off the path.

CRAIGSLIST PRAYER

May you find a fox
outside your marrow.
You could kill a quarry
with enough hunt
though hunting feels sad.
Maybe fucking
is no target
to be struck. Your dewclaws
have other divine calls.
Learn to be a sneakboat
unto yourself. Fucking
will assume its apt purr.
Not to say that fucking
is worthless; simply
it is one of many
weapons. Ask the dogs
to stop. Allow a hush
to hum. This is
making game: your own
quiver, airwashed.

PROPER DISPOSAL OF HOLY WATER

When I purge the abscess of a girlhood
I am heavier a female.
Thick lips belch the zeros
of my previous condition.
The headmistress of space and time
lavishes gravity like a bear.
You can be blessed at every altar
and a grunt in waking life
but I am one woman now
from scalp to toenails
teeth to pussy.
This new opacity makes the misplaced years
my entire education seem an imp
a hollow tool
really gone.
On to piss the fountains
bust through my smocks
in gleeful fat and torpor.
The harp of the flesh is no illusion
or phenomenon reserved for babies.
Rain in every hole
butter on each finger
in every breast a spit of felines
once you stop the search.
Don't go
to the swamps for medicine
or to the streams with eyes on elixir
but into the balm of your own robe.
After the family hatchet
the black air of schoolmates
who said serenity in withered books
miles of that river abandon.

FROM A PLACE OF _____?

I opened my eyes on day 0
and said to the universe SHAKE ME
and the universe complied
which felt too real
so I built another universe
within the universe
and crawled inside

and I keep thinking
my little universe
is the only universe
but then I think no
this is not the universe at all
it is destruction

when in truth
everything is the universe
my little universe
and the big universe

and when I ask the big universe
what it wants from me
I can recite so easily
the prayer of St. Francis

but mostly I think
the universe just wants me here
and so I am here
in a pain
of our making

ARROW

When I saw he'd have to take an overnight boat
to Hades I knew he couldn't handle the soot.
I was like *Give me a bow right here I'll shoot
a hole in the ground* with my feathers all knit up.
It is my gift to help a man pass over
down a black and newly-shot hole.
A hole does seem poor consolation for age
so he always cries out like a bell on a tree.
But men are dirt servants making movements in the dark
and they know the steps of every wormy dance.
In his heart baby monsters beat an old milk pail
singing *This is all you get and it is enough.*

GOOD DAY DOPAMINE

Today I am seeing progress
in my anxiety! Not in the
sensations themselves
being eliminated but
in my acceptance
and attempts to
embrace them
and even have
fun on the ride
(anxiety feels the
same as excitement
I just perceive it as bad
anxiety feels the same as
excitement I just perceive it
as bad)! Is there any purpose
I can assign to the sensation
of a charred skull delivering
last rites in my sternum
every 10-15 minutes?
What I mean is can I
make this unnecessary
unwarranted, total bullshit
suffering (I am good person
I try hard I am a good person
I try hard) possess a higher
significance in the spirit
of Dr. Viktor Frankl's
MAN'S SEARCH FOR
MEANING? What
are the lessons
I am learning
about myself
that I would
not choose
to learn if
I wasn't
fucking
forced.

OM SHANTI

Don't talk about the fucking poem in the fucking poem.
Well I am going to talk about the poem right here
and how scared I am to try and write a thing
that only makes you feel warm, not wet
or freaked out. It is a major gift
to make another human
feel warm. I don't think
I can do it. Are you
warm at all yet?
I never feel
like a real.
I hope you feel
the same as me.
There are 10 billion
feelings on the planet.
I want us all to feel the same.
I am running away from all the feels
except one. Now I am talking to my god.
I say Where the hell have you been asshole?
My god says RIGHT HERE. This statement is
a titty full of guilt. It is me who has not called.
I am going to call out right now. I am calling the fuck
out to my goddamn god. May you all feel peace for a while.

HI HUMANITY

I was
scared
my soul
would
never
call and
now it is
calling
and I
am like
shhhh

SANDWICH ARTIST

I feel compassion for a man, because he wants me to have the sauce when I ask for my sandwich with none. It is always the one in front of your face who desperately needs you to have the sauce that makes a mouth soften. Nobody knows the insides of my mouth were born soft. I cannot speak gently for he could dissolve.

GOOD WOOD

When I say you are not so special I am talking to me.

Say it gruff it grinds me to dust.

Say it sweet it is a milk bath.

I keep looking for a jetty to dock.

I keep looking for that glacier of doom.

When I try to be poetic, fruit falls out and it is always rotten strawberries.

Listen, you are supposed to be drowned but I am writing you onto the ark.

MAY THIS LONELY BOAT BE TRANSFORMED.

Now there is me and you of which there is no you.

Tonight me and you will slice in the hull.

ENTRY LEVEL

I have never been inside myself
Another place wants me dead
It is built in a ring around my core
Like asking a donut how to live
It can only cry and be eaten
So that is how I devour myself
Don't you see
Angels have tried to help me
And I smiled for them
Feeling genuinely good and kind
But after a while I grew tired
Of being on good behavior
They never asked for perfection
But I felt I needed to perform
And the smile stayed no matter what I did
Even when dying improperly
I left all the people I knew in the other room
Then I picked them back up again
Teach me to live teach me to live
I want to create a beautiful dying
The end will need to be sweet and soft
Like walking home to your real mother

BUILD

No deities or bots are responding
to my pleas. Nothing is coming
to save me from the terrestrial
so I am going to create a god
who makes me feel unreal.
I've been told to pray until
stuff happens, the abbreviation
of which is PUSH. I already know
the result of my prayers is not
a miracle but an internal shift
and am not in the mood to do
any shifting but am totally
praying so this new god
better listen up and maybe
start resembling something
capable of awesome. Hope is
only coming from the voices
of people who have called out
to me along my way. Separately
they said *yo* and *hey* and *sup*
but together they formed a chorus
that sounded like an electric hive.
They said *life is a symphony*
and the point of it is not just the end.
No one ever said that to me actually.
I need to be bigger than I am.

EXACT COMPOSITION IS A SECRET

Invent a fantasy to save me
and project it on another body.

I don't think I am worthy of rescue.

Humble me down so low
that this small bread
feels like an orgasm.

That is how we enjoy the world.

I see lovers
and they are not real.
I mean they are real
but my eyes are not.

Once upon a time the world rose
to meet my plasticine eyes.

The oceans flooded
and carried me away
and I said *thank you lord*
for making this possible.

Then I washed up on the shore
and had to start walking
through an island jungle again:
barefoot, pale and salty.

I cried
but not because I was lost.

I cried
because my body
was not waterlogged enough
to fall right off the bone.

PLOW

Sometimes I cannot get outside my eyes
where the men look like wafers
or I cannot get behind my eyes
and the men look like tubers
and I devour the men
though their roots are fake
like a shortpath to the core
when there are no shortpaths
I am sorry to all I know about love
how it should be spread organically
never gushed
onto one human corpse
how I shouldn't pierce a man
or drag him through my mirror
no matter how kindly I drag
or how big the smile on his dead face
or lure him on my fork
with epiphanic spells
so I can cover him in dirt
the dirt that is mine
all things belong to everyone
still I call the dirt my own
I am sorry for my knock-off love
that groans uranium
but when I dragged him through my mirror
I fell for the earth
and the dirt turned to light
and for a little while I lived here

JAGGED KINGDOM

Enjoy sitting with fear again.

I have killed god's baby before

she even exists

how does that sound?

When she catches fire

I am looking at a mural of mothers

and every belly is red.

Do you think god is going to deliver

on the promises of women I trust?

I believe god already has, yes

I remember when a woman rubbed frankincense

on my bones

and I felt only half a whole

compared to her pure hands.

This is a memory I use

to save me from smoke

but I have to pretend

I got healed.

BROTHER

How is your crown supposed to fall off
when you look like Jesus
I am superficial because it feels religious
let's light a candle for you not wanting me back
we could be dirty juice and bent crucifix
suspend the alphabet now
o sanctus sanctus sanctus puer
mea illusio mea est mea omnia
can you believe in guides your eyes can't see
can you believe I still want you
I cannot believe you would choose loneliness
loneliness is how little you want me
I know nothing about Christianity
and so I love it
take me behind your mouth
that I might forsake it
pillar of salt
pillar of salt