Supreme

Crueler, we drool to it. Choke. Desire is a bright meal. God said stick your finger down your throat. Desire is a bright meal and lit from the bottom like a motel pool. I find the repetition of the sentence both irritating and revealing. Your finger. My world, which is rolled away. I was like: “Master, cut out the stone!” And he was like: WHAT DID I JUST SAY? Like thunder, ominous coy. The repetition of hidden things gathering at the back and the bottom of places, remembering themselves. Indolence spit. Hiddenness, spit a light arc. Or stay hid. Right outside our window, night stood in the yard. Behind her back: a gorgeous hammer, hoarding horror. And rude its silver nose that I’d wished for my face.

There Are Three Flowers on One Stem and Do Not Take Them

It starts in September. It holds up a boiling mirror so we can better watch ourselves standing around in different attitudes of light. If you are not there yet, I text to let you know I am and am standing in a wide corridor of light like a wedge of cake kept for a year in the freezer: bridal, overbright, out of balance. I write into the livid mirror with my finger and my equations burn. Say we are in our cups. If “cup” follows readily from “we.” If I circle the scene again like a compass, hawk or bat-shit lasso. If there goes your pretty oppositional face, lazy-susaning into view. If given anything, I will lose it. Like an old child, the light weaves hot loops and I have late fallen sick, dizzy, drinking magazine water with all the tacky questions swimming inside it. Why Do Men Pull Away? Why Do Boys Yawn and Cut Out and Recede into the Distance Hiding Themselves in the Hills like Ants? Death, where is your branch? I asked and it fell out of my mouth but it was larger than I imagined it would be and I couldn’t fit it into anywhere.