

EROS ↔ THANATOS

Oil prisms—thin film
on the surface of a puddle.

The smell of gasoline
and iridescent scales.

Beneath strip
mall lights

I lean. Body against body
paint of the Buick Apollo.

The sky sucks with lore.
White lines lattice night.

Big box stores make space
for cars, and I could buy

anything here.
Almost anything.

Is this what desire means?
Hanging around in well-

lit parking lots at dark?
Burning concrete, lace

and stain, the incomplete
touch of *strangers*?

Everything is capital
and science and augury.

To remain, to stand by,
to delay the self for a man.

When I say *strangers*
I mean *him*,

the one who I want
to make me lustrous.

I am always obsessed
with my abandonments.

Illumine something,
I tell the empty

asphalt lot, dark
grey reminding

me of Pompeii,
Some book about

Pompeii I owned
as a leggy child.

I want the volcanic
ash to pass, for me

to be the thing
in change, to be

the thing not left
behind. I'll mutate

suburban cruising
toward fiction,

alchemize anticipation
into something

greater
than disappointment,

craft a story to explain
hunger, why people

linger in parking lots
by nightfall. Let me

create meaning via
golden wing, linseed

feathers, a shimmering
descent into Tartarus.

Blah, blah, Eurydice.
Lee-dee-dah, Orpheus.

I'm not going to write
the Icarus poem

you want me to
just because my entire

life is waxing.
I'm never going to do this

the easy way.
O ebon hour,

what gift
must I possess

to draw ambivalent
men to my feet?

Is it wrong to imagine
him as commodity,

fantasize feeding him
a coin, feeling the silver

edge against his teeth?
One denarius is worth

ten asses, as they say.
This mythwork

is beginning
to bore me.

No one dipped
me into River Styx

to render this
temple invincible.

All my masks
acquiesce eventually.

I will never own him
the way he owns me,

the way I slouch on,
transform every hustler

into a house I haunt.
The truth

of the tale is this:
There is no man

who is not strange,
no love that does not

also move
as an autobahn

of death
beneath me.

EQUINOX

What I am doing is going to the nightgym

In the locker room I drink lavender

tea and lick shower steam off my lips

as bouillon

It is exhausting to have a craving and have

that craving be body Aqua

Net Electrolytes I always forget

the rules Which props to pack Tiny

towel Glass bottle of mineral bubbly I

don't even bring headphones Just me

listening to airgasps of strangers voguing

on StairMasters on ellipticals

Rowing deep in that cardio Here

is where I think of an X-ACTO blade

scraping amber-sealed scorpions

from my heart

I can't even pause to ask myself *who am I*

hurting my body for? I only

think of calories shaved ice

Tiger's blood streaked down the arms

of the strangers I mindpet

Their reactions: hesitation

Undesire in the eyes of them

Why can't my fantasies go beyond cruelty?

Will I always stand dizzy under iceberg

lights trying to sync

the other guests' breaths with mine?