

SHOULD WE LEAVE WITHOUT YOU

I NEED TO TALK TO YOU JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE

DIDN'T THINK HATRED WOULD BE SO
HARD TO MOVE

A THICK LAYER OF FAT ON THE
INSIDE. DOESN'T MELT AWAY WITH
THE HEAT OF LOVE.

I WANT IT OUT
TO EVAPORATE UNDER THE GLARE OF CONFIDENCE

I'LL SPIT EVERY DOUBT
EVEN IF MY TEETH TURN GRIME
IN THE PROCESS

I'LL LET GO
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL

I BEGAN TO CHAT WITH
THE PENTHOUSE POET

WITH THE SMELL OF MY SLICK SALT SKIN
RADIATING INTO THE STILL ELEVATOR NON-AIR
I STINK OF YOUTH.

SHE GIVES ME EIGHT FLOORS OF ANECDOTES

I LOOK HER UP HER VERSES ARE CHILL AND OLD
OF WINTER, ABSENT NEIGHBORS

LATER LATER I SEE HER AT THE SALON
ON OUR STREET I DON'T SAY ANYTHING
TURN MY HEAD AND
WATCH MY FINGERS BECOME ROSE-RED

I CHOSE RED AGAIN
I FEEL BEAUTIFUL

WISHING FOR THE TREMENDOUS QUIET
THAT WILL CHANGE ME

STRENGTH OF REALITY
FADES WHEN YOU DON'T SPEAK

IT CAN CURDLE AND GET HARD
LIKE WINTERGARDEN ROT

DO I HATE THE WRONG METAPHORS FOR HEALING,
I ALWAYS TRIED TO LEAK OUT THE POISON
OR DRAW IT OUT OR HAVE IT EVAPORATE
FROM MY PALMS

BUDDHA MAKES IT SEEM SO EASY

I'VE WRITTEN THE NOTATION FOR THE
DISPERSION OF NEGATIVITY, AND AM
SEEKING VOICES TO SING IT FOR ME

HOW MUCH DO YOU CARE

REACH OUT TO SOMEONE WHO ISN'T THERE

SEPARATE MULTIPLE FALLS FROM HEAVEN
WITH A COMMA
THEN CONFESS

I'VE PICKED MY ENEMIES
LINED UP LIKE SHARPENED PENCILS

ATTACK THEM IN SMALL MULTIPLES

SMALL ENOUGH
TO CHANGE NOTHING