

AFTERMATH*-à toi*

<Oct. 9, 1999>

there are crumbs on the breakfast table
 we will not wipe them away

Sometimes
 NOTHING

a laugh
 yours or mine

says it all

for us

UNTIL you can

listen to the silence

There is a faith that sustains us together.

And I want to taste

IT.

You taste a promise and it does not quench your
 thirst.

There are open drawers, but you do not want
 to put me away

COME

COME HERE

You want a honey to become

bitter

will

you come

to bitterness

saturated

by bitterness

TAKES YOU BACK

kissing the avenging angel

ABANDON MINT 10/9/1999

POLAR GUESTS invite
a different
take

THE WAIT

**burns warmer
close to your
equator**

balance

as you drift to sleep
don't be held by these demons
you need to purge your desire in these fires

I WILL BE YOUR DRUG
and you will twist along to mist

after dinner mint

WHAT DID YOU MEAN?

when you said my eyes got bigger

after dinner

meant

nothing

everything

in the candle light
waiting for the bubbling night

“You can do anything in the dark..”

EXCEPT

see the face

touch your face

see the whites of the eyes
coming through the night glare

“Turn down your eyes.”
“That would be telling.”

I wanted to come back
make it back
call back
make it out
make out
your eyes

THAT WOULD BE TELLING

KISS

lips to lips

sticks and champagne curls

“You’ll have to come back. I want to thank you for. Get you ready again.”

I am weighing the tells
and balancing the kisses
without coming unbalanced

for cameo demons
and highlight shadows

pull me in
pull me down with you
SWELL
and we swell

the rush

of

BLOOD

to

the

HEAD

stop

I'm losing my balance

an accident on the way home
and an accident on the way to home
and an accidental way
from me to you

I'll take that next time. For now it is only prophecy.

And in my dream. You did not stop. Puled me inside to float
and I could not contain my excitement.

one more sip

before I hit the road

look up at the constellations through the trees.

THIS IS THE BEST VIEW

as my eyes trace from the tips of your fingers
to the round of your shoulder
I intoxicate

between your neck
and my bite
fabric preventing me from drinking

so we repeat these rhythms
yeah!
and you repeat your motion
yeah!

already hung heavy
hung hard

hung over
by these waves over waves

the bubbles make it go to the head faster
and you fade into foam

I am getting crazy for you
bracing myself on the railing
going over
and going under

everybody is going along
the Parisian starlights
or the stars of screen and stage

staging our comeback

I dreamed of a teacher

ABANDONS
the student

dear blonde wonder
what can you teach me tonight

let us abandon together

teach me to count
and count on you
arrive early
and WAIT
mull over the various incarnations
and pink carnations
and vague appearances
and clear apparitions and visits
in the
heart
of the heart

we have to cast out
the vampire!

WHAT I SAW ON BUCKINGHAM 10/9/1999

Come on in my car, little boy
come on in my house, little girl
get out of my face, little boy
get out of my car, little world

the doors are open in whoville but the shutters are pulled down
the sermons are short and the saving is sweet
as the ghost make their rounds

there is curing to get done
and she is still undone
feed her and then we can put her in the ovens

from let us go
to let me take you
to let's get taken

and I watch all the us's
go up and down
junked out
and on tonic and whispering
did you see her

Did you see her get up
did you see her yell
get carried out of the room
like she'd seen hell
did you see her get up
looks sincere
just a wayward soul
brings up the rear

trade one belief
for two
it's capital
makes something out of nothing
and gets gifts

but when you get the
GIFT

you are told to deny it

waiting for a little

JUDGEMENT DAY

when he comes back

from being away

from having abandoned you

OH MY!

and you need to tell him

but you didn't so you can't

–I didn't cheat. I just had to bend the sky stand up.

And all bad things that happened, **I** didn't do!

And all bad people that came by, I was never really with

never really touched

was touched by

wanted to touch

open the door to touch

got the door closed on me

Honey, here's your prize.

Who can call the bluff

as you hedge against the uncertainties

if I've seen a proof against FAITH

the utter negation of the negation

despair

and destruction

it is this

THE FORTRESS IS IMPREGNABLE!

except to a scream

expect to a dream

covered in sugar cream

Daddy do and Daddy doe

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION!

until he does

“We’ve got another one.”

And even you go off!

IT’S NOT

I want to sleep with you
lie down with the lion
sleep deep under rock

“You want to have lunch with me.”

as in

“Kenny, you want to...”

And I SAY

NOT

NOT UNLESS

and you still don’t want to see

you can only want
what they can give you
they can’t give you

HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

HOW CAN YOU NOT?

sweet cakes and belly aches

‘cause you like taking it

“HOW CAN YOU THINK THAT YOU KNOW?”

everyone else has puzzle put
together
and you’re under the weather

and it all stops short
or stops at

open the door to the bedroom
 the be all
 and the suck all

don't say that

“Why can't you be happy
 and we'll take you to the happy man
 but we don't
 so we do
 so we take you to the

and this means this
 and this means this
 and this means this
 and you're being mean back
 to make it mean more.

What more can you say?”

OR

WHAT MORE CAN **YOU** SAY?

can you suffer with it
 roll on the floor with it
 bleed with it
 careen with it

throw it back in the toilet to come out the other end
 and get stuck in it

I'm stuck in the shit
 and now you're getting stuck in it again
 in the sweet and the sour
 the sweat and the hour

“Look, I don't have a ring.”

On the ring is a key to the room. To clock in but not to walk out.

and you drag this burden with you

“Why do you think that you have to do it?”

This is IMMACULATELY clear.
 immaculately clean
 couldn't stand the way that it smelled
 so I cleaned it up
 erased all the bad parts
 the BIG MAN
 and the BLEACH LADY

beach baby
 buried deeper and deeper in the sand
 add water and decay and you have
 the same shit...

BE HAPPY

I'm working on it.

“All you have to do is look at the same stuff, and stand on your head.”

And just saying it
 will make it go away

You were face to face with me crying and I was rippled inside
 and the waves achieved typhoon force before you said
 don't worry
 it was just a breeze

OH!

learn to like what you are given
 because it's better than most
 and like where you're driven
 it's better for ghosts

“Are you laughing at me?”

and I'm stripped naked in a room and they are laughing
 she's not with you
 is she
 she told a joke on you
 you're mad at me

ran away
 upstairs
 hunched over the toilet
 looking for a way to get flushed down

you tell it like it is
 like it was
 and it just comes back the same old damn way
 again
 do it 'til you're gratified
 how can this make sense?

it won't
 an angel dun' it
 if you can just get one of those angles
 and turn it all the way around
 angle angle in the night
 angle angle twisted right
 what she didn't say
 or what you gave away
 not to come back

I'm still on the first stair
 not locked up in the upstairs room
 not beset by the mind-reader's affliction
 not overwhelmed by the soothsayer's addiction
 NOT
 NOT
 at all
 a call from the basement
 you need to believe

We cannot shake the foundations that have been steel-reinforced
 the walls have ears
 each word explodes with us

show me

the sucking of the skin
 and the bruising that follows
 "That must have been her!"

and who has suffed

and who has stuffed
and I'm stretching it out

the way that you've got me going
I believe in the **IMMACULATE CONCEPTION**
and on my knees
and taking it on my knees
and taking twelve months to say the same thing
I knew that damn angel was busy

and all these other gesture and touches have lost their urgencies
and are given with such abandon
that when you really need the touch
it's all **FUCKED**
all **FUCKED UP**
and just **FUCKING**
great

bear with my raw
honesty
or we'll have one **BIG MAN**
in the **WHITE HOUSE**
one old man in the **BIG HOUSE**
and one saint in the whorehouse

and it's all real

Are you scaring yourself yet
because your words are so imbued with power that it's time to really let it out

time to scare us all

time to go down to the sea
and really go in
and go to the other side

Forgive me for I know not what I did
and I know not what I'm going to do.

CASSANDRA'S EYES

September 26, 2000

"I have seen what nobody wants to see. A disaster. And what
I predict
no one can escape"

What?

"The Hindenberg."

Nonsense, that has already occurred.

"I see with a new clarity
and to see it through my eyes
is to relive it.."

I want to put it all out of mind
but how can I when I'm still in your mind.
How can I, Kenny.

There is an uphill climb
and I am already quite a ways along this steep path

will you come up these rocks

I will give you my hand

but you are still struggling in the mud
still dirtying the rug
still making a mess

"I'm not making a mess,
I'm just having some dirty fun."

Here, take the soap.

I thought that we weren't speaking anymore.
We're not, but we are writing to each other
writing each other
and getting underwritten

"Please help
or send help
or I need to help

H-E-L-P.”

You get the cake and you get to eat it too
you also get the cow and the milk
and you don't have to pay for any of this
moo

SO

where is my cake
it's going to a long time to bake
maybe every second of a whole year

can you take it

THE WAIT

I haven't got over it .

OVER IT

“You're not the one
and you never will be the one.”

I never said that I was just one
I get it done
and am getting it done
all at once

“You got to make me feel beautiful again.”

And I am trying
to work furiously in wax
to repair the damage
get the gifts ready

Santa Claus is coming
in September
or is it already October

“Are you going to take you clothes off now;
Santa wants to see his present”

“Santa or Satan”

IT's all getting so commercial;

OK
when am I going to get paid
you'll have to
WAIT
someone's trying to stop him from coming

this time he's coming in box

who's going to respond
ME

the falling man

what's going to interrupt
the same sequence
from one June to the next
and then Valentine's set in

And I was really waiting
wait for the sky to fall

it's not going to fall

make me one again
"You're not the one."

And I was trying to clean egg shells off the floor

"Can you bring me some eggs; I don't have anymore and I want to make a cake!"

And then you play the death card again

Did I die
did you try to call me
did you

I tried to stop you but you just wanted things to be so quiet
and I didn't make a sound
crept in
softly and the softly me became you

Kenny
are you here

now I am everywhere and that's why you don't see
looking for another VISITATION
you are blessed

Can you bless me again.
This is the life of a saint
no blemishes on the soul

we had some bad times
but now we want to begin things anew

there I go again
what I thought
you were
you were
what you
said you were

let me see you naked
I've taken off my clothes
but you're body has become the best mask
and now it's bone digging again

can you did those bones
or taking the bone
or bone dry

“You'll need to wake her up and then tell her what happened.”

You know that you died
and came back for dessert

Can I have my milk now.

“Let me baby
you
baby...”

And that is the cage
for baby doll
baby
and seven days later
it's a box

and then you just have to dig down to dig it up
dig

where's the burial plot
and the Kenny plot
and the death card
and when it gets really dirty who
has talked about it
and done it
and who's chased the mice around the kitchen with a carving knife

I need to get this finished
before it finishes it off

I'm not done yet

and you take me out
and want me to be fresh
and I'm just raw
and you don't like raw

keep your head on for this
because someone's going to have to answer for the cat in the kitchen

it's wild
no one can catch her

“Or do they want to
tame
him
or
her
dinner's ready
and so are we...”

Get over it

“I'm trying but it's so dirty down here and you went away and left me ...”
YEAH

I'm having a poetic fantasy about you
and you're playing words games
like we all do

boyfriend and
boy
who's not a real friend
but such a boy

love and marriage
go together like a horse and carriage

it's not the love
it the duty

do you have the ring

all these wonderful things
started and not finished
the backdrop to the real story

operation
taking Allena apart
and kill the messenger
screw 'em and sue 'em

death card
I'm going to jump out the window if you don't give me chocolate flavored icing

JUMP

head first

and you did it for real
and fell down
and broke your crown
and now they all
think it is in fashion

don't leave me

let me stay the night
hide in your nakedness because I am too afraid
to get stopped by the
new flavor

You put me in the box and now you want to crawl in here too

it's not a sex thing
it's a mess thing
and how fast can you teach an old dog
new tricks
and down deep
still a dog
jump for his supper
roll over and play dead
who me how much you like me
lick me
send me off like last year's Christmas cards

and I am sucking
the poison out
but now
the icing
contains
poison
and that is how she kills

and it's killing me
June 16
what you are saying

I'm sorry
I'll never do it again

you're ride is here

I want a better ride
and your ride is her
and I want a better her

trade up before it is too late

and you left this really nasty bite
and what did we share
is what we shared
and you want my share too

I don't really eat cake

We could be starting something

but I thought that this begins as a love poem
and you can't say love anymore
or lover
or lover's slain
those are my words

You are starting to own the alphabet
or just the bet
won in one bet
and pawned off in the next

and I didn't talk about
meat
because there is none such in mine
"IT's what's in the oven."

And they all put you back in your
cage
yours
and it's so quiet in this one

come in here with me
down here

"I'll kill myself first
walk the earth accursed..."

You're just testing me
or punishing me
or want the punishment

is it breaking yet

just do it

CRY WOLF

the wolf is gnawing on your hand

Not a nice pet
just a dog

Wait and I will turn it into a bird and it will fly away

“Right into a gilded cage...”

I want to sing...

WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN ANYWAY?

Any way that I can...

And I'm crying again
saying I love you

“Do you really mean it?”

Well I don't...
We're almost there...
The genetic sequence is in place

I was an egg man for my egg man
and a chicken man for my chicken man

school or no school

I want my eggs sunny side up

look at me

CASSANDRA
it's only in your eyes

you can't get into heaven or hell
what you did on earth
you need to solve on earth

but I so like your body
and each day that body gets imprinted
on my mind
until
there's nothing else that I really want to read

how you fuck
make the world how it is
or how you fuck up
or are fucked up

or I'm just fucked up
or fuck off

that need to stay imprinted

to interrupt the sequence
what took eight months now takes three days

we fucked up
and we need to tell you something
and we need to read this
and between we and we
there is this hollow ring

and it's not about me
and if I leave

it's still going to fall apart
but next time there going to use nails on the box
on you
and you won't be able to get up

"I really nailed that one
tagged that one
won that one
bet that one
do you want to see the video
or see how you'll end up in a drawer.."

A fish with three eyes
a cheer
a chicken with no head

dinner is really ready
but who are we going to call

who you going to call

"You're not the one..
The true way..."

The other singer
singing your tune

when they see you bluff
they bluff you out of the game
so much better
so much sorrier
a sorrier sort

and where does February go...
down an elevator shaft
in flames

WHAT ABOUT ME?

Exactly!

Who's still singing your song
when someone else is singing it so much better

I'm sorry!

I've got to get closer
and I'm going to take the hell
for this
blood sucker

We need to tell Kenny
that he's dead...
That way
we really don't have to tell him anything

take it off

WE WE WEE WEE WEE all the way home

You need to rest
too many words
too much analysis
too many ALICES

aliases

I want the real thing
ALLENA THING
word stevens

“I can’t show this to him.”

He wants to see everything...take it off...

Where is my story
in this?

Fluttering away...

I need you to be beautiful for the camera...

BRAT

L’enfant terrible...from whim to limb..

To

ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL NAMED ALLENA
WHO GOT TIED UP IN TRANSYLVANIA
THE BLOOD WAS FREE
IN A BLOOD ORANGE FACTORY

AND THE SUCKING TURNED INTO A MANIA
WHEW!

Not built to fall apart...IF
Mommy catches me
I’m going to die

here catch

IT’S A BOMB!

A NIGHT IN CLOVER

We were edging closer

and closer still

SOMETIMES

I get lost along the edge
where insects cling

I lose you

nothing will go here

I eat to stop

have nothing more to say

too dry in my throat

too sore in my throat

taking it slow during the WAIT

before the eclipse. I had already decided to stop staring in the sun

what's coming out

something that didn't go in

I've lost my appetite

and you

a food artist

can't stop

the ice cream from melting

a rich chocolate getting you GOING

GOOEY

Time to get my tonsils out

put a smile on your face

no more sore throats

or sour lips

or dirty mouths

"I didn't catch your last name. But I could throw your first."

"We're not related by blood, but by love."

"So that's what they call it now."

"Are you going to come see me in Paris?"

"What's in Paris."

"I am."

Then the circus comes to town.

For a long time, I lay face down in a room, so much to say. But unable to speak. Scraping the skin with a rake. Knew that we would be face to face. Could taste arsenic on the rug. Rolled around in my uncertainty. Gagged on the stale air. Wanted to speak. Hearing my words come out confused.

“Umbrella”

“It’s not expected to rain.”

I am alone.

Started with letters
numbered letters
and lettering back

“Maybe we should split up.”

“We’re already up.”

I need to get very tired. Too tired to do anything about any of this.

I
want to turn away

“I
want to run away.”
SUDDENLY
there is nowhere to turn to
the sky which gave you a an horizon
is curving back on you
there is no path
no straightaway
all curving back

no down there
down below
a place below
all is molten
all is HOT
lava burning
you can’t burn out of this
the same day
all the same day

Blood begins to overflow in me

you rush to the place most supercharged
 I find you vampiric
 there
 having your way
 "I'm letting you in the sisterhood."
 I jump in fear
 And you pull me down
 subduing my cries
 vanquished by a will now
 stronger than ever

-TIME BY THE CLOCK-

"Turn over the next card."

Here's the smiling man
 the drowning man
 the crying man."

Here's the hope for a miracle and a shrine.
 They gather in pilgrimage
 procession along the rocks.

"The martinis are greathere!"

orange juice/orange juice/ orange juice
 POW!
 SCREW ME
 SCREW ME
 SREW ME

OH NO! STOP THIS!
 NOW THERE IS NO TOMORROW
 NOW

I am the Aleph
 and the OMEGA
 the Aleph and the Allena

Look in the sun, honey
 the honey sun.

"Are you having doubts now?"

“No, I want doughnuts.
I need coffee. I need to stay awake until I answer all the questions. How to spell backwards?
How to make spells go backwards. Somersaults and summer faults.”

Not the doughnuts
the holes
It’s the holes.
What is seen
to be taken out
of the dough.

“I’m really having doubts now.”

For a moment no you both share a belief
a touch
but it’s all based on a trick
a touch that did not come
when it came
a VISITATION
head out into the wilderness
ho can I take along
who will I take along
will to take along
vile will
villainy to take along

to see

I don’t want to see

The room is dark. The television is loud!

it’s not made out of dough
and a man made out of dough
OVER THERE! OVER THERE!

what is a woman made of
making of
made by
it’s the cops
it’s what we’ve done
or haven’t done
why are they stopping us

or stopping ourselves

TAKE THE PLANE TICKET.

I have a mission
hold you to eliminate
exterminate me

“I feel like a fucking invalid!”

“Kenny, I want you to
kill
me.”

“DEAR
I want the big car for the
NIGHT
not just for the NIGHT
FOREVER.”

Here there is only forever
DECIPHERING
chewing on the fingers
“Have you counted the fingers
counted the number of times you’ve brushed
your teeth
before and
after eating

vampires
all
it’s time to put on the false teeth
are there GERMS
have you counted
I am the GERM

“Why do we have to say this?”
“Girl, I’m disappointed in you.”
“I DON’T NEED THIS
THIS
I
DON’T
need this!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

We have to say everything
 get to the bottom of this
 of piss
 there's a fly in the operating room

“There's no fly here.”

What's the buzzing?

another dimension.

“And what's that?”

spill
 don't spill any on the couch
 after a while it's again the familiar tale
 of the cow and the milk
 BRUSH BEFORE AND AFTER

the same metaphors and flavors and colors and metals and meddling and muddling

I

I

I WANT TO BE ALONE!

This front
 on a front

I AND I

I need to get out of this room
 disappear in the landscape
 I need a mountain
 “BUILD ME A MOUNTAIN!”

you stopped counting
 stopped for me

bit by a vampire
 and it becomes a love tag
 hence forward
 a deeper bite
 gnawing away to no point

“Let’s quit the vampire bit.”

so good at play
 she’s wife one
 imprisoned on onions
 MY LAY DEE
 KENNY,
 die on cue

“He’s so skillful. That they’ll think they’ve got to the bottom of this.”

all over the map

reach the point

“Kenny, you are getting defeatist.”

Things not to say in public
 in publish
 “Kenny, we’re going to have to take something off to put something new on.”
 Feeling
 like a fire hose
 the burn up

“There is apace where all things are FORGIVEN.
 PENANCE
 and letting go
 BALANCE
 BACK
 giving it up to the SUN.”

burning incense
 and burning paper
 the water
 now a river
 refelecting
 a thousand suns

YOU WERE GOING TO OVERTHROW A THOUSAND SUNS!
 and now caught up in this golden OVERFLOW

This mountain is a SIGN
 a place to START

not a place to stay
V-O-L-C-A-N-O

WHERE DO WE GO
AWAY

“I need to get away from you.”
“You’re inside of me. Your feeling are inside me.”
“Precisely, but they’re not my feeling anymore.”
“I can feel those new feelings.”

CAN I
CAN I FEEL THEM

You curse the mirror.

“I’m going to have to break that thing if I’m going to get inside.”

And it’s all happening again
and you still didn’t get your time in the garden

MARE, MARE
on the wall, who’s the freest of all!

Rumpelstiltskin
got what HE
wants
puts you back in the ROOM
there’s a man
in the
man’s
room
and
he want to kill me

vacate in a box
slap together
“I’m paying for this show.”
and now there are so many REELS to unravel
that you’ll never make it back to the caves
“It’s amusement park now.”

She laughs.

“Why do you find this funny?”

he
 did it
 did you in all too well
 spinning away yarns

and a plot to brainwash you couldn't have worked any better
 KEEP YOU IN LINE

spy eye
 get you to
 DO

what they said you couldn't do
 walk the rope
 fall from the rope
 take the fall without a net

that was in another reel

Take this pill
 and another
 and another WONDERLAND
 “I love your blonde hair.”

After that you cut it all off.”

Is the KING OF FRANCE
 BALD?

kept in a place
 stares out from her place
 or a reflection to a cracked mirror

Why isn't there an earthquake outside for the
 earthquake inside

“We're getting rug cleaned after those stains.”
 “Don't you know that you can do it yourself at home.”

It doesn't get the stains out
 properly
 “You never get the stains out!”
 and you spend you time staring

at the rug

Why am I doing this?

I have to get out of this house.

“This is your house.”

Take the damn house and the damn kid
and the damn car and the damn life.
I’m leaving.”

“I didn’t want to watch DIARY OF A MAD...”
and you get so good at MAD
making pornography our of you
let down
and you like it
we like it

“Honey, will you put on the maid’s costume.”

“Are you going to pay me sub-minimum wage. Are you going to give me fuck work after feather work?”

“I’ve got to get to work.”

MUTE

you reach around to pull the string on the ventriloquist
and you like what you hear

DUMMY

you hate all those who gave it to you
left you with it
roll in it

“Take the cookie, Kenny.”

you never get over it
over done
under done
tender done

BREATHE DEEPER

do you renounce pleasure

“I do renounce pleasure.”

do you renounce pain

“I do renounce pain.”

It's all better
leave the dark
and come her no more

What's behind the curtain?
FUCKING
DUMMY
domestically intelligent

move the dust
get the dust out

NOTHING'S COVERED

WELL
ALL TOO WELL

you can't even see the threads
they gave me a new heart

"You only get one."

One to use
and one to throw away

this thing's in my hand
and i don't know what to do

This is your journey
you're supposed to fight the monster
and monster is as big as a house

SAY SOMETHING TO IT

"We love you."

Told to say
to be difficult
difficult saying

"It's not going away."

POKE IT WITH A STICK

Baby wants to fuck!
and that all it ever is to be

tender done and time to serve
If you kill the monster, you get to eat the monster.
the vegetable challenge

“What did she tell you to do?”
“She said send flowers.”
and you start feeling like the book
and now your book has feelings

that was great
not great
not feeling great
but great I could feel something like that

what about something not like that
never like that
before that

seeming like the most real
gratifying
and ungratifying

but not enough to make it go away

AFTER THE MONSTER
A WALL

THE WALL UP TO THE SKY

“How am I going to get down from there once I get up.”

SAT ON A WALL
BRICK
OR STEEL
monotonous steel
“At least it keeps it up.”

This isn't so bad.

“Tears are not enough!”

what you really did to me
took my words away
put words in my mouth

you need to swallow
ro you're going to choke on your words.

I need someone to listen to this tale

listen and make flesh
my hands on your skin
digging into your flesh
holding with you
and waiting

but now
so use to jumps and starts
you'll never notice
the little ripples
that got all this started
and you'll miss PROPHECY

now, the card turning
will be crash turning
dollars tuning
rubber tooling

give me your hand
we shared this together
together shared us

words already in another book

“Honey, I think that I want to be a writer too.”

Did you see about the telecomm merger
it's all coming together
one happy world

what you've been coming apart over
cannot see around the wall

words have already been prophetic

and when what happens
already happens

“She is laughing!”
“I can’t help it. IT’s now silly.
something really serious repeated over and over again
gets to be really silly.”

That hurts
hurts me

and then even you are laughing
and I’m not
the least

get the spotlight on the crying man

“I’m not crying.”

Did I miss something?

take the time
and even the whole audience is going to laugh back
PAPERS IN

CONFESS ALL

It just echoes off the wall.
Won’t get off the wall, brother,
until it goes over the wall.

there is over here

“Ad it won’t be over ‘til it’s over over there!”

I just want the pleasure.

DRILL IN
this is not about you

“Your face, a giant sunflower!”

Today is cloudy.

Tell me a story
about a GIANT
getting over the wall
a GIANT STOP

and baby steps

fall down the steps

do you know what that did
get carried down the steps

“I’m not a bloody invalid!”

It just happens to you
another situation
until
you control
how the clock ticks

does this change time
change the time
stare back
at the clock face

notice a resemblance in everything that you look at

“When we stare into each others eyes,
it speaks volumes.”

WHO IS WE
WE
ME AND YOU
ME AND
HER
ME AND HIM

You’ll not make it over this wall this time

SHE AND WHIM

I'll huff and I' puff
and I'll blow this wall down

engorged on pork
send piggy to market
things that you would eat
wouldn't eat

honey, now I'll take this

“He's a fucker!”

Who said that?

Now, I 'm hearing voices...
no one's there
felt so good

“Honey, I'm starting to have your nightmares.”

Well I'm not
and I've been living your nightmare
all this itme
you fucking idiot
what you don't know won't hurt you
and what I don't know won't hurt you
AND IT A PAIN
It's all a pain
you're all a pain

don't you know what you did
what you did it
when you took away my words.

“It's not like that at all. he says things to me tender things, Not like you said>’

Who's saying this?

The sunflowers are saying it
and saying it back
and forth

that's not the sunflowers
that's the wind
speaking for the sunflowers
"I'm getting impatient with you
taking you to a fix up place
all the time..."

"It told you my car is fine
but you're not
and can never me
with your wires
and your capsules
and your gold
and your golden rod...
I'm allergic to you..."

but you've grown to like your allergies to sunflowers

someone else has sold these dreams better
and there on the third floor
the addition to the mall
built over the wall
a runway
to heaven
only sixty more shopping days
to
the new door
on the new store

you took it apart and put it together
and I'm still coming apart
and you will use the apart as a together

the last toss that you will make
before tossing the salad

and now we eat smart at home

eat ourselves out of house and home

I'm not ready for this.

"Honey, you have to sell some of this. the garage is becoming crowded."

I'm waiting for the bus with my balloons and my barrels.
 double barrels
 I'm not ready for this

“Here, a twenty. It'll make you feel better.”

Stringing together green
 If the wall's this high,
 it will block the sun
 and the grass won't grow
 but you need the wall to keep out the neighbors

it's not real
 unless you might die
 or your dreams die
 or it really hurts

Use the big needle
 to extract and then put back

a sewing class
 and a cooking class
 and a looking class
 and a looking glass

“Go to sleep and they'll take down the wall in the morning.”

And I woke up at 6:31 AM
 and realized
 hell
 it's
 me
 and always will be
 until done
 I'm coming over there
 WHERE

WHERE

It's not all over
 brought you a jigsaw picture

“And what is it of?”

TOO LATE TO SAY

whatever you need it to be
6 7 8
who do we appreciate

I'll
whatever
you
I'll
what
I'll

from here on

I don't want a will

my dress creases on the bed

THIS IS HOW IT CREEPS UP

on all of us

what's really affecting me here

if I can't cry about the old songs
and the new longs

where did you go

MUTE
and wake up
to this

"THIS IS MY LIFE!"

What is this
really

scrape on the wall

"The wall already came down
and you're all hanging around it

waiting for it
to stutter
to crumble
cookie crumbs
cookie numbs.”

and while you
were rolling around in nuts
waiting for the overdone
just this numbness anyway
so you felt it away
and so many
and so many
and so many
and so many

STOP

THE MOURNING AFTER

STOP

give me a nickel

STOP

it's about this
COLD
that you can't take
colder than room temperature
because there is no room
that can contain
THIS TEMPERATURE

“We have to raise her temperature.”

ZERO

“I kind of like it like this!”

You're not part of this

OK

OK
OK

what am I a part of

and what is most tangible
the heart of the heart
in the hand

but you took out the beating
and the banging
and the clanging
and JUST
A BIG BANG!

“I need to wash my hands.”

And we pass through the WALL.

Here there is a fountain
as there has always been
a
fountain
and you wash your hair
in the flow
spraying up and hitting you in the eyes

“I’ve been waiting for this for so long.”

And then A NIGHT
sets in

I can’t see you

or you anything

when you
make
a
man
you’ve got all these parts lying about
it’s a damn mess
but when it’s put together

it just looks
so nice.

It just looks so nice

the telephone rings

“I’s want to talk to the MISSUS.”

talk to

talk for

I can make you feel real good

are you da PUSHER

I’m pushing the night

when it rolls over

that calms

and the come down

and come down below with me

into another darkness

iodine

and turpentine

and Serpentine

and jasmine

and party time

and party line

and line it up on me

CUT

I’m the PUSHER

And I came to stop the push

“You’re pushing me!”

You need to push more

and you realize that more than the caring

the flush

the play-ZURE

you like the

CALM

PUSHER, MAN
 can you get me some calm

“I have better than calm.”

Wash across your lips, caress you palate, languish with me
 in the calm.”

around you
 a tent
 and round you
 a tent
 a net
 a web
 around you
 spreading out around and back into you

“I want you to give me more.”

“There’s the Japanese-language version with the added seven minute and it all make sense.”

And for years
 still about the cold
 held their finger on a button
 still trying to tie the button

health insurance will take care of it

and rather than
 take care of you
 link you up in a sister hood
 you are now
 hiding from them

not having gone through
 you’ve
 gone through a wall
 and it’s all wet
 and the dampness
 permeates everything you wear
 youre skin
 down
 to the bone

DOWN TO THE BONE
 DOWN THE BONE
 give the

DON'T GIVE IT

And another veil come up

two veils make a wail

chicken bone

I want to get so far out there
 that none of it makes
 but it just makes enough to hold you on

TO THE PUSHER

calm

Take it
 take it or
 I'll kill you

chicken bone

swallowed a fly
 maybe she'll
 BONE UP

and you got to pay a man to bring the pie
 and man to eat the pie

“I don't want any of this. All of you! Get out of my house!”

“I need to go somewhere else!”

BABABABA
 BY NOW
 FOR NOW
 Will you let him stay
 OR
 HIM

the PUSHER
or the pushed OFF
PUSH OFF
FUCK

I don't feel like this

dial a feeling

I

DON'T

I

I

I

OH FUCKING GOD
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON

VENTRILOQUIST DANCE

They hid the drugs in the ventriloquist dummy
dummy

IT'S SO SIMPLE!

make it stop

KILL ME!

face to face with

KILL ME!

the car will not stop on its own

I need to make it stop.

UNTIL

UNTIL
I WANT TO KILL HONEY!

If he finds out
he's going to

KILL ME

KILL THIS THINGS

did you see what he did to me

nailed to the wall
climbing the walls
did you see what

HE DID

DO IT BACK
BIGGER AND BETTER

“I got popped
but back together
and popped back out!”

Now the
cracks
lost pieces in the jig
saw

QUESTION

no more questions

FUCK

FUCK

what the fuck is this about!

FUCK FUCK FUCK

MOTHER FUCKER

strip malls and cluster homes
FUCKER
FUCKWITCH

COME HERE, YOU LITTLE FUCK

but who is cornered
and cornered here

and in a dark corner

the drinks are in that corner
and the snacks
and the feel right
and the feel tight

give me another tight

RIGHT

COME HERE
YOU
LITTLE
FUCK

HAHA

“Who’s laughing.”

“Ignore that. It’s coming from downstairs.”

I’m not playing anymore
getting it all fucked up
wanted fucks ups
and now
the cups up

drink hearty

“I’m not the one!”

He did it all too well!
and now down the well...

Don't drink the water
orange juice and
a little push

we hug the edge
I need you to hug me
I need to see your teeth
brush your teeth

after this meal

a monster of a meal

hon'!

IT NEEDS TO END HERE

“We still haven't got to the good part—dessert”

She's sitting in the room with you
they're speaking about her in the third person.

“she went to this place and she didn't come back.
She stole the butter tarts and she got caught and now she just thinks about it all the time.”

When you've done something...

you

don't want to remember

you can't
because it's her
turn

in this game of memory
“I can't remember everything that I've done
or done along with
or went along with...”
OH COME ON
She's looking over at us
where she splattered screams on the wall

I have to throw my ice cream at you
It's melting!

HA! HA!

being wheeled in and out
another amusing roller coaster ride

I realize that you

you don't want to think about

"What you did to me"
always the did
did-to-me

the did-to-me prospering
growing out
around growing
you knew this was coming
the did-to-me

and now the part without the mirror

"She can't look in the mirror."

Knowing about that killer beauty!

"We both know what you're going to have to do."

What is that?
Call the cops
play the cops
hide from the cops
oops
just hide

I can't read this
and
WRITE
this
W-R-I-T-E

learned ways to go back
 way back
 curl back

let me touch you
 why don't you want to touch me

or touch her
 or you're touching her
 and not me
 touching to her
 every it to her

touching to me
 all touching to me
 don't you want t touch her

see you looked at her

“It's you. It's always you. look in the mirror.”

Or just you
 or see you slipping down the wall
 and curling up in a corner...

“Is someone going to help her.”

Someone
 he
 her
 He tries your dress
 feels it pull him apart
 this way
 that way.

“It's you. It's always you.”

the enchantment
 overcomes breath
 then fades

“There's these kids. They'd like to hear you read. Read one of your stories. They like the one about the bug.”

“There’s no bugs here. Just us chickens”

roasted
or roasting
and then more chills

I can’t write this any better.
not to remember feelings
or temperatures

or wash in lavender

something that can provoke
NO BODY

SOMETIMES

there are none of those times

THESE TIMES

sweet smells
and sewer sweet

taking a bite

a hunger for words
but then only words of hunger

eating your words

“We’ve worked it out.”
“You mean you worked me out.”

Thanks for telling me.

TELLING
this is only starting

“It was HIM. It wasn’t you
it was him.”
if you had just reserved that accident..

that man in the bedroom
 who appeared while you were away
 violated the property
 he got mud on all the rugs
 and I had to send them all out to be cleaned...

It's all making sense
 with the stories running short
 and the extra hot water
 and the towels
 all those towels
 and the FOOD
 all the FOOD

we needed
 another
 rip
 rip
 ripple

something got pulled out way out along

what happened between November and January

“We were tossing eggs at the house
 at the car
 at the cops
 and one of them splattered and made a maybe!”
 WHAT
 eggs and ham
 I don't eat ham
 and rarely eggs

UNWASHED
 UNCOOKED
 UNCLEAN

let's make the rules as we go along
 and when we get challenged
 it's a sun share

STOP ME BEFORE I GET TO THE COOKED PART.

I wash my hands!

then I touch the food.

“I need to sit down.”

I should have worked my way in.

“What are you doing?”

It’s a new dance.

I had this friend
but I couldn’t tell him how I liked dresses
he liked dresses
dresses and
off dresses

but he knew
he knew

but he never covered up
covered his mouth
caught a cold
a death of cold
but it don’t affect me much
NOT MUCH
not so much
if I don’t want t to...

I’m eating porridge.

this is where it needs to start
dripping down the lips
dropping on the floor

woke up
unable to do a thing

“She’s laughing again.”
moves uncontrollably

and from the outside

inside out
eavesdrop on every damn convo-
eavesdrip on the couch
drip drip

THE COFFEE'S READY.

what are you saying
what do you want me to say

LISTEN TO EVERY SOUND
TOGETHER AND APART

There's no every if not back to
the cage

"I've been crying for the last year
did you hear it!!!"

"TEARS ARE NOT ENOUGH!!!"

YOU KNOW WHAT
JUST FUCK YOU

WHAT

NO

WHO
FUCK
FUCK YOU

this is going to happen

FUCK YOU
DICKHEAD
YOUR PROPHECIES

you miserable
"You know what comes next."

miserable come
conversation

Honey, get me some coffee and some honey and some some.”

How much is that so far?

I said that before
and again
and before
and again
How much is that so far

TIT FOR TAT

you dish it out
I'll spoon it out

want to go
go fish
go party
go along
JUST GO
FORGO GOING

FUCK OFF
ALL OF YOU

FUCK
FUCK
FUCK

FUCK ALONE

FUCK ALL OF THIS

until gasping to come back to you

“I'm drowning.”

UNTIL
YOU SAY

“You're drowning in your own shit. I know it all looked good. But you're all drowning in your own shit.”

“What about all the things I’ve done for you?”

SHIT
all for you
to take your fucking
SHIT
DROWN IN IT

MUDDER
I’m drowning in shit

since my last visit

GLUB GLUB
AGAIN

You know what I was doing while you were away
drowning in your shit!!!
already

I WOULDN’T TELL YOU IF I DID.

AND I FIGURED OUT
what you went along with
pained along with
figured it was easier for the both of you

and he never said
what about the shit

and the SWALLOWING

all of it

you embarrassed me

but no where near as much as you
did to yourself when you spilled the chocolate sauce on the new dress
on the new veal
on the pork chop

“I want to puke on you.”

“I WANT TO PUKE ON YOU!!!!”

There’s no pleasure in any of this!

no redemption
suck it up and make something of it...

but then it feeds the sulphurin’
thin’

acid sulphuric smoke
burning the eyes and the lungs

“THIS IS PROGRESS!”

You have an art of knowing everything that touches you
compressing it
close to the heart
and radiating around it
holding it in
CAPTURED

your butterfly collection
reanimated by a mist on a fall day
NOW
they want to talk back to you
by the time you get this message, they will have all flown away
deep into a cavity inside
and to reach in
you’ll lose your ability to hold on

how can you still think
it is going on
or going on
dazzle
when you can’t chain it all together
now you smell pain
or suffering in the rain
as the ground first heats up
and gives off its decay

“Why didn’t I notice that before.?”
The ground gives off your decay
breath to breath

“What did you just eat?”

way too much turn around for me

you forgot to take your headache medicine
pop the pill before the quarrel

and I am slowed to a halt

caught in staring

“Why did you let her touch you?”

Because you let me

watch you

let me

That’s not quite good enough any more

and another earthquake

or feard earthquake

or out of here

and SUDDENLY

you move from one to another

and this made the mountain

I didn’t think that it would melt so easily.

No, I didn’t. Do you have to read it in a book to know that it’s melted. or to go away to know that it melted

and I want to spend all day

watching you

melt

IT’S NOT THE TIME!

if you don’t seize

something of a moment

MY HANDS ARE RAW AGAIN

from scraping the sides of the mountain

slicing thin

or putting away

you're scaring me
AND YOU'RE NOT

I know the silence of a day
when we do not
speak
we do not speak
and the morning hang
of wanting to get back into bed
just close it off
UNTIL
I'm ready to start
and the necessities of my hunger
waking before you
so that an early call would
reawaken BAD
so that an early call
would
and the early part of the day
gets piled on the early part of the day

just to check all the things that you've
DONE
to me

from me
I can touch
the heart
but the heart has become smaller
and the part that I touch is now
a suburb of your URGE
and outside in the CITY
you are in competition with another

heart
how you get to have two
TWIN STARS

and now it is noon
and mu thoughts
my day has got away from me
and I still have not heard from you.

NIGHT
 at noon
 I concentrate on the spark

a letter from Berlin
 news from downstairs

I need you here
 about here...

“You can’t fall apart on me!”

“It’s no longer practical to be me. You wouldn’t want to be me. I’ve found someone good with glue and we spend all day on puzzles and crosswords. What a four letter word for **SCREW OFF.**”

SCREWED
 by the afternoon
 or preoccupied
 or time to eat
 swallow
 I like this SWEET
 or THAT
 take it in and make it go down
 go down and take it in

or

I need to nap
 or I did and I can’t
 and after slams into me
 SWEET
 I never had the chance to be
SWEET
 it’s not the real thing
 leave a message with you
 “The day is coming to an end.”
 closer to the world is coming to an end
 and you need to collect rain water in your eyes

in your hands
SWEET
 covers your poison

for this there is no

anti-

dote

this is not even good enough for a possession
more like a
slicing away the
jets

I lie down in the night time mist
hoping to catch a drop of your long gone by
elixir

It is listless
because you have taken
it all elsewhere
and the phantom that you have
LEFT
cannot reanimate without
the antidote
Can he
can you
is there anyone who knows

what this FIELD
is about

the grasses are you distraction
or the flowers
what is staring back
YOUR BIG
ALIEN EYES
and the ravaging
of all that is still
earthbound

“Can you understand garbage when not taken out becomes part of your spirit. Squandering
all in the crush of the hands. Do you have to work
with those hands.”

Let's try that again
and this time
say it with feeling
and the feeling after the feeling
the antidote feeling

over the poison feeling
 and the back and forth of these
 brushes
 fucks up the mountain
 of your confession
 you can't freeze and unfreeze

coagulating
 curds and whey
 crunching on the spider
 the clawing in and out
 and ho your phone call would echo off the fibers of the web

worked your way to be un
 alone
 and un
 touched
 and this place not touched
 you can't get there
 not really there with so many
 touches untagged
 or
 TAG
 TAG IT
 YOUR IT
 YOU'RE SHIT
 or full of it
 or loving that smell of decay

"I look terrible!"

You look great.

I feel terrible
 smell terrible
 I am decaying

let me go
 even the concern ring false and you're no longer good at feeling the right terrible

to come out of this better
 SMASH YOUR HAND AGAINST THE WALL
 and for the rest of the week drag this claw behind you

Do you know what we're talking about?

an you do
 because you did
 not hiding it
 but taking it
 and talking about taking it
 and saying
 GIVE
 it to me
 and he is you
 THE FLESH
 and you cannot undergo
 overgo
 grow away
 I love you
 and the thin stand gets grinner
 a grime that you cannot
 off it
 grow away
 file your away
 that really doesn't hurt
 and you're holding back
 and the time to pay the man

I don't want to feel obligated
 or the feeling that you paid for
 the good times
 you are the good times
 for a good time
 always ringing the same number
 not always knowing how to turn and turn it off

I don't want to feel
 obligated
 to feel
 the only way to feel
 besides some slamming fuck away
 of every breeze

“She is mean. But I guess that's why you like her getting to the point for you.”
 “I gave you that book because I thought
 that if I could get inside

eavesdrop inside
 or drip inside
 part of me would be part of you.”

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE?
 in the video that we watched last night

I can't smile
 for you

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT BEFORE
 ONCE
 in love with

BEFORE AND AFTER
 AFTA
 AFTA
 have to after
 I need to wash
 or clean up
 or leave the mess
 or brush over the mess

YOU GET POINTS
 or point on
 and you're still twirling around
 the practical things
 or grooves in the ice
 or mastering the master
 or back to the
 points

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR
 for colors
 or grooves in the ice
 or slips down the stair
 or the winta' thing
 or the minty thin'
 or the causal
 think
 mass

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR
 for grooves in the ice

ONCE
POINT
gain the top
don't stop me

You have
NOTHING
but this raging
hunger
and this impossibility of filling up
BLOOD THIRSTY
and it's still not it
a torrent of red will not gain your appetite
or gain your TRUST
or rust your appetite
A TORRENT OF RED

why
are
YOU
YOU
saying these things
to me
You can't to yourself
without yourself to someone else

"Why did you call me today?"
"Why did you
CRACK
out of turn."

What are you crying about now?

What is it
I want too
what are you looking at
wearing
describe it
the part that holds the skin on
and the part that carves and craves it off
I naked
not enough

And now you realize that you can no longer be naked with him. You can be it
naked
and all
but you're still overcome
by the feeling of fabric

this is your meal ticket
your keep
to keep on snacking
little bites don't draw so much blood
or stop so much
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

this all happened inside
and you said
GO AWAY
and deep
GO AWAY

what broke the silence
not hearing
or showing up
and after the patch up
the patch gets pulled off
THAT SMARTS

layers away
that's not too smart
I need to do something with these hands
buy everyone a drink

break everything in the place and
write on the walls with your own blood

what's the first thing to start with

SHE APPEARED TO ME LAST NIGHT
not you
HER
and I squirmed in my seat
wanted to make eye contact
brushed her eyes with my eyes
wanted to squirm in her seat

give her your words

avenging angel
kill her for me
wake up forgetting
and remembering

“Why did you let her touch you? Didn’t you see that I was watching?”
And for the next week
honey and flowers
and no anti-
dote
giving back and hoarding

Now, I’ve got you figured out. You just write it all down!

there’s a trick to my writing
and my writing back
and my my
Oh dear!
OH MY DEAR!

you patch it back together
OOPS
YOU patch it back
and over the
place where you
said
OUCH

OH MY DEAR

I’ve been doing it all this time!

OH MY DEAR!
honey
and ammonia
subdued
by the fainting spells

The spell breaks and I haven’t hear from you today.
But you don’t notice
having already drawn me near

and now a part of you
so not a part
and far apart.

I want this guarantee that you can reach
through a break in the window

without cutting yourself

do you see the resemblance

grab the thing by the neck
and hear it scream
THE GUARANTEE

what is going on behind this wall
the sailing dynamics

“How did you know about that?”

All the screaming behind the walls and you wonder
if there is a
YELL
behind the scream

WHO WAS SCREAMING

what is being hidden

inside the wall
and out of the wall

It's just a nightmare
that the weather won't be perfect
when we go sailing

and travel off from this mess
and a nightmare inside
and a nightmare outside
and between these two
nightmares a stream of
kisses

is everything all right

AND WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT

this nightmare

“I warned you about this. You shouldn’t have got any closer>’

This fantasy of him in your dress

and you slip in the other room

and you sleep in the other one

and the guarantee is FLESH

I don’t want

you to

stop me

not in the least

from shrinking back

so much said

and then just the UNSAIDS

there is no guarantee

THERE IS NONE.

except in the flesh

on the flesh

decorate

on the

on the

cannot

see there is none

GA’s gift to vermin

“I don’t really care if you did it or not

but if you did

would you enjoy it

or enjoy burying it

but you know that someone is going to have to pay the bill.”

stacks of twenties

could be yours

or his

taking care of this

you got to owe him something for all that forgetting

or all that forgoing

a silver spoon

COFFEE

in my body
not your body
and you know for so much you're not
and now you're back in the cell

I don't want to remember any of this
and anywhere of this
and any

YOUR LAUGH

cue me

and you leave a note for yourself on the wall
and in the HASTE
you wipe it
OFF

don't hurt me

"I don't want to hurt
but if I leave her
she can't care for herself."

"I've been having those dreams again."
and when you tell them
read about 'em
it's the same old dreams

Could you try to come up with a new one?

There's no GUARANTEE

don't you know
who I am

or

who
we are

rubbed on
the fool
rubbed too many times
jump up and up

THE HOAX
pop out of turn

“Let me tell you who I really am.”

bone powder
read the powder

I’ve been taking care of it for you.

the eyes are swollen

“Telling my story
my lil’ story
my fuck story
by bacon story...”

I can give you something
something you no longer can
you’ve arrive on top again
claws in the back
whiskers
whiskey sours
AND WHISKEY SOWs
is dinner ready
will you stop yelling
will you stoop yelling
just stoop along
and along along
or I’ll find another sloop
get out
I’ll pay you more
I didn’t mean to say that
what to say to be really mean

“I’m tired of your yelling. Or you’re really yelling.”

“I won’t do it again.”

Maybe the police want to see this one.

How you had to put your over

over

put on another face

or lie in the mud

can see the face

so you can say

once and for all

THIS IS HER FACE

MY FACE

can you face me

if I shed

shed in me

O NO

“I’m dying of your

wins

gag

on the next winner.”

I can’t

leave

this has come way too far for me to be the one wrong

you were in

and you were in

who cared enough

to take care of it

but what do you have to tell your friends

friends who can

tell

eat crow

carve crow and crave crow and pass the crow around

put one down and pass it around

he knows how to get them

and do them

and get them
 and flag them and flog them
 and
 be a
 friends until
 I did it for you
 this cream on the outside
 touches the inside

OK
 I took care of it for you

I thought that I could get that guarantee
 and you could not
 until you could
 the flesh
 don't need it
 curdles
 to honey
 slice it through
 it wasn't me
 me for you

cottage cheese on lettuce
 "Would you like some?"
 followed you home
 you want me to keep a secret

"Your or me
 that's what it comes down to
 you or me
 that's what
 you or me
 make a move
 try to hit the door
 GET IT PERFECT
 you or me."

Would you like a secret
 burn for you between nightmares
 and face to face
 we
 are

you want me to be that nightmare

IT'S NOT ME!

“If you so much as whisper a word, I’ll have to kill you.”

whip a world

whisper a world

whip a wisp

“I’ll get him to kill YOU.”

he will

to convince himself that he wants something

he doesn’t know or doesn’t know that he wants

and if he can destroy himself

and he still wants you

TIT FOR TAT

really wants you

like one sick fuck

I convinced her to

pretend for you

to make it a him for you

and the fuck would

fuck for a fuck

You’ll never get when it talks back

And you find a night

for yourself

or not to yourself

to find out what

WHAT

you need to hear

for it to be a GUARANTEE

let her go in the night

to find him

AND

FLESH

your god

you bod
 not yours
 or his
 or hers
 THE FLESH

can you know it
 or taste it

in the bee sting
 please sting me
 STING ME STING ME STING ME

there is no hospital that
 can put it back
 together

does he know you
 in the ONE
 FLESH

got back at it

this is your guarantee
 and you need it on those nights

those no answer back nights

WHY DID YOU DO THIS FOR ME?

I wanted a tip!

“These are new shoes.”

When you are not here, who will answer back for you?
 MORE WORDS
 already done for you

when the honey hardens

I need to drink to hear your
 VOICES

this plurality

let say that I buried her for you

I didn't mean to do it
 to myself
 and him
 what's him
 in the choir
 SING FOR ME BABY BOY

DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME
 OR
 I CAN BE YOU FUCKING TOUCHING
 OR
 I CAN FUCK UP THIS TOUCHING

OR
 I'M FUCKING UP

we'll just leave him there
 to clean up
 or clean up
 after you
 or clean your dream after
 buried in blankets
 and someone will have to finish this off

THIS PART WE ALL WAKE UP
 and the flesh
 no longer whole
 and these parts

I need to get this far.

“And I do not!”

I QUIT!

If you want to take care of this, then you need
 hold your hand steady.

We're walking together.

The monster will not get up
on us

there's a MONSTER ONE
AND A MONSTER TWO
A MOBSTER
and public enemy #1

the sequel's never as good as the first time
and the squeal
and the squirrel
and the shit
DOWN IN THIS SHIT FOR YOU

SILENCE IS THIS SHIT FOR YOU
sit and pose for you
"I need to protect myself against your slaps. Not crossing the threshold."
HOLD FOR YOU
Let me carry you, baby

Do you know what this means
now that I can lift you up
lift you to my lips
HONEY

the honey has frozen
IT IS SOLID
but there is no guarantee
WOOF WOOF

it's the barking
not a dog

more ravenous on us all
come out barking
bite the neck that feeds you

IS THERE NO SHAME
NO TAME
TAMING MANTLES

alop the wall
"Shut up, and fuck me"

BECOMES

“Shut up, and fake me.”

FLAKE ME UP

THE FOLLOWING STORY

is not for you!

FLARE UP

share your infections for chocolate.

You reach a garden replete with pink, red, and white roses. They greet you.

“O wonder. welcome to our midst.”

“Please”

“We know you’re the only one worthy enough to hear out counsel.”

“I can get the flowers talking on their own. I don’t need them to motivate me with their instruction.

“This is only for your own good.”

“Good for what. This is from a crew that end up as petals on the floor.”

“Still a bit of the rose-killer in you.”

“I’m not the one.”

“For now you are.”

“Let the wind quiet down and you’ll shut up for the rest of the day.”

“It’s not like we’re mean flowers. We’re alone in the garden all day. Wouldn’t you think we want someone to talk to?”

“You’ve heard the saying, “Flowers talk among yourselves.”

“Indicating what is your hope?”

“I need to get out of here.”

“We can teach you to sleep for a long time.”

To sleep

you are on the phone

you talk in whispers

he has gone

but the walls gone still here

“I need you to come get me. Get me out of here. I need to get out of here.”

It never happened like that or could it.

“That’s not what the flowers told me.”

Speak to the flowers and back

back they will speak.

what holds petal to pedal
 and you step down upon those memories
 need to crush the rose memories to get to some other
 un
 memory
 before your time
 "Give me your hand."
 not this time
 the essence of roses
 "We were always afraid what you were going to do to us."
 And still the same weakness for water
 and water lilies
 you pass an afternoon finding the circle in the lily
 searching for the turn of the circle
 the circle around itself

spend it on
 a rose ring
 twisted around and thorny
 and the thorns pierce

I don't like that story.
 And if you collapsed in the flowers
 take you down in the field
 and then back
 to just float above
 but not touching
 not water
 nor flower

FLOATING ABOVE
 "How do you do that?"
 "It's the perfume. I let it get in me
 get in and float on it
 float around it and on it

SURROUNDED

are you inside
 the
 LOTUS

we are all inside

from a curl
you stretch out
extended in the midst of the petals
and the perfume
now a rising smoke that fills your lungs

let me take this in
this is my conspiracy with the flowers
we all breathe in
and we are all in breath

I
am
sorry
here there is no sorrow
or no regret

don't wake up
stay suspended
on the pungent scent
if you wake to this
only sickness

so you stay half-dreamt

don't swallow this dream
and your body becomes more transparent

she was a fairy
so she could blend in with the water

and the petal curved toward
the edge

“We are edging closer.”

The flowers are going to have to wake you up.

and your neck feels sore
your head feels too heavy for your body
“I want to go back!”

I am the last survivor

of an encounter with flowers and ash
 and before I go
 I need to warn you

don't drink the flowered waters

"It is already too late."

want one taste
 and live only by that taste

and the bodies have to enter the fire to cast out
 the hold of this bitter taste
 "I am held to the taste.
 Devoted to the taste.
 I will not give way. No fire can burn away a fire that must burn its way."

That is why the flowers twist
 petal to petal
 flame to flame
 devouring all in sight
 every flower has this streak
 of color
 the mean streak
 obdurate in its kiss
 liquor kiss
 not just breathless
 gagging to nausea
 slam it home
 face smashed against glass
 said as many times to hear
 "Can you hear?"

You need to speak clearer.

colors so clear
 as transparent
 but they cloy
 this is your new color
 call it by your name
 the Allena rose
 where can I touch
 it

it swells to touch
 but invisible
 so the groping and the holding on
 when it is found

have I found your flower

“It was already found before you
 AND”

but it was exploited
 and could not last

petals on the floor

you step over them
 “What are you doing?”
 “I don’t want to step on them.”
 “I don’t see a thing.”

WELCOME HOME

pass over the threshold
 an arbor
 rose arbor

ALL THE FLOWERS IN BLOOM FOR YOU

too many voice speaking at once

“I NEED SILENCE!”

Maybe here you need silence
 brought to your knees by the oppressive perfume

vanishing
 you collapse

“I’m
 HIS
 HIS
 wife
 I spend tie with him

and spend more time with him
 knowing that when this lets up really let up
 I won't want to see his sickening face
 and all the cries say please don't see me
 as I see you
 marry me
 it's not my idea
 it's torture for what I have done
 I don't want to see him
 I don't want to see you pretty
 one
 make the sacrifice
 fell it good
 for what you did
 always
 will you always hold this against me
 the thorn and the horn
 the fire and the light."

We were together
 in a melting
 relief

IT'S DO OR DIE
 OR DOUBLE DIE

couldn't make it through the weekend

am I going to shed a tear

the atmosphere is full of ammonia

IS THIS A BAD TIME

when is a good time

"Shut up."

give me a sugar snack
 crunchy
 when the roses die
 they send off this odor

I can't do anything for you

were pretty
twisted around were

on the stairs
the railing

I want a twisted railing

"I'm not going to cry."

"You know that down deep,
I'm afraid no one is going to cry."

No one will
and when they do
it's for him
in you
or her in screw

worry that they will fall into a crack in the sky

you where this is leading
or always leading
or leading again
into a crack in the sky
and you will just say
OK
we will all quit buying

can you catch the biscuit in the mouth
or can you catch
the locust in the mouth
give me pennies for a trike
or a fill in

"I'm not going to wait for you!"

"You were part of the whole illegal activity, and I can't really do anything about it."

"You could smile and eat the dinner."

I'll eat the salad
but I need to stop at a plant diet."

the surgeon can slice the finger off
 without even a jump
 and then I can't
 or can
 give you the finger

V-A-C-A-T-I-O-N

you are way beyond me
 where I can go
 for you
 or for you
 for yourself
 for for

ring my
 bell bell

you have to know
 just how many times to repeat the riddle to get the effect
 I'm not really sick
 faking sick
 you just have to know how sick you need to get
 so that you can FAKE IT
 this proves

I'm in LOVE

That's where the flowers come in
 swallow
 and not swallow
 and I can't swallow this
 or you can get it all swallowed
 safflowered
 or oiled tower

"I don't give a fuck. I don't give a damn. It's not my life!"

it comes down to one simple thing
 and a fuck
 can get you whatever you want
 the pizza's here

relish the fever
you know what it takes
“I had the option before. I could have ended it permanently then.”

Or seen my self naked
I have
seen you that way
and will not forget
what happened
and the
CLAIM
that there is more

but you know when the rose dies
the fever is over
I want to touch something that I can chew on
NOTHING MORE
nothing easier
easier said
I’m going to take this from you
and when you leave the room
knowing what object to steal

what you placed out
to take

a book
or a picture
or a pen
or a tooth brush

this is not a trade

you know that I want more than you can ever give
but not more than I have taken
who goes first
or who shares
or closes their eyes
I’m not alone in this
that I’m going to take it
and take it all from you

it’s the sweet smell

betraying that
or forgetting how you got in the room

could never
get my face
face it like that
then it's
MY FACE
you will not
get my FACE

that's where the perfume is
it's just a trick for us both going under

I've seen that movie
or another one
all nothing on me...

I need this time
AWAY
and away from
and break away

and you hold on to the stem
knowing that is all you hold on to

if the petals can't come back
I don't want to settle the accounts

how are you ever going to protect yourself
when the wind comes over all of us
you think that
I can still
CARE

I QUIT
come this far
and consider
turning back on all of you

“WHY ARE YOU STARING AT ME LIKE THAT?”
it's my fault
ROSES

it's my fault
 it's my fault
 it's my fault

yes, it's my fault
 what can I do

FACE ME

now I'm apologizing for things that I didn't do.

What can I do
 to make you like me again
 I already do

have all the time
 and now

THE DISDAIN

only the DISDAIN
 shows
 knows you are

FLIRTING

keeps you on a short leash

FLOWERS

pulls tight
 some
 pulls tighter

"I do it for you!"

keeps you on a longer leash and dangles you like a prize

and you here and there
 you are with
 you're so full of DISDAIN

DISINTEREST rates
 flop up and down

and you won't have any
the honey

SOLIDIFIES

I can find out
WHAT
you've been doing

IT'S NOTHING

let yourself go
you get to let yourself
me me me
tell me
how
couldn't say
me
this time
DISDAIN
for MES
falling over
I wouldn't do this for me
tape me in
BUT THE MES
all the mes
in the world

side with HIM

you never were there
I can get you out
get you somewhere
where you can forget any of this ever happened

and where is this place

and the perfume
makes it hard to breathe

I'm listening to you, and I'm listening to them.

what's left here of home and roam
kiss and loan
quiet and tone
skin and bone

why am I so afraid
or nerve on nerve

my best hope
or deep kiss
or bone on bone

scraping
the bone
The phone awakens me from warm mist.
We've seen you sucked in
this deep before

bone set in stone
and the rags of flesh

uncomfortable movements of the neck

I'M IN LOVE
any excuse for the pieces that remain
or I could never
keep up with you

need to steal you picture
cross through the gate
watch the morning sun brush your arms
se you hide under the sheet of the sea mists

broken down to cut and moan

or how you will blackmail
got moved aside or pushed this far

while it lasted
it got good off the walls
of these caves
excavation

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

falls

strands of gold in the rock

I'm balancing myself against the rocks.

beating the hands against the rocks

all that scraping

"I want to get to the gold."

down to the bone—can you help me with this

help me fold over and kiss back

"We haunt different things. Is there enough for us to haunt or haunt back.

bony fingers claw the approaching tide

the tide needs to harden

can you get rid of this

thud thud

I'm the metal inside you now

thud thud

I am the runner and you are the wave

the rushing flow. All faked out.

"Do you know me—what I am saying?"

pushing forward

touching yourself in places that will not go

away

scraping the bone

on the bone/rock on the bone/you look stunning/he's looked you out

and out you go

I want to haunt you back

and you're piecing together bones and a breath

but you cannot get back to yourself

"I have every right to cut you off."

I know what the potion does to the skin. I know what can make you work it.

on the fluff

and the flesh

where the hinges on the bone move automatically

I didn't think that you would keep this going

or try to kick it

are you loved and a lover
 and you shake your head up and down
 automatically
 we are keeping
 or keeping score
 banging away at the rock
 for that skein of gold
 "What are you doing here?"
 I'm supposed to be
 with you.
 why didn't you let me stay with you
 let my name hit the list
 skid on the list
 skid on the way down
 we can't be seen with the metal digging into the skin

I'm going to have to cut you off. Going to need you to repay me. Need you to get the paper bags full.

Did you look in the paper bags. Look how the skin gets hid inside.

where there can be NO
 inside
 on the bone
 written on written

you need to fake into the rocks
 the foam and the sizzle
 bubbling up from the rock

Can't you tell what I'm now saying.

STUCK

you are stuck

]dying together

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

fall

I hate my life

my friends

my school

my work

my place
 my face
 my hate

are you lying to lie
 lie apart

ready to snap
 and now hating the hate means going back
 not back
 or back to
 or back to back

JUST
 going back
 wriggling out here and there
 tinkling of the piano
 MAKE IT STOP
 and it just stops

so simple that it can stop

I've been waiting all night for you to come home.

Of course,
 I would not wait
 only WAIT

“You haven't taken any. I mean you haven't swallowed it all. It's incredible what you will feel. When the eyes close up. Get too glued up to open up. You know how far this has gone. GONE AND GO GONE! I can't open my eyes. In me and in you, this sickening sweet tide. In the bone and it goes on!”
 she's asleep
 ASLEEP

you've got to walk around and not fall asleep
 this was the best you did
 until the lily float

and when a real love
 come on
 not a stripping and a gluing together

you're just so stripped not to notice
and you get bit back
the bite more and more
into what flesh still clings to the bone
or the swelling around the bite
bitter marks
you look great
and what it took to get you this bitter

maybe you can translate for me

THAT'S HOW IT'S GOT TO BE
can't grab these
feeling without a grasp

THERE
is no grasp here

where love arrested itself

falling apart
and glued on the rocks
what floats here
to what floats here

shit on the self
bang against the glass
bone against the glass
ground down and water filled

this looks real enough
puffed enough

what I really wanted to show you
I can give you some of mine
the float

"I'm not grasping your intent."
sound you can't hear echo off the rocks
not the alone that your promised
more an alone like
a back and forth
kick and force

YOU KNOW HOW I AM MANAGING THIS
or making the time for you

WAIT

how long can you

WAIT

we all want to be bit off

WAIT

for the tide
to come in

“Don’t let him blackmail you.”
I can’t tell anymore where he ends and I begin
and where he ends me

the pulls of the ventriloquist
jumps
and squeaks

I don’t mind the floor licking
as long as I don’t see it
as long
as I don’t see it
“Do you have an alibi?”

“She wasn’t wearing panties.”

do it for me!

all these words
fill my time

I don’t have an alibi!

is this ripple made for me

SCREAM AT ME

Don't scream at me!
can't you admit what you did

LOOK AT THE PICTURE

they pay for what they need
and that bit of flesh that extends over
YOU CAN CUT IT OFF

what on going

you know you don't have
don't need an alibi
when he's not watching you

nothing to watch
can make yourself small
fit into tight places

I need a favor
need some help
but what can you give me in exchange

what's left here of home and roam
kiss and loan
quiet and tone
skin and bone

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]dying together
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TWO
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my work
my place
my face
my hate

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or back to
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puffed enough

what I really wanted to show you
I can give you some of mine
the float

“I’m not grasping your intent.”
sound you can’t hear echo off the rocks
not the alone that your promised
more an alone like
a back and forth
kick and force
YOU KNOW HOW I AM MANAGING THIS
or making the time for you

WAIT

how long can you

WAIT

we all want to be bit off

WAIT

for the tide
to come in

“Don’t let him blackmail you.”
I can’t tell anymore where he ends and I begin

and where he ends me

the pulls of the ventriloquist
jumps
and squeaks

I don't mind the floor licking
as long as I don't see it
as long
as I don't see it
"Do you have an alibi?"

"She wasn't wearing panties."

do it for me!

all these words
fill my time

I don't have an alibi!

is this ripple made for me

SCREAM AT ME

Don't scream at me!
can't you admit what you did

LOOK AT THE PICTURE

they pay for what they need
and that bit of flesh that extends over
YOU CAN CUT IT OFF

what on going

you know you don't have
don't need an alibi
when he's not watching you

nothing to watch
can make yourself small
fit into tight places

I need a favor
need some help
but what can you give me in exchange

DON'T COUNT
one of this counts
this day doesn't count
what happened doesn't count
you don't count
none of this COUNTS

until you count again
count in a pain
DOWN
THERE

to down a pain

I brought you down in pain
down to
think about
counting again
time
to
SET OFF

a cold snap
a cold salp
what sums up all the colder

we're getting cold
and AWAY
from the issue
you're getting colder
on average
the days are colder than the people

brutally icy
now and then
brutality of the cold
all you need is ice

getting more icy than hot
 never able to get warm
 in the ice

melt and there's nothing left

wandered away from the other kids
 too small to be seen
 too unseen to be hidden
 in a hole

you can't know the movement of the tides by watching the flow of fire
 fire burns immediate
 the tides
 take their time

time to take a picture

don't try to burn me alive

prepared to go up by wax and down by flame
 the wax in the
 bees
 a honey time
 spin fast and faster
 the syrup swallow
 and the secreted
 the honey comb
 and the tide waits

THE TIDE WAITS

where a fire burned the night
 and what went up
 had to
 come
 DOWN

fly too high
 high on center sweets
 the sweetest part of the hive
 burning to a cauldron's envy
 bodies crowding out each other for a slide

in the golden ooze

stings and golden rays
this is my sun
of a burning night...

pardon
“There is none!”

you went outside
“Did you say something?”
“No.”

I went inside.
already
all too far inside

THE CENTER

where it is now too hot

way too hot
for tears to melt the heat
ICE
cannot and the
heat penetrates to the bone
AH!
you jump
“We’re going to have to keep going. Keep going deeper.”

You stop yourself from
going deeper.

“I’m already warm enough.”

Can you guess what’s in the center?
more of the same
on the outside
“You’re getting warmer.”
“I’m taking my time
and you’re rushing me.”

THAT

“I was never inside.”

THAT

“He touches the inside.”

THAT

“There is no need for this other
inside.”

this hot marshmallow center

“You’re being TOO SWEET.”

or an excess of sweet

sweet to nausea

“I need to sit down.”

On this trip you can’t sit down for there is only floating.

“I’m dizzy.”

“We’ve been through that before. I’m dizzy too.”

IS THERE AN ECHO IN HERE!

always had been

I can ECHO

and

BACK

and pieces

back

Always knew when you went back you could exhaust anything going back
and there’s a cavern that precedes all this going

BACK

in the center

“Can you feel it?

“It’s a million degrees in here!”

I can feel it!

WHO CAN’T

“I can’t. I can’t grasp the somersaults and the just so.”

“You just want me to be miserable and hot

hot here
so that I'll quit and they'll have to send the rescue team."

"You have quit and there is no rescue team."

Piecing together
your sighs

REAL POETRY

at the center of the burn

I'm not going to go because I have to go!
center in on
a point
and go to the center of the SUN
a pint and go to the center of a PIN
a panting and go

"You can go!
Just go!"

And I never want you calling me again.

and your fingers are starting to melt
starting to
because here you can hold back
of just be a spirit of
but you're going to need your hands in the final parts
so you need to GO ON
or GO BACK
and BACK
there is none

and this little back and forth

holding there just long enough to catch the dew with your tongue.

"He twists it and I name it
the SUN!"

this heat that burns you now is just a glimpse of a deeper heat

“I’ll take it!”

instead of melting hands transparent
I don’t need to touch

Waiting for the late night call that’s already come and gone
“I’m over with all this. The sun and the caves and the water and the falls and the
FALSE FALLS.”

I’m over with it
and endgame proceeds into death sentence
no one has ever survived this trip

and that’s why you take it
the dare that
even if along the way
the burning down

AFTER
a heat so prolonged
so filling
so taken
that there is no fear
“I am feeling it!”

and you now want
more heat
MORE
at any expense

“I am feeding it.”
and the body heat sustaining it

where it is dead cold in the heat
and you are making the heat
you are at the center

I KNOW

we all turn away
sucking the sweat from your body
the words from your lips

these are the words

and the honey comb
and the ooze
and the holding back
pulling out of this journey

and the only assertive thing you can say is
“STOP, KENNY”

everything else said for you
when it's time to say
he wouldn't
you wouldn't
UNDERSTAND
takes a while
he won't
OR DOESN'T

keep it on you little fuck

at the center
the most despicable thing
and now
it's part of tears
and tears back
and it's not going to burn

Honey, it's not going to hurt!

That's easy for you to say.

EASY

but it's said
and when it's time to hurt
you are numb to it

“Thanks for giving me something for the pain.”

They were all looking at me.
don't know how to get in the all
get in the center of a heat already dissipating in new

if this sun is fake

where is the real sun

burned in and out
neutralized its fire

“I’m running out. We could look for bigger stars or bigger fears or superstars or superfears. We could look.”

the next part uses a knife
a butter knife
thread
and a thimble

she was born
in the CENTER OF THE SUN

it’s not a journey if you’ve been there all the time

half
split
this half
from that

it burns
it’s hot

and the butter is running
down the chin
down the body
“He’ll like that.”
“She’s mean.”

and to get through these layers
MEAN
you know what’s coming

then you like the knife
more than what it cuts out
“Put it back in and do it again.”

Not a drop spilled!

is this some kind of miracle

“I’m just so thin now that there’s nothing to pass through.”

“Honey, you did it for me.”

the circle of did it fors

THE SUN

going ‘round and ‘round the did it for

you want to know how

the circle

It id completed. little corrections

rearranging

your face

your nose

saying stop

waves of heat

brushing your face

becoming louder

and stronger

“We must go on

or

GO!”

these are my tears and my sea and my falls and my words

GO!

on

“I need to implant.”

to take the heat

this will permit you to pass on

without the body

pass it on

without

the heat baring in your ears

LISTEN!

what was heat is now a ROAR

now a deafening ROAR

“We have been here before and you STOPPED!”

now going on
and stopping
all the same layer

“I was going to leave him
the SUN thing
I can’t
I like the heat.”

“Kenny, we can’t go back to darkness.”
and
a little jump

the center
the gooey center

chocolate down the side of the face

“That’s why there’s the tongue.”

Lick it up
lick up
liquor up
drink in the golden
sun
HONEY insane
“I can’t stop looking.”

You’ve got it
without the words
and when you do
thinking
that’s where it came from

“IT CAME FROM INSIDE.”
the center inside

calculate the center point
and the distance inside

it burns in here
and deeper down
IT REALLY BURN IN HERE

and the wax melts
and the tumble down

FALLS

and the real thing
the real effect

on an off night
you might just
SWALLOW

it really burns going down
and then it feel so
GOOD

“We’ve all been through this. We just don’t like looking back.”

BACK

the struggle
and

“Kill the motherfucker!”
and the firing back
and the sun going dead
and needing to be relit

You know where this is all going.
DARKNESS

“You said that there would be none.”

ABSOLUTE

pennies stacked in a row
and then the towers just slip down
something about suspension

Why are you
driving

at me

what are you driving at
in such groping conditions
what angles make touch
and what angle can be repeated
we’ve been through all that

but the immersion
and the pervading
and the wind must
the wind rust
the winds rustle you out of
your darkness
can you feel it
or did you feel touched
or the air more stagnant
the smell of eggs cooking
or a more potent sulfur

matches struck
you can't get this smell out of your clothes

get out of your clothes

know how untouched you were
fumbling for a light or a body to take you out of the light

watch along with
the
match
won't light
not here

how long to get over the frustration of not seeing
going over lists
of forgotten
escapades
running them over in your mind
the iron bars
and won't light not here

hand to hand

stretching your hand so that stretch
verging on pain might suggest another...touch

Overrun with touch
and
untouched
I can't see what I'm getting, where I'm getting, what I'm getting at

getting to
STOP

I'm losing my touch
misplacing voices
without even the hint of shadows
to lead
my touch

we will
ARRIVE
together
if we START
together
here
even arrival is temporary

AND THEREFORE
permanent

darkness is absolute

“I will not accept that this is my end.”

ACCEPT IT

the sun
had gone out
for good

the gloom gropes against
stretched out edges of the heart
past this layer
we cannot make it
the cold drip
this darkness is cold
wishing you could warm up
we could

maybe you could touch me through this

you are hot
not warm

hot
 feverish
 and cold
 and nothing will

“It’s not a real cold. It’s a feeling that just overwhelms the personality.”

Stop this nonsense.

and you wait for a leaking of the light
 none of this can be
 would be liquid

ABSOLUTE DARKNESS

in that there is no echo
 the cries absorbed and the feelings dampened

“It’s becoming exhausting just talking.”

OR

“I don’t want to talk!”

OR

“What are we saying?”

OR

PLEASE STOP

or the echo of a ringing stirring inside your body without an
 OUT

where there is a twist and a twisting

waking up

to

this

“I have to get ready.”

READY

for what

there is nothing seen

or no place to go

than just

HERE

“This darkness is getting thicker.”

Not any harder to see
because it's already impossible
but blanketing
and erasing
it's not like a feeling

it's very dark
HERE
NOT HERE

"I can't feel my hands."

Don't worry
you've played through worse catastrophes.

I never imagined it would be this...
RING RING

what's causing that ringing
where's the damn

RING RING

damned to hear
but not to touch
and thus end
this ringing

can you stop it
OR
I can't stop it
or see as part of

what I can't stop

when I can't touch
the darkness
and now it touches without touching back
and envelops from the back of my falling heart
you know where this is going
or can't know
with nowhere to go...

beep beep beep
behind it all
beep beep beep

please make it stop
the beats now fainter

first
you hear your heart beat louder than ever
then
IT STOPS

can you get me out of here
get it out of me
her
the darkness
him

When I got this close,
I didn't think that I could make it seem so precise

the whirr
and the cutting and
the water

R
O
A
R

something much more frightening

NOTHING
more frightening

and you're looping the same horror movie
in
and in reverse

can't see
will it guide me

in reverse

we can't keep going around...
in reverse
the loop
and back

it isn't much further

“How can you know when you can't see?”

How can YOU know?

it's been one week since our last visit

one week
or how long
and now really inside
these answers back
an outside trickles back

these are your friends
moved by the winds
until they disappear
in their darkness

are you moved by

“I can't hear or am unsure if I am hearing
or what I am hearing

I don't know what I'm seeing or hearing
or what I'm supposed to feel
it's too dark to say or make notes or compare notes or get myself outside of here and compare on
my own.
it's just too dark
too dark to say
“What do you want me to say?”

I want you to tell me the time or give me some time
or offer my time

WHAT TIME IS IT?

“I can't see to tell. I can't see my watch or feel a watch.”

and these moments each overlapping over
and over
so the distinct
CLICK
of the moment
is lost
on the ooze
of overmoments
and I can't remember
if that was the last
or my LAST MEMORY

Why is it dark

HOW CAN YOU

APPEAR
mumbling in the hallway

how can they
how did they end up appear

dropped from the sky
don't look in the faces
an angry mirror staring back

playing with the coins

it's getting too loud in here

WHY ARE YOU BANGING

"You belong here.

AND

where

can I belong.?"

"I'm not going to leave."

you cannot let

him

read this

otherwise he'll know what went on in the garden

when they cut the flowers

“They were yelling for me.”

fall in a field of

OR

pull

your tongue out

why are you laughing at me...Or you
want to go down in the CAVES again

OR

crash down

OR

BREAK

an EGG

open your head and speak

what will stay unspoken

hate

my dinner

the salad

the dessert

breakfast

I'm afraid of seeing you at the grocery store.

I can get some of the popcorn squash...

know

and could not know what

the echo of your cry could mean to you

she plies her craft in madness

“Before we abandon you

we have to say good by

and the light beckons from across the water...”

we will not discuss

cut through by the cold

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE SUN

gust born cold
gut bone cold
cavernous cold

I knew what a SCREAM
would be to you

the echo
shakes back
and plies her craft in madness

echoing the storms underground

go away and hide
show and hide
like it
don't we all like to watch you
drip away

the hurricane is about to make its way

LISTEN TO YOURSELF

the
rumbling sea
underground
and the shaking
sucking inside into the earth

"We used to play together!"

"Is that you?"

The rush of the water shapes what is to come
rock yielding to the moving hand
embracing and wearing down
there is no doubt in this flow
destination is insistent until barriers
hold back the push
redirecting and falling down
a call from inside the stone

is met with the certainty of the tumble
 streams pulled within streams
 bubbling over bubble
 extending and overturning
 sucked into an ever widening hole
 what cannot hold this progress
 gives way to an influx of power
 now making its way to an underground reservoir

“We have been waiting for you.”

these depths frozen in the dark
 animated by the lapping of the waves
 wave against wave
 wave against rock
 and then

A DEPTH
 without anything to measure

at the surface a contradictory mist forms
 to seed a wind and a desire to escape this massive enclosure
 as the see is deep
 this cavern is massive
 beckoning by its awe

touched by these breezes
 and their echo on the rocks
 turn on them selves
 and the vibrant wind
 torn by its opposite vibrancy

disaster comes to life

ripples above ground
 are these gust down below
 tremors above
 these gales below

and your scream
 blares in the twist of an ever more powerful wind

that moisture in your words

enough to brew this rumble

“What have I done?”

Did you hear the scream

you ask

them

HIM

“Didn’t you hear the scream?”

And you feel the tremor...

“I’m out of here!”

RUMORS

of a deeper invitation

“We did this for you.”

What you’re going to have to do for me

you’re going to pay for this and

pay and pay

and pay

and now the winds have reached frenzy

and the echoes on the earth

some suspected earthquake

“You’re trying to be to clever.”

Didn’t you know what the scream would do

what it would upset

how I would get upset.

“The storm was already brewing.”

AND

would dissipate

and explode again
 and give way
 to
 STOP

can you stop me?

“Not now...”
 “If not some storm, some other storm...”

without
 you would not
 have to go down
 and up
 and down

“Some people are subject to more violent shifts in the weather.”

Honey
 the weather is fine
 or you can
 ignore
 that the weather is
 fine
 that fine lead into
 a more brutal contact with water and stone

and the ceiling
 high as it is
 only inspires these winds to loftier expectations

to liberate themselves
 outside
 and keep bouncing of wall and ceiling

“You know where this is headed.”

You
 YOU
 can't go down there
 NOW
 you can't
 “I'm already down there.”
 rain on the face

shaped to the falling drops
kisses to brutal to accept

“I didn’t want this.”

WHO DID

shaking a storm
even more towards the center
where the cauldron shoots up into the water
and the steam
weaves around the curving flow

the wind already turning on itself

“ARE YOU ANGRY?”

it’s way beyond that

what can I do
but drown in these waters
the air
now soaked in the downpour

“Don’t let any of it fall on me.”

and the rain in your air
you are chilled
but excited by this electricity
the hurricane in your lips

I did all this
for you
for the hurricane in your lips

one kiss says a thousand whirrs
of this wind
and you kiss the storm in a way
that nothing else kisses
or can kiss back
engulfed by the flame in the water

OH!

I don't think that I can stop

did you want it to be like this
or did it just happened

"I want to talk about what just happened."

But who
WHO
can make these storms

tempest in a tea pot
tiger in a hot spot

"I've been there."

But there
THERE
is a burning you have not yet felt

only these replies in air and water

FLAME ON FLESH

still running from these hurricanes

or caught in a wave too massive
to be a part of
throws you off
and breaks you apart

FLAME ON FLESH

you will not see this burn
but stunned by its sudden approach
you close your eyes in PAIN

welcome

to this new storm

"What I love about you are these constant surprises."

but these sudden jolts
 would rip
 anyone apart

“You need to stop the wind from blowing.”

That’s quite a request.

“Anything I can pay you to stop the wind.”

We haven’t yet started to blow!

a wind that knocks down all the gold
 sends it all away
 burns in its wake
 sending it all
 to
 ASH

“Did you like that movie, honey. I’ve got another.”

spending all day
 looking at the storm
 different angles
 different storms
 what one person remembers about the angles
 a different remembers the storms
 and that a kiss
 twisted and certain
 might place acceptance
 in jeopardy
 ready to embrace another
 hurricane

“This is for your own good.”

It frightens me that you can believe it. That you can let the storms make their way without
 WARNING!

“I am the warning
 I am the warming
 I am the wind...”
 not bone

inside bone
are the winds
that make you
GO
“Is it OK to wake up now?”

Of course
the sun is shining
and coaxes a smile from your face.

excavating for a mine

how do you know when to stop

You can't
stop
you just pretend that you're not going to
DO IT
again

got it
got what you want
but you can't make much of it...

bargain with the devil
and to save face you lose your cool

“What comes next
a vein in the ground
deep
a place to bang into

“I made these rules...after the hurricane
about how deep
I could and couldn't dig..”

Dig deeper
dig on

I made
for myself
rules on how not to fall down a hole

not to follow the rabbit

I made myself promise
that I would not inhale while in the mine

but I need air
need it to touch my lungs

need that internal embrace
I NEED AIR

so you accept dirty air
brining you closer to
that inevitable cough

“There’s gold in those hills.”

and gold in those thrills

the cyanide or the arsenic

“Hello, how are you?”
“Very well, thank you.”

And you were practiced to say
THAT
how well
SWELL
it’s in the head
the feeling
“I swallowed before tasting.”
should you push first
or say excuse me

”What if no one moves?”

you got something important for all the wrong reasons

ALL I WANT
is the big bang

we have to blow out the rock
to get to the rock

blow out the vein to get to the hole
 blow out the hole to get to the heart

and now these heart bangers
 make you think that you're in

YOU'RE IN!

R
 O
 A
 R

You sense the beat of your HEAT
 in your ears

I'm burning up
 or burning for you
 or going to burn you up

at this point
 you felt that ou might get
 CURED

might

take the cures

"You drink from the carbonated

this is no different from anything else that I've tasted

"I've waited for an explanation why there is gold in the rock.

ISOLATED

waiting for the taking

"There's gold everywhere around here. You just have to dig...
 I have."

Imagine my disappointment
 I had counted on this expedition

IMAGINE HOW I FELT

the vein that I had tapped
 so deep
 and so rich

“I’ve seen the map. A honey lode indeed. But that was from two summers ago. It’s already been mined.”

“Are you sure? I have all the geological work ups.”

“I don’t understand that stuff. I don’t have to... I feel it in my heart. I see it with my own eyes.”

“I’m becoming the man without a heart. I need someone to point out what I’m seeing. I’m developing this color blindness.”

“It’s gold—it has its unique reflection.”

“In the dark, it all feel like a rock.”

“But the gold is softer. I think it’s the honey. that makes it softer.”

What you find is a mother-lode
 of honey
 and all the dead insects

and what

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

can I taste the honey
 or did
 WHAT
 killed the insects
 kill me
 and the overhanging dew
 so pungent
 and sweet
 that we are overcome
 we cannot swallow
 without having our tongues parch on the palate

I REMEMBER

I remember how it used to be

thinking that there was a reflection of gold in the stars
 and now
 having touched
 too close
 there can’t be

a sparkle
up there
and down here

“You just have to learn to dig deeper.”
swayed by the moon
all funny
and frightening
and I don’t know
and now
the last days
and those terrible days
and the mother-lode of crimson
raspberry jam

so disappointing
“I love the taste
but this swallowing has
become so sad.”

sad
because
you have already

and there were not words
or the same word
or someone else’s words

the ventriloquism excuse
“I killed the dummy.”

hold still while I run you through.

“Don’t worry! It’s my vampire nature. Even the stake won’t work. I just won’t go down.”

Render unto Kenny what is Kenny’s
and unto
A
B
C
D
ALL
E

B

A

NA NA NA NA NA NA NA

You can have the comb.

“All my stuff is at his place, and I dread the division of property.”

So we stay proper
 avoid the gold dust
 or the moon dust
 or the magic rust
 turn by turn
 deep and hollow
 the vision of the mine
 hard to swallow
 leaves a lump in the throat
 cough it up
 to make the most
 of an untimely
 DEMISE

de
 MINE
 is MINE

dig dig

getting deeper
 or getting on deeper

I've seen it before
 and I haven't seen it before

the gold exposed like that
 ALONG A FAULT LINE

the fault saying take me
 WONDERING WHEN
 the pick could go in without
 letting up a
 DRAGON

an underground flow spurting up

“You did this to me.”

And we all brought pigs and shovels and strainers and pans
and a little noise
and the bang thing

TAKE ME NOW

“I can’t use my hands.”

all we share
are hands
and a heart
some bones
and a beat beat

and
WHAT
was sacred
is now excavated

THE ROPE BROKE
and the tumble
broke you

I am broken

give me the doll
and I’ll let you go

[they said that there were drugs in the doll
knowing that the doll did the drugs
the doll swallowed the drugs
dolly wants to fuck
wants to work out that way
the molds fitting together
if we fit together
we stay together..]

she walks and talks and breathes
and says PLEASE

and pleases
and is

I didn't do anything
to you
for you
give me my money back
dolly

and then the rocks
rock back

“THUNDER!”

and you knew
YOU KNEW
the words in my mouth had thundered
back and forth
to another
world and
place
and it someone could just say

YOU
turn me on

you take out the gold
and you have to put something back

it's like a sacrifice
to MIDAS
a putting back where you found it

The gold has a CURSE!

“I'm not looking in the mirror.”

and you had to have the real gold
but a lot of good it does us up here

I'll take the fool's gold any day
I love the glimmer
in your hair

and the kiss
 and the wonder
 what you might say next

but with this miner
 and the excavation
 and the forty niner
 and the deep dig
 and the deep kiss
 and the fool's gold
 and the tale untold
 and the this and the that
 the tryst
 and the flat
 the wound and
 the rat
 the in and the mat

that all these moments together
 would reflect in green

“I could say that I saw it.”

And as you move the water from the ocean
 it loses its luster
 and we're all just
 WET

“I'm getting cold.”
 SO MANY SCREAMS AND SCREAMS BACK
 that you can't hear the whisper
 hear MY
 whispering
 that it's dangerous to go down there again

DOWN THERE

I'm waiting at the foot of the stairs
 don't go any farther

at the foot of the stars
 it will burn you up

“I can’t eat
need to eat
a hunger
that will only make me freeze in my tracks.”

and with that
VISIT
to the mine

you’ve learned all about the thirst
that makes rock glitter

OR THE
solid
that makes rock
whole

so we say
this dig
is real
a real dig

the only
real dig
that matters
this dig

WE SAY IT
but we can’t make it mean any more than the last
if we don’t get the
GOLD

“Do you believe in gold?”
all that there is
all that there is
worth believing
to touch a heartbeat in the hand
the sparrow in the rock
you can feel the rock vibrate
ready to take flight

“I can’t walk away now.”

GOLD
do you believe in gold

OH FUCK!

get that stuff away from me

I need you to get away
THE GOLD FEVER
starting to overwhelm both of us

“I found the damn mine for you. I drew the map. I did it all for you. I inspired your lust. Now I want to go. I don’t want to see them take the gold out. I like it in the ground. To stay in the ground.”

We made a mistake
the echo of the pick hitting the rock

I put my hands over my ears

I fear the echo
the air shocked by its reflection

give it to me

I don’t want to be around to watch this all go down

“I’m not going to help you get up NORTH again.”

“They found gold in Alaska.”

“I don’t want to travel up in the cold.”

you bargain with the devil
and you always lose
UNLESS
you have a big enough GARAGE
to keep all the stuff in
and then
YOU
just
SALE
it

if we were going to do this story over as a movie

it'd be a
SALT
mine

“Don't bet the farm on that.”

CINNAMON
the plantation is burning

I never learned anything about
burning maybes
“We all have a future.”

“I'm going to watch it all lying on my back...
I need someone to take care of me...”
“You can't do all that stooping in the mine
and not let the pain get to you...”

Cinnamon
bitter
and elevated
getting me high on its
bite

imitating all the sparkle

FIREWORKS

we get fire
he gets water
thrill for spill
this for that

GUIDE ME
and your hand takes mine
take the mine
takes the mirror

DID YOU SEE THAT

“She's sleep walking.”
“She's mad. She wanders the halls looking for her
MAD

MAN
 WOMAN
 looking for me..."

"I think that she saw something that she wasn't supposed to!"

What are we supposed to see?
 a grin from end to end
 a crack from receive to send
 a trip from curve to bend

"He's home!"

What do you have for me?

"Honey, did you
 make dinner
 expect dinner to be ready
 expect someone to get me dinner
 what are we having for dinner
 is dinner on the table
 isn't great we don't have to get dinner
 to min our own gold
 to go down in the salt
 and feel it rub our bodies
 it's in us
 we are the mine
 and you are MINE."

It's not going to be like that

I'm going to drive faster
 and faster
 and
 UNTIL
 I just go around in a circle
 and WHIRR

"It never happened like that at all..."

I KNOW
 AND YOU KNOW

weaving around the bite
 weaving gold
 golden thread
 around the swelling
 around the buying and the selling
 weaving
 stop the weaving and you end up
 STOPPING
 it all
 STOP

“How do you know when to stop.”

“It’s not like I know it’s really going on..or that I can stop it.
 It just stops on its own.”

It’s the hair

the hypnotic glitter in the sun

seeing it yourself in the mirror
 mesmerized
 stultified
 looking for another wall
 on which it might reflect again

IT JUST STOPS ON ITS OWN.

“I want more light.”

You turn you head
 away from the mirror
 and the world
 turns just after you

a lag between your intention and its
 impression

turns for you

That is why the world turns on its axis
 incident to the sun
 takes the solar kiss the way it does

but when you looked into my eyes
THE WORLD STOPPED

and that gave me the chance to walk
away

without you seeing

from end to end

WHERE
can I come back

I don't need this
FUCK
and that's all folks
the fucking folk
fold over
bend over
and
turn over

AND THEN IT STOPPED

the world stopped!

“Why are you still looking in the mirror? Aren't you ready to go?”
“Even when I go, I'll be looking in a mirror.”

NONE OF THIS
is real
it's all foolish

the honey now brittle
and insects
dead insects everywhere

this is where they come to end it

“HOW
did you get me here?”

the hand folds in skin

CARESS
on so many caresses

“He never touches me like that. Waits in the honey of the light. Makes an outside an inside.”

You have told me too much already
about who speaks and who doesn't and when I remind you

you say

THAT WASN'T ME
and it wasn't
between your REFLECTION
and your DIRECTION
a world of difference

“Kenny, you can't see any of this!”

BUT I DO

and what I don't see
in the hive
the ordered weaving of the hands
the rhythm of the factory
the whirr of the machines

I CAN'T HEAR

the
R
O
A
R

you could have made a world out of the fall
of the footsteps on the stairs

instead

you made real estate out of your escape

“I need to find another way to entertain that part of me...I need to find a way.”

not to make an amusement out of my
imprisonment

there is now a shadow on the rock

“See how the sun is playing with us.”

Repeating what we say back to us
and taunting us in its rays.

BUY ME AN ICE CREAM CONE

and a dress

so that I don't STAIN

what I'm wearing

and a bed so I can rest my head

and a

CAR

a SPORTS CAR

so I can get away

from you

cut along the fault line

for a new excavation

a new development

to toss the dirt and see IDEAS

in stone

get me my car

I want to get away from this place

the palaces and the fountains and the waterfalls and the mountains and the pools and the ins and
outs of the ins and out

“I never knew what I was meant to do
until I saw my reflection in the pool.”

I had to really FUCK

UP

to fuck down

come down

“I need to come down.”

TO

I'm really fucked up.

And it's 10:54 in the morning.

Do you know how I know that?

“Do I warn her about the car?”

comes toward me in a car
LIPS AND STEEL

“We can't let it end like this. Otherwise, I 'm just trash and you're garbage.”

“I don't want you here
you have to leave
you have to take me
take me in your car
come towards me

I want to go for a ride
end it all like this

do you ever have the feeling of being watched

when it's too dark to see

I can't seen the road
my heart is beating
faster
in the car
can you feel what is coming up

do you have to leave..

getting good
get in the picture
let' em see you
without anything to
hide

think I can
finish her

WHY WERE YOU LATE

“I had to stop for milk.”

It's taking away from my enjoyment

the milk bath

the lil' uns

take 'em to the river
and then off with there heads

cut and keep cutting

it's in the family
one good head deserves another
and they took you in
their lil' orphan

I look so good

good at sharpening

one last scene at the castle

“I don't need him anymore
I need you!”

the suspect
in the mirror

what did you do on your summer vacation
what did you do while I was away

marking the end of August
with the beginning of September

more flights
and more fights

randomly fingering the skin
repeating
and the same

and then
there are no secrets

just the same scandals

piecing through the pages
fingering the paper

he know what it's like when it happens

BOOM!

I am HIM
was all along
all fucked up
and dreaming

“DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID!”

WHAT!!!!

Promise you'll never leave me!!!!!!!

but you are already looking across the waters
green beacons
give the water its color

“Let's continue the farce.”

“What did you say?”

“Something about the water. It wasn't important. It'll be there in the morning. We'll both be there.”