

Staying in the Car after Arriving Home

by XXXX

i sat in the car for a while
even after i arrived at the house
facing the garden with my headlights on
casting on it a dreary sort of fantasy

in that small space, like a tin can, i am
completely alone with my thoughts
almost as if in a coffin or a jail cell
it is comfortable, soothing, safe

for the madness into which i have submitted myself
i hereby renounce it, sticking my fingers
down my throat and forcing out
that fishbone lodged through my neck

the size of a tree branch, of a telephone pole
protruding from beneath my left ear
to my right armpit
encrusted with blood

worn like a jewel, like a medal
shining in the hot Manila sun
walking sideways through doors
sleeping always on my back

admit surrender! the Russian winter
has atrophied all my forces
and their corpses lie indistinguishable
from the muddied snow

love of my loves your cheeks
are soft as baked bread
your tongue as smooth and sweet
as the delicate flesh of a peeled peach

how i delved in the delight
of bleeding for you, catching the red
in a basin and washing my hair with it
drinking it with my supper

beautiful boy eternal rapture
if i ever pressed my lips to your body
i would collapse like a dying star
implode from the gravity of my pleasure

it is over, it is over, it is over,
i have drained the ocean,
and the moon lies without shine
in my closed dusty closet

what is the use of it all:
i want to paint my room
with the brine of my brain
with the sparkling whiteness of my skull

there is no use
your beauty does not deserve
such wretched crumpledness:
mold grows between my teeth

you are my silver sensation
i could never look at you directly
an awful radiance of perfection
of painful impossibility

i cannot stay here,
this cavern illuminated by flames,
this untouchable hell
dripping with chocolate

by this sweltering night
i swear my concession:
what is for me is what i deserve
excrement in a box, tied with a bow

