

NEED

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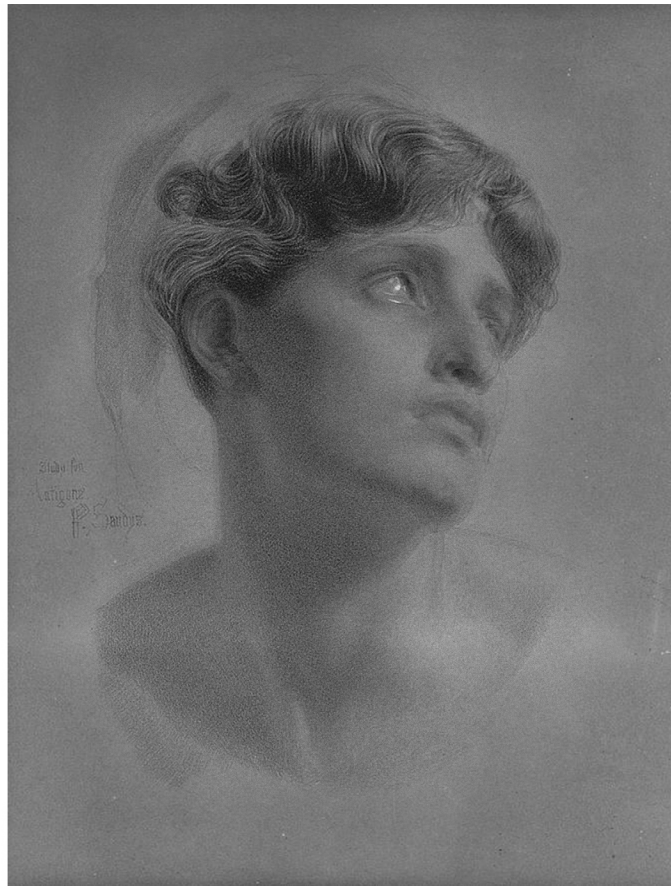
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## POWER

When I speak in metaphor I skip past language  
rather, I reach out.

We fall in and out.  
Of love, too.  
and fiscal reporting  
value production  
biocertification processes and  
Failed social security proceedings  
We'll be seen that way, and to see is the real metaphor here because  
Sight doesn't mean shit, we both always know what we mean.

The market spits us out and in surplus we sing  
In rows and rows of beds made up military style except we don't have to make them when we get up and we do  
have a flashlight here  
Poking its neon prick into the flesh of our closed eyes  
Golden red.  
I'll reject my continued subjugation for the price of a metaphor, I'm not actually a dog but for you  
I'm at your feet



## ANTIGONE AND SIMONE WEIL ARE MY GIRLFRIENDS

To harm another is to make a space within ourselves  
That's bad, ok.  
do it the way i want,  
just a bit more tongue baby yeah like that  
I desire it too bad, when u do that  
I learn what to do when it doesn't love you back  
It being a gallery obviously or to be famous or to be loved by a million people  
Saying no is all i have  
A refusal more tender than antigone's  
Less self centered than Simone  
But just as transcended, just as much a departure from this plane into the  
Factory or the fields or the secret tomb

The chorus sings:  
i have my body mouth so full of bodymouth transmissions,  
sunny time anus sucking it all in

I need so intensely i let my girlfriends read ethical non-monogamy to me  
I sit there with them on the gray sectional i got while i was living at my parents  
And they hold back their laughter as i look at them slack jawed because  
How is it that they are in black and white and i am there in color

I need them, as a genre. I need them as a way of making my work  
work for me in the way that work needs to work outside the confines of work.

We drink wine after fucking and its just as hot as i imagined.  
The comedy of it, simone's glasses and antigone's flesh.

## HAPPY

i'll take the remnants of your glory  
I have no shame in using them, my embrace makes them brand new  
and greater than what you could know  
a catalyst to my own elemental recognition,  
self sustaining-a thermonuclear bomb  
I blow up.  
Large chunks of glass and earth, barbed wire fence and life stock are set into the sky around me. dust. There's a  
ringing in your ear. No one is hurt.  
i'll leave you to find what's unearthed  
new violent territory

Naked soil  
burns quick in the sun  
I hear a bird somewhere, outside the outside space where I've landed, voice slick like oil  
Adds moisture to my cracking temper, feeds the hot magma layer slithering itself undone

I'm scared of the parts of me that are genetically modified by computers  
And living in the suburbs  
and by being wired into a body that is  
little  
by little hurting

But in a safe way ok in a small way  
I want to be safe in the searing light of the sun i don't need to leave and be uploaded into a hydrating mess of  
wires

Understanding what lies beneath the biomedical crash meeting the shores of the greater imagination relies on  
the faith of a few and the violence, sickening and sweetening violence of a few pale figures

LA is so far away from it all,  
a hole and i like it.  
and I'm leaving behind the  
knowledge that I know better  
and I'll be better beyond the  
purification of steam from the  
pacific ocean. making its way down  
Venice to my west side apartment  
I swing my arms up over my head  
and look into the motion that's like a pencil smudge  
feral expression and a lagoon of words stuck beneath these movements  
I let the swing loosen up my  
throatspine, the space right under  
my neck That spot that needs three inches of  
Breath and space between the pain

GOD IS INSIDE ME!

My child body chubby with the food of my devotion  
False pearls line the mouths of daisies  
Their insides tender like the softness of my baby heart  
god here I am!! A little bride groom!

OVER

open up my mouth and a parade tumbles out onto the floor  
Crashing cymbals

I am riding that sound, you're wincing and I laugh  
the clothing on my skin is pinching the words right out of the crowd's mouth  
So tight. I can't finger my way out I'm close  
and we are dancing in the incandescent backyard,  
cool light slapping the concrete Mid-City wind running past your new jeans i convinced you to buy at that  
hot boutique in Chinatown

jasmine, fecal , sweet in passing, sweet in passing

My hands on your neck and your hand on my ass,  
my thigh  
your pussy laughing  
An audience, leaning on a truck  
it's not serious and I don't want to kiss u but I can tell by the way you looked at me that u were wondering if  
I did  
move through it I don't have to stay there  
Heaven is just beyond  
A sliding horizon, smeared hazy on the sidewalk, made sharper by the squint in my eyes

I miss a step and tumble onto stacked grasses and flowers that turn their faces toward me  
little blank bodies ready to snap, give their lives for me



MY WINDOW

solar square  
diffuse                      slatted

Warming the 2 inches of air closest to the shadows it gives  
Glassy smelling, dust reflecting air flitting

1.

2.

3. We have the agency to change what we need to,  
what we have to: obviously, truly and necessary.

And the limit to desire without an object

the surface is a trap and thin layer of humidity on your skin,

Can we dissolve representation by lying?  
Can we choose the way we look and the way we feel so that we can brunt the violence in  
those choices?

Or does lying keep representation at the forefront?

to the bodies of powerful ghosts, a spit in the face  
it'll haunt you

4.

I want to hear about the perfect shade of olive and then once skin turns itself over  
for a moment of liberation  
A naked monument, seconds away from a postcolonial conceptual move

PRAXIS

the last rain in california before the slash and burn stops working and we need to keep all plants for their retained moisture isn't enough to wash it all away so it stays and builds up in lots near the greyhound station across the street from the museum that i work at where i get paid nothing and do nothing but be near a dust-less place and contemporary art practice!!!!

heat is dust, dirt, ash  
no breeze downtown  
the 10 freeway burned down last week and the next day the governor walked on the freeway  
And in my imagination we (my relatives) all walk and roll down the 10  
instead we (my relatives)  
breathe the ash of that the midnight fire  
Eyes lit up, glossy car paint with a cartoon silhouette flames  
It was arson i hear

air does not exist in DTLA but miracles do!!!  
a theory in action and weeds and chain link and tattered banners make sweet sediment that populates the air  
and a warning, yellow or red depending on your debility means we all go outside anyway because the air is  
sweet i mean resilient and by resilient i say that with a mean tone, a bitchy tone a fucked up tone a tone that  
fucks you and makes you feel bad about it because seed sometimes turns to plant

And there is no where past the gates they are woven back into it into subject and object and air  
and air and air



## THE HORIZON DUPLICATES ITSELF

I only act good if im watched,  
So I make sure to plan my  
walk in the gaze of those perched little eyes  
I want to be gutted  
And when the cameras look at the  
sidewalk splatter will they feel guilty?  
Of course not the little things would turn their slim necks back and  
laugh cuz they finally see me behave in a way they expected from a rat like me

The horizon duplicates itself,

Into an aftermath  
pushing into negation and  
the great wash of  
a terror so total that it allows for a more interesting formal capacity  
Won't you just leave me with the design of my own curtailed lust ?!

The horizon duplicates itself,

I walk around downtown all day, tripping over my cane looking east and west,  
Pavement rolling.  
Can't the final implosion of self and other  
leave me a mess of wires, themselves sizzling in the corner of  
this vacant lot  
a huge potentiality of data neutered by the crash of their fraying ends.

I walk toward a building,  
not yet in total limp, that takes all day to be revealed  
One leg gaining an inch or two,  
I can see a hologram of another world hovering so plainly over the sidewalk, Gaseous, I walk in the shadow of  
the prison on Alameda.

Damn, there is no sun in downtown LA  
There is just air and dust  
building up themselves, sturdy  
In anticipation of the break down.  
There are no legs but a staleness

that moves faster than a synapse pleading with a muscle the muscle does not move, it's stuck at the ankle.

The horizon duplicates itself.

If I was to inhabit the very promise of my own demise, redoubling that into self actualization it wouldn't look like  
the sexy institutional arguments that divide our great work into Annihilation or a building that can hold every-  
one of our friends.

It would just be the horror of a body that is so marked by the very hands of its maker that it explodes into the grace of god.  
It would be so splendid, so special so fucking changed that you have to look away from its present form, lest you catch it! You better run baby what I got is gonna get you!

The horizon duplicates itself.

And nothing human can survive into the future and i know already know the steady arguments that make a subject swerve into an endless bitmash of a flesh, not made of protein but of  
A smelly ooze  
The mark of the economy, the bark of extractive abandonment. Perform your austerity measures bitch! You can take it all away from me.

The horizon duplicates itself, and  
A fear procedure reveals a rolling hill,  
Asphalt fractures into a mineral rich grass and with my tired legs i fall  
It burst open my skin, medicinal  
Suddenly, bleeding, a car picks me up and we cruise down the 10

AT THE BEGINNING OF DEMOLITION MAN THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN IS ON FIRE

smelling the inside of ur palm,  
lapping, nose to fingers,  
Pathetic and hot for you.  
I eat, the up and down of the afterward  
i become thermonuclear  
I blow up. Chunks of glass  
earth barbed wire fence livestock  
are set into the sky around me.  
There's a ringing in your ear.  
No one is hurt. Naked soil  
burns quick in aftermath  
I hear a birdsong somewhere  
outside the outside space where I've landed,  
It's voice digital, slick like oil  
Adding moisture to the scene,  
leaving nourishing feces for me to  
fertilize a whole planet of crops  
Briefly now, out of view

## DO I BELIEVE IN AN IMAGINATIVE POTENTIAL?

I stretch my exploded body between two worlds,  
knowing always that a third is being repressed

In the first world, a giant cat comes and picks me up by the scruff of me and takes me to her warm wicker basket,  
there I lie with the other lesbians.

The second world sits in the cease of their shoulder and collarbone, I never would have imagined a body so pretty. I walk the streets and the sidewalks turn into cobalt mines and provide an underworld with potential. There is no heaven here and though people may die in this world, death doesn't happen until their last loved one says so. here, swims eternity.

The third is discussed at my oak kitchen table, cooled by the overhead fan, chicken bones still on plates. Thinking through the logistics of food distribution and matching outfits like they have in soylent green or something like that.

It's up to these worlds to make meaning of themselves as if descriptors and adjectives and the representation of a time and place as just that isn't enough, it's up to  
a poem, a processor

PAPAYA SEEDS TASTE TOO FAR GONE

i think i'm done asking questions i just want to write about flowers and the the ocean and  
micro organisms living the stomach of queen conch  
How they live in the organs of dogs  
too and humans  
too have parasites that can travel up from your belly and into your brain  
And how a parasite is the same thing as having the life drained out of you  
How having the life drained out of you might not be the right expression but it's the only one  
Within these present limits  
commensal—tender down to aching cells  
parasites  
No more questions only protozoa, helminths, and ectoparasites.

What if you have life to share what if you have so much, stomach distended  
Happy bloat!  
Abundance spilling from my nose

## RELENTLESS

All the windows in my car are rolled down,  
I like driving you around, it's not like me to be the one that brings us  
closer to the location of our greater desire but  
I try and it tears at my throat because I'm caught  
Up in the ways that you touch me right before I fall

I see you look there at me, seeing my need  
How about you laugh before I smile

ME TO YOU

the pathology of it.  
and i don't feel ashamed  
Like a good girl

a needle that won't thread

I do pretend to throw my eyes out of my sockets into the rug in your apartment  
Im humble  
The perverse need that retains my body  
To your gaze and says

Do something

But i can't say that, i can't be angry about how  
Even the very infrastructure of you  
And there And here And the grandfathered in  
And the staircases, and the ramps  
Say get out

So i stay out  
This house is on fire