

# Collection 2

*Mine is fake, but theirs is worthless.*





The gadflies swarm, perfecting some  
invisible knot. They wrap the melon  
as a gift, and the rind curls from its crush.

They have made so many sockets  
to birth themselves from. They transform  
the melon into air, from circles into

rings. How hard this ring will be when  
with a knock on the melon, the babies  
blaze from its throat, or even swish

On its lips. It looks like the mouth has  
stretched, but really it's been carved  
to strings. The fangs are all flesh.

## exorcism 1

War please divine my fate.  
let the dogs without a choice  
witness our descent. In the end  
we were tired of this new world  
and wished to dole out time  
with cigarettes instead of clocks.

Let us explore the old things  
Resealed with moss and rust  
And with each scrape, remind  
ourselves of death and find  
our purpose in this world  
As the ones who made it out.

The world isn't here! Chance isn't here  
And moral retribution isn't here. Let's  
Enlist. There everything is  
God, I don't know whether  
You're luring me to teach me  
Or to take revenge. But they'll know

They'll all know I had a soul  
after all this time me **a soul**  
but only when it leaves me

Will I be so naked as a newborn

Or

Could I grow to be an old man  
Deserted by my comrades  
Countries family and friends  
And found by you? forced  
To grow my hair till nature  
plucks it like vanilla. I'll smell

Like I sunk in the sweet sea  
And there'd be good place to stop  
And here as well at 23 but I  
never do I never do I never do

## janitor

The only stains are from her feet.  
A visitor...when was the last? The memory  
Was swept up ages ago.

She stops and goes to the kettle  
Drinks the tea and washes the cups  
And continues mopping up

Her last footsteps. And when she finishes  
Continues walking, finding not a speck  
Except upon the ground she steps

And the sweat she wipes from her brow.  
What a bore before everything is cleaned  
**a bore before everything is cleaned**

## Fire

We went through the middle  
Of the trees that looked as if  
we were fleas on a wolf's mane  
Only once seeing the brown,

dark sky  
peeking out from the black.  
We felt warm when the forest  
Burned in its growing core;

A tree fell across a river,  
lent destruction to the other side.

We arrived to our rented home  
And five men were sitting inside  
Who thought it vacant—of course  
they'd need some time to leave.

Just then, a bright dawn appeared.



We said goodbye to the five

And went to the library where the fire  
Neared. Men covered their heads.  
Blue smoke came and gave everything  
A hint of early morning.

I hid in the showers, where  
I saw two naked girls  
Their skins almost albino  
And one boy who flared at me

His armpit. I went deeper  
In the showers, avoiding  
A broken turd on the tiles  
Until I reached the toilet.

## moon 2

Come down, moon! The surfaces are wet  
for you to cling unto. I see you in the wine  
The blood, and in the bright eyes of the beast.  
Waver upon my lubricated breast

And multiply: oh, I am fertile for your  
Contempt. But the beast with rugged fur  
Darkens in your light that seeps  
Into his sealed eyes.

Rouse him, cruel moon! Illuminate his face  
With a cold light that tempers hot beds  
And wake him with a renewed pain  
To spill the water taken from the wine.

Come down, moon! Turn your opalescence  
Into yellow, touched by the earth, and with it  
Piss on their graves--his children, my fathers...!  
And live here, on earth, this bed--here

And now. I cannot foresee another moon  
As large as you, nor remember any moon  
As small. I look up and see only you  
Doubling in the bright eyes of the beast.

## walls 2

- 1     A glass with flowers for the people  
      In their autumns  
      It was almost yesterday  
      The flowers smelled like plastic.
- 2     Darkness darkness  
      except the running water
- 3     The smoke follows the winding of the  
      forest. That is why the heart forgets  
      and follows upwards.
- 4     The first step to healing is a wound  
      There is no second
- 5     We wrap ourselves in silk cocoons  
      But our goal is to enter in ourselves  
      Without knots
- 6     I want to finish loops but when I  
      just a hole now
- 7     oozing maple leaves rivers of leaves  
      blown up disks of bad vision. or  
      ceramic falling on the red kiln?
- 8     The sun lights the cow up  
      The clouds a kingdom by itself  
      A hand fits between its four limbs  
      Like touching skimmed milk.

sesame and almonds in the blue remove  
and watered mushrooms in the closet

streams run down like lashes, sunsets  
trapped inside a car. Life is different now

There's someone behind the walls now.

## **dust**

Like the day's stars, it could be  
that among the dust of saints  
And dust of monuments, there is  
dust that was only ever dust.

If it were given some form  
in something greater than dust,  
We might find in it a love  
much greater than the passing

And find in the core of it  
A great big something!

## the world was...

The world was once a work of art  
and people all their strokes of paint. And who  
seeing the red, would cry for paint  
ruin all his work with tears? The pink

soon turned to black until I fell asleep  
and found the world no longer paint. My  
mother came to me  
as herself, as she came to me ten years ago

and I reached out to her--and  
found her already cold. And everything  
broke apart, as real as I could think, until

feeling the black bed over the black walls  
I, too, became a black stroke--relieved  
that I could cry as well.

## A.D. 1

*For A.D: my pride, my sorrow--my youth.*

Remember when the water was lukewarm  
With no power in the uncurtained room?  
We were lit by the moon, so inseparable from  
Your face: if, by chance, we crossed again

At noon, I would not know of it. Its light  
Was cold until we mixed it with a match  
And drew our faces to the red flame, so  
Inseparable from our lips: for we built our love

Around the drugs, without even knowing  
What to pretend to feel about each other.  
But we saw the ripples as we emerged  
From the water. And as we snuffed the flame

And cleared out all the smoke, we knelt  
Before each other, expecting to be taught.

And we did. We grew together. But  
we grew old. And now, I wonder:  
When was the time of learning over  
And the time of forgetting begun?  
All that's left is the lukewarm water  
And the full moon that reminds me of  
How long you've been forgotten.

You know, if I turn on the hot water  
And close my eyes, I can still see your body  
And, on some particularly lonesome nights,  
Even feel it. But when I look up  
To see your face

When I look up...

...Oh, who would've thought that I'd be  
The first to forget? To me, the full moon  
Still looks the same. But I know it wanes.  
Every second, it wanes. And I know

That I shouldn't be leaking all these things.  
But this moon  
And this bottle  
Make me sentimental as hell.



## far 2

Coming out of the bath, these dry tiles  
Seemed so hard on my wrinkled feet. But  
When I looked down, my eye chose to look  
deeper--at the rock beneath the tiles

And then, the earth beneath the rock  
So much of it, so fast--and after earth's end  
Space, nothing. And even then my eye  
Continued, piercing every star that passed

Until, past even ignorance, all that was left  
Was fear. And as I shook above the edge  
Of infinite heights and infinite abyss  
I slipped--and was grateful for the bruise.

## **water**

Electricity is not really built, but channeled. and there have been two great flows in history: water to stop death, and electricity to add to life. The whole farm of channeling water prepared us for electricity, and the world has grown through shrinking. The ones who poured rain were the ones who thundered, and the tininess of circuits from one bolt...we could not find it there until they shoved it in our faces. The sun that browns our skin now tamed to help us to the night. Just as rivers flattened into grids and paddies, now the salt roads in our bodies flow to parallel and geometric circuits everywhere. Through God we make god, and the craziest circuits are inferior to the ones inside the miner. Every age is an electric age, every instant—as it is an age of water.