

## WAKE BEFORE DAWN & SALT THE SEA

Your mouth is full of noise and I live the anomaly.  
That's why I'm currently drinking. And making more  
fuckworthy art. Because the rest is truly useless.  
I cut myself and no one will recall the time the poet cut  
her flesh or ripped her heart's skin to tell them something.  
Our limits may not be expandable, but before you say,  
"Blood and sinew," remember you're making a mistake.  
We are not edges of limbs or the heart's smarts only.  
We are kiss times kiss with tree-lined lungs  
(yes, we are the fucking trees) that sprout with purveyors  
of knowledge, but too, your emotions are an intelligence,  
and if you don't take care, cultivate how you learn  
from wounds to them, then you will be a dumb genius,  
dying full of money but no one will give a shit, rich asshole.  
Be somebody, be one who wrestles and makes love to the dark  
that is your deepest part, the uselessness of love and art.

## PUSSY PUSSY SOCHI PUSSY PUTIN SOCHI QUEER QUEER PUSSY

PUSSIES RIOT IN THE SNOW  
THIS WINTER OLYMPICS,  
WE HAVE OUR INSECT FEELINGS NOW IN  
THIS WORLD OF WORLD CHAOS  
WHERE A PUTIN PISSED BY THE SITE OF PUSSIES PRAYING  
GOES TO THE GRASS WHERE A PUTIN RIDES  
SHIRTLESS ON HIS STEED.  
MY BONES ARE STEEDS,  
MY BONES ARE HUNDREDS OF DEAD VIKINGS  
CALLING THE WOMEN WHO CARED  
FOR THEIR COLD WARS OUT,  
BY THE HUNDREDS I CALL PUTIN PISSED ON WITH ONE  
BONE ALONE,  
HELD HIGH IN HARD HAND,  
GIVEN THE CONTEXT  
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS FATE, ONLY  
THE STORY OF FATE.  
I TELL IT TO YOU  
WHERE THE AUTHENTICITY OF YOUR FANTASY  
ACCESSES THE REALITY OF ME.  
YOU ENTER WITH WORDS,  
YOU DELIBERATE POPE-LIKE  
AS IF THE HEARTBEATS OF PUTIN IN POPE'S CHEST  
OPEN THE CHURCH TO MOLESTING RULE.  
I HAVE A WITCH-CHURCH HAND &  
PUSSIES RIOTING A PUTIN PRAYER  
ON A NATION OF PEOPLE,  
THEY THINK ALONE IN THEIR NEWS PRESCRIPTIONS.  
ALL OF US ARE HYPODERMIC PODS FULL OF REASON &  
SCENES & OUR OWN BIRTHS, STILL BECOMING.  
SHE WRITHED IN THE SEA BESIDE ME.  
SHE IS WHEN WONDER WENT OUT OF FASHION

AND BIG SCREEN GRAFFITI GAVE WAY TO MARRIAGE  
IN THE SHITTY ARMOR OF PROMISE.  
YOU CAN'T GIVE UP PUSSY IF YOU WANT TO LEARN.  
THAT WHICH YOU FEAR IS THE CLIFF ABOVE,  
THE CLIFF SHOVE,  
THE MEDUSA MAW THAT ENTERS YOU WHOLE.  
INSERT PERSON, REVOKE THE PRISON  
FOR ACTING ALONE.  
WE CANNOT BE COMMEMORATIVE PLATES AND TEACUPS  
OF THE CLAY WE ARE SHAPED FROM.  
I'M SMOKING CIGARETTE VEINS OUTSIDE  
THE PUTIN SHOW  
AND PEOPLE ARE MADE OF SKELETON SKINS TAPED TOGETHER  
BUILDING HOUSES AROUND THE MOST AFFORDABLE  
FALSE TRUTHS.  
IN THE MEANTIME, GET YOUR SEXUAL IDENTIFICATION CARD  
CRUCIFIED BECAUSE EVERY GUNSHOT ENDS WITH A STORY,  
AND YOURS IS THE NEXT AGAINST THE WALL.

## THE PAST IS AWAKE

Your cost was laid out by what is taken away.  
I, on the other hand, have always been the better half of yes.  
Before we begin though, understand: everything deserves a life,  
including the stone, inducing the scene, encoding death.  
Absence is not present in the debit column now.

So I'm feeling tragic. Like I don't belong, to us, even here on film.  
But this is not the life of anything.  
The tombs we inhabit, lined with paper, golden fleeces,  
cowardly lions and tin hearts as magical markers.  
We sign our names and hope they stick.  
The gorgeous dying doe, with her long neck  
and eyes that see, looks upon us.  
She is nothing if not the meat of inertia.  
She is nothing if not the desire of sadness.  
We see her back and decide what unicorns become.  
Decisions are plot steps, actions made, ways to judge our neighbors.  
Many are ego, which is good alone and can pluck us out,  
but what sustains is that they own art, are artful,  
and you only know this when your gut tightens on sight.

I still can't put death in my hand and cradle it.  
That is a significant hunger.  
There was an old science-genius who once died, but before  
she turned the living to alchemical angles, particles and waves,  
she signaled that the certainties she held were nothing next  
to the rendition of matter we cannot name. She was in it,  
the aura of life's death as it pushed into her mask.  
Some mistakenly call this "faith," but it is recognition waking  
towards an old friend we've not met yet.

## AND THEN WE SAW THE DAUGHTER OF THE MINOTAUR

I have brought the monster to the window.  
An urge to burn the female filament sings lace curtains.  
These three, the dead, the living and the in-between,  
return me briefly to a strategy of horsey recoveries.  
You can't say the feminine that way anymore.  
Say another elsewhere. Open the broom, stick with sorceries,  
I'm sold. Get the groceries and ride the saddle home.  
Tell paper souls to airplane Hollywoods over.  
One forever-evening sun swaths paint in lines  
across a gendered world, the grenadine one,  
genred daubs of swans in graceful necks of man-made soil.  
See the length of mine? It echoes their reach,  
sets their teeth to chatter. The scars they make also ache  
with mountains. But paper souls take place? Then lay me,  
slay my take-over, use up space today, dear pervert.

Their capes billow out, small winds, cloudless, for sale.  
Medusa's wooden flute attests to her branch of success.  
We hear like equations. With all almond eyes.  
She is the breath lying gently beneath my rib-caged tongue.  
She reaches out from uniformed position,  
a girl bicycling up from a beehive tower, mortared  
with wings that carry Europa. She turns, her bowler hat,  
to heed the call everywhere there is none.  
The ancient buzz of not-nothing. I am omnipresent,  
inside, I hear like fishes in the underwater manner of vision.  
I am too masterful for knowledge. Dark birds attend  
from the index of the double-sided image.  
Wings and the sun. We return after dusk,  
heads filled with numbers, to grow branches  
between worlds on the backs of nurtured equations.

Poet, comma. It is thus the delay,  
which is also a beginning. That we can link eyes  
across her time-space continuum is another hyena.  
The female elongates, bares fangs, and a trash  
compactor recycles. Hyena gives  
in the recycling fashion. Phoenix, no more false  
flight from holes; now balloons eat at decay.  
Hunger denuded us, too. But will you give  
up your death for me? With surgery, I hollow outright  
the monster to breathe across windows. I don her hollow  
whole. She writes back in the pauses of haze.  
Her and her tragic magic. We are all cross-dressing  
in tiny wings with the machines of bones to go on.

## PUSSY RIOT RUSH HOUR —*LEXINGTON AVENUE LINE*

Just write. Stop worrying.  
Twitch from the corporate fondle,  
bake a cake for the women in prison,  
go to the bank when no one's looking  
to discover what you don't want there.  
You know all of this, so why do I ask?  
I'm asking because you need to hear  
again and then some how you're not  
above anything, how you are not  
nothing but the roar of clouds overhead,  
the din of a bodega at let-out hour,  
the smell of a smile unwashed  
and the compression of panties beneath  
too-tight tights drawn to impress  
the boss into a holiday off. What we  
won't do for a little piece of ourselves,  
for a shiny glimmer of heaven behind  
the stacks of computer boxes and books  
that tell us nothing of literature. We eat  
our lunches and ask for rush hour  
to pummel us awake. The woman hitting  
herself, buck up head heavy against  
the number 5 train downtown moves  
people from her pole with the sheer  
determination of science. No one can  
calculate exactly when her head will erupt  
with blood from the daily six o'clock  
punching, but self infliction is a cause  
that brings us away from our senses.  
I remember her well, never moving  
from her usual spot of breath held and eyes

upon her. I'm just my clothes in the seat  
beneath her and can do nothing  
with my pen to blank notebook pages  
on my lap that maps us all the way down-  
town, further south than we care  
to admit we're going. We are all about  
her with pretend not-looking and how  
we wish we wish we wish  
for that breath that fills us in between  
buildings, that steel and mortar  
and the flesh hanging off us each  
to each, the potential blood bags standing  
in the station, we waiting ones back then  
forth everyday as we incomplete ourselves.

## THE CRONE IN THE HICCUP OF LIGHT

How she brings odd cousins together, ties ends  
in loose knots and evaporates the scene is a magic  
I wish for children in hard rain.  
She is as cavalier as a broom handle  
holds up a skirt that juts from the back of a wood  
panel station wagon, a flag to all who follow at leaner speeds.  
She is a dream hailing helm to wheel.  
Just as wood turns to stone, so do gods petrify  
down fast roads. Give us direction, spell out the recipe  
for regions we need to breathe. She is not Georgia,  
Leonora, Remedios Varo; I am no self.  
Our names are mere symptoms.  
And though private globules circulate, making the rounds,  
the man-made engine of age overtakes every leader.  
Her metal hip clangs, energy and time come together,  
discussing the terms of the weather.  
What does weather offer? What does weather want?  
We who make ships move, we who locomote with legs  
and arms, who work rudders and conflate engines  
with progress, as if one will surely follow another,  
we suspect otherwise, and look harder. We were written on  
the eve of Art, on the eaves of Art, and bake our community  
cakes as follow up. It's funny, the way we keep nature  
outdoors like an envelope between us we mean  
to open down the road. With a hiccup of light in a pasture  
her recipes gather, words stay with us on loan,  
invisible as the oasis one hopes for beyond death's lapel.  
In a hummingbird's heartbeat, as lean unseen conditions,  
the world itself remains a mask. We thus play turrets,  
ornaments, rivulets and sequins on the face  
of something we dub God or universe, and hope  
to be pierced by the crossroads, at least. Such is the role  
she plays each lap, with an offer to loan, that you may exist.