

glow stick

somewhere in me
exists
a so-called
original urge
to align
with the astral
body
 but then
i see
all planetary
anatomy
aspiring
to life eternal
among the galaxies
regardless
 home to u-turns
cultural autopsies
and finite
emancipations
of this social
imaginary
 but baby
if not
hopeful
then really
what

should i be?
notice
to eclipse
green lights
in these americas
i will
have to
learn to run—
what else
should i think
about motion?
your face comes
to memory
like a slow
collision
thus the traffic
of desire
awake again
in its daily
insurrection
yesterday
i felt free
in a way
i could not
explain
then today
my thoughts
exhaust

their own
resolve
 ask
are my feet
planted firmly
to the—
where are my feet
in relation
to the—
why is the ground
against
my—
what is the cause
of this
flick flick
flickering?
 another day
and closer yet
to the final click
of the proverbial
dimming glow stick
such that
in the morning
stardust blooms
my guatemalan
apogees
and the hours
just go on

flowering
 hello
relentless garden
standing
in my heart's
early window
 watch with me
the sun
beams down
in the same
direction
it burns
 what else
is there to do
but witness
this world's
precarious
devotion?
 funny
it's not
always the eye
that's black
but rather
the rings
that surround
the iris
 refracting
and refracting

the careful glimmer
of this endless
ordinary
implosion

overture

melodic contact
tends to prioritize
the implosive—
the self-directed fuck
fuck fuck

which brutalities
cannot be obfuscated
by the referent masculine
oblique

spiritual value
is not contingent
on the capacity
to produce
generate
or arrange
thought

gradually
any single moment
is a movement
an overture
can carry

tolerance

there's a quiet
in my head i can't
turn on

numb

the act
derives
value
through
its expression
and reifies
this value
through
the value
of that which
is expressed

milk

i think
this must be
one of the bad
times yet
when i touch
myself
every feeling
i've ever loved
simultaneously
beating

once
a man
or some
gray woman
with flailing arms
said we could play
a game where
every love
scene
is a feeling
recuperated
or an infinitude

it was so beautiful
i felt

my heart
quivering there

but the grass disgusted me
the house disgusted me
my body disgusted me

i have
enough regrets
but with you
where we crouch
love it's too cold to smoke

drinking coffee
trying to vomit
and drink
milk
pour the milk
burn

seattle

the smell
of acetone
a translucent
turquoise summer

outside fritos
warm beneath sun

chlorine and lake
marinade my lungs

in the pool bathroom
stall
my thighs
land on
the spill of someone
else's piss

my soul
a small seven