

*Well if it isn't for your pleasure*

God forbid I do anything.

the Camargue house by the  
Petit-Rhône watches over my sleep  
in shittily designed Italian bedsheets  
–it is soothing, to think of  
elsewhere. its possibilities. its horses.  
its Freudian potential. my God. rivers  
& horses. & my shrink who loves  
to listen to me talk about assholes,  
what would he think of the horses?

his body so frail  
his body so frail  
I try not to think about it too much. he  
is healthy & his paws smell  
like jute & he looks a lot like his mommy  
whom daddy adores & it is  
somewhat disgusting & it is  
the only mattering thing.  
same old scratchy soiled couch  
more peaceful than ever for the flashes  
fade; may my writing recycle them.

outside dark no closed blinds  
just the curtains  
I am so new  
& have  
retrieved my perfume from his bathroom  
like skin & splinter.  
every day that death isn't an option  
is a good day. I try to be a good son.  
I try not to worry. here is a smile  
I'll try to keep.  
& with your cum in my hair  
highlighting the grey strands  
I can only grin.

Petit-Rhône  
mucosa sticks for it yearns to remember,  
I mathematized as you mindlessly  
ran your dusty-socked-foot over my bare cunt.  
I walk the streets with the confidence  
of a poor guy who knows  
a parasite has made a home out of his  
right kidney: poor guy told the doctor,

*I know I should get a scanner done,  
but to be truthful, I won't.*

the doctor acquiesced his  
silence meant a lot of things mostly  
that he wasn't surprised poor  
guy knew it didn't mean any good.

how to lead a life  
not centred around itself ?  
I have tied wrists & ankles  
to the Camargue house painting  
watching over my sleep. in my dreams  
to her I go. the Petit-Rhône flows  
indefinitely. subtle blowing. a few birds.  
a wooden barque abandoned in a corner.  
I am not anybody there not even  
myself. all of my life, house,  
you shall follow. not the other way  
around.