

THRONE OF BLOOD

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Every year just about spring the drained lake muds with the girls of winter bloated and tangled at the bottom in the wreckage of tree artifacts.

Gnarled, mangled.

No one knows who they are no one knows enough to care about anything actually. Tumbled and slashed, their decaying muscles blooming to match the foliage.

1: It's a shame they're still not put together right

2: Seems so

But that doesn't defer him, he's quite persistent about the occasion.

1: This leg bone is about the right size

He's sucking the marrow out of a girl's femur so there's enough space to fuck it. It's really too hot for it to be spring.

2: I'm a little dry

I slur and start to move towards the house as I can still hear a wet shucking sound. I haven't been here for three weeks too bad I left the door open. I don't even know why I went in, all I needed was the wheelbarrow. Good thing I did. It was in my bedroom. I dump out the broken mirrors, and push it through the front door. Almost gets caught in the under brush but I see him now standing on the ridge.

1: These are some choice cuts

He holds a girl's split sternum in his left hand. He throws it into the wheelbarrow and there is a dull thud followed by a thin metallic clink. The arm and hand are still attached to the breastplate and she is wearing a ring.

1: She cut pretty clean

2: Novice at best

He frowns we load up then move out and I'm so fucking pissed I got a splinter in my hand somehow and that it is all I can think about. We walk through the still open door for the kitchen and add to the already heaping mound suffocating in a kiddie pool. He steps over the edge and starts kneading the bodies with his feet like a good Sicilian. A thick gravy escapes from his toes and oozes down the sides onto the kitchen floor. The kitchen floor is curling and cracked by the slowly widening pool of fluid now being lapped up by a cat. I don't have a cat, or at least I didn't three weeks ago.

Onto the living room. He's roped a picked-clean ribcage to the rusted chandelier, and strings up dislocated limbs by their joints with twine. Actually it's beautiful. Almost reminds me of my childhood mobiles hanging over a crib those drifting bobbing shadows. Except for the smell of dead meat. I've grown accustomed, it's just like living in a very hot meat locker with the stench its own skin that I molt with each indifferent chill.

1: OH MOTHERFUCKINGSONOFABITCH

He says. He gets overzealous and the ribcage cracks, dropping to the floor with a wet smack while adding a third leg.

1: Look, its how god made cunts

He is holding a rib shard and snickering violently to the point where he can barely stand.

He falls to the carpet in a breathless fit leaving bloody handprints proudly smeared on the wall. I have a sudden urge to finger paint and know how cavemen felt. Everything seems like preschool so elementary.

1: Well I've got someone waiting

He could never resist a pretty naked girl in his bed, only this time she wouldn't leave. Alone and bored I see there's a scalp near my feet. I pick it up to smell. Through the hard thick clumps of brown I think I smell lavender and throw it away from me.

I start to go down to the basement as someone steps through the back door. I hear the clicking of nails and look up at the dog now staring at me eye to eye, frozen with shock.

He had thought the place was abandoned.

So had I.

He looks real thin and sick and wild with matted haunches almost slightly mad all delirious from the heat. He's really afraid of me but can't turn away from the miniature pool of carcasses. I suddenly want to touch him or give him water feed him.

But for some reason instead I get up to kick him out the door in the ribs, a little too hard and swift.

I rush down the basement steps where I finally stop sweating as the heavy musty air makes me feel like I'm sinking in a swamp. In the corner there's a tunnel someone started to dig but only managed a hole.

I step over the jutting concrete and get inside.

My head sinks deep and I keep falling, unsure for how long or if there even is a place where it stops.

I realize neither matter.

The mud gets so
thick
and tight
on my chest
pushing it to explosion
my nose filling
up
with the sandy
grit

and

I

can

almost see

my bed

*I want
to lie*

down

down

down

so flat

on my back

*but that
nuisance*

It's really not that deep as I step on the bottom only to have a fresh batch lumped between my toes.

1: You'd better get cleaned up we got company tonight.

There's a wolf glint trembling his teeth as he hurries upstairs.

I go outside to hose myself off and hardly notice the water is freezing. It's almost night. I stretch out to dry in the fading sun until I hear the shifting of gravel and a car door shuts. She's slung over his shoulder all numb in the cheek but her lips still look lively in a full purple. Her heels soft and tender a young calf's I touch to make sure she's real.

I don't know where he found this one.

I can barely stand to look at her.

Long brown surrounds her face
wraps around neck in a follicle noose.
I think that's where the lilac
is coming from
everything on her
in violet hues a wet flower clinging to him.

He goes in the house so I guess I should too.

Her toes skimming tops of sticky pools
tracing the lazy trails that have been
waiting to be made.

Flips her off his shoulder onto a table
her body out like a compass and
he squeezes her peach thigh

1: We'll have to hurry this one is almost past due

Tests her leg again and a muffled moan rustles out
she twists her swollen neck.

2: Fuck

I mutter and notice this demon gleam
rising behind his eyes then suddenly
they go all black.
Hands fly under the standing wood
lifting up exploding
throwing her to the corner
with the table following.
My throat makes some awful squeaked howl
that stops him dead
in his tracks
a slurry slope of words
drip to his chin
jumbled fury of

1: Myafhhhauckingancaeetchesss, arrreuu stheyismines myo
wn FEEUUCKING MEAT!andTTTthi
sisfeeuucuuuckibngMINE!"

By now he's lifting her by that rope
of hair and dragging her with weighted blasts
down the basement stairs.

I feel so heavy
pressure and
time set
as volcanic ash hot feathered
blanket hardens the horror.
Children swaying
as stalks in limp hungry breezes
and slumping baby's skull
scrambled to slush
their brain waves flat and murky.
Perched to watch silent
and quaking on the edge
of every slaughter
my owl eyes so wide and blind.

I wouldn't let myself be this numb anymore.

In such dire times
the mind shuts down
lets the limbs rotate accordingly.
Might have felt
but did not quite see
the first blows
yet these hands move
with choice lift the chain
caught for keeping in the corner
and coils and coils
obedient serpent set in motion
calmly tightens nest.

Chokes loose his gargling
string of

1: eyyyssKILL,you...fhuccssss
ckingppFAAgghvk!"

fluid links of impetus surge electric
as shards of his skull splintering off
crackling turn when bones roll
and wrench but

These hands cannot be mine

To wish in a small obscure corner of myself
that such a grip is my own
it escalates a pounding
elevates then dropping then
back again.

While brain bone was clipping off
I noticed faint music coming from upstairs
something small and slow and misplaced.
I hummed along softly to its familiar sway:

*J'irais jusqu'au bout du monde
Je me ferais teindre en blonde
Si tu me le demandais*

I slammed his head into the concrete floor

*J'irais décrocher la lune
J'irais voler des fortunes
Si tu me le demandais*

again

*Nous aurons pour nous l'éternité
Dans le bleu de toute l'immensité*

again

*Dans le ciel plus de problème
Dieu réunit ceux qui s'aiment*

Bark chips flutter in the air
as meaty bits become custard
the beginnings of a nice pudding.
Matted pulp coats the wall
now flesh and stone
clogged puddles
coagulate then wilt.
Its slow breath oozes off and
lingers over the surface.
It all tumbles loose as I sink back
and the haze dissipates.

I lean on my elbows half-hoping she'll kill me or leave.

"Get out."

She gives me such attention with her flat hungry eyes
and I know there's nothing left for her at all.

"There's nobody waiting on me."

Sitting inside the new house, cold. Barely breathing as the ether wants a catch phrase and daddy wants a christmas tree for his babies and its christmas eve so momma wraps us in blankets.

House in the middle of what used to be a field crawling with field mice a few glacier boulders still crouching in the weeds and large so daddy thinks we should keep. Later becomes an island to creep onto and quit off the molten liquid of volcanic crust that clips small feet so neat. Vengeance is drenched to roll the deepest flows before a mark of violence, an attention to taloned sway.

But there is already a way in which the world folds its unmaking.

"I buy flowers on Sunday and to spend the week watching them die."

SUNDAY: TRAUMA
MONDAY: DEMENSIA
TUESDAY: MISERY
WEDNESDAY: SUFFERING
THURSDAY: FEAR
FRIDAY: TERROR
SATURDAY: SOLITUDE

"And I might as well since this longing isn't about character or diction the necessity of prowess the long drinking slurp of unfettered need. Unsnarl precautions as I am ready to be anything but living, anything but other. Kneel down to this wet crust as my newest fringe of ocean. I refuse all transient forms of disgrace."

"You think you took something from me you didn't take anything nothing but your indecency as I'm bleeding from pores ducts tombs and I never got to taste your salt from the sea but I will when I pull out and finally slake free."

IF YOU LEAVE YOU'LL GO TO THE POUND AND NO ONE IS EVER GONNA WANT
YOU EVER AGAIN.

She gets so manic as a child even as a small child who can't tear herself away from the heat of light into sleep struggles inside with her body damp with fear her gutbrain keeps churning.

"everybody wears just about the same shade of distain rusted by mire a scab a caw like a brokenness born inside a baby. A sickness from the innards she can only be cold. Gutted and raw."

YOU DON'T EVER GET TO COME BACK

"I place my palm gently place over a pile of numb coins. Don't need to count just feel their collected weight. I feel them dimly wrinkle away. Not like falling just gentle fainting. Soft heft on a summer day and pleat into the sheets this graceful failure. For once the weight of failure feels like a release because it is my own. I stake my claim. Pressing a hand stained with sweated juice of berries to pull it towards while letting the coins drop to my lap yet I do no alter the gaze. Keep it straight and angled forward. I collect everything without pause. Slowly get up and walk away and never return never look back.

Never drop your gaze."

ASSASSINS OF GOD

I

Daddy never got me that cleansheet cocaine grin.
I caught him faltering stuck tight in his pendulum whimpers.

Gotta click out time
gotta flick away the hot
crotch swelter that murdered
his hump sticky tricky panzer
bees they only enjoy biblical travel.

To first lick clean my ribs
then explode through a sunburst
gulping the monochromatic air
sting so pretty.

The wound
 a volcano.

The next morning we were bloated as zeppelins tiptoeing over bridges
and you told me the way the world was put together.

WHO AM I

DADDY

AND WHAT DO I KNOW

EVERYTHING

You were god and I so cold with bright hair laughing
deep-lunged chatters and I said no fuck this texture.

This cave has grasses.

II

West Virginia found us silent tight-lipped as deceptive corpses
spread so cautious in the primary harvest.

We guzzled guzzled guzzled miles striding
in the canopies of long-legged elephants.
Their jeweled crests shone off pigskins
and the children pointing fingers below

now opaque in the kerosene facets
have already asked to be destroyed.

I am illiterate.

III

He's pushing through pages with cerebellum lurching, his tongue a
right compass, searching out the wind not me no they won't catch me.

Scribble so fast you can't avoid your father.
LOOK AT HIM LOOK AT HIM NOW FUCKER
Turn your eyes.

You're shrinking down but I won't let you no no not just yet
I'll turn about then lie on your chest when they lay you
to rest daddy when you're dead you'll be the most for me.

recurring stolen phantasm:

*(soaring over the canyon of my father's open chest, to look down and see myself
chew a judgment to past mutterings.)*

I: Precursors at dawn

He is choking on chicken bones, scraps, fighting the ogle-eyed dogs and I
am the only one to keep keen eyes prepared,
awaiting the fall of fresh sawed timber
while we mired crossed our hands in the stiff
thicket.

II: The Gloaming

Our arrival looking over shoulders
sweating with the bookcase as buffalopapa
huffing with his wide chest he can't go any further.
The tight squeal of his chest negotiating all vessels stopped.
Blockage.

Three weeks later heart bone split cranked
open little man's nimble fingers embroidering.
I'm trying to pet my bird of a mother flitting

and flouncing screamed she didn't want any damn tomatoes
then nervously laugh and cry for an hour about
my Nani's consoling custard.

Saw to the bottom of my black watered coffee
thought about life's transparency
and Christian death threats.

In my mother's heavy racing eyes there was no god there was
no man. We never like to spread our tragedies thin
tend to grow and fester finally burst.

Shuffle in the muck we make for ourselves
not this time.

I went in afterwards,
bloated (palely green)
were daddy's
plump lids,
exploded eyes
floating in watery
sockets a frog freshly
dissected, held his hand his body
shaved.

Never had seen
him knocked off
his mountain, the mechanical
lifting/falling of
divided chest. I had never felt
so present, as he
unconscious, I conscious of
all present meaning(s). Closeness
of loss licked at my neck, I did not turn.
Much calmer than I had imagined
for the judgment of proclaimed ideals
at my blind pulpit.

Haven't been to the dirt yet, don't intend to
on my hands and knees. When I go, I'll go walking
on the edge of the broken curb.
Let my ankles get murky
in that stagnant city sludge, my hands wet
and dirty propped underneath my head.

I CAN NEVER RETURN I CAN NEVER LEAVE

If there could be a moment of self-realized terror,
where everyone in the world kills his or herself at the same time.

Moving in the language of blood.

What it means to know how one can feel a sick dig of the helpless into one's skin.
When you didn't know the war is over.

When you feel like another one has just begun. There is a long hunger to not die in
the ways that we want to. To experience the accident of loss.

The impossibility in knowing that any life you choose is absurd.

The insatiable has product the glitch is proscribed and this fucking entitlement like
a line slant, the lever cancel and I can see that what you really want to make is pasta.

To be a real person is not to be alive.

There is distance in a hope for tranquility, to know that if you pull long enough you
can become your own enemy.

I feel every method of attraction is only there because there is no other option.
I will teach you to hurt yourself.

You have a blood with wants.

AFTERBURNER

There are so many ways to exist I'd rather just not.
I can find a way to hate from above. A way
to disguise myself from myself.
My fingernails are half an inch long, but the rest of me is
quietly trimmed newest consolidated luxury
the ability to work towards not giving a shit.

Move to a place where no one knows you are alive.

AMERICA DOESN'T EXIST.

Check your Statcounter instead of Huffington Post
because the self is the only shelter that doesn't hide and doesn't dwell.

YOU ARE THE OCEAN AND I AM THE SEA.

What the hell am I saying.
I have never been so tired in my entire life
but I'm still awake. I have never written so often
and so badly. I make a different code of the careless.

A knife so sharp it never fails to fall.
It's easy to get your throat slit in a town full of nowhere
where part of the freedom supplants its own purpose.

The comforts of being simultaneously accepted
and ignored as compliments get folded into the threats
of the day. A Finnish musketeer re-enacter
tells you if you weren't so young/beautiful
he would kidnap you and never let you leave the island.

When you wake to a nightmare that is better than who you are.

MAYBE I SHOULD GET A BOYFRIEND WHO IS IN THE MILITARY.

I was going to go to the psychiatrist
to get anti-psychotics, but I decided not to

because it would slow down my gun permit application.

The thought of reading feels absurd.

You bring voice to the impossibility I hope to hear.

LET'S GET LIFTED

New years eve midnight 60 degrees spread me out in the back of an abandoned lot so wet and a pussy is a basin placed inside the pelvic bowl settlement of sediments it gets filtered it gets held by your cock and I can know this is a standard procedure.

I feel held by its laws.

There is a bent wench that gets altered and a sense of the mind calls back you yeah you get lost bitch.

Who is the person that will help you receive yourself. I can be so many people. Fucking and loving several people at the same time. How can I not laugh.

Fucked up girl.
Fucked up girl.

I'm well read but sucked dry. I will grow a thousand thrones before I recede. I will allow small advances before I creep through the slit of your time.

I guess I could grow a fondness for the taste of blood.

My nose it bleeds from lack of use.
Every touch is a wound and the test to smear.

UNKNOWN BLOOD

The good work of a bad day and the fear makes itself unclothed and I don't press the touch. Sometimes disappointment has a copper-tinged taste.

A shudder to feel so human. A deep well hangs folded in the eye's crust. A press to fuck, the incited blow. Pile onto the bridge. Your knees stay down as the ____ finds itself ____ and ____.

Do you see what I just did there? Its called gloaming.

That needy plea when I know that if I can taste the gut rot then you must already be a coward.

HOLD ON I'm going to let myself explode in a way that isn't needy.

I FUCKED UP THAT ONE NOW DIDN'T I DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME FAIL AGAIN

You say you just want a good woman who understands true misery, but you know ____ still ____ ____ departing.

I BOUGHT MYSELF A SHOTGUN FOR MY 25TH BIRTHDAY

I bought myself a shotgun for my 25TH birthday. That's better than something else.

It's the joke that isn't funny until you cry, when you smear wet and needy on the dirty fringed rug.

When you laugh you knock the cum plug out of life. Keys strike each other like a gangbang and on the high chord I notice how everything is unimaginable.

ce sentiment, sentiment ce sentiment de l'amour

The impossibility of knowing someone in a time where they don't exist.

It's always hardest to lift one's self from the ground.
If we fuck, let's end in a position that is good to die in.

I WANT TO BELIEVE IN YOUR VOICE BUT IT FALTERS

I'm going to open the outside window the inside window the window in the window
turn on the heat in the room the heat in the window the light in the room the light in
the window in the inside window and then I will slam it shut and stomp around and
feel insane and take a shit and go to the gym and lift weights and run on the
treadmill and turn on the tv and THIS IS WHAT WE WATCH IN AMERICA

I JUST HAVE AMAZING GENETICS

THERE IS SMOG IN THE AIR I CAN'T BREATHE I LOVE IT

IF I DON'T GO TANNING THE STATE OF ALL EXISTENCE IS AT STAKE

trigger in the hurt
the banal lard of testimony
you roll in your hands
to glisten them
but they already shine

you told me you
had never eaten pussy
but you meant
you had never been
in love with a woman
and I thought
of my grandfather
on the day
he died
it was Christmas day
it was in
a nursing home
I saw him rising
from his armchair
with his hands
down his pants
his hands
covered in shit

he held them out
I turned away

Blurred or double vision; constipation; decreased coordination; diarrhea; dizziness; drowsiness; headache; nausea; painful menstrual periods; runny or stuffy nose; stomach upset or pain; tiredness; trouble sleeping; vomiting; weakness; weight loss. Seek medical attention right away if any of these SEVERE side effects occur when losing control, balance, or levelness, which enables daily functions.

SUCH AS:

rash; hives; itching; difficulty breathing; tightness in the chest; swelling of the mouth, face, lips, or tongue; unusual hoarseness); absent menstrual period or other menstrual changes; calf pain or tenderness; chest pain; dark urine; difficult or painful urination; fast or irregular heartbeat; fever, chills, or persistent sore throat; new or worsening mental or mood changes (eg, anxiety, depression, restlessness, irritability, panic attacks, behavior changes, paranoia); new or worsening seizures; pale stools; reddened, blistered, swollen, or peeling skin; severe muscle pain or tenderness; severe or persistent dizziness or stomach pain; shortness of breath; sores in the mouth or around the eyes; bleeding from the gums or anus; suicidal thoughts or attempts; swelling of the hands, ankles, or feet; swollen lymph glands; tremor; unusual bruising or bleeding; unusual weakness or tiredness; vaginal itching or discharge; vision changes; auditory hallucinations; yellowing of the eyes or skin (eg, anything that might naturally be occurring in your body will now have a reason and cause induced by the disfunction or yr inferiority, eg, your brain has lost its privileges, so then you have too.)

We're in his car driving down some road that maybe we'll see the end of if the old truck lasts. We keep going until its night again, and I stop at some motel that should be on a road that is barely a road. I catch the dust rising up to her cheeks as we step to a crooked door that nudges open.

We stay in the milking gray until
we can close our eyes and there is
no difference between either of them.

After humid storm air
was musky and thick
wore on it's thickness
chewing cud in a cool-plucked
moment.

That moment when
the world clings to itself
trying to hold steady
all soppingly fresh and shy
we knew what we needed
to do.

2: Once we start there is no going back. The only end is when we're finished.

She turned and looked me to and didn't say anything
lips faintly climbing.

That night we set out on the hunt. Crawling through dark alleys and streets sniffing
out low-lying beasts palms scratched on ground.

Hungry for scraps
finding broad flapped tongues forked
and anxious for the first of them to snap
abruptly.

Cautious
she hints at the little worm
presses with *"like the bait?"* he

questions with a heavy
lidded sneer “must be a trap.”
She hikes skirt past
opposing knees proposes

*“to smell your blood has it gone too far or has it just begun see my fanned
tail, but i give no dance.”*

Notices a wet shine past lips
her gums
“your teeth. They are imposters
much too pale.”

She directs with a coarse laugh

“give me a throw find out my weight and colors might change,”

he accepts.

They two in the corner of shadows fuse.
I observe to witness
their shifting
near the quaking door
fumbling perimeters to rapping
dank pants.

Measured distance, I place the parts:
light tease caught
chuckling in room.
Ankles folded
lit ember at hand
I enjoy the careful glint of her eye.
He warns, impatient:
No need for crescendos.
“I came for meat,
not a hunt bitch.”

“Take it then, brute.”

CROWN OF HORNS

Love is a container until it is not and then it is a seed.

It is important to be in the same stuckness
with a person you want. You have to want
the stop with them.

In your flushed cunt the gorgeous evening opens slowly.
Don't flatter yourself, but your tits swing in a way that could
tear the moss off dereliction.

I suck salt from my teeth and pull a cool thick moistness
down over my face stopping
at the mouth at that dry hitch before the lips.

Yours was crusted with stacked skin yesterday.
I chipped it off with friction.
I feel you are always making me pregnant.

This loss that precedes itself.
How can we ever be enough for each other. Where
is the gratitude in presence.

I think I need to go to the hospital
but I have no idea what I would say.
You can run to the dawn of your faceless hate
but it bubbles up, the flounder mucked denial-deep
and you can keep saying that this will be the last time
that we can all feel how a blow can easily
become a constipated mountain and

there will be no regrets
there will be no regress
there is a turmoil
that is hungry and scrapes
the rusted corners of the Gordon Food Supply dumpster
and you stand there on the edge

staring straight into the security camera thinking
if only options could have a shape or taste.
Sometimes it is easy to be around a feeling that is not being.
I am so drunk I just almost drank a candle and
wax is never a solid so that is why I am laughing at you.

Someone fuck me to sleep. Someone fill my desperate panting.
Someone is being choked in the alley and I am taking a shit.
Sex is something that just happens we don't really have to try.

What are the ways I can fuck you without sex
has that been figured out yet. Maybe I can polish the dust
from this lightbulb and when it finally breaks
we can cry on that mattress in Spain
because we missed other people but found
the parts just fine. Standing on the toilet
I always liked to watch the slow drip falling.

It pulls and strings before the drop, hesitant to leave.
Somewhat like a slow awkward tittyfuck what are you doing.

We are each the ideal implement. You will forget your limbs.

THIS IS THE STATE OF AFFAIRS BECAUSE THERE IS ONLY ONE YOU ONLY GET ONE FACE AND YOU BETTER FUCKING GET USED TO SCRUBBING IT POSITIVE

cities are a good metaphor right they make the feels that keep saying the same thing and that is why we like them and that is why we return. i will die before i know who you are but that is, wait what? sorry what am i listening to i hate cat power no you're no real drunk.

your book makes sun patterns on the ceiling at 3am like you have something to prove and i'm ok with that. i turn the volume on my phone up. take yr vitamins because i just had a miscarriage whoops will be late to the opening.

and you look through again and gain the way that you are and the way you want to be and the line of sexy boredom fucking vanity self-hatred depression fuck me i turn the volume on my phone down. please this is getting tiresome and i am running out of methods to deplete myself of logic.

life is sick and sad

DELETE ME DELETE ME DELETE ME

i am the rejector the bleached cunt of brevity

DELETE ME

fist the dry run what is a wet run

DELETE ME DELETE ME DELETE ME

DELETE ME

i'm in an open relationship with your nightmare let's hope this time we never wake up let's hope this time we get closer to a feeling a feeling not a stoppage i'm going to push past the place where i think you live.

kill her with photography

the image not the object,

as the visual life meat is mottled

and gristled.

why do people ask questions when they don't care about the answers

you don't know what i'm talking about quit it
DELETE ME DELETE ME
i'm getting older and my hate makes me tender

i am swollen.

SCENE FOR AN INQUISITION

I want the potential of something that wants to be waited for. I am an expert on heart palpitation. *I am highly knowledgeable about this topic (optional).* I can only submit, never surrender.

Love is precious through its failure.

If you love someone, fuck the world.

I don't believe in love because it is real

and I am tethered to the hope through spit.

Saliva used to terrify me

a collection of pathogenic light

seeps into our gums

and I gag when I can feel that slip

until I let you drop it in and in and in and

while I watch the whole time and then I can

let myself accept the fact that you would like to make the kill.

My body is empty of its fullness.

I am never eating.

I am always eating.

I will obtain a new fur.

STRČ PRST SKRZ KRK **(stick your finger through your throat)**

To parse yourself out before the flame. To have no sense of your body. To have no sense of your want. To only feel the pressure which unleashed squealing, a cat caught in the reeling as an engine spits fur onto a frosted lawn.

THERE ARE THINGS TO BE CARED FOR

I'd eat if I were hungry. This liquid diet feels like a demand more than a habit. I go to the gym extensively although you probably wouldn't know it. Did I mention I go to the gym for an hour of two everyday.

LOVE ME

When every map you chart is of no place and all the women have dresses on and yes they are smiling and yes they are getting married see them get wet on that hot throttled choke. Your fiancé was promoted at Coca Cola.

YOU'RE GONNA BE SO FUCKING HAPPY

You're in an artist loft in Brooklyn in a room full of people drinking coffee on a Sunday afternoon and you answer the phone and start speaking Czech and for a moment you almost forgot what it means to be dead.

MRS. HAVERSHAM

I go to the library to sit down near the most attractive person I see.
I sit there pretending to read until they move. Resist against the still.

I go the gym to watch people in pain. To witness the pull back, a tuck in as there is
no more seductive movement than the grace of instability,

the weighted shift in the flex of a heel.
A sweated grunt released from a gut's torso ejecting resistance.

How stupid is my pain.

Tried to kill myself last night but I couldn't
I couldn't let things get stuck in the stupid

blunted hole of morning let it stay wet.
Gut yrself and let it drain through the slatted floor.

Yr empty gut digging through a trench of pharmaceuticals.
Sometimes I wake in the morning and can still taste the pills in my stomach.

I sit and think of all the things that could fill me. All bark no marrow.
Please anesthetize my drama I'm not taking the dummy pill.

One more case to rot the lining.
One more excuse for the blood to bid itself goodbye.

Please don't tell anyone I'm crazy.
I couldn't bear for people to be collectively and overly concerned.

BLACKOUT

I want you to fuck me on these rocks
while a sailboat creeps by in the midst.
Something to get lost in.

I'm not joking.

You took your glasses off when sitting down to eat. I fell in love with you. You have the kind of teeth I'd be terrified to put in my mouth. I am so desperate for someone, for anyone right now.

Your hair is black and thick like a horse's
and I know that you still think of me
especially since it is winter.

We are all miniscule in relation to each other.
I can feel closer to you now. That I
could know your obscurity.

The drama and tragedy of one's own illness.
I might like to say self-indulgent, I
might say subsumed.

Nothing can ever come to be because that would mean that you would have to want something.

A woman jogs past me wearing a WILL RUN FOR CHOCOLATE sweatshirt and I promptly contemplate suicide. My mom gave me Ghirardelli chocolate. She doesn't understand anything. Chocolate is overrated you're just menstruating and what I really think is that you need to get fucked in the ass or at least get a facial. I can't stand being fucked in the ass because it makes me feel I lose my power over shitting. It is no longer mine I can only do it or not.

The internet is a way to fuck yourself while laughing from the corner as a chummed broth of prescriptions forms a blanket that when wrapped in is the crunch is like wandering around the kitchen eating carrots and organic rice cakes because its part of being feeble.

I am naked in my bedroom because I want to feel like yeah raw ya know vegan smoking cigarettes klonopin always klonopin ketamine master cleansing and

gluten-free spliffs inside of the marineness of your pussy I'll fiscourse your digure
and buy you a ring pop and cover you in eucalyptus as we let the mist rise, your
pumping legs the bellow that I hope plumes at the base of my ass forever.

COME BACK OBJECT COME BACK I WANT YOU

this day is a hell that is so much so that it doesn't feel real.

i have no idea why i am alive.

what is a closure a suture
that makes a knot of need
go flat the dullness of a pain
that i am not just living in
i am.

i am in/the wound.

even when i know a day is flattened
beaten still
into a bone of nothing
i can't stop
can't bear to leave the pain
as only something fleeting
if it is here i might as well make it
my own. made dumb by pain
and poverty. first world problems
third world pain says the white girl.

you think you can ruin my fantasy
but you can't. you are actually the last thing
to do with my fantasy of you oh yeah you
you know it's true.

some day i'll stop being a fool, but that is a lie.

am i so base and dull that i can let people
i barely know save or crush my life
i guess so oh well oh well.

when the wound becomes
its own place when it has
its own appetite.

no music excites me anymore.
when i happen to like a song i will listen to it again
and again but then feel sad
when it no longer excites me,
and wonder if it ever even excited me in the first place.
i would do more drugs but that is momentarily boring.

i look outside and suddenly it is almost dark oh no who the fuck am i.
i know that the departure has already been.

you listen to a pop song
and feel affinity
and somewhere i know
that the world is aching.
i feel a rumble like a forgotten want.
i refuse to forget but i have to let myself
or it will destroy me. you will destroy me.

Adele is singing and something feels right.

FEAR SNUBBED IT OUT

i once listen to tom wait's "fawn" 71 times while masturbating.

i just used my hand.

i rubbed myself raw until
the sweat and tears and blood
made a chum paste which became an armature
for my idolatry aka there is a sweetness in wanting
to be an animal.
only fawns are tender.
only we are wanting; others just are.

I'M A PERSON JUST LIKE YOU
BUT I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO
THAN SIT AROUND AND FUCK MY HEAD

trade in your bullet vest
for a jersey and steal
the fucking keg man
ya do it for the band.

what is a blood line
what does it mean
when you buy it

to get fucked
by three guys
face down on a coffee table
in a room full of friends.
what does it mean to watch.
what does it mean to like it.

WAKE&BAKE SIP THAT LEAN
YOU CAN SMOKE
THAT GREEN GET HIGH.

when your guts dehisce

that juiced hose
black and slippery
back out to the block out

shots of 151 until you come to right as
walking up the stairs drinking a handle of Jack
and eating an orange creamsicle oh this is not
what was happening before always moving.
the strangled pain of transit
as no thoughts happen in stillness.
somersault through the front door
then ring the bell at 4 am and why not drink
a liter of vodka and take 12 vicodin

death is a great way to peacefully
reencounter yourself.

THERE ARE WARNINGS IN THE EYE OF TOUCH

What if I scream while ignoring
all the proper social tendencies
cut to stroboscopic catchphrases
they cleanse as they wash over me.
Do you want some sort of alibi
a reckoning with a specter of epiphany
are you going to peel
the layers off my face
making me feel bare-backed and wild
when was the last time you took
a chin in your hand like a too ripe fruit

do you want to suck the chance out of me squeeze
the pulp from me
threatening to cut me
against my life
hold it against me thrusting your assiduity through me
lift me up to the light and see the moon shine red
on the path of the footsteps you will never take

I'm the hermaphrodite of your wet dreams the kamikaze
banshee you've been waiting around the crepuscule for until
you can perceive my sheen.

Feel the heat of my gleam.
I don't bare my teeth for just anyone I reserve
their paleness for a certain caliber of vitality.

Will you be the one to x-ray my bones
with the shine of your gums,
eat my organs like pickled delicacies
stamp out the rhythm of my heart
with a plucked reverie which repeats
you are my identity

LA TERREUR

i'm going to cut off part of my tongue and feed it to you.

it is a meat that explores.

its blood is one like knowledge.

i can feel all its threads, its traction of sores.

at the pharmacy they know me by sight.

melancholic hysteria has its own blood and i was born in that pool.

got scooped up in the thrill

like my mother always panting always sighing

always making a case for disorder.

a trip to the grocery store is exhausting.

on christmas eve i stand

in an aisle at a shopping cart

heavy with 17 bottles of champagne.

i don't know how i got there.

there is panic in the blank as this becoming is latent.

i see my mother running across the parking lot in her flared jeans into to the

mexican restaurant.

it is raining.

i drank a margarita out of a fishbowl.

CRACK AWAY YR TEPID SHELL

I look like a nightmare seahorse, all scales and braying
a surrogate mother born into a chemical world.

I wonder what my father thinks
of Madonna.

This winter, like every winter almost killed me.
But that doesn't mean I didn't enjoy it.

The Baroque has always been violent
pushing me down with its horse-hoofed hands.

I am alive because I am a dog
not because I have a spirit I am not a horse.

I TURN ANOTHER PAGE AND MY BRAIN FALLS OUT

Fuck poems with birds, I'm the one who gets to fly
I'm the one who gets to bleed but before the run let's have
sex without pleasure
saliva without spit
desire without danger
without disease without
a body without a sex
just holes.

In Turkmenistan there is a hole teeming with gas that burns endlessly.

Dying leaves you vulnerable.

Opaque and mortal.
Invincible visibility.

This is what it feels like to push the world more.
There is wealth in the fear of risk.

The dark pushes are to a place of knowing
around the edges of tall spaces
are corners wet with pain
as the romance hour sandwiches
the day to the night.

The blur a war story.
The blur a love story.
A golden site of ceremony.

We can dig up a diamond and make it a heart that I peel out of your nasal cavity
which sniffs itself productive and the light becomes the darkness in a violent
wedding.

To penetrate the earth is to know the earth.
A body is a volcanic cavern that can't sustain
its erectness.

Not every hole is a cunt.

Every landscape a tree and becomes an arm
as the belief in knowing is belongedness.

There are things the body can do that the wind cannot.

Your lover is in the other room and they already know that this will end badly.

There is an archive of a world I cull from

it is cinematic so is every love every love

is a triangle and if you stare at it long enough it does something

there is no original speech.

DROOL THREATENS FROM A MOIST VERBAL CREASE AND WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU KEEP SPILLING ALL THE INTEGRITY

Guts have an intensity like breadth.

My mother has a stomach and I have one too.

Some people do not know the difference
between a vagina and the womb.

My grandmother got swolled up
to the altar at 3 months into burst.

Deep tilt to the backlash in a wayward moneyspot
as getting fucked by an athlete is just like practice.

Go home after school and eat your cat.

I make up dreams as a way to flush out the grit,

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH

There are probably many things you should never eat but do.

I look at a plate of muffins and think why.

I am post-food.

If you have more than 1,000 friends on Facebook
you probably have a problem.

I am always the first person to laugh at a funeral.

I gave the eulogy at both my grandfather's funerals in 2007.

It was a year of much sweat.

My pores were roiling to full release.

It was the first and only time my father cried.

I know unicorns don't exist, but I know what they look like.

I've never seen a whale tail, but I know it's iconic.

Reality is dynamite.

RISE FROM YR RUGGED ASHES

Usher has been making me wet for over 14 years.

I have bled and desired for more than half of my life.

I can remember more than half of my life.

YOU'RE SO HOT YOU BURN A HOLE IN MY DREAMS

I have been a woman for too long

in that fall there is levity

and the skullfucked panorama of

the future:

no lattes, no movies

but I'm getting cake

I'm getting high

pulsing into nasty gas

sugar shocked

as a neuron that emits

an action potential

is often said to "fire."

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY GET IT MONEY MONEY GET IT MONEY

To be unbound wholly

yet fully whole in the moment before truth.

One's elegiac intervention.

There is much to love and mourn

in a potential reservoir.

25 SITTING ON 25 MILL

What does it mean to form bonds with people

you will never see again?

To take an implement that is out of one's control.

To love those who are bad for you.

Defeat this life of pulp
yr battered heap of thrones
I know I know your dead
dead all motion is oppressing
all cavities all
potentials for feeling
other than defeated
other than helpless.

All cuticles torn on the edges
and the limits of tenor,

melancholic, alcoholic
insomniac, hypochondriac

I don't have to eat plastic
to know I am from the earth,
quit whining
roast yr casual hump of shame.

SWOLLEN IN THE FACE OF LOGIC

I come from a long line of women
who spend most of their day
in bed and still.

Caught in that warm hour
in the broken night
that does not ask,
it does not stall
but the pain pushes in
with thick inconvenience
and they know
they are not ready
to come back even if
they want to.

To feel depressed by time's movement.

Like being told to your face you are no longer loved.
Being told you have to leave now get out of my apartment get onto a plane.

All I can feel is presentness and I know it will destroy me.

My mother is catatonic.
I crawl into her bed and
slip into the soil of sleep
and this is a dress like falling in love
a crouching from the world's
eyes of pain.
I will break here as long
as I can but
you will die without me
and it will be ok.

ZORRILLO DE MI CORAZON (SKUNK OF MY HEART)

enigmatic women who turn
into birds
their skin bunches and inches
like a caterpillar

orgasming with each toe-stub
and asking why these butterfly nostrils
are here if i can already taste with my feet.

if the poem gets so
lacquered that i cannot
see the voice then
i do not care.

the size at which i think and see are entirely different.

oblique is alright but differed is not.

a tank is a skunk
as it spews out its signals.
a wolf i
sleep, a coyote jaw
rules with a crested brow.

there is not much difference
between a psychotic and an
insect.

we begin again in the light
taken with language.
giant plumed human animals
decadent and benevolent.
wearing each others skulls as crowns.

bodies so voluminous

that all buildings are now barns
and the doors swing open and
they enter again and again and the
light floods in behind
them and with
them and everything is
still and sappy and
they cannot speak, they only
purr and exhale
each string purls a knitted

sigh

that is for an interview
that always approaches
but never arrives.

bird/human/insect/child/cat

there is a language now,
a new one for the world.

what can rise out of the
swamp of the primordial
the violence
the shit.

what gets brought to the light?

the bones of the earth
polish themselves into a
new language
a log opens in a slow
bloom and burn, as from even
the tightest burning cinder
light can emerge.

a light that in its abruptness ends
not only the darkness but

how long would it take me
to die by hanging upside by my
feet

remember

i am not a bat.

THE IDLE THOUGHT INITIATES ITSELF AND CREEPS INTO A STUDIO APARTMENT

Your breathe stinks.

My fingers are crinkled from times of infection.
In the past few years I think have become
thinner in skin eyes brighter
limbs tug themselves long
as other appetites have grown in place of the body's.
I look at people in a way that frightens them.
A hunger recognized, but still unwanted.
The inconvenience. Its weight.

In this space there exist men.
Many of them are the same.
They study philosophy. They are tall and usually silent.
They do not have beds.
They walk around in big winter boots with holes in them.
When they are present it consumes.
When they are gone it writhes.

Everyday I have to have something to cathect over.
If I don't have something to stress over, I'm obviously not happy.
Nothing in life gets to have closure
because it will always ends before it begins.
A person of a christian please become my friend,
a poverty of generations can make one full of hate.

INTENSITY KNOWS NO AUTHENTICITY

Intensity is not a compassionate singularity
all moments of sodden knowledge exist simultaneously and this
is terrifying and beautiful.

The integrity and the pain in knowing what you want.

Of no longer wanting attention for fear of lack of motion
for the continuity of production and protocol.

This is not research this is life
kill all idols but never fantasies.
Dreams are the only thing that can really harm you.

They are the thing that is when you are not living.

They are the cold hot white flash
of a hit the pressure explodes
that's on the inside and exterior
the pain that wants to get out in order to get in.

I WANNA BE A FOUR HOLE GIRL.

I WANNA NEVER HEAR THE THOUGHT *SOFT WHITE ROSE* EVER AGAIN.

Don't use your wounds as a crutch
use them as a platform so you can rise out of it
but night comes and you still feel unsatisfied
unable to rest despite your exhaustion
your need for me at your side
pushing you on.

HOW WILL WE KEEP OUR VITALITY WITHOUT LETTING IT DESTROY OUR LIVES.

Fucking you with my tongue
words of want caught in the woods.
Tremor, terror.

Tell them.

Golden dream I come to say

I AM THE QUEEN OF PULSES AND JUICES AND THIS IS JUST ANOTHER REASON TO GET EMBARRASSED.

What is a relationship?

If you watch Cinderella in reverse

it's a story of a woman being put in her place.

INTELLIGENCE OF A HERMIT CRAB BUT WHAT'S A BITCH TO DO FINALLY SOME REAL PAIN.

DROP ATTACK

I am an unfortunate object of ambivalence.

No love no drugs just give
me the flat of your hand as a bug
trying to burrow and polish off my veins
could we make the synapses in our brain screens stick
could I give you a love beyond a choosing
increasing the dosage becomes its own suture.

I am sad like a rising fever
plumes in a riptide but there are no marine mammals
in sight. The only body I see is a planet.
We can taste a planet.
A tit is a planet.

Not because it is an orb idiot but because it owns us.
All songs that are celestial are also powerful.

When plasma scabs against brackish skin and skull
the sodium channel will only allow up to 3 minutes of paralysis.

Sometimes the wrong cells get excited
if you press a knife to my throat I will
part my crisp lips and say oh as mania
is less transient when the action spikes
and fires as a train rises up
to a station of death.

I FEEL THE TREADMILL LURCH

i'm on so much klonopin. always on klonopin i can barely see or breathe i drank a lot of cough syrup too who am i, i'm running really fuckin fast at the gym i never slow it down. on fox news a man holds up an abstract expressionist painting of rick santorium's portrait.

i'm waiting for an email that will never come.

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

I AM A WARRIOR FOR LIGHT

Show me a bro who is sadder than The Situation see
it's not possible as everyone is just trying best to get off
to the sound of beating their own drum.

I AM WOMB-THRASHED

I always knew life was shitty, now I just have evidence.

Even love feels like a debt of remorse.
There is no resolve. No escape.

BEAUTY IS SO BORING I DON'T WANT TO DO IT BUT MY SPECIAL JUICE IS GONNA
HELP ME WIN

Wear the marks of your release.
Integrity is the pleasure of resistance.

GO-GO JUICE MAKE ME LAUGHY AND PLAYEY
IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I WANT TO PULL MY MOMMY'S HAIR AS SHE SAYS WORK
IT SMOOCHIE

On the beaches, at the fair, in the mall.
It's easy to be desperate for strangers.

GOD IS IN PAIN

When the sign can't hold the tenderness it intends.

I'm not a dishonest person. I'm really quite earnest.

My country broke my head every day.

My father was alive.

My father is dead.

See?

When my grandfather(s) was/were alive.

My grandfather(s) is/are dead.

I'm really an inarticulate person.

I've just been good at using my mouth
from a young age.

I have done nothing today except validate/question my own vanity.

I should be on jersey shore because I like lifting weights and haircuts too.

When I was having sex with you
you told me not to touch the back of your head
because your father used to pull you by your hair.

I'M GATHERING UP ALL THE FILTH I WILL SHOW IT TO YOU

the cats outside are making a new machine
with clawing sounds for reeling,
in the VCR reversed
a shreddeddedded tape weds
and and mends the static screen
and gets get gets spit out
and ripped up
in the deck's clumsy pacing it will destroy itself

we have to let this out

to revert back towards a plunging make
pornography of in/diversions as
women push fruit
and vegetables
and canola oil
and a coke can
and shower gel bottles
and candles
and a beer bottle
into their cunts
then out again and there are
so many ways to try
to plug up your logic
of terror there are

7 kinds of money pouring back n forth eternally between you & the black castle

you say

*i like hands and fingers
i like tongues, speaking and using
i like mirrors
i like a slow descent*

you say

i create myself in the words that create me

you say

god, how the corpse's blood is sad in the depth of sounds

THE REAL MUST FICTIONALIZED IN ORDER TO BE THOUGHT

If you could see your mass ballooning.

If you could imagine the terror

in your own voice releasing until collapse.

The symphonic qualities

of a haunting ecstatic voice.

Like a switchback

making yourself unwed to tensions

as who can get through meaning with meaning?

There is always urgency since life

has no exteriority.

IF I COULD JUST NOT BE HUMAN, LIFE WOULD BE GREAT!

I have learned mostly what it means to be

inarticulate.

To be unapologetic

in one's corporeality.

How one loses the ability to express.

To be full of fear

but to save none of it for death.

YOU SEDUCE COLORFUL ANIMALS ABOVE THE SKY

I wet myself over the thought of roses
of making love to a hospital bed.

Declarations of sex to bags
filled with liquids substituting
organs now present as witnesses.

Walking into the divide an abyss the possibility
of apathy calculations of sentimentality amiss.

Ripped out my vein limbs
overgrown.
Love makes you grow.
Honey drips from a sloe-eyed doe.

Get cocooned in the sickness
a sweetening sludge.

When the IV tubes get sugar clogged
it is obviously because you are selfish
and I am dead.

When weighted I materialize.
Let's just hover until this distance retreats.

IMMA SELL MY GUNS AND THEN TAKE YOU TO VEGAS

I dreamt of being with you in bed
but I couldn't see the bed.
Every time I closed my eyes to try to see,
I was bombarded with an image of a flower
exploding again and again
shivering its path into my vision.

A hatchet forced into the ground
becoming a flag.

"I will destroy myself so I won't need to kill."

To have the strength to stand for your own selfish hate.
To run against a stream of something like disaster.

Look at me, I have a body
and it moves in space
for when the heart gets blunted
head is foggy.

"I want to be in a way of thinking that is only feeling."

There is never a time when anything doesn't matter.
Nothing is inevitable.
Even a wound is a child.

"What do you fear?"

No tears for the creatures of the night.
They rest in gold milk.

It's melancholy at golden hour and all we have room for is

Black Bile

Black Bile

Black Bile

It catches your lungs then your wrist like a shackle
as all I really want is for a peacock to stand on my chest.

"Is that really too much to ask?"

I don't want children

I just want to be your mother.

I want to hold a rock in my mouth
and offer it you as an egg.

To put grapes in your mouth
and drool through the fruit.

To feel contented by the idea of not thinking, not just
not thinking in the syrup of a want.

I really believe in absolutely nothing except everything
as it's easy to be afraid of something true.

THE CASTLE THAT ONLY GOD KNOWS

How strange to love a thing like mouthwash.
I would like to gargle your cum.

I want to fuck in the park.
I want to piss on yr chest.
I will smash my clit into yr sternum.

Actually just look at my face please and let me sit on yr chest.

I'm going to punch you in the dick,
spill water on yr 15" MacBook Pro.

I will need more fidelity. I will not give up.
I will show up at yr apartment
and ring the buzzer and wait
outside even after you let me in
and I will breathe through the building
exhaling into the speaker
our face could never be that close.

Go to the bathroom with me.
Come in my mouth in my esophagus
impossible
repetitive sexy failures.
It's so easy to feel that adulthood
is closing in on something
rather than opening up.

The wants of our bodies to all meld together
this one doesn't like a hip touch
another one no hair tug
because his father used to pull
him by his hair
but you are the only person
who has hurt me how I wanted

and then more than I wanted
until I wanted more.

FRAGILE KINGDOM

Screen as the veil to the exterior self.

A LIGHT IN A ROOM IN A CITY

Reigning over the sublimity of one's impassioned distance.

The theatre is a fiction
that I have writ myself true to.

It's the velvet light/touch of memory.
A curtains wraps like a memory and dark
the place of eyes closed, yet a heart feels
tenderfooted around corners, wanting.

We already know the fiction.

We close our eyes to believe.

We want to believe.

To believe in the truth and possibility of fiction.

To build a history and a world that I can reside in.

The dust of human.

Breath of human.

Hair of human.

The ugly clutch of texture.

The architecture of flesh a building
with a building segmented as a scorpion; thickness
as presence rather than protection.

The ugliness of stacked texture.

Mold on a ceiling.

Skin cells on cells.

Feathers pressed tight for warmth.

Feel the dark animal that rises up,
its claws dig into clasped hands
and a new dust plumes to push the ride.

THE CUT IS A CRAWL

sometimes i say things that might be words.
as i am almost always exhausted
living in the ether of the bad object's seriality.

making reality tiny and
hatred is a thought made in the mouth

how cheap is life
how thick my pain mymymymymymymymy
yumyummyyum

of course the real friend is the true enemy
and you can try to push yourself up against
a shadow but that doesn't mean yr dancing

i would love to find a way to help you fist yr enigma.
flush it clean out.

yr washed out gutter sling
makes my glitter punched jaw sing
the practice of language's failure
who says you get to touch it, save your come for me.

beyond the vernacular of what do you want to do to me yes i am good what can i do
for you will this please you yes please oh please but baby please let me come i've
been so good i promise i haven't come without you.

if we can't allow ourselves the dignity of drama then what do we really have.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUNERAL

"We were flying down the freeway, and she got up on the back and was way off the back of the seat and hanging backwards and stuff," he said. "Which was a daredevil move; it was pretty intense. She had all these jewels all over her, and every once and a while, you could see behind her bike just a trail of jewels dropping on the freeway. It was kind of magic."

I LOOK AT WORDS AND LAUGH.

BY-STANDERS WHO CLAIM TO BE INNOCENT,
WHO ARE JUST LOOKING ON YOU CAN'T CHANGE ANYTHING.

MY LIFE IS VARIOUS VERSIONS OF THE SAME HELL.

IF THIS SEEMS TURGID IT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE A MAN AND SLEEK BY NATURE.
YOU ARE ATHLETIC. YOU ARE FIT.

Tony Smith's account of a nightly ride on the unfinished New Jersey Turnpike

"When I was teaching at Cooper Union in the first year or two of the '50s, someone told me how I could get on to the unfinished New Jersey Turnpike. I took three students and drove from somewhere in the Meadows to New Brunswick. It was a dark night and there were no lights or shoulder markers, lines, railings or anything at all except the dark pavement moving through the landscape of the flats, rimmed by hills in the distance, but punctuated by stacks, towers, fumes and colored lights. This drive was a revealing experience. The road and much of the landscape was artificial, and yet it couldn't be called a work of art. On the other hand, it did something for me that art had never done. At first I didn't know what it was, but its effect was to liberate me from many of the views I had had about art. It seemed that there had been a reality there which had not had any expression in art."

BUT THERE IS ALWAYS URGENCY SINCE LIFE HAS NO EXTERIORITY AS THE
WORLD IS NOT JUST WATCHING, THE WORLD IS PARTICIPATING.

"The experience on the road was something mapped out but not socially recognized. I thought to myself, it ought to be clear that's the end of art. Most paintings look pretty pictorial after that. There is no way you can frame it, you just have to experience it."

THERE IS SOMEONE YOU LOVE. SOMEONE YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO SEE AND BE
SEEN BY. THAT IS SOMEONE IS NOT I. I AM SOMEWHERE OFF IN THE UNREALIZED
IN BETWEEN.

"Later I discovered some abandoned airstrips in Europe -- abandoned works, Surrealist landscapes, something that had nothing to do with any function, created worlds without tradition."

WHAT'S LIVING FOREVER IF YOU GOTTA STRUGGLE FOREVER.
I'D RATHER BE RICH FOREVER. GOD FORGIVES BUT I DON'T.

"Artificial landscape without cultural precedent began to dawn on me. There is a drill ground in Nuremberg, large enough to accommodate two million men. The entire field is enclosed with high embankments and towers. The concrete approach is three 16-inch steps, one above the other, stretching for a mile or so."

INFATUATION IS A MOST DISAPPOINTING SOLACE.
BEAUTY, A TYPICAL ATTACK.

LOOKING FORWARD TO SLEEPING IN THE HOPES OF GETTING THAT RECURRING
DREAM BUT NO NEED TO SLEEP IF NOTHING DIES.

WHY I'M ALL DRESSED UP AND READY TO FALL IN LOVE.
PLEASE, I DO NOT HAVE TIME FOR YOUR TEARS.

THE CUT AS THE FEELING OF WHAT IT IS TO ALREADY RESIDE IN A PLACE UNFIT FOR YOUR DEPARTURE

A denial of succinct results leads to the least expected resolution.

We can be honest about ferocity
but the feeling's not apparent.
Yet even a series of actions can become a script.
There is no such thing as spontaneity.
Everything begins with deceit. You enter the sound
and then the sound enters you. Where is the cry?
The cut made is never a departure.
It is a return back into materiality
towards being in proximity
to the object without having it.

The polarity of disposition presents itself gladly
as there is no soak that is not speaking.
When we release ourselves we are at our best.
What does it mean to exist in a world
of the liquid that won't refuse you?
That slips you in. I will be touched
transcendence is just like any other cut.
Every touch is a wound and a test to smear.
I could highlight a million ways one gets pulled
to some kind of parting.
The liquid is just a means to drying
wine drawing out the pleasure
of a pressured tongue.

What do you mean when you say writing?
There is no interiority that is not feeling.
To be inside one's self is the inside rub
of a textured language. As if one language

were better than another. If you could feel
the backboned pull of one's volition to make cringe,
coil, come undone. Like a match strike,
like a tide pull,
every roiling has its ringed backbone bent
and splayed. I think the one point that is often missed
is how the sound we hear is often the terror
first felt from an interior point.

The interior point is the body.
The body is meat. The meat has feels.
And I will break you under my hand and it will be freedom.

I JUST TURN ALL MY NIGHTMARES INTO WET DREAMS

To be one is very difficult, or how to even know it, but one can verify the true through its trace.

All desire in solidity makes its end. Pure consumption of the pleasure of time's passing.

Experiencing time vs. the experience of being in time

too sad to be irresponsible.

If so, might as well be dead.

Everything is completely still.

Waiting in the penumbra of tomorrow, caught in the blankness of now, shrouded in an afterglow of pleading illumination. The image bleeds out and projects onto the plane of a vagrant face. It's only response, a self-reflected luminescence. A language of light gone dead yet the crawl continues. Direction is uncertain, but the movement is set.

We can only make meaning out of what we think is important at the time.

My life of caffeine.

My sad stolid limbs they stiffen against
ambitions.

The difference between what is thought or said
causes in me the rise of malicious feelings.

For lack of politics,
boredom
shallowness
scandal.

A rift split in the ways of navigation and placement.

Morality?

What is that?

As if becoming what you innately are is a choice, a quality of ethics.

It is easy to get blunted in the crawl. It is so easy to get stuck in the moment before knowing. I almost lose the moment(s). I keep trying to die while others do. I am pushed back into myself.

I want to find the way that you see me.
A pathway to the violence of attraction
and muddied circles.

I'm a true romantic so I need you to hit me.

Negation of this disaster
is the only thing that can save it.

CODA:

why can't we shake
these skin leashes
dragging
they cling behind.
Keep traipsing around
until they rip free or tangle indefinitely.
Release only by proverbial crack
and a beak sliver shrieks through.

*Look how we are born crucified resurrected all the same. This is our flesh now we
made it so*

cum to blood sweat ash.

WE INITIATE THE DEATHLIGHT.

When draft of a shadow arrives, make no motion as it snuffs itself out.

Dissipates to vanish into ourselves
relies on eventually there must be drought:
pools will drink themselves lapping
up the dredges slurps of silt.
Until our gums crack
peel to expose hardboiled jaws
twigbone fingers compose woven nests
cradling the last dusty sweetness
of each others bodies.

And now, there is nothing more.

I don't know the means for and/or which a day makes itself anymore.

Lost track on all the shuffled cluttered paths
my lady's train seeps so red.
Crinkled feet leaving tracks
though no one is swift enough to follow
to duplicate
to make counterfeit prints.

I've finished throwing bones to the jackals of fate
any traveled sinews meshed to the path
becomes the path.
Irreversible weight of this self-loaded task.
Hooves disappear tatter in sand
gulping up blood.
Will she ever feel swollen
under this hammer of heat?
Bloat in my belly
though her ribs still apparent.
Barometer of sunken flesh
wraps organ cage.

There will always linger a quiver as we repeat the affair again, and again. Rise up on
our throne of blood call it CORPSE MOUNTAIN built from what intangibles
uncertain.

Survival defeats boredom as the curious eye seeks lifeblood the desire to see
ourselves in a distant floating apparition.

Such a stolid proposition
of where can those hunting
no longer be prey.
Perhaps our wrath
twists its back
sinks talons into our flank.
Maybe that is what pools

the fluid behind our lips
sweet self-infliction.
We mix it
overflow pours down our chests
collects in canyons of flesh.
Snatched in the shimmering
caught myself seeing me
peered through to underwater umbrage
rumbles distant pleasure
in a mossy
swamp depth.

Then suddenly, I collapse into
focused longing.
Her water flesh clings as
rolling sheets of glass
encases trunk of thigh
then a wrapping fabric pulls
tight when I first lifted
her onto my lap
pulled up her hair. Lips to a
flickering neck, contracting
stream of bones pass
underneath.
A slithering behemoth of want
was born that night.

Initial desire floods back
multiplied in flashing frames
retroactive passion pours mammoth waves
crests peak above our heads.
Brine brimming in cavities
lathered gag of sea
paints its salt
to greedy lips
tide replacing breath.

So close to the end
yet the body calls upon ancient tastes
instinct of appetite heightened
with the tongue of death swabbing
our throats
clears the way to opportunity,
caught between a pulse or murmur.

LOOK HOW ALIVE WE ARE WHEN ALMOST DEAD

Tinge of a filthy taste whets mouths insatiable:

"I must have it, I accept through all terms"

she bleets, all of her cranked open
to sea, sky, with conjoined hips.

Spread onto the trails of now and those strewn with bodies torn by fever. We've cut
an ugly wicked path, savoring our promise to make still more until stuffed up to
gullets, choking victories of demise.

The liquids of life mingling, +/-
conjoin opposing ends
as all of us spurting forth
the final entrails sputter
dry to roll over in such
luscious sludge
deflated essence squeezed
to leave us as sacks
of skin side by side.

so empty and so full.

