

behold and see, these landmarks deliver us. we have been, we will be, we are changed

And give to whom what is theirs as is gold coins as is bit coin

trading virtual futures traded

passed back and forth, old gags, sign offs, limit, liminality

l.o.v.e laced malice

When you asked why one would turn against one

for a fleeting desire met

When one is the one who does die

and yet one knows as one

Walks to their fate

Led by that which one pulled as a woodchip

From the eye of another and yet

Wielded into a splinter and yet did stab in ones
Own eye

I sucked the cold air through the gaps in my teeth

A chill fell in the room.

so fare thee well

life trickles away

to skeletal remains

you feel it in the skin

the pulpy pulp

“ode to”

but I think of the sad stained cuff of your jeans.

the not quite right fit

you needed a new pair

could not afford, but laid out
with the tenderest affection some for me.

these are the thoughts that seize one at night.

they send me to thoughts of snow

to places so dizzy I fall over

did you know that an entire body can be replaced
& that is the most violent act

this knowledge will bend you

If we are just a bundle of nerves and synapse.

Then how can pain lug around a body encased within another.

began in infinite places than from whence it bruised

if this is true can we be fixed

in infinite places other than that which was the origin

My foot is the stomach is the heart is the puffed skin of the eye, the needle

I'm not so sure.

life on your knees

whether it's true
that alone we are who we are

I hope not

I am impossibly impotent.

Here I am Here am i

She said, it sounds to me as though you feel homeless.
The silence embryonic

At the courthouse metal detectors scan your moral failing

Her insides are endless, was observed

Not afraid of limit but the infinite

If manifest in me is you

& in this room is a ghost that kicks.

when something is so sharp you wonder, "am I even alive?"

it's a handful of smoke.

how can a body contain

then lose another body

the weighted silence of exile

give me cruelty over death

somebody is shocked

somebody is outraged

I honestly don't give a fuck

I feel like lighting effigies of every contact in my phone

I absolutely hate the sound of your voice

A headline reads, *Precious Gems Bear Messages From Earth's Molten Heart*

At night she dreams of snow

now trapped in a globe

Memories shaken

dear anna.

if addiction is a way to impose structure on a chaotic world, then why can't we just be better to each other.

so bright that it hurts

double date palms hum

reach into historical memory

medieval deaths

pink gown of the fountain gushes skyward

blows like the misted skirt of an empress

through the gaps in my teeth

your apparition enters me

what is compost is recycling is alchemizing

blood smells more of metal than earth

at certain moments under certain pulls of the moon.

when you gaze at a quivering mortality

and see death turn away

everything turns black and white

Another way to begin is to keep going

to document is another way

Reading your mail

is a dull thud

a walk under chem trail

or a frozen river

and the scraggly trees

and the stars come up and I remember

burn through the cold walk to forget impressions in my mind

hand my heart

collaged scraps

my food doused in vinegar

lemon, apple cider, sea salt

mother says it's my blood type

then I'm acidic. bitter

feverish walking

through oleander and hearts of palm.