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JANUARY

When January lifted its head
like a slow applause
and the hinges of everything alive
opened like fruit,
I felt like you and I could fit
in the mouth of a spoon,
like we were coconut extract
or a bump of cocaine,
like we were pollen
and benzodiazepines
and the sound of wind
making love to a clothesline,
I thought maybe we were made
of the same photons as light,
I thought about how I had never
made a dent in anything
using just my skull,
and then January unpeeled inside me
like a nicotine patch,
and then I let myself get stuck
in the elevator inside my head,
I let my body
become a bedtime story
with knights and horses
and a fire-breathing dragon
and then I made you pretend
to be the fire-breathing dragon
and, like everything else,

that felt good until it didn't,
like downing more cocktails
than the number of letters
in my name.
Yes, I bought the poet a drink
but I wasn't trying to fuck him,
yes, I swallowed a beehive
and it tasted like my fist.
Eugene died
and we gave him to the fire,
I pricked the fingers
of many strangers,
took a head count of their blood.
My tongue wore a lab coat
and yours turned into menthol,
I let the cool run through me
like plasma through a vein.
I guess I was thinking mostly
about how people
turn back into objects
and how we don't know
what to do with those objects,
so in the end
we pay someone
to put them somewhere else.