

pissing myself in the bathtub  
practicing for when I can finally eject

forever working overnight

gurgles & gurgles

1. ignore?
2. answer?
3. pray?

didn't even taste the fresh tomatoes raw before throwing  
them in the oven

head\*-excepted you can touch me anywhere  
\*face + hair

pinches of salt in between verses

B. feels up like G.  
G. kisses like V.

tripod's-lever-lock-pinched-thenar  
perfectly aligned burst blood vessels

unsure if that cocaine is good for you the way you're not  
any less stressed & being the worst of friends  
why come to an event you already want to forget? surely  
none of my business

grey hair floating in the custard

oestrogen in a tube

groped underneath Adidas shorts & boxers  
wetting his fingers with sweat

whole cock palm-cupped

in every dream a threesome

P. says *What a beautiful pre-summer poem, pool & love & all,*

I'm thinking Where did you see any saviour-love or  
sunray that wasn't  
a knife?

oh well,

face-excepted you can touch me anywhere

one day that dog will die  
& every adult around will fail me

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stuffed original™ Krispy Kreme before the rape  
wind outside screaming  
choking on pollen particles  
hailstones harassing windows  
cat airplane-eared hiding under the sheets  
my whole anger in a ten minute storm  
thunder & all

not the most mundane journey home

here I am writing down: God is avenging me, everybody  
cancelled on N,  
how's it going with your girlfriend? how do you feel about  
your own birthday coming up?  
here is you writing back: something so crazy & cradling  
about being enveloped by a sudden downpour,  
God cleanses us,  
we're working on our respective fears,  
think I hate my birthday & have an eating disorder,  
is he disappointed?

first fish in a year not bad though unnecessary  
good to give into urges once in a while

fan white noise  
bush-grabbed

the kind of mint tea that puts one back in their flesh

I would like to bear that weight pretty please

A says: your poem,  
a sticky kitchen floor in the morning,  
to which I say: most beautiful thing I've ever been told,  
to which he says: don't push it,  
to which I say: breaking news: I'll do what I want

here we go  
happy birthday T.  
grateful for you & our magical thinkings

160g of the thinnest spaghetti

here we go again  
happiest of birthdays T.  
I, too, think something's wrong with my body