

good even best

soap the oil off my hands in order to write meaning stopping one process to begin another, both equally unsatisfying yet worthy of every second spent trying.

sat on the most rigid of chairs thinking

To give to me is to take from me to give to me is to take from me to give to me is to take from me to give to me is to take from me to give is to take

thirty five minutes into Monday

all the ways to kill oneself aligned on the stupid stained napkin

affront-facing the ultra-silent fucking fan

thick steel rows hugging my neck keeping my head up

Diana asks why why why why why why why why why

two hours your hand

hasn't moved off my thigh

I need that skin & I need it now

pink band aid palms covering my ears which mean

to be loved this way is to be brooded

which means

I am hatching somewhat soon.

secure feels like this: shoulders relaxed,

feet ground-anchored,

head swaying from left to right

fingers free to move however.

there is no answer to the question

How do you wish to feel differently about it?

the only answer is : I wish it didn't happen at all.

but disdain can help & so can redirecting shame

if you loved me you would know
I dislike litchi. and need crystal clear anything.
and am writing at all times. and systematically
plan a suicide before sleeping. and don't wear my glasses enough.
and enjoy a good lemonade.

I am not fissured not even close—

here I write things I can never say like:
you don't make me feel dirty
you make sense from start to finish

and if I loved you and if I didn't
what difference would it make?

Diana asks about the revulsion. look to the left look to the right
nervously laugh this I do good even best
Let's just say if I lied on the floor I'd be covered in it.

eyes squinted frown worn like a glove
not even the sea smell helped not even the fountain perhaps
solely the exceptional chawarma & watching him diffuse his curls
princess-like
I joked *I mean I know by heart the smell of your shit*
& instead of finding it funny he just
walked away for the weekend completely vexed

wear the finished finery like some kind of armour which is exactly
what it is from the moment you touched it because my magical
thinking said so & magic exists yes & in this apricot yogurt & this
mouth precisely the roof & in that pair of hands & that fucking fan

& that Arab'd ratatouille & carefully placing my cheekbone in his shoulder crease so that I can doze off in front of the shit movie without me or him hurting & every time my thumb paces up & down your palm & yes I am a bearded Cleopatra & the opposite of magic is rape & the opposite of rape is dancing & yes yes yes yes yes yes yes

yes vegetable mix yes opening rings yes brand new rackets yes killing ants yes to your Nos all of them especially the free ones the ones just for the sake of it

I know your name is on that letterbox

I know your name is on that letterbox can I call you dear without a pout can I sleep without dying can I lie on the floor & not be covered in it ?