



A FIERCE AND VIOLENT OPENING

Blood is gushing everywhere
From the lips of the bear's face
Out the elevators
The children's eyes
When they are taken down by the ax
The whole hotel is overtaken with blood

You know I've started to think
You really shouldn't say
Things you don't mean
The way you gushed into me
And then that woman
Who seems so much older, and isn't

Dear woman, I read your essay
That fate could have been me
Blood is gushing from between my legs
I can't feel a thing
No really
I can't feel a thing

When they propped me up
They said, oh, she's so strong
But I am not
I cry too
I cried for you
You left me, always, in the rain

Dear love, you were so brave
The blood exploded within you
You were that whole hotel
Could have been us
I gushed
Out came the blue-green cream

DO YOU WANT TO DIP THE RAT

Do you want to dip the rat
Completely in oil

Do you want to dip the rat
Before we eat it eat it

Do you want to dip the rat
Completely in oil

Before we eat it

Tender tender meat
Like pork shoulder

One hundred traps set
Eighty hanging in a row to be broiled

With you
I'd take it raw

Tiny pink feet
Glistening with oil

Legs and feet
Glistening with oil

Matted fur and face
Weighted down with oil

Everything in oil
But the teeth are shiny clean

No what I really want to know
Before you open that mouth again

Should we completely dip the rat in oil
Before we eat it eat it

Should we completely
Dip the rat in oil

Before we eat it

GHOST FLIGHT TO THE MOON

You were never what I thought
Don Repo, you fixed the ovens
Where they put the people
And stirred their bones to ash
Flight to the mountains
Then the descent
Landing gear
Billowing silver
Like fabric acorns
We left at the corner of the sky
What or what I say to you
I wish I saw you more
Is what I said
To no response
But you probably
Were thinking of something
Like about your taxes
Or the way you could cheat
Others out of the pool money
My friend once came over
And read me her poems so freely

I wanted to
But I couldn't abandon her
The silent unabated
No oxygen delivery
The feeling of no air
In the room
Thick with white steam
She sat at the corner waiting for me
Adorned in pink crystals
A sound stage
She said
You never write
I say no response
I say to give no response
Is to respond
My friend says
He says nothing
To say something
Building heavy with meaning
She says,
You are on fire
I look around
I say,
I know