

CUT UP I

It is winter again
A sofa's arm weakens
A stomach splays out bloodying the carpet
A bony sternum sinks into the pond
The device of isolation oozes
 Talk to me so that I know I am real

Only an impulse shivering in heat
But I must bring it home rotting

Somewhere in the pinch ... the category of substance
Stitching perfume to her skin
We laugh at the rotting cadaver in the living room
But we could be dining anywhere
 All five of us; nostrils impregnated
 Waving bandages in warmth
 Ringing my hands of the blood of our evenings

It's like that horrid feeling you get on a summer's day
Pissing in the pub to sully the boy becoming
I will take internal bleeding instead!

work in the midst of stabbing rubber
Intentional steppings on cracks in paving stones reclining
 the passenger seat
The attempts of July are warming the distance between my ears and your cigarette on pause
processual ruptures Especially in the countryside Like fog festering in the hidden recesses of her stomach where
 horses canter frightened by grabbing daylight from stable doors

The rotation of pain only now that I am being cradled in bare legs and laughter
As jetlag hangs like wax on bedlinen when I get home
Once lists perfumed the skin of her depression
A punch in the stomach... I grow deaf in one ear