

our
little
places
within
are not
dungeons
remember
remember
astronomers point
satellites into space
the military points
them down at us
the inverse relationship
between love we offer
and what we give
this on and
off button
is another
opportunity
to believe
there are
only two
choices
this too
must end

battle cry
connects
bodies at
a critical
moment
while love
reveals the
art of pliability
before and after
never so visceral
sing happy
birthday while
harvesting organs
sing happy birthday
while stitching them
into their new body
learn to accept the
unanticipated
wonder for
your hand
when the
moon
reaches
back

purgatory
is cruel
to poets
a separate
holding tank
where every
melancholy
phrase was
invented
a lifetime
resisting
adjusting
to violence
pity creatures
with the softest fur
the more we dance
the better our poems
trying our best
to cinch it
to hitch it to
the jasmine
ascension

losing
something
too important
to lose
is hard
the first
time so
next time
ransom April's song
before it finds itself
I took my time finding
the right man to
build this wall
against the
phantasm
we're rowing to
the middle of
the Bermuda
Triangle we
send our
love

to
desire
the world
as it is
not as
it was
falling
feather
attaches
to new life
for a moment
when the hammer
approached we thought
is that thing coming this way
we are the fractal
drop to hear
our own
harmonics
in the muffled
underground
hum of seeds

swallowed
each other
until we
heard
each
other
think
queer pirates
I have loved
loosened my
wilderness
no
more
miscounting
butterflies in
our utopia
let's make
poems
that
can
rob
a bank

a
lion
meddling
with mechanics
of my throat
hooks in
hooks out
eyes write
heart writes
liver writes
liver writes a
little more
then I lift
the pen
prepare
for their
answers
when
speaking
with
the
dead
listen to
the golden
boomerang return

a storm of
handwriting
was this
poem's
first
shape
all that
matters
is which
decisions
today lead me
closer to you
do not fall
away one
two three
a paperboy
delivering his
father's obituary
a footnote to stumbling
in the dark as an artform
come sing
with me into
this dough
what song shall
we bake into
our supper

part of
this forest
tastes like
the man
I love
with an
actual number
of nails holding
the bedroom
together
other days
when we died
where we fell
we became
the forest
my car never
intended to be
a meat grinder
another face going
under the waves
we felt awful after
hitting the deer
we made love
and slept with
one of his
antlers
between
us

never deny
the warmth
of a burning
flag
sing
a 900
year old
death tune
just in time to
digitize empathy
sing it for days
sing it into chairs
sit on it
fold the anus
gingerly around it
hold its sweetest note
till we remember
which ancestor was
the first to forsake
the power
of an
ant

if the
marketing
birds do
for love
were
the
only
ad of
the day
do you
puke when
attempting to resist
the violence money costs
going over the freedoms
one at a time
questions
roll in blue
and red
answers
return
home
amethyst

one morning
every flying thing
aimed itself at
your pretty
hat
a vowel
the light
unleashed
overhead
we stood
awash with
songs about
time never
holding us
properly
regardless
of suggestion or
complaint carried on a
season of fruit and grain
when love learned to
turn into a sizeable
journey without
leaving the room

we
go to
the roof
where stars
are waiting
all my friends hate you
you're like my mean old
Tom cat Thor who
alienated us both
from everyone
a most divisive
cat
but I am loyal
all the way
all the
fucking
way my dear
loving you is
holding a piano
note in my head
before shooting
the apple off the
place where my
dreaming gets
done
love
you a lot though

