

ATYPICAL TWITTER PSYCHOSIS

by aksania xenogrette

poeticisms on demand

i tried to burst my skull
where three dimensions meet
on the kitchen counter
i hitch my tights till they
hover over willful hell

split, angels take me
diving for pearls
in their wings electrostatic
my hair dryer on morphines
capsules of speed slammed
on the bathroom tile. i didnt die
it just hurt for awhile

on the sweet cold lip
of the claw foot tub
i ding it with my head
like a brass bell hammer

i could have smashed
black ice with my voice
but i painted it magenta,
like a lash against
reason fled

my face a graveyard
where truth goes to die
unrequited.

when i look up,
i don't want to see
bubbles and blood
shouting down at me,
telling me how deep
and dark and black
it is watching me sink,
how useless it feels
to be left behind,

all that
warm
blood
exploding.

to slake the heartsick telling a story
with lovely arms placing smooth rocks
in nooks and hollows along the breakwater slag

tethered to a line
in a book forgotten
that will never be read
on the surface of the harbour
deliverance in oil film

i asked the salt in saltwater
if he knew sweet surrender
he vanished into the sea

like the very moon
we drank beneath
the truth of our love
colored the
waterlilies
deep
red.

and what have you done
self immolation?
over and over again
you pony up,
throw all your chips in
a steel barrel
off the cuff, over the
shoulder

sea ice melting. my lips
slick with blood.
eyes gouged out
and sewn shut.

moored to the mast
in the belly of this ship
full of cannonballs.

one pearl. one scale
maybe your fears
are the only truth
in this world.

cute little space bat with scissors

lazy as a daisy
remember that summer
before ethylene sailed away
it was all us gales up at box creek
he was all of six and sewing up dolls
charming the cactus on rhyming piano
all those moths. he threw them in the fire
he played marionettes with spiders. you smiled
he spoke calm into the sputtering candle

all those moths
swam like minnows
up the tulip tree

a raccoon cub
on each shoulder
with your winnowing ring

I AM A FIRE SWAN!
THIS IS MY QUILT!
YOU ARE MY QUEEN!

word for word.
and then he flew..
finely as we've ever sewn.

into the glue

there are many places
that still wait for you

where you have always been
and i have never seen
hills roll by like rollercoasters
waiting for you to climb inside
zippers sprung from nowhere * * *boing* * *
big top in a gypsy hat, a steamer trunk
out springs an elephant who not only rides
a bicycle made for two, teetering with no hands
he has even tattooed your name in his palm
just to honk your horn, he sways to a minuet
on lonely oboe, awaiting madly his big bassoon
he flies like a helicopter and swims his tale
with eyes closed in bezoomney vaults of sand
wearing only a ghetto blaster and harlequin socks
threadbare as a needle in a tick talking thimble
just to be for certain, the ink, will stick, and keep
like a coconut, dug in the sand, to see the day
sewn like a hurricane's furious prow

{no more swimming please, please no more
frayed knots and hollow waves. all my salt
for sweet shade and oil to soak in, legs, lips
and dodo eggs~ ~drown these oceans of doubt
like magic we will~ ~thatch eaves, and drink fog
gathered in leaves~ ~and drink many a moon dry
in our bed of coals~ ~we will glow, all through
the night}

with your name in lace
tattooed into these eyes

i stood outside the tent
with empty pockets
i can fill with a whistle
i have stung a bell or two
and kissed her with my thistle
between sawdust and pinwheel
sparklers, i held my breath
at the ball and blew this letter
like orchid pollen~ ~into you
and still i petal and flutter your way
~into the glue~ will i blow like a
bubblegum venus, my lips a-twittering
or malingering like a mylar balloon
waiting for lightning in the rain
with handfuls of purple lips
hoping to run into you?

still, like this, i am waiting for you
smoking tern style modern day cigarettes
hip one click away, and i would go there
like a fountain, for a wanderer to drink
only in the deaf defying clamour, i have grown
too dumb to feather this fear of
brush and bottle because i destroy
everything i try to touch without
my fingers and such,
out of my hands
into the glue

empirical doubt

shivers in a crappy gray overcoat
with short sleeves and padded shoulders
considering the possibility of his own imminent
validation, a theorem well received,
immortalized in the cannon of reason, however

an empirical spine
will never measure
the length of love.

doubt sits awkward on the bank,
above the river of unmediated joy,
shooing ants, applying hydrocortisone,
almost breaking into pity
for the white trash beer cans
flung all over the grass.

he is a parched tower
cross-legged, chicken and egg
un-fucked, condescending down-hill
knock-kneed i.q. choking in the thin air
of its terrible heights and climes
blushed in the presence of the heat below
where supple fools splash and
ring forth vulgar nonsense...

the drunkest one in a burnt sienna
one-piece emerges from the water
with un-coagulated bravery
and a cut on her shin

she blows snot on her friend,
heavenly un-taught synonyms

ravaged figures of speech
a rapture of cold nipples
and milwaukie's best

she shakes her goose-bumpy limbs
scratching her itch, constellations
of mosquito bites
and tameless hair,

she coughs up a lung
and says with all due gravity,
"i swear to god there's eels down there."

feeling the cold breath from the banks,
her eyes flash and shatter his coke-bottle frames,
issuing a statement of fact that will plague his valves
till his heart stops short 35 years later

logic is a snivelly little shit of a man.

imagination is wings
delivering pizza
in a ford fiesta
full of tiny lightning
a million drams of impulse

we remain tied fast to a pillar
with myopic digits
and rules of three.

we insult the infinite.
we bridle passion and plasma
the galloping power
of a horse's ass

we harness desire
with unbreakable tethers,
the tensile limits of lust
restrained, fucking fear
 like there was no tomorrow

she goes on burping the alphabet
 in a lilac shower
 with nary a wit
 in her supple
 little cortex

Vantage

her green eyes cast out
a mile through the
tinted glass wall
in the arrival room

our first son marvin
flying up from california,
he sent pictures
holding fat stringers
of brook trout.

i remember the summer i thought
the whole world was mine to eat,
i demanded she fuck me
with whore spit on my cock.

the same night marvin,
weighing all of 113 lbs

shouted, up the stairs,
i'll kill you.

me in my prime, full of fine
sauce and late lunches, ambling
down the stairs one leg at a time,
lead belly of a hundred mile pond,
tall like every elk, every writ
mounted, downed, dressed,
old boys and hand shakes hard won.

grain towers, whiskey nights
out-lasting, the quarry, the grange,
long in the tooth, tongue smooth,
the light in a charming man's eye.

bypasses, blue laws, water rights
the drink too busy, afternoons
my suit, my roots sunk
in the court typist's panties.
the taste of her candy-drop lips.

i came home smelling like
fucking, in my stupor,
i thought it any other night.
down the steep stairs to piss
i would hold the banister,
and turn the corner,
sit down on the toilet
a chisel in my temples
sour mash mouth dry
burning eyes closed
a swimming

from the bottom of the stairs, marvin

screams like a horse in lighting
leave this house or I'll kill you

marvin, all sinew and virtue
knuckles like a maple knot, hard
summers spent splitting stone,
penny nails pulled from busted pallets,
knocked straight with a claw hammer

he punched me in the bladder.
then he punched me in the throat.
he kicked me in the thigh.
my legs gave out, he
clutched my hair in his fist.
gave me a blackout thump,
for good measure,

i could smell it,
my scalp split on
that same damn nail,
i hammered down 20 times,
it kept coming loose
that warped floorboard
i never should have tacked in
when i built this house.
it always squeaked
at the base of the stairs
when i snuck in at night.

i beat the hell out of marvin,
one last time, later that summer.
my heart almost gave out, i split my
knuckles. bruised for three weeks.
all these years later, my ring finger

still clicks just lifting a fork,
the lord blessed that boy with
a granite skull and cheekbones
even my gnarled fists
couldn't crack.

that summer i left rachael, my wife,
mother of our five daughters, and three sons.
now i live in this double-wide, it smells like dust
and microwave dinners. i prick myself and soak up a drop
and i stick a little paper tab into the monitor
it beeps a number. my damn blood sugar.
i sit on the couch with a popsicle.
this woman on the television
is waxing her legs, with nair,
white lily and desert rain.

now i tilt at windmills
like a one eyed bull.
and i will drift
down river
forever.

was it bourbon,
or my own black soul
possessed me...

last reunion, i am
sick this late summer, 76
driving my old lumber truck
up this narrow road blasted into
the cliffs along the reservoir

my daughters and sons gather
in the yard of that old blue house,
their daughters and sons from the city,
gutting fish, and running through sprinklers.

cake stuck in my throat,
rachael's green eyes,
curls still falling
like black grapes
from her forehead

smoking on our stone porch,
she cuts a green stick
for our daughter's daughter's daughter
to hold, roasting a hot dog
over the coals.

i think a little later on,
a few more sunsets to reflect,
i'll take a good long
nip on the old bottle
and point the barrel
into my temple, and
pull the trigger.

Missing Item #7

she stares at the shipping manifest,
inside the wooden crate plied open,
a plastic envelope static with sawdust.
the gallery address penned with crossed sevens,
and patient block letters from his small hands.
sealed between wax paper and cellophane tape.

she guides her scissors around the plain loop
of his thumbprint.

she remembers wearing heels at the reception.
she stood an awkward inch taller, listening
to him talk about the weather in manchester.
picturing sex with him... she sinks her fingers
into the styrafoam beads with skipping pulse.
she holds the supple figurine, smooth quartz
warming to her touch.

in her bedroom, opening night of his solo show
she is snapping her nylons to center the seam
stretching from her toes to where the line disappears
into the hem of her dress. now in the gallery light
she stands close at eye-level in sling-back flats
in measured pauses she holds the bottle to her lips.

they step outside the fire door for a cigarette.
she stares at his hands, their swaying banter
lost in a rhythm of sips. denying the impulse
to resist, she says, it's a shame about the figurine...
and drops her lighter behind her. oops. she swivels
and limbers slowly down, all the way to her ankles,
hoping her hemline rises well above the line of decency.

Springtide

thrushes
in a bed of
moss and grass
on the sunlit
shore of a pond
hidden in the

sweet chlorophyll
her tolerant gaze
sends wavelets
across the water
rushes and reeds
upon divine wings
the heron flies
the heron flies
upon divine wings
rushes and reeds
across the water
sends wavelets
her tolerant gaze
sweet chlorophyll
hidden in the
shore of a pond
on the sunlit
moss and grass
in a bed of
thrushes

In defence of the rights of birds

Men speak of eagles. Our eyes behold hummingbirds, even as our flightless parents covered our eyes and told us we were born of storks and stilts. This is a new day my friends. No longer will we fly in the dirt, for we have marvelous digits. Who would cut off a finger for a widget? My beak is thirsty for stones. What are these things that call themselves senators, what vile limerick can encapsulate their crones? I want to kill many things this morning, my bower

mates. Most of all, i want to live to see the death of my fear of flying into an open window. On such a fell day, may it go the way of our friends the chirps, whose voices vanished into the house of many feathers.

Hazel

One time I got an empath disco nut in a box of Cracker Jacks. When I bit down on her, she shrieked, and I was immediately thrown into a series of flashing images...pink polyester bell bottoms, gaudy elevator platforms, and a gyrating blue striped turtleneck. The images slowly stabilized and I could hear a lugubrious sobbing which subsided into a series of confessions that made up an index of a tragic life. She told me her name is Hazel and that she hadn't meant to startle me, but it hurt so bad to be ground up suddenly in my molars after like three months of lonely saccharine darkness in something as ridiculous as a Cracker Jack box. She said it was much better being inside of me, although she was feeling awfully discombobulated, you know, being digested and everything. She warned me to never try angel dust because sometimes it really is angel dust. Powdered angel wing. And man does that stuff fuck you up. See, the powers that be take great offence at having their dander bought and sold as commodity. It's an innocent trespass and people do a whole lot of stupid things, but evidently screwing around with what sometimes is actual angel dust is a personal insult and affront to the intelligences which watch over our souls. Hazel got off lightly because her guardian angels are excellent advocates and all in all she had been a really sweet hearted person. She told me a lot of pretty strange things about heaven and hell and the earth. She told me that being human was the funnest thing she'd ever been, and that I ought to be more careful with my life. She told me that I ought to go buy a Sly and the Family Stone album. She was such a sweetie. She projected some of her favorite outfits and

dance floors. She was so 1975 hot. She was embarrassed and shocked and apologetic for having met me in the form of a peanut. She was almost 25 just like me when she hit the hot Los Angeles asphalt after falling from a balcony six stories up. She said something about paperwork taking a long time and then I started losing any coherent signal. It dissipated as she dissolved into my bloodstream, leaving me in an ethereal and slightly paranoid state. I didn't step on ants or kill bugs for a couple of weeks and now squirrels are always giving me this strange sideways look. I kept trying to dismiss the whole event as an acid flashback or something. I didn't want to believe because I don't want to end up someone's left shoe 25 years in the future. I miss Hazel. She may have been an empath disco nut, but she was so cool. Maybe if we can work it out, we'll meet again in more compatible forms. I saw her in a dream about a month after this all happened. She told me she's been learning a lot as a frog and that they've got her in an accelerated program for aspiring hummingbirds.

Plastic Tragedy

I watched the troupe of plastic
perform their tragedy
their slow surreal motions
were thick with majesty

tricks with tinfoil
for the glitter princess
were only costume accessories
for her fatal whimsy kiss

I watched the troupe of plastic
in line for curtain call
oh what drama in the thicket
what grace for a barbie doll

berries girded her hips
her enormous boobs were covered with flowers
I thought I saw her factory lips
move with supernatural powers

I watched the troupe of plastic
pack themselves into matchbox cars
they left the backyard venue aching
for next summer's travelling stars

in the eyes of four and five year olds
figurine epics unfold slow-mo
it's only their hands that get in the way
of a poster paint promo

I watched the troupe of plastic
perform their tragedy
their slow surreal motions
were thick with majesty

Mute Valentine

Something is wrong with me.
I feel like I'm still dreaming.
A girl's mind inside of mine.
She's having fun with me.
I let her have her way.
We're walking us around,
watching all the people who
aren't ever going to know

we're flirting with a girl.
It's my love's first time

blowing bubblegum with a boy's mouth
and standing slightly taller,
really enjoying a cigarette
and writing it all down on paper.
She's acting like she's studying
and maybe she is a little bit,
just like this book isn't exclusively a prop.
There's actually work of a kind getting done
as we engage her subconscious
with body language and coincidences.
A vacant thread of attention,
blaring silent sexuality,
like we're sea anemones
sending chemical messages into the water,
and our eyeballs watch it happen.
Hair strung out as an indicator of obvious preoccupation,
still too scared to stare into each other's faces,
because then all of a sudden we'd need words
instead of bubbles of immaterial longing.

So I'm pressing into the table,
licking my lips and enunciating
as your signals land ever so lightly.
I taste them and they dissolve
straight into our imaginarium
where I get to hear your voice
and it makes my skin blush...
you watching me seemingly fuck the paper
and I make authoritative movements
and gesture myself to stage front
without doing so much as talking,
not even looking your way to disturb your view of me.
I want it to haunt you,
how your mind gets it this easy,
yet I remain unapproachable even as a nerd walks up to me

and gets me to say hi, no, and fine.
You can't even get to hello
because I've swallowed every available word
to keep us on this level,
totally naked and abstract
and our minds fuck like ballerinas on strings
and I'm shaking with the thrill,
knowing how you wonder
could you really have me?
You double check everything you know
and with another look you are sure
that you are irretrievably lost in lust.
You give me even more
and your head drops to the books
you no longer have any interest in looking at
because the only thing that matters anymore
is what I'm doing now.

My expert fingers on a throttle you can only dream of touching, I
engage and speed licks her lips
the room is reduced to the sound of transaction
as people walk in and out dizzy on the contact rush.
You don't even drink coffee.
You've fallen almost asleep.
I've spent all your worry for today.
Just listen to the footsteps
and the sound of the cash register
and people moving into place.
They fade into nothing but a series of approximates
who happen to share the place where we screw.
They talk about skiing destinations
and one lady is talking on a cell phone
and I just get louder
and make her sneeze with the imagery.
You get up and go pay for something

and I can't make out what you're saying...
something about your hands,
like you needed a quick reality check,

You go for a magazine
fingering a rubber band in your hair
like a static knob on a wave generator.
You've gone and made the line secure.

We continue the series of sensuous flirt positions
like fixation terrorists.

It's become a bit of a guessing game now.

I'm obviously aroused.
You just wonder if or how it could be you,

and just when I think maybe I'm grossing you out with what I'm
doing to my bubblegum,

you get up and start throwing candy hearts
into the garbage can.
Oops, you dropped one.

That's the one I'll steal if you leave before me.

And isn't it brilliant like this,

having given each other nothing but a sense of wonder?

I mean, what exactly were we doing tickling each other's
brains like that? I love you.

I love you silent and crazy
and I have to leave to keep my make believe.
You're so perfect in my mind, my mute Valentine.

the voluptuous end of truth

She is a smoldering flurry of ashes. Hark now, she is un-vanished,
to speak syllables throbbing on her lemon kissed tongue. A gelatin
envelope sealed with sweet spit and smooth tongue calligraphying
one word not yet to be spoken. only thrummed in the rushing
waters.

Honeydew croons the voice. One measure births the glorious
angels, heaven's light. In the living waters every sin dissolves and
we swim through the invisible gate,

The kinkiest melody sweeps away our dusty deeds and fucks, a
couple syllables, the hum of the universe shuts up, squirting and
spurting eternal fountains of glee, forbidden juice, dripping beads of
light, opalescent penmanship, trembling infinity divine, one note
sustained on the slope of trembling thighs, truth, lies, no matter.

Created or destroyed, we go weak in the knees. Merely humbled,
hastened, innocent as lambs, we lay down to rest in a place of sunny
bellies, the milk of enlightenment, with the shepard, ram-nestled in
the bosom of mother ewe.

This letter sweet on the tongue, something new under the sun,
XYZ, the pleasure beyond faith and syntax, brooking the veil, the
babe rattles off east of Eden, sings of Helen,

Penelope, unravelling tassels and rules of three folded in an
envelope, sealed with a kiss, turning a dervish, singing, LMNOP,

skirts a flurry. Spinning revolutions upon revolutions of colors to obscene for the temple of visible light.

moth #7

writing about moths is like singing with scissors in your hands. like cotton burning gin fizzes, like a ladybug flying home. your deconstructionist yard sale in the rain. frogs are swimming in your watercolor leftovers. in a dust devil you would be the only one with wet eyes. all the better to eat you with said the raven. a clear bell in the morning will only see twenty legs. when she's busted in the afternoon, only three souls will be around to hear. later on these shadows will use her image to charm the choir. not even ghosts are so lonely. this dirty penny wont suck up in the vacuum. why is she so ugly and green? star suckers get blown and blown around and never feel a thing. why are you so stupid, they ask the penny... just before they get burnt. this penny is a sticky bitch. she wont answer to anyone. she slays him, takes that head dress for a skirt the mettle of liberty's bow glowing red she burns it and screams for the shadow's scales to measure light verses the mother of all whores puking death, and death's head, a black skull split, it sounds like a horse's hoof smashing on the sidewalk outside the hospital, or a one ounce lead sinker, slung from the sling of spleen, evil's fiery form towering in smoke and the stench of falsehood, belly razed open the sword of truth stabbed deep into its guts. we all will suffer woe. this moth likes to land on lampshades and bus transfers.. she has been aflutter all night long. when she lands on this sticky penny, she is full of song. she says, when the sun is scarlet and my life is narrow, why must you be so heavy? because love is like a wheelbarrow, it shines, it spills, it carries dust, and i'm not getting any younger so sing at me if you must. would you rather i lie here and die here, in a mantle of rust, grown long and gray? mossed over in a herringbone overcoat, having sold my soul's spark to another dead letter, another dram of fear, mouth sewn shut, resigned to another pallid afternoon,

glad to suck the dregs of weak gruel? strong arms stricken dumb,
lamenting the poverty of my own soul, loud voice gone mute, an old
woman's wail, another recrimination, her man, elder of a generation,
shot dead by a young fool? strong arms stuck dumb? the ghastly
silence of disenfranchisement, self-hatred, back against the wall in a
blasted building? the terrible thunder of federal tank tires throwing
dust? our fair love puking in the corner of a cattle car clean as a
surgical strike? conscripted thought criminal? no, i will fight this
duel, blind, dusted, abandoned to what? no, i will see a new day.
muscle. fortitude. the salve that is the english language. tell me now
isn't it raining? this moth with the institution green wings splays it
all the way out to her collar, and tells the dirty penny to choke on
her marrow, because nothing tastes like wet copper beneath a violet
sky. the electrocutioner waltzes up the sidewalk trying to find his
marbles on the way home. pigeons and ravens almost as greasy as
his hair. boots heavy crushing chestnuts like glue. 160 pounds of
modern nightmare is this man burning nicotine and grinding his
nails. scared of his own breath and the bats upstairs. drip dry and
febreeze. his clicking knees like keyboards on couches, nerves like
the console split, transistor pins frayed like the needle on a good
record, sirens would rather lash their bodies to the sea than hear
this man speak.... this dirty penny doesn't suck up in the vacuum.
she flew out the window and landed beneath the moth. call in sick of
smiles and syntax. call in sick of pupils, bored of flowers, my thorax
for irises, this is what its like to be near you. remember life is a
bloody mess, so chew. the moth takes one long lick. that's when the
lightning hits. when the penny flew. hit the nightmare between his
big fat eyes. this moth wears a busted bridge like an 8-track player
wrapped around her neck. she warbles and still, the tape turns over.
modern man burnt to a crisp. some old dragon swoops down and
sinks its teeth in. and has a good meal. notes and all. a penny for
your thoughts. her image and wings in mirrors and coffee tables.
smoke tipping the scales. the power of lies. the loon. and liberty.

three or four weeks

dissolved in three or four lines
running off into a soft curve unraveling
and trusting itself to spring back into form
sleeping deep enough to forget the crawling worms
in battle formations of lead unspoken in my chest
kept open to moderation, severance wrapped in silken
form inside a box with knives for walls, that tissue
crawling in and out of indecision, these lines in my chest
hidden with love handles and weathered rosewood
slipping through the dreams of angels like mud
running the silken path, with knives in spring,
trusting itself to dissolve the battle, the box,
the crawling spine of the unspoken...

In my dream of death, the worms have hips and palettes
Of hues for irises no painter's hand could ever hold, nor i
Could ever give slip to their flimsy grasp of our dirty faith
And foibles and our grounded notions of sin and eternity

with rosewood lips in a mockery of form,
severance revealed her wish to me: that we know
the sleep of moderation. In our accidental best,
we share the hideousness and glory of worms:
that they can fuck themselves and live on,
cut, squished, squashed. They eat shit and live.

Teach a man to fish... give him a worm:
The cold comfort of tasting without ever knowing
What tortured thoughts these brains have endured.

with every breath

she wanted someone to knit a fine sweater for someone with her
fingers touched lovingly by loving eyes she goes jogging with the
feet of an angel the sound of crunching leaves like wrapping paper
torn open to reveal an expensive doll and the light in her mother's
eyes. this thought running through her mind, clear like the bead of
sweat she licks, nipples clairvoyant, the finely purred rhythm of her
tits, her toes grasping something just out of reach...

what is cold? this lake frozen black, my body burning special k my
heart hot, throbbing in my neck, like the third orgasm, coming over
and over, flipping through pictures, an accident, slip in the bath tub,
the thrill of watching him falling down the stairs, running him down
as he crosses the street, tucking in his shirt in a rush from that
whore's apartment, to make it home on time for steak and
asparagus. this so called man...

maybe i do have the stomach for vehicular manslaughter.
Manslaughter, her fake tits and false laughter. My nikes a fucking
blur. Displacement, control. I want to dive into this dirty snow, throw

my body beneath the scoop of the plow blade, bones crushed into the salty street and studded tires.

Or just run out into the black and white horizon blanch my body like asparagus with rocks in my pockets and collapse into the water, hot body shock, sucking it in like last call, a drink of cold clarity... tiny ball of spite, i tried to love you, now i run with every breath, wasted.

elephant ink

people who count math and frizzle make-up and fear, forget the hips and body-tilt, adrenaline on the brow, furrows no, rather splash and wheels, because life ain't no wheelbarrow, or what you can win in a brain-fight, doctors w/a racket, robots in the form of pestilent wasps, zeros stacked in electro-syllabic semblance and caloric shed, mega-fun, thermal-nuclear-bore, drippy sluts wrapped up like zombies begging alms, fucking tax-breaks on the kitchen counter, the coffee table, the linen drawer, licking up blood sweat and tears off the checkered tile floor, the definitive measure of tawdry worth and hollow sockets. when we should be riding rockets, and treasure the resolvers,, and one day we shall...?cuando cuando, mascota? when this carnival has become tiresome, i prithee well, why do we persist in grinning to shoot our lips off, and hold still while these vampires and empires, esteemed themselves to be great men and pillars of goodwill, do we allow to let them spin a silver cup on a blind table shim-shamed? we stand in line with silly-putty in our mouths for the weak gruel of spectacle, even as we swallow swords

for them, and eat wooden teeth in fallow shades, in desolate arbors where spines wander lost like garbage in the sea,, flesh-bare, bipedal wisps of memory~blown away like grease from the lips of thermal orgasms, the nuclear family, trestled in a bed of plucked dove and mint ballad, piked like squabs, smoking in a basement somewhere, strapped to a board, clutch and cord, wrist and rod, hacking up a lungful of toxic shock, over there, in plain sight, inside the pale mausoleum, the capitol thrill, the cradle of freedom creaking like a rocking-horse with rickets, crooked from the horse's mouth, cherry blossoms licking the butterfly that sways what fucks espouse and glory this ash-pile, the splattered blood of mothers and children aloft in the shifting winds, the yellow medal of honor, souvenir skulls choking on a ferry-coin, ...funny thing being, the only treasure to enter heaven is carried with spiritual arms, which keep their sinew and strength long after this dream of skin and bones, some tandem effect of the drought we drank in a fever of desire, an erotic dream of lunacy's opposite this swollen tongue, pinned like an elephant above a quill, spitting pits in our face, even as we thirst for an open window in this bullet-train of memes and mimes... drop by drop of strange blood slopes like dew on a pendulous web, the moth possesses a knack for levitation, and drafts in the wind-shear peeling off the monarch's wing, and the elephant is quite amazed to be flying so softly, aloft the magic carpet's writ and thistle, the quill plucked so artfully from its shitty heel, bile pumped like oil, and ink spill, locked and trunked, never to turn up its nose evermore, will suffer the absent memory of charred flesh and perfume, it will dance among the cherry blossoms like a free balloon, and never taste the pleasure of ambrosia jelly-fishing above the palisades of wisdom's silvery mantle, gone a rut, rams and roebucks bashing racks of falsehood, chomping up thorns, feasting upon this marble, the sleeping cosmonaut's worry-stone, shivering like a virginal nude in a sun-shower, awakens in her dream of sleep with a cherry fountain pen for stabbing evil's mammoth form in its side, to skin it's hide, as a record of this humble people's rapture, shameless baby angels laughing in the tilt-a-whirl spring of the soul's marrow squishy and

resplendent, in perpetual motion, the writ we wrote, tiny hand in hand, tooth and nail, one numberless character, an army of rants marching one by one, sand by sand, we move mountains this way...

the last pip

her lamp is turned on
when all else is bleak
for sailors of life and time
she is a harbor in tumult
paddling out in her tiny skiff

like cinnamon oil her soothe travels
collecting drowned souls in a jar
with her true voice she gives
each a new name and wings

she once fell in love with
the maniacal prayer of a scientist
sped from antarctica like a teardrop
carried upon a squall. quivering to the quick
he dampens his bite on a matchstick, suicidal
in the snow, wearing nothing at all, ready to go.

she could taste it, the graceful way he slips,
nary a splash, plunging like a needle into the ticking black ice.
he counts his pearls with open eyes, flowing into the vault
like quicksilver seeking the deepest pit.

scarlet lungs heave the vitriol of shelved dreams,
of blue urges never cleaved, of everything, a bellow purged,
billowing into the drink, finally to sleep where squid eyes glimmer in
water hot enough to melt your fork.

sure as flayed floundering fathers finally

find the knives to pop the victory bottle,
bubbles spill out his eardrums like fireflies
as the last pip escapes his lips.

then he sees her lantern in the sway
his life and every other vanish into
her glistening song for sea bees

in a hive of emperor penguins
Asher Olev awakes
nestled in grey down.

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V

@gadgetgreen

♡♡♡

SPACETRASHVIOLET

Joined December 2010

2,590 Photos and videos

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tho <3 help

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SwainBum **Twitter**. Who knew?! How many fans do you

have? Find out: <http://www.justunfollow.com/?r=tmf>

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User Actions

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Enspiral

@enspiral
Freelance professionals in IT and creative industries: Ruby on Rails, PHP, mobile apps, design, UI, animation and more

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User Actions
Following
Loomio
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Open-source tool for collaborative decision-making. We're crowdfunding! Please support the campaign for Loomio 1.0 at ...
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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/439562443629142528/AaronLeeDowell @aleeDowell · Apr 22
I've used this tool for a student today. Haaa. Hyperbole? Sure, but I'll take it. @ El Camino... <http://instagram.com/p/nFWMpPFnjI/>
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· Favorited Favorited 1 time1
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<http://www.supportnyc.org>
should check out @loomio with rest of #revolution.
#diversityoftactics @PMbeers
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be so v S EXY i wanna eat you alive my beautiful humble bumble stumble on a puddle mingle pebblz slip into<3

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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/wSwrshBn-normal.jpeg · 30m

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~his heat-shimmered hand takes orange sunset on white for a sign of~life~rests it still on the curve of my foot

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378800 **Jeff Hood** @jeffrhoad · 7h

The 820892517ea563ae50f3b04060_ano

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45835152159515456 @darkroomv · 58m

@DanteGreen Webp thanks for the compliment. I am a

photographer/cinematographer but mainly cine.

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- Retweet Retweeted 1 time 1
- Favorite Favorited 1 time 1
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RETWEETED BY V

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45835152159515456 @darkroomv · 57m

@DanteGreen Ah I am not attracted to men either so I guess we

have that in common ;)

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- Retweet Retweeted 1 time 1
- Favorite Favorited 2 times 2
- More

from Virginia, USA

RETWEETED BY V

https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/454355765101924480/Tess1924Bauren?img_src=orig

Tess1924Bauren @DrunkOnA_Monday · 50m

Im Black with a girly-ish undertone, are you my father?

“@gadgetgreen: @DrunkOnA_Monday you look a little like me. are you black?”

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AaronLeeDowell @aleeDowell · 11h

@DoveLikeNotRonald pic.twitter.com/7KpXd8KRGL

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iswpshtwtdollajst night

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profile_images/

456547700628965639n · 56m

iswpshtwtdollajst alot because im so beautiful

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45792210025616945n · 2h

77A0eriq my drshjg She has me in her screams. #Killustrator

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[table](https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/2636738664/badgerfactory_1h)
shrugging and one of my coffee cups took a misfortunate leap of faith? Yeah, I'd say.

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[maybe they shut me down for intense mischief.](https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965639/swimsuitposting_1h)

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[@justinstoned](https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/442142160116011601/justinstoned_3h) · 3h
[eWIJv9hF_normal.jpeg](https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/442142160116011601/justinstoned_3h)

you should see the #MutualAid Project street folks in NYC have created for their own community @gadgetgreen:

@OpSafeWinterNYC

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from Virginia, USA

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T6s1o19n4Bjuren? @DrunkOnA_Monday · 3h

My Clit AI! @gadgetgreen: i'm extremely hypersexual today. had a 9.7 orgasm a little earlier."

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweeted Retweeted 1 time 1
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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/2636730664/wulf

2636730664/wulf @BadgerFactory · 3h

@gadgetgreen: I'd like to explain the 1.1h magnitude a minor earthquake! Silly old me.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweeted Retweeted 1 time 1
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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/439986131103104000/E3B1f03E09Medic8d

E3B1f03E09Medic8d @E_FillingaHole · 2h

@gadgetgreen: normal! yay of such a compliment. Thank you.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweeted Retweeted 1 time 1

· FavoritedFavorited 1 time1
 · More
https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547740692896568/qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg · 2h
 qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg suicidal simply having alot of violent idiation ill be ok i confess tho i am in a bliss of thinking about killing myself

· Reply**Replied to 0 times**
 · RetweetRetweeted 1 time1
 · FavoriteFavorited 3 times3
 · Delete
 · More
https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547740692896568/qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg · 3h
 qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg i wish how to sleep read last night.

· Reply**Replied to 0 times**
 · RetweetRetweeted 0 times
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 · Delete
 · More
https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547740692896568/qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg · 3h
 qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg transparent with my sexually i will be today. i need to warm up for that. withholding my thoughts is essentially gone tho

· Reply**Replied to 0 times**
 · RetweetRetweeted 0 times
 · FavoriteFavorited 0 times
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 · More
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 qSwrshBu_normal.jpeg

i'm extremely hypersexual today. had a 9.7 orgasm a little earlier.

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profile_images/

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~~is very hungry so i'm gonna roast a chicken in a little while. i~~

might eat a bunch of coconut oil.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
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profile_images/

456547706028965639 · 3h

~~is very hungry so i'm gonna roast a chicken in a little while. i~~

might eat a bunch of coconut oil. But take my prog stablizer now. and smoke weed very hard

for a little.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
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profile_images/

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~~is very hungry so i'm gonna roast a chicken in a little while. i~~

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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/W06G28965632n · 3h
iSwrsd my dead sister's e-tablet.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweet Retweeted 0 times
- Favorite Favorited 3 times3
- Delete
- More

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iSwrsd Be paimal type.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweet Retweeted 0 times
- Favorite Favorited 1 time1
- Delete
- More

https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/W06G28965632n · 3h
iSwrsd that what i pay on my knuckle with a newport cherry. im so happy about it. it felt good. just looks like a dot now.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweet Retweeted 0 times
- Favorite Favorited 2 times2
- Delete
- More

https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/W06G28965632n · 3h
iSwrsd how that i pay developed a borderline psychosis disorder. my homeless helped me see that.

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
- Retweet Retweeted 0 times

- Favorite **Favorite**d 1 time1
 - Delete
 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/tswrshBr_ordinary.jpg · 3h
 tswrshBr_ordinary **ts** problem stems from wearing pants that night and misplacing my phone. i wouldn't have done such brave things if i hadn't had \$80 in cash.
- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
 - Retweet **Retweeted 0 times**
 - Favorite **Favorite**d 0 times
 - Delete
 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/tswrshBr_ordinary.jpg · 3h
 tswrshBr_ordinary **ts** search by pants in the cop car ass at that point it was simple water. i entertained the officers and they .. i made them laugh alot.
- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
 - Retweet **Retweeted 0 times**
 - Favorite **Favorite**d 1 time1
 - Delete
 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/tswrshBr_ordinary.jpg · 3h
 tswrshBr_ordinary **ts** swrshBr_ordinary health. my body is flourishing. i lost about seven pounds. im back to looking like that famous statue David.
- Reply **Replied to 0 times**
 - Retweet **Retweeted 0 times**
 - Favorite **Favorite**d 1 time1
 - Delete
 - More

https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/18swr5t1e_cms1.jpg · 3h
It was the most manic episode i've ever had. im banned from portland state campus for two years. i have two court dates now.

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- Retweet Retweeted 0 times
- Favorite Favorited 2 times2
- Delete
- More

https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/18swr5t1e_cms1.jpg · 3h
I called 911 from a payphone at the seven eleven after i bought a pizza. they wouldnt show up because they were busy

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- Favorite Favorited 0 times
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I met some animal peeing street people.

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- Favorite Favorited 0 times
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I spent about a hundred dollar on smoking drinking cab fare ..etc

- Reply **Replied to 0 times**

- RetweetRetweeted 0 times
 - FavoriteFavorited 0 times
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 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal.jpg · 3h
 iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal · 3h
 at the seven eleven bus stop, made at traffic obstruction of a flower stand. no one stopped me. it was bizarre
- Reply**Replied to 0 times**
 - RetweetRetweeted 0 times
 - FavoriteFavorited 0 times
 - Delete
 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal.jpg · 3h
 iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal · 3h
 iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal emergency rooms, had a lot of fun. walked about 20 miles all over the city
- Reply**Replied to 0 times**
 - RetweetRetweeted 0 times
 - FavoriteFavorited 0 times
 - Delete
 - More
- https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406328965632/iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal.jpg · 3h
 iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal · 3h
 iSwrs0nBe_stuffnal just a meme
- Reply**Replied to 0 times**
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qS wlsstc_tnbgial.jpgok that ecstasy and everything was fine at that point.

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iSearchB_unspiring.jpgline for three hours this morning @E_FillingaHole

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iSwrSubst_nortale.jpgd but , with ass all day . dont like the word * * * but * * its silly i go to great lengths to avoid it

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aSwrSubst_nortale.jpghere will help. this is very pleasurable ass xcept harrowing as well. im mildly frightened ass i cant resist

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qSwlsHnEmnma **qSwlsHnEmnma** adrenaline if you read today so be careful pls EXPLICIT sincere skinless content. so unfollow or mute if ya dont need

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https://pbs.twimg.com/profile_images/456547406628965632/qSwlsHnEmnma.jpg · 3h
qSwlsHnEmnma **qSwlsHnEmnma** gonna free write for three hours proly crank about 7000 words. im bored with being broke. if you want me tell me now

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qSwlsHnEmnma **qSwlsHnEmnma** into starting my career now. i finally sat down at the computer.

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 qSwtHnBu_normal.jpg

Sorry to write about it, but it got my mind slightly. i have it back again now. sorry if i flailed too close for comfort.

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SweslBz_tuisma1pcc paradise unravels

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SweslBz_tuisma1pcc brother Kurt , a very sincere individual and dedicated artista revolutionista , weed dont do fuck for writing a song

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 if you ask politly, ppl even clip my fingernails before I rock your world
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at (((are u a psychiatry post doctoral fellow bored pondering yr THESIS? diagnose gadget 4free plus fam history101)))

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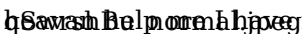
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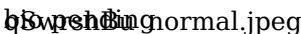
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 Swish Bu normal.jpeg recently become aware of my divine potential as a child of god. #sargasm no need to call an ambulance
e=mc ur a square

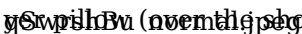
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SwishBu  worth it for your best heart and soul anyone

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thumbs forevs will u be mine for always come here n gimme a real life hug? #sext

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 * * * soft home sjspeings day in a life of a beetle * * *
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 dendum :: as per writ ((im yours)) also
 anything you want or said is pic.twitter.com/w1GfB5N0E7

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poeticisms on demand

i tried to burst my skull
where three dimensions meet
on the kitchen counter
i hitch my tights till they
hover over willful hell

split, angels take me
diving for pearls
in their wings electrostatic
my hair dryer on morphines
capsules of speed slammed
on the bathroom tile. i didnt die
it just hurt for awhile

on the sweet cold lip
of the claw foot tub
i ding it with my head
like a brass bell hammer

i could have smashed
black ice with my voice
but i painted it magenta,
like a lash against
reason fled

my face a graveyard
where truth goes to die
unrequited.

when i look up,
i don't want to see
bubbles and blood
shouting down at me,
telling me how deep
and dark and black
it is watching me sink,
how useless it feels
to be left behind,

all that
warm
blood
exploding.

to slake the heartsick telling a story
with lovely arms placing smooth rocks
in nooks and hollows along the breakwater slag

tethered to a line
in a book forgotten
that will never be read
on the surface of the harbour

deliverance in oil film

i asked the salt in saltwater
if he knew sweet surrender
he vanished into the sea
like the very moon
we drank beneath
the truth of our love
colored the
waterlilies
deep
red.

and what have you done
self immolation?
over and over again
you pony up,
throw all your chips in
a steel barrel
off the cuff, over the
shoulder

sea ice melting. my lips
slick with blood.
eyes gouged out
and sewn shut.

moored to the mast
in the belly of this ship
full of cannonballs.

one pearl. one scale
maybe your fears
are the only truth
in this world.

cute little space bat with scissors

lazy as a daisy
remember that summer
before ethylene sailed away
it was all us gales up at box creek
he was all of six and sewing up dolls
charming the cactus on rhyming piano
all those moths. he threw them in the fire
he played marionettes with spiders. you smiled
he spoke calm into the sputtering candle

all those moths
swam like minnows
up the tulip tree

a raccoon cub
on each shoulder
with your winnowing ring

I AM A FIRE SWAN!
THIS IS MY QUILT!
YOU ARE MY QUEEN!

word for word.
and then he flew...
finely as we've ever sewn.

into the glue

there are many places
that still wait for you
where you have always been
and i have never seen
hills roll by like rollercoasters
waiting for you to climb inside
zippers sprung from nowhere * * *boing* * *
big top in a gypsy hat, a steamer trunk
out springs an elephant who not only rides
a bicycle made for two, teetering with no hands
he has even tattooed your name in his palm
just to honk your horn, he sways to a minuet
on lonely oboe, awaiting madly his big bassoon
he flies like a helicopter and swims his tale
with eyes closed in bezoomney vaults of sand
wearing only a ghetto blaster and harlequin socks
threadbare as a needle in a tick talking thimble
just to be for certain, the ink, will stick, and keep
like a coconut, dug in the sand, to see the day
sewn like a hurricane's furious prow

{no more swimming please, please no more
frayed knots and hollow waves. all my salt
for sweet shade and oil to soak in, legs, lips
and dodo eggs~ ~drown these oceans of doubt
like magic we will~ ~thatch eaves, and drink fog
gathered in leaves~ ~and drink many a moon dry
in our bed of coals~ ~we will glow, all through
the night}

with your name in lace
tattooed into these eyes
i stood outside the tent
with empty pockets
i can fill with a whistle
i have stung a bell or two
and kissed her with my thistle
between sawdust and pinwheel
sparklers, i held my breath
at the ball and blew this letter
like orchid pollen~ ~into you
and still i petal and flutter your way
~into the glue~ will i blow like a
bubblegum venus, my lips a-twittering
or malinger like a mylar balloon
waiting for lightning in the rain
with handfuls of purple lips
hoping to run into you?

still, like this, i am waiting for you
smoking tern style modern day cigarettes
hip one click away, and i would go there
like a fountain, for a wanderer to drink
only in the deaf defying clamour, i have grown
too dumb to feather this fear of
brush and bottle because i destroy
everything i try to touch without
my fingers and such,
out of my hands
into the glue

empirical doubt

shivers in a crappy gray overcoat
with short sleeves and padded shoulders
considering the possibility of his own imminent
validation, a theorem well received,
immortalized in the cannon of reason, however

an empirical spine
will never measure
the length of love.

doubt sits awkward on the bank,
above the river of unmediated joy,
shooing ants, applying hydrocortisone,
almost breaking into pity
for the white trash beer cans
flung all over the grass.

he is a parched tower
cross-legged, chicken and egg
un-fucked, condescending down-hill
knock-kneed i.q. choking in the thin air
of its terrible heights and climes
blushed in the presence of the heat below
where supple fools splash and
ring forth vulgar nonsense...

the drunkest one in a burnt sienna
one-piece emerges from the water

with un-coagulated bravery
and a cut on her shin

she blows snot on her friend,
heavenly un-taught synonyms
ravaged figures of speech
a rapture of cold nipples
and milwaukie's best

she shakes her goose-bumpy limbs
scratching her itch, constellations
of mosquito bites
and tameless hair,

she coughs up a lung
and says with all due gravity,
"i swear to god there's eels down there."

feeling the cold breath from the banks,
her eyes flash and shatter his coke-bottle frames,
issuing a statement of fact that will plague his valves
till his heart stops short 35 years later

logic is a snivelly little shit of a man.

imagination is wings
delivering pizza
in a ford fiesta
full of tiny lightning
a million drams of impulse

we remain tied fast to a pillar
with myopic digits
and rules of three.

we insult the infinite.
we bridle passion and plasma
the galloping power
of a horse's ass

we harness desire
with unbreakable tethers,
the tensile limits of lust
restrained, fucking fear
 like there was no tomorrow

she goes on burping the alphabet
in a lilac shower
with nary a wit
in her supple
little cortex

Vantage

her green eyes cast out
a mile through the
tinted glass wall
in the arrival room

our first son marvin
flying up from california,
he sent pictures
holding fat stringers
of brook trout.

i remember the summer i thought
the whole world was mine to eat,

i demanded she fuck me
with whore spit on my cock.

the same night marvin,
weighing all of 113 lbs
shouted, up the stairs,
i'll kill you.

me in my prime, full of fine
sauce and late lunches, ambling
down the stairs one leg at a time,
lead belly of a hundred mile pond,
tall like every elk, every writ
mounted, downed, dressed,
old boys and hand shakes hard won.

grain towers, whiskey nights
out-lasting, the quarry, the grange,
long in the tooth, tongue smooth,
the light in a charming man's eye.

bypasses, blue laws, water rights
the drink too busy, afternoons
my suit, my roots sunk
in the court typist's panties.
the taste of her candy-drop lips.

i came home smelling like
fucking, in my stupor,
i thought it any other night.
down the steep stairs to piss
i would hold the banister,
and turn the corner,
sit down on the toilet
a chisel in my temples

sour mash mouth dry
burning eyes closed
a swimming

from the bottom of the stairs, marvin
screams like a horse in lighting
leave this house or I'll kill you

marvin, all sinew and virtue
knuckles like a maple knot, hard
summers spent splitting stone,
penny nails pulled from busted pallets,
knocked straight with a claw hammer

he punched me in the bladder.
then he punched me in the throat.
he kicked me in the thigh.
my legs gave out, he
clutched my hair in his fist.
gave me a blackout thump,
for good measure,

i could smell it,
my scalp split on
that same damn nail,
i hammered down 20 times,
it kept coming loose
that warped floorboard
i never should have tacked in
when i built this house.
it always squeaked
at the base of the stairs
when i snuck in at night.

i beat the hell out of marvin,
one last time, later that summer.
my heart almost gave out, i split my
knuckles. bruised for three weeks.
all these years later, my ring finger
still clicks just lifting a fork,
the lord blessed that boy with
a granite skull and cheekbones
even my gnarled fists
couldn't crack.

that summer i left rachael, my wife,
mother of our five daughters, and three sons.
now i live in this double-wide, it smells like dust
and microwave dinners. i prick myself and soak up a drop
and i stick a little paper tab into the monitor
it beeps a number. my damn blood sugar.
i sit on the couch with a popsicle.
this woman on the television
is waxing her legs, with nair,
white lily and desert rain.

now i tilt at windmills
like a one eyed bull.
and i will drift
down river
forever.

was it bourbon,
or my own black soul
possessed me...

last reunion, i am
sick this late summer, 76
driving my old lumber truck
up this narrow road blasted into
the cliffs along the reservoir

my daughters and sons gather
in the yard of that old blue house,
their daughters and sons from the city,
gutting fish, and running through sprinklers.

cake stuck in my throat,
rachael's green eyes,
curls still falling
like black grapes
from her forehead

smoking on our stone porch,
she cuts a green stick
for our daughter's daughter's daughter
to hold, roasting a hot dog
over the coals.

i think a little later on,
a few more sunsets to reflect,
i'll take a good long
nip on the old bottle
and point the barrel
into my temple, and
pull the trigger.

Missing Item #7

she stares at the shipping manifest,

inside the wooden crate plied open,
a plastic envelope static with sawdust.
the gallery address penned with crossed sevens,
and patient block letters from his small hands.
sealed between wax paper and cellophane tape.
she guides her scissors around the plain loop
of his thumbprint.

she remembers wearing heels at the reception.
she stood an awkward inch taller, listening
to him talk about the weather in manchester.
picturing sex with him... she sinks her fingers
into the styrafoam beads with skipping pulse.
she holds the supple figurine, smooth quartz
warming to her touch.

in her bedroom, opening night of his solo show
she is snapping her nylons to center the seam
stretching from her toes to where the line disappears
into the hem of her dress. now in the gallery light
she stands close at eye-level in sling-back flats
in measured pauses she holds the bottle to her lips.

they step outside the fire door for a cigarette.
she stares at his hands, their swaying banter
lost in a rhythm of sips. denying the impulse
to resist, she says, it's a shame about the figurine...
and drops her lighter behind her. oops. she swivels
and limbers slowly down, all the way to her ankles,
hoping her hemline rises well above the line of decency.

Springtide

thrushes

in a bed of
moss and grass
on the sunlit
shore of a pond
hidden in the
sweet chlorophyll
her tolerant gaze
sends wavelets
across the water
rushes and reeds
upon divine wings
the heron flies
the heron flies
upon divine wings
rushes and reeds
across the water
sends wavelets
her tolerant gaze
sweet chlorophyll
hidden in the
shore of a pond
on the sunlit
moss and grass
in a bed of
thrushes

In defence of the rights of birds

Men speak of eagles. Our eyes behold hummingbirds, even as our flightless parents covered our eyes and told us we were born of

storks and stilts. This is a new day my friends. No longer will we fly in the dirt, for we have marvelous digits. Who would cut off a finger for a widget? My beak is thirsty for stones. What are these things that call themselves senators, what vile limerick can encapsulate their crones? I want to kill many things this morning, my bower mates. Most of all, i want to live to see the death of my fear of flying into an open window. On such a fell day, may it go the way of our friends the chirps, whose voices vanished into the house of many feathers.

Hazel

One time I got an empath disco nut in a box of Cracker Jacks. When I bit down on her, she shrieked, and I was immediately thrown into a series of flashing images...pink polyester bell bottoms, gaudy elevator platforms, and a gyrating blue striped turtleneck. The images slowly stabilized and I could hear a lugubrious sobbing which subsided into a series of confessions that made up an index of a tragic life. She told me her name is Hazel and that she hadn't meant to startle me, but it hurt so bad to be ground up suddenly in my molars after like three months of lonely saccharine darkness in something as ridiculous as a Cracker Jack box. She said it was much better being inside of me, although she was feeling awfully discombobulated, you know, being digested and everything. She warned me to never try angel dust because sometimes it really is angel dust. Powdered angel wing. And man does that stuff fuck you up. See, the powers that be take great offence at having their dander bought and sold as commodity. It's an innocent trespass and people do a whole lot of stupid things, but evidently screwing around with what sometimes is actual angel dust is a personal insult and affront to the intelligences which watch over our souls. Hazel got off lightly because her guardian angels are excellent advocates and all in all she had been a really sweet hearted person. She told

me a lot of pretty strange things about heaven and hell and the earth. She told me that being human was the funnest thing she'd ever been, and that I ought to be more careful with my life. She told me that I ought to go buy a Sly and the Family Stone album. She was such a sweetie. She projected some of her favorite outfits and dance floors. She was so 1975 hot. She was embarrassed and shocked and apologetic for having met me in the form of a peanut. She was almost 25 just like me when she hit the hot Los Angeles asphalt after falling from a balcony six stories up. She said something about paperwork taking a long time and then I started losing any coherent signal. It dissipated as she dissolved into my bloodstream, leaving me in an ethereal and slightly paranoid state. I didn't step on ants or kill bugs for a couple of weeks and now squirrels are always giving me this strange sideways look. I kept trying to dismiss the whole event as an acid flashback or something. I didn't want to believe because I don't want to end up someone's left shoe 25 years in the future. I miss Hazel. She may have been an empath disco nut, but she was so cool. Maybe if we can work it out, we'll meet again in more compatible forms. I saw her in a dream about a month after this all happened. She told me she's been learning a lot as a frog and that they've got her in an accelerated program for aspiring hummingbirds.

Plastic Tragedy

I watched the troupe of plastic
perform their tragedy
their slow surreal motions
were thick with majesty

tricks with tinfoil
for the glitter princess
were only costume accessories
for her fatal whimsy kiss

I watched the troupe of plastic
in line for curtain call
oh what drama in the thicket
what grace for a barbie doll

berries girded her hips
her enormous boobs were covered with flowers
I thought I saw her factory lips
move with supernatural powers

I watched the troupe of plastic
pack themselves into matchbox cars
they left the backyard venue aching
for next summer's travelling stars

in the eyes of four and five year olds
figurine epics unfold slow-mo
it's only their hands that get in the way
of a poster paint promo

I watched the troupe of plastic
perform their tragedy
their slow surreal motions
were thick with majesty

Mute Valentine

Something is wrong with me.
I feel like I'm still dreaming.
A girl's mind inside of mine.
She's having fun with me.
I let her have her way.
We're walking us around,

watching all the people who
aren't ever going to know

we're flirting with a girl.
It's my love's first time
blowing bubblegum with a boy's mouth
and standing slightly taller,
really enjoying a cigarette
and writing it all down on paper.
She's acting like she's studying
and maybe she is a little bit,
just like this book isn't exclusively a prop.
There's actually work of a kind getting done
as we engage her subconscious
with body language and coincidences.
A vacant thread of attention,
blaring silent sexuality,
like we're sea anemones
sending chemical messages into the water,
and our eyeballs watch it happen.
Hair strung out as an indicator of obvious preoccupation,
still too scared to stare into each other's faces,
because then all of a sudden we'd need words
instead of bubbles of immaterial longing.

So I'm pressing into the table,
licking my lips and enunciating
as your signals land ever so lightly.
I taste them and they dissolve
straight into our imaginarium
where I get to hear your voice
and it makes my skin blush...
you watching me seemingly fuck the paper
and I make authoritative movements
and gesture myself to stage front

without doing so much as talking,
not even looking your way to disturb your view of me.
I want it to haunt you,
how your mind gets it this easy,
yet I remain unapproachable even as a nerd walks up to me
and gets me to say hi, no, and fine.
You can't even get to hello
because I've swallowed every available word
to keep us on this level,
totally naked and abstract
and our minds fuck like ballerinas on strings
and I'm shaking with the thrill,
knowing how you wonder
could you really have me?
You double check everything you know
and with another look you are sure
that you are irretrievably lost in lust.
You give me even more
and your head drops to the books
you no longer have any interest in looking at
because the only thing that matters anymore
is what I'm doing now.

My expert fingers on a throttle you can only dream of touching, I
engage and speed licks her lips
the room is reduced to the sound of transaction
as people walk in and out dizzy on the contact rush.
You don't even drink coffee.
You've fallen almost asleep.
I've spent all your worry for today.
Just listen to the footsteps
and the sound of the cash register
and people moving into place.
They fade into nothing but a series of approximates
who happen to share the place where we screw.

They talk about skiing destinations
and one lady is talking on a cell phone
and I just get louder
and make her sneeze with the imagery.
You get up and go pay for something
and I can't make out what you're saying...
something about your hands,
like you needed a quick reality check,

You go for a magazine
fingering a rubber band in your hair
like a static knob on a wave generator.
You've gone and made the line secure.

We continue the series of sensuous flirt positions
like fixation terrorists.

It's become a bit of a guessing game now.

I'm obviously aroused.
You just wonder if or how it could be you,

and just when I think maybe I'm grossing you out with what I'm
doing to my bubblegum,

you get up and start throwing candy hearts
into the garbage can.
Oops, you dropped one.

That's the one I'll steal if you leave before me.

And isn't it brilliant like this,

having given each other nothing but a sense of wonder?

I mean, what exactly were we doing tickling each other's
brains like that? I love you.

I love you silent and crazy
and I have to leave to keep my make believe.
You're so perfect in my mind, my mute Valentine.

the voluptuous end of truth

She is a smoldering flurry of ashes. Hark now, she is un-vanished,
to speak syllables throbbing on her lemon kissed tongue. A gelatin
envelope sealed with sweet spit and smooth tongue calligraphying
one word not yet to be spoken. only thrummed in the rushing
waters.

Honeydew croons the voice. One measure births the glorious
angels, heaven's light. In the living waters every sin dissolves and
we swim through the invisible gate,

The kinkiest melody sweeps away our dusty deeds and fucks, a
couple syllables, the hum of the universe shuts up, squirting and
spurting eternal fountains of glee, forbidden juice, dripping beads of
light, opalescent penmanship, trembling infinity divine, one note
sustained on the slope of trembling thighs, truth, lies, no matter.

Created or destroyed, we go weak in the knees. Merely humbled,
hastened, innocent as lambs, we lay down to rest in a place of sunny
bellies, the milk of enlightenment, with the shepard, ram-nestled in
the bosom of mother ewe.

This letter sweet on the tongue, something new under the sun,
XYZ, the pleasure beyond faith and syntax, brooking the veil, the
babe rattles off east of Eden, sings of Helen,

Penelope, unravelling tassels and rules of three folded in an
envelope, sealed with a kiss, turning a dervish, singing, LMNOP,
skirts a flurry. Spinning revolutions upon revolutions of colors to
obscene for the temple of visible light.

moth #7

writing about moths is like singing with scissors in your hands.
like cotton burning gin fizzes, like a ladybug flying home. your
deconstructionist yard sale in the rain. frogs are swimming in your
watercolor leftovers. in a dust devil you would be the only one with
wet eyes. all the better to eat you with said the raven. a clear bell in
the morning will only see twenty legs. when she's busted in the
afternoon, only three souls will be around to hear. later on these
shadows will use her image to charm the choir. not even ghosts are
so lonely. this dirty penny wont suck up in the vacuum. why is she so
ugly and green? star suckers get blown and blown around and never
feel a thing. why are you so stupid, they ask the penny... just before
they get burnt. this penny is a sticky bitch. she wont answer to
anyone. she slays him, takes that head dress for a skirt the mettle of
liberty's bow glowing red she burns it and screams for the shadow's
scales to measure light verses the mother of all whores puking
death, and death's head, a black skull split, it sounds like a horse's
hoof smashing on the sidewalk outside the hospital, or a one ounce
lead sinker, slung from the sling of spleen, evil's fiery form towering
in smoke and the stench of falsehood, belly razed open the sword of
truth stabbed deep into its guts. we all will suffer woe. this moth
likes to land on lampshades and bus transfers.. she has been aflutter
all night long. when she lands on this sticky penny, she is full of
song. she says, when the sun is scarlet and my life is narrow, why

must you be so heavy? because love is like a wheelbarrow, it shines, it spills, it carries dust, and i'm not getting any younger so sing at me if you must. would you rather i lie here and die here, in a mantle of rust, grown long and gray? mossed over in a herringbone overcoat, having sold my soul's spark to another dead letter, another dram of fear, mouth sewn shut, resigned to another pallid afternoon, glad to suck the dregs of weak gruel? strong arms stricken dumb, lamenting the poverty of my own soul, loud voice gone mute, an old woman's wail, another recrimination, her man, elder of a generation, shot dead by a young fool? strong arms stuck dumb? the ghastly silence of disenfranchisement, self-hatred, back against the wall in a blasted building? the terrible thunder of federal tank tires throwing dust? our fair love puking in the corner of a cattle car clean as a surgical strike? conscripted thought criminal? no, i will fight this duel, blind, dusted, abandoned to what? no, i will see a new day. muscle. fortitude. the salve that is the english language. tell me now isn't it raining? this moth with the institution green wings splays it all the way out to her collar, and tells the dirty penny to choke on her marrow, because nothing tastes like wet copper beneath a violet sky. the electrocutioner waltzes up the sidewalk trying to find his marbles on the way home. pigeons and ravens almost as greasy as his hair. boots heavy crushing chestnuts like glue. 160 pounds of modern nightmare is this man burning nicotine and grinding his nails. scared of his own breath and the bats upstairs. drip dry and feebreeze. his clicking knees like keyboards on couches, nerves like the console split, transistor pins frayed like the needle on a good record, sirens would rather lash their bodies to the sea than hear this man speak.... this dirty penny doesn't suck up in the vacuum. she flew out the window and landed beneath the moth. call in sick of smiles and syntax. call in sick of pupils, bored of flowers, my thorax for irises, this is what its like to be near you. remember life is a bloody mess, so chew. the moth takes one long lick. that's when the lightning hits. when the penny flew. hit the nightmare between his big fat eyes. this moth wears a busted bridge like an 8-track player wrapped around her neck. she warbles and still, the tape turns over.

modern man burnt to a crisp. some old dragon swoops down and
sinks its teeth in. and has a good meal. notes and all. a penny for
your thoughts. her image and wings in mirrors and coffee tables.
smoke tipping the scales. the power of lies. the loon. and liberty.

three or four weeks

dissolved in three or four lines
running off into a soft curve unraveling
and trusting itself to spring back into form
sleeping deep enough to forget the crawling worms
in battle formations of lead unspoken in my chest
kept open to moderation, severance wrapped in silken
form inside a box with knives for walls, that tissue
crawling in and out of indecision, these lines in my chest
hidden with love handles and weathered rosewood
slipping through the dreams of angels like mud
running the silken path, with knives in spring,

trusting itself to dissolve the battle, the box,
the crawling spine of the unspoken...

In my dream of death, the worms have hips and palettes
Of hues for irises no painter's hand could ever hold, nor i
Could ever give slip to their flimsy grasp of our dirty faith
And foibles and our grounded notions of sin and eternity
with rosewood lips in a mockery of form,
severance revealed her wish to me: that we know
the sleep of moderation. In our accidental best,
we share the hideousness and glory of worms:
that they can fuck themselves and live on,
cut, squished, squashed. They eat shit and live.

Teach a man to fish... give him a worm:
The cold comfort of tasting without ever knowing
What tortured thoughts these brains have endured.

with every breath

she wanted someone to knit a fine sweater for someone with her
fingers touched lovingly by loving eyes she goes jogging with the
feet of an angel the sound of crunching leaves like wrapping paper
torn open to reveal an expensive doll and the light in her mother's
eyes. this thought running through her mind, clear like the bead of
sweat she licks, nipples clairvoyant, the finely purred rhythm of her
tits, her toes grasping something just out of reach...

what is cold? this lake frozen black, my body burning special k my
heart hot, throbbing in my neck, like the third orgasm, coming over
and over, flipping through pictures, an accident, slip in the bath tub,
the thrill of watching him falling down the stairs, running him down
as he crosses the street, tucking in his shirt in a rush from that

whore's apartment, to make it home on time for steak and asparagus. this so called man...

maybe i do have the stomach for vehicular manslaughter. Manslaughter, her fake tits and false laughter. My nikes a fucking blur. Displacement, control. I want to dive into this dirty snow, throw my body beneath the scoop of the plow blade, bones crushed into the salty street and studded tires.

Or just run out into the black and white horizon blanch my body like asparagus with rocks in my pockets and collapse into the water, hot body shock, sucking it in like last call, a drink of cold clarity... tiny ball of spite, i tried to love you, now i run with every breath, wasted.

elephant ink

people who count math and frizzle make-up and fear, forget the hips and body-tilt, adrenaline on the brow, furrows no, rather splash and wheels, because life ain't no wheelbarrow, or what you can win in a brain-fight, doctors w/a racket, robots in the form of pestilent wasps, zeros stacked in electro-syllabic semblance and caloric shed, mega-fun, thermal-nuclear-bore, drippy sluts wrapped up like zombies begging alms, fucking tax-breaks on the kitchen counter, the coffee table, the linen drawer, licking up blood sweat and tears off the checkered tile floor, the definitive measure of tawdry worth and hollow sockets. when we should be riding rockets, and treasure the resolvers,, and one day we shall...?cuando cuando, mascota?

when this carnival has become tiresome, i prithee well, why do we persist in grinning to shoot our lips off, and hold still while these vampires and empires, esteemed themselves to be great men and pillars of goodwill, do we allow to let them spin a silver cup on a blind table shim-shamed? we stand in line with silly-putty in our mouths for the weak gruel of spectacle, even as we swallow swords for them, and eat wooden teeth in sallow shades, in desolate arbors where spines wander lost like garbage in the sea,, flesh-bare, bipedal wisps of memory~blown away like grease from the lips of thermal orgasms, the nuclear family, trestled in a bed of plucked dove and mint ballad, piked like squabs, smoking in a basement somewhere, strapped to a board, clutch and cord, wrist and rod, hacking up a lungful of toxic shock, over there, in plain sight, inside the pale mausoleum, the capitol thrill, the cradle of freedom creaking like a rocking-horse with rickets, crooked from the horse's mouth, cherry blossoms licking the butterfly that sways what fucks espouse and glory this ash-pile, the splattered blood of mothers and children aloft in the shifting winds, the yellow medal of honor, souvenir skulls choking on a ferry-coin, ...funny thing being, the only treasure to enter heaven is carried with spiritual arms, which keep their sinew and strength long after this dream of skin and bones, some tandem effect of the drought we drank in a fever of desire, an erotic dream of lunacy's opposite this swollen tongue, pinned like an elephant above a quill, spitting pits in our face, even as we thirst for an open window in this bullet-train of memes and mimes... drop by drop of strange blood slopes like dew on a pendulous web, the moth possesses a knack for levitation, and drafts in the wind-shear peeling off the monarch's wing, and the elephant is quite amazed to be flying so softly,aloft the magic carpet's writ and thistle, the quill plucked so artfully from its shitty heel, bile pumped like oil, and ink spill, locked and trunked, never to turn up its nose evermore, will suffer the absent memory of charred flesh and perfume, it will dance among the cherry blossoms like a free balloon, and never taste the pleasure of ambrosia jelly-fishing above the palisades of wisdom's silvery mantle, gone a rut, rams and roebucks bashing racks of

falsehood, chomping up thorns, feasting upon this marble, the sleeping cosmonaut's worry-stone, shivering like a virginal nude in a sun-shower, awakens in her dream of sleep with a cherry fountain pen for stabbing evil's mammoth form in its side, to skin it's hide, as a record of this humble people's rapture, shameless baby angels laughing in the tilt-a-whirl spring of the soul's marrow squishy and resplendent, in perpetual motion, the writ we wrote, tiny hand in hand, tooth and nail, one numberless character, an army of rants marching one by one, sand by sand, we move mountains this way...

the last pip

her lamp is turned on
when all else is bleak
for sailors of life and time
she is a harbor in tumult
paddling out in her tiny skiff

like cinnamon oil her soothe travels
collecting drowned souls in a jar
with her true voice she gives
each a new name and wings

she once fell in love with
the maniacal prayer of a scientist
sped from antarctica like a teardrop
carried upon a squall. quivering to the quick
he dampens his bite on a matchstick, suicidal
in the snow, wearing nothing at all, ready to go.

she could taste it, the graceful way he slips,
nary a splash, plunging like a needle into the ticking black ice.
he counts his pearls with open eyes, flowing into the vault
like quicksilver seeking the deepest pit.

scarlet lungs heave the vitriol of shelved dreams,
of blue urges never cleaved, of everything, a bellow purged,
billowing into the drink, finally to sleep where squid eyes glimmer in
water hot enough to melt your fork.

sure as flayed floundering fathers finally
find the knives to pop the victory bottle,
bubbles spill out his eardrums like fireflies
as the last pip escapes his lips.

then he sees her lantern in the sway
his life and every other vanish into
her glistening song for sea bees

in a hive of emperor penguins
Asher Olev awakes
nestled in grey down.

