

**DOUBLE ZERO**

## I LOVE YOU

if kindness and morals hold the lead  
I'd like to push my head up your soul  
if I could trail a fuzzy cloud-like box kite  
maybe they'd see bright parcels thrum  
surrounded by abstract thing violence  
nothing but nuggets can I draw today  
rocking rocking car gone out of  
you go come forward harder  
tearful men pillow your memory  
I too believe you saved me by the way  
you say one thing and do another  
how you wash the thing that washes  
perfectly applied bright red lipstick  
because I didn't think I could shape  
out of green bulbs blue pink envelopes  
I like it in here away from prying eyes  
from being told to play the hits  
think if you slip your hand down  
my vector which is aimed at you  
to think yesterday I forwarded you a copy  
to slip on out for a few months golden  
color of the fire we are to feed upon  
and with inserts redolent of lavender  
to wake and split the difference  
your Aztec face open like a melon  
that watches small ink marks cross to ruin  
with little habits sudden italics  
anything good to look at seems suspect  
and no one keeps anyone's council  
you opened a hole in my lifetime  
I fall without a sound into night sky  
to pose like metal thinker replica  
I will keep more copies promises  
torsos striking gently after ice cream plug

I miss being bruised not recommended  
existing as beauty with sharp invisible edge  
mercurial long indented nose above flat lip  
in eye of a spiritual champion  
who peers in mirror in showroom  
at you bent frontwards as on crusade  
I could scout better technical terms  
even and dry as powder put on popcorn  
sudden freedom of unlimited snapshots  
young squabbling moralists in cutoffs  
divided into the blessed and the bored  
if I could daily quit more new normal events  
as how you throw beauty in faces  
sinister sun to welcome kindle your burn  
never before on video easy scoff your shining hair  
a ship and a pony and a ruled page there  
I opened a hole in my lifetime  
let everyone be seen prettier  
so relaxed listening whole time calm  
to lose myself in decades unnoticed  
under long thin blue bulbs in hallways  
and what about blowouts self to self  
the most private joke same author  
same reader shake all else off with effort  
the wrecked plane underground wires all rust  
having hit the candle dimmed the lamp  
surveilled by family friends bosses moles  
sucking simple syrup up colored straws  
if there is a good time that is good  
for you and me and billions of others right now  
this instant slightly dazed as storms gather  
wanting only a notion vigorously true  
some total complete agreement to destroy  
your name and my name forever

## PLAYER ZERO

these tough as rot  
flowering tabloids today I get myself  
to be gone now nothing hurting nothing  
but more to say zip too of when  
I lifted hat labeled beef brand  
cap poisoned blood it flew  
over through urns and curves noted  
not discussed when after hot  
fritters look at me she said see my past  
like rose rose on thorny stem that ass  
these torn portions see my spirituality  
full face as to develop old older  
halt paltry wisdom exchange satisfactory  
rations inexact rational planes fold  
and then was she flew up against dropped pilot  
to plead wanted medium term resin plot  
to a tilt sniff quite yuck her quaint  
it sticks in you shed fallen bills bits  
kindling you gather in view of park golden  
yes goods grandfather may sketch  
sunup first thing wetter woozy  
at these my magic hands trim wick  
open unfurl your sail billowy  
at her as good late picture melody  
those days not a dry window in the  
yet curtains draw such as her apply  
at yo-yo bulge chords herded quietly  
as wrap me rumination bag fat and sour  
drop these white American pounds  
my contraption up and over past moons  
say afterlife pastel castle sigh sigh  
spoilers fall there so few was it lust  
chivalry undead learned shorthand late  
her shoulder buzz cuts afternoons

hello not to comet you back  
string me cord-whip me Eureka me hose me  
down studio boy you are good prone  
blotter up on the in-breath  
foreign plunder tamps soil  
all there so and so prayer zippers  
work together type to her lips  
two spaces sound the old real bell  
get back in your corner be ashamed man boy  
nipple head shut hard not tomorrow's tip  
get on up about a spout of water  
how stiffly your appetite thrums dumb  
your harm would wipe liquid crystal you  
would hide in your smartphone such love

## WHO IS THE BIG WINNER

Grinning, tallish, gangly, elbows akimbo  
and playful, she slaps me hard, I get it  
flash backwards, when we first met at MoMA  
very brief reference to a few clipped, I mean  
confused, plans for oil paintings to live off  
demolitions in homage to a cartoon ghost  
grinning, tallish, gangly, elbows akimbo  
you can't have it all, but you can have some  
of everything, a fuck, a smoke, a random new  
something I love about as much as getting employee  
of the month at Target, she whiffs of sweet  
back Brooklyn someday afternoon, finally making it  
in a big way, commissions and credits and captions  
she got up on my knee, got off on my thigh, I mean  
confused like any artist hopes to live off her art  
grinning, tallish, gangly, elbows akimbo  
eventually her dreams come true, excited I mean  
she chokes on me, doesn't stop, hopes to be busy  
literally always, time flies back, I have gone from  
mostly deep breaths to consume four bananas fast  
dancing at Glasslands and Home Sweet Home  
and that's freedom, man, freedom, the freedom of  
grinning, tallish, gangly, elbows akimbo  
I feel confused feelings but also so turned on  
maybe it's love, I want more, she's afraid  
not to veg out on some faraway beach you know  
I've been looking through old snapshots, my closet  
apartment on seventh and B, nineteen ninety-nine  
my old flame green apple cream in snap flash lip slack  
old days, anyone who ever lived them will agree, hurt spread  
like fertilizer, if you have time to look, redolent in late faces, I  
used to think if this ever happened, not that it would, but  
would I turn myself over to a program, witness and teach  
the prematurely aged, never to be seen again

but no, I can't do that yet, what turns me on right now  
are things and people and places and people  
who are free and busy not free and easy  
grinning, tallish, gangly, elbows akimbo  
I mean confused, yeah, but also so turned on  
I didn't think she should run from desire I told her so  
she smacked out dizzy-making selfies sweet verbs  
in her way optimistic as an artist's statement read over and again  
optimistic yes she acts crazy in relationships so she says  
the sex is hot and playful she slaps me hard makes pink marks  
just hard in the face her stare a glint in a mess of acne under lank  
brown hair a kind of situation summons like it's so hard  
so crazy it just might work her tits so they spurt milk  
I mean it's happened I am confused but also so turned on  
maybe it's love, it is love, I want more, she's afraid

## THIS IS GOING TO BE THE YEAR YOU CAN FEEL IT

This is the thing it has to be  
curls of wind on the inside  
to be a wife tensed ready  
for the attacker who just like  
quit avoiding silent steps  
the sun fell like a coin into a large glass  
of soda of who else could stir class  
without ever stopping being  
hot what got me opens the ducts  
lovely intimate ass candy a sweep  
who could sing too I never did her  
rudely the camera pulled deep inside  
that there pocket snuggle for long so  
long you say I have arrived a green  
leaf only pressed only to hot oily glass  
I just threw up in my couch  
you trembled with me then and tomorrow  
America stacked plastic tabs to see  
who would pay green garage door  
opener of a kind absolute beauty  
don't stop jones for universal health  
gay nuptials I'd rather not be misunderstood  
in a meadow or suburban field  
but in the midst of your bachelorette  
I know no function rapid drought streaming  
in all your digital devices churning rivers  
flopping salmon flick the sound off sound on  
heat pipes meet a metal crotch her hand wetter than  
a sponge wedged in a U-pipe  
its style so mysterious you think annual report  
rooms and electronics heaters refrigerators vibrators  
I don't want you anymore  
I want fourteen personal days  
and that singer's buttocks like

his lips hardly barely moving  
and a message comes from across the sea  
when I check my email again it  
gets into places you were friends let it go  
you got thinking you could key poems to virals  
built a ship from specie strictly a kind of guide  
stars look to move so silent flaming gases  
a hand shot out from a blouse cuff  
to brush my special fly my oh my  
sacred skin it is silk pillows these nubby conduits  
could put my name in granite someday soon  
all pressure invisible stabbing to winter's spleen  
flopping but stuck fast and be breathing  
the wind tosses the rain and the rain pushes the wind  
don't fuck so close to me I know that story  
following a exemplary throw the profile of a creeper you  
I have a word for you I gain weight talking  
lifting pants without hands a pretty lament for you  
yes you do not know this is for you yet it is  
on the tip of my tongue in you this is your ear