

TURNOVER

Men wrap their fists in your hair
As an owning love

(Just unbelievable tomato soup on the smallest stove)
(Unspooled love notes I will remember when you have up and died)

Your body is only yours through its relational prism
And now it's mine too
Despite all the muting it's come to
The felted ends of these mallets

This blood river between us:
You are downstream
I haunt the water silent
Lying in wait

They came to their new lives scratching
Lice, ringworm, shame parasites
They came to their new lives frantic
Short and sick for paradise

You came downloadable
Bits and bursts
Obsessionable by any unscientific measure

If I had anything left
I would turn it in to turn you
From pillow to pile
To own a piece of that softness you shake around town

PORTFOLIO

You might know more of men than I do:
Those deep-breathed military men
Those men of god holding your face in the rearview

Your flattened frame
Those sweatsuits, those trousers
Cowboy country, tall ceiling handshakes
Looking her dead in the eye

I know of men:
Earthquake weather, sweating into satin jackets
The husky hiss and flat hatching of belts

How lucky that most tomboys are born
Gorgeous and clean enough
To go out into
An old cannery
In an old car

You know of men:
Milky busking shapes
Those pale boys in love with themselves

All glasses to see yourself backlit

You choose pieces of mountains
Shapeless piles
With good brains and fast tongues
That shift-stick blastoff

She's got a boner
Veins like algae
Hard like a glowstick before a thunderstorm

OLD FOX, BEST FOX

The Fox has a shopping trolley
She trails it around, chattering
Foxes blossom late, the wizen and wisen widening the burrow of knowledge
She whispers: *old fox, best fox* to her soft ears

The Fox has a date with malice
And then a dinner date quite after
She sits on the sofa looking at the river
The pillows used to be rugs —
Asleep on her kills

The Fox feels stupid with the big candle
The words of women flooding her mouth
We bind you to oleander, then drano, then clean
But the power of pressing a body flat
and back and in front again
It's hard to resist when age has made your own body a log

We understand why we like little girls
They look breakable

The Fox lights the candle and then her cigarette
The eye that weeps and the sweet I'll keep

The Fox makes a lively dinner
Something with pecorino — for laughs
Some woodland child roast on a bed
She makes quick work of the selfie
Resting her paw where it ain't not go
The shadow of the camera blinks full upon her face

The Fox is old, but she's not dead
She opens the window just to let the cold in
She makes a shopping list on an album cover
It says, the way she likes to write it:
Green mussels, Black Forest ham, pan dulce
The sun came back and I am ready
With one paw she works the draperies
With the other, she holds t

As if a literal blossom fell. That soft. Absolutely edible. The transition from seeing you to wanting you is without. For me, I woke up to your humming skin across the world. And so, we make those same sausages at our poorly house. You are made of the good cheese kind. Did I surprise you in a movie theater bathroom? Or did the shopping line move faster than you thought? The magazine unopened and your hair rollicking. Fuck to hold the storm blue of your eyes. Coral, eyebrows, coral, apples, shine. Fuck to the shining phantom who made you in the morning. I go into the bathroom where it was just you and the mirror. That anticipatory sacred space. You are pools.

IN YOUR DEPTH

As if a literal blossom fell. That soft. Absolutely edible. The transition from seeing you to wanting you is without. For me, I woke up to your humming skin across the world. And so, we make those same sausages at our poorly house. You are made of the good cheese kind. Did I surprise you in a movie theater bathroom? Or did the shopping line move faster than you thought? The magazine unopened and your hair rollicking. Fuck to hold the storm blue of your eyes. Coral, eyebrows, coral, apples, shine. Fuck to the shining phantom who made you in the morning. I go into the bathroom where it was just you and the mirror. That anticipatory sacred space. You are pools.

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FILAMENT

You are the sag in the mattress
The holy imprint that together brings forth

You are the passport case for the fast traveler
The held space
The smelled leather, the craftsman, the butcher
My lamb in sneakers
A marshmallow on her day off

You are built out of soft egg foam
Millions of inches from my shoe-bound heel

Your handwriting is different in every letter
You are the real girl and her broken bead
Splayed now - decade wide and *alive ob alive*
You are your penmanship —
The planet shifts on more than one axis

You go to tongue
The asshole's once particle
The go forth participant

You at mirror and grabbing and grinding
You stable your teeth at night
You are a body then and now washed off

Hey at the soldout crowd
Hey at the cigarette tax that's made smoking painful
Hey at the way pain twists a strange sweeter

Hey at the packed pack
Hey to gruesome at Disneyland
Hey lady, my toast's getting cold

Hey at the fetal position —

She sleeps casual — like a pork chop
A wound doll that makes me stick around

Hey at your own self —
The lily dropping pollen one soft flick at a time