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Good Reasons

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GOOD REASONS

By

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BA, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona, 2000

Thesis

presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

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Good Reason

And if he had slept the night before
with his dogs in a kennel to keep

from falling off the earth, or they
being unmentioned but implied

having broken down the door sometime
later, then the younger pit bull

might not have bitten that cop's face
and missed death row by an hour.

Imagine we had lingered
together moments prior

on a thin blanket from that
rez rest stop, a coyote and

his crescent moon or that
we had a loaded gun

on the bed. We were
lost and we were losing.

We were clang, bang
and boogie. Blacking out

is indeed some sleep we
managed to come back from.

Please come back now.

Bedtime

The alarm is set, the kitten
on her charger. Unable to sleep
or be slept with I bed down light
again waking up to that oh no
in the night. Lady make me
lady made me break
all my systems
in mere hours fresh
thigh I was printed up
like a plum, insides
runny with love.
Pull over, self. Put on
the pads again prepare
to get jumped. Pull over
I told her I'm going to be sick.
A lady did so feline in her mechanical
toothbrush spendy and artful, articulating
reasons for the wall. Well you see now the wall
protects everybody. My claw marks
straight up it, my nails
in everywhere. A perfect gag
in my lipstick mouth - blue with teeny
white flowers. Forget what's coming she said
and sink into my warm pit
with that safety smell.
Don't get your heart tied.
I held the flag and signaled the cars
to motion without enough time
to choose. To listen deeply
for the worms of future doom.
They join me now in the opera box
to survey the rubble. They crawl
through my sheets and dangle from
the fan. There's no gallery like home-
coming. No crypt like warm chamomile.

Down Dear

Down I dove this is a given. If I hear voices,
at least they're all
my voices. Sometimes
I get kissed
sometimes punched in my mouth.
This is my heart. As is with high hoping.
This is the world I play over loud. This
I can see and wish to, high as a hundred dollar habit.
Loving, stepped on a whole ant pile. Shall I hold forth,
stick fingers
in my ears,

surrounded by neither, better
nor? I won't struggle. I don't remember,
was I very ill? This is how
I like to grow, I said
to Jenny. We were in her car, full with junk.
Some lousy journal:

Dear young
me, get off the road. Dear me,
you're not leaving
this table until you finish
that verbiage. But that's how I like
to grow I told her, in dark tough soil.

Newtown

Photo one at the art opening taupe rusted with me standing right.

A backless number by the cheeses.

Those rose practiced photographs their milk teeth spoiled by memento.

Thus my failing to make it out

beyond the open bar, prize gala or even two exhibits talk about trash.

Down on my fours later in an oath

for tile, I desire to flee outwards as in melt through, sometimes to imagine

the disaster not found somewhere else

and no less real. My coworker in newtown confides over smoking

I could stand to loosen up and so on.

In an apartment novel to these my things. The partly papered cabinet,

a light switch in the main room that

connects, in fact, to nothing. My only good shot at a second childhood

where neighbors say shit like *maybe*

I AM going to kill people. How much is my own private abnormal

and how much have others

brought over, a mixed palette, two boxes of assorted crackers

on the Goodwill table, shimmy.

Upstairs this man, his thin turnips in a baby pool the cats pee. I bang

my ceiling with a broom. Par course

the job too, a talldark clutter. Some one day I'm hip with an espresso

pull, Boss fills two overhead slippings right up

a fresh apron. So maybe he doesn't heart me. He does, however, hear

that I've called in. I look out the window and a stranger is

yelling. His bike waves three more American flags than his mouth has teeth.

Sluice

Mouth of a samurai, a semaphore, sandwich.

Talks like trousers down ankles. Pants on their knees.

His dirty chatter: a lattice of teeth and palate

tonguing up a trundle bed of poppy cock, a pleach

of bruised pears. When you heed him go weird with it,

iterationing, all torque and verby mealworm, spitfuls

of nasty this and kitty coo that. Boy spouts hot gibberish

like preppers in the mayonnaise. Boy speaks flouncy

make you lie down. Your name reworked out his pie hole

goes spinning top a cardboard slat, on its head and tripping balls.

Boom box got no handle. His name: a rifle and sissy's panties,

skeet on toast. He is so awful velvety with that nonsense.

Behemoth of the slant-wise double rainbow phrase.

You invite him home for moonlight terrycloth Scrabble.

You nail your fixtures to the wall, jelly up.

Real

The tight road's bare enough
excuse for let me roam.

I wish this to untie.

I want my iron dress
to fall in one piece
off. Here, catch.

There: coop, canyon.

Wait or watch, we do
in hope. The frame of door—
its own made house. My god,
you said, our lives are so
much stuff. Scrawl,

I do and survey the curtains,
your lights (that truck) fade off
to speeding. I slit a hole
inside my sleeve, sincere.

Good Reason

I've chosen each person
I will love from an artistic
composite the dealer
brings to my door how
about the Kandinsky
I've got money now
to make you square off
with this rigid boundless
tool chest take
a number it lasts
longer I've got front row
bleeders for sale
all the things
you thought might
fill the hole how
her hair billowed
out from that dark
in sessions I maintain
my grip over this bled
gold all I remember how
it floated on everything how
I ought to grip and press
too soon for the moon too
late to hold me I drag you
from a bath by that lovely
red mane groove and
hitches, screw and bolt when
to feel I'm never certain
how to feed she said tombs
make the town run
she said I'm fucking
with you don't let me I said
you need to keep
safe I said your secret
to mine tether and teeth look
how the marks wore off how they will

Ziplock

He could shoot you for \$10 and you know this. It's not about sweatpants or a wifebeater just up from screwing your bottom bitch all day, it's about what you prey on. Pack, poke, pray, pork, play. Scales weigh you for nothing. Lives fit into smaller baggies at higher cost. Safford, Vail, Wilmot, Florence. The outer rings of it. All day pajama attitude with gats I get it. Me and mine. Close to the center. If you get lost stay put. It's easier that way. I'll find you. I'll put you. I'll pay the higher cost and brave the outer realms. Here's a hankie wave for mercy. Shot in a parking lot who even thinks about that anymore. Wouldn't know him if I saw him right now - old criminal with barely any heart left. Barely down for one last go on the panic slide. Barely anyone at all.

Cards

They could never say you hadn't tried. Full houses burn faster. I have two decks, one for each kind of party. Is the suit what counts or is it the styling of our shared illusion. Perhaps the meaty heart with its monotonous visitation: no out, no out. Fire in the theatre. I didn't fold, my means were bent always. Apparition, you will not go. It has never been your turn. In Spanish, one's go is described as who is being touched. Does it touch me now or you? The flames began when the game was nearly heirloom. From a tent that summer in flood, I heard the river rising, leapt out, watched the cards flying as though dealt hard in high water off the edge of Mooni Falls. Count your callings, your luck your lucky. Here's a blanket. Your house is gone. Don't tell me to appreciate the fucking moon, blistered monument. Who says I need to hurry. I need to think. Two pair here but what are you holding? What are we waiting for?

Good Reason

On Saturday morning, sage
jumpsuits among families
who wear jumpsuits
on the inside. I bring
but am restricted
from taking.

Was it lucid wickedness.
Downstairs back then
was near insufferable
but so what the firearms.
I often wore no shoes
in no car with no watch.

Now, Alcatraz sandwich.
Away at college. Brake foot
miles off the brake.
Clinging and tearing
in turn. This will hurt him,
I say. My leaving.

And he will sign up
to be hurt. He will enlist.
Ma'am do you have a shirt
with sleeves. Do you have a baby,
a daddy. What can you steal.
What rocks to bury over what
cell phone you don't have in what yard.

Chile Piquin

Staccato small

you create

your own means.

Tiny potent

sauce everywhere

and rather pleased.

Your rapid dissipation

of heat, it goes tick tick

tick, speaks vinegar, salt.

I palm a teardrop

full of sand.

Praises be,

chile of the lady

Cholula whose bush

boasts conspicuous

perennial nectars.

Bisexual flowers!

One stub barefoot

and cultishly stepping.

I believe it,

you bomb things.

At the markedly

diverse garden party,

Piquin surprisingly

behaved. Proud but small.

Without feeding on flares,

I cultivate greater industry

by giving everylive thing

its sporting chance.

Blood drops

at the tips of a shrub

and the birds enjoy them.

Chile Ancho

Sweet domestic chile

4:30 p.m. Friday.

Discard skin

before serving. Smoky

humble with abrupt berry

undertones. Dusty heat

is a small machine

looking for something

you think does exist.

You think it's you.

Good Reason

A lantern at the glass ledge
leans for exploding.

I duped you once, spice bit
with longing. That acidic

fiery heat all still-life
music mid spin. Habanero

to evoke coconut, papaya,
a deep throat burning.

Your tongue comes out.
Go use this lifeneverfair

you sought—go paint some
walls with it. Main ingredient

in jerks and other
sauces: never mean it.

Cash Register

Where has the money gone? Into what frayed attempt at hold on. I'm coming. Hooved keys tally, measure time its short contraption. Dust cannot cling to curve—resplendent ivory for resistance. The moss, dirt rusted semblance of shorn hair that might take off but instead coils meticulous, waiting for the sale. Two top row keys haunt, four diverging at angles, damaged to torque. I wanted numbers that could stand the metered footfalls of eternity's instrument. I wanted the straight narrow of simple math. Commerce will never conclude we simply calculate divinity faster and with less visible handiwork. Huddling together twisted drunk up off the bar stool key pad shooting from our slotted mouths. Certainly there was violence that night. I push down on you but your wandering eye, your shorter leg and smaller shoe. Nothing is even ever but thus the grand balancer, silent dirt charging interest, phantasm. Money clumps in ripped out tufts even scalps keep their fur. Your check, my pet. At your convenience.

Segal Trash Project

To an interviewer, A.R. Ammons explained that *in passing a great mound of garbage off the highway* he had found *a single image that could sustain multiplicity*. In tossing my own bagged refuse I perceive the meshed intimacy of neighborhood discards. Baby shoes, vacuum parts, rinds of various color and thickness. That close touch in a far bin, enfolded

but plastic safe, like some intercourse. Certain volunteers have floated in drifts of their own one-week trash for art. Trader Joe's O's and paint swatches mark cash, as drunk blue drinks and coupons fly counter. Moolah measured by milk made without milk. Take-away boxes surround one brunette in a black cut up bathing suit, smoking, tiny and quite nearly drowned by bleach products in spray bottles. The junk of each life serving

doubly--strangers given dimension by unanticipated Frito's while affirming what we might have presumed sans rubbish (funded) by way of stance and a strong willingness to look back, look up. It is later revealed that certain participants edit their garbage. A curation of liquids and solids. How much and how many. How often.

Color, shape, arrangement, depth. Pizza Hut Meat Love, Hohos. Though no participant is naked or engaged in any lewdness, the photos provoke a debauched erotic. The high fructose womb. My own secret wrappers wouldn't spread so wide so long. The garbage gyres and the sewer traps and all the major zones of achievement we've gone swimming for fully dressed.

Lodestar

You are not
a runaway train
so catch yourself.
An author writes
of the *descent*
into heaven
onions praising
their own skins.
Before it even begins
it begins to hurt.
First here then
here too also.
Say no I don't say
donut. You are not
a slow descent.
Penny not her
Christian name
told us to pray
before slicing
onions when rinsing
drew the same
outcome. Hasta
la byebye tears.
Stews drawing
more flavor from
don't. A fine dice.
Her husband
sold things.
Stopped a fan
with his hand.
Be decent.
Was it guns?
In volleyball does
one yell got it
or mine? If you
reverse the tape
the crying sucks itself
up by the tail. A flight
takes off ass backwards
just then as passengers
continue to applaud.

Doomsday Darling

You might imagine near anything
about how the jet planes fly low
enough to read, the red enormous
moon you saw before anyone else
meaning it was over, finally, all of it.
The stagnant hand on a windowsill
and the pie all molded. The wind
plucking flowers and toppling pots.
What used to be Ohio making it
snow as you wave your shirt for
the drying, mercy. Nothing around
here but hunger. I would say how
I kind of liked it better when we
had cities outside. I would search
for some natural, harmless explanation
while refusing to twitch an eyeball.
This is conjure stuff, dummy.
I would pull out the binder of unclean
witchcraft and try for some company
to smear the napkins and fill ashtrays
or wait frozen and tall like roses, come
to pluck me out. A black magic
fiddle, bandages, the surest silence.
It's still easier for me to remember
the gentlemen's club where they sipped
warm milk than the room in my boarding
house when the lights cut. Where I'm much
too tired for time travel. Mostly
what's left are those noons we rushed
the season for pleated coats, pocket watches
wide open. Full with all the truth you might stick
in a thimble. Tripping over our tootsies
or giving each other the olde twisteroo,
half an ear and nary a single teapot. Apple
straight into the barrel. Till the skeletons
proved dirt's main point the long way.
Everyone but me took a lease on life
to outlive their stay, drove the wagon
till it just wouldn't run, bleached dry
like so much desert flotsam. Just this morning
is it, I'm alone here and not a single toot-a-loo.

Myth

It's winter,

so and so says

grey. Says it should be

greyer and full with more lines.

The church with its white roof

against the turtle sky. A grey belief

and several more churches,

the smell of churches

incensed against the lines of trees,

the trees in convergence

with the church and its goers. A grey

tree-like coming and leaving from church

against a sky more tree than tone, more

line than full. The fullness

with more scent of church

than green of grey or going

or coming. In lines. A tithe.

Ossuary

Kyrie: I was unafraid, foolish, I confessed
from the zygomatic crevice to a breeze unnoticed: through worship, my cartilage
bore up text in hot spews that spattered: in worship my patent powdered
shoes: sleep was a wind chime: I plucked the flies from an orchid growing out
the stairs: horses heart: I shattered pots and hands that held pots: I ate
tourist pork dumplings and wild cabbage: coat of arms: visitors reprimanded against
touching, flashing: fillet of fibula: *you alone are the most high*: spine,
disarticulated: a hairshirt does no inalterable damage: I climbed
a ladder to the altar, pressed my ear to each hollow: Baroque
embodiment: in worship, I spanned the stones: I teased the elbow joint
to extension: My sacrum of mutiny and a patella for frost: all at once, a coin
to the pile: I counted over fifty bones in my slender claw, warm like toast:
in worship, I stole the bonfire, burned a witch of long winter till her broomstick blistered:
proximal, intermediate and distal: I rolled my neck in the circles of a timepiece: I signed
my family name with rib and instep: honey warding off evil at the dinner table: cuboid,
talus, I tucked my tender: coat of coat hook: I was an untimely guest:
I recognized my own middle ear, knocking against the nave: I lit a flame
in the Epistle garden to feel that hidden chronology: flashed about like seed.

Ossuary

And so I was slicked to that ancient ribcage: a chapel made
from more unpeopled bones than could girdle a football field:
in worship I beheld the taut chandelier, ivory garland and cropped
skulls, a femur spanning each gapped mouth: in worship I came
to revere that colorless future: I sat without tensing my toes:
I filled my mouth with accurate gags: I worked my stretch gloves
to exceed every finger: my jaw clicked: in worship I disinterred
a mass of fine feet and wrists leaving my own atlas and axis
to the basin: I priced my half skeleton at \$2, 580: in worship I spoke
Czech beneath all 206 human pieces multiplied into the wall or
hung one from another: in worship I was high Gothic
vaulted: I planned my mausoleum like an architect, a tree house more
than likely given my long legs: in worship I no longer questioned
the lucky score of building materials: I hit a right arm followed by a left and a left
and a left again: nothing remained but duty: I jailed myself with plague: turned
my flesh skinside out like a jacket: I pressed my silence into the vesting room:
my eyes hung back in their pits as the ministry rose: that history may soften
my knees for long sleep

Chile Aji Amarillo

Gold common
causing trouble pepper.

In exact time, both
searing and slight.

The line drawn in a substance
that moves. Potatoes, chicken.

We liven up the pool, filled
with parties for two full days

shaped like Peru. Don't you
prefer the Southern Cone,

a spot near the window?
Citrus lets the getting

get better. In other words,
tamp this. In a rebirth

until 1996, world's largest hot spit
semi firm producer of coca leaf,

a body thing, done fast
blew awake whole villages.

That antagonizing
pungency, heat 4 to 5 inches.

Unknown but heading to revenge
a killing. The sunset of hots,

dying maybe but waving sweetly.
The bell for supper.

The traditional dipping sauce,
and the cracker that can't

perfect our rampant directionals.
Hands up, you yellow cocksucker.

Night mirrors

The book says who are you when the guests go home. I go room by room blowing out light bulbs tamping the halogen with a fist. Thirty-five bobby pins to spill from my headpiece a sundae of clothes for the teal carpet with red lace en fin. A certain delicacy to the garbage disposal's teeth, iron bed skirts, windows blackout latched. The mace by my bedside nearly dry. And the knife? Again a friend couple departed from yet another home roast dinner—what do they squawk in their cars together coupled from my drive by foil leftovers and a wooden spoon? Stop counting to one I will not. Where is that steal swan to carry hence forth mine. The other with whom in a dark of bag I might ripen pit to pit. When did I grow these dumb ears for my very fancy face.

Diamond City Ghost

After several booms and more bust, I left a key, texted
what, froze to the wall outside. It snows, it is snowing.
The dark broken in so many bent places. My fist
through the gritty bricks. Need brought us
this collapsing mine, rising dust and an aerial
photograph of what never was thrive, who's to say
faith we haven't and we won't. What keeps me
getting gone I honor, what wounded
finger blood-wet glued through chill
to the knocker. We had spoken about teeth,
how they signify in dreaming. How else to protect
oneself when pinned or breaking down
life to serve life. Two trailers
would be enough even with no
general store. What luxury to simply up and leave
our specter. Please rise now. Give thanks
get on kiss that road. When what we
warranted: two banks, three saloons, jail
and a whorehouse. Ruins imply this too shall, knees
to chin: the new dark of 6pm.

Good Reason

I'm poised just now on the end
of an offering since it can't
be right, to give up on oneself
just like that. He will always too
but without good reason.

How he shot rifles at cans, swung
the bottle, stirred Nyquil into cocktails
and lied my pants off. I couldn't get a day
living off god knows what.

How he has no phone credit now
and I write no letters. How I write
him nothing because of Dick who died
and Emily who rehabs and Michelle,
deep ended. Noel, about to lose her bar.

How I'm cutting an escape key made
from private paper, wobbling. Perhaps
a loon perhaps the lake. Art and sleep
and drinking. One-night stands and not
the kind of deadness you come back for.

Sermon on the Green of Capture

Out with rich,
and in
with promises,

promises, deeded a one twig winter,
kept plants

covered, he goes up some stairs and to take
the roof.

On the carpet
earlier, with its weave

in full sun,
nature would close
his eyes and let the plastic

cups swarm all red. Enjoy
that big science beyond the window.

The whole meat
of the pony ride. In time,
no open rock.

You've been
spotted soon

you'll be striped. Run:
sand works soundless, most
unlikely man for the capture.

He may part clouds
a wee ways back,

who thinks of fault when
chasing fat houses
down the spill.

Discount. Small patience for
magnificent breakdown,

small price for glass in
the rubbish and tin
on the fire.

Were the messages
untimely, ultimately

the fault of the machine?
If you wanted

all that dynamite
delivered to one location,

why didn't you say it.
He's chowed plenty of stone.
He's buried plenty of ice.

A penguin
under glass. Why so hungry.

Naga King Chili

In a system which aims for conversion to metrics of the heat pain experience, one million Scoville means several hearty shocks. So said, extended exposure to drastic capsica relieves from given receptors any feeling for or since, as in the mouth free to ghost. I consider some anger and then swift absence, that mother calling us into the pit and a taste for lemon tip, grass, tin petals in lit down fields with what senses might hang on. If most heat is known to come from seeds in a chili's placenta, India stays far enough, where a contest winner ate fourteen Naga King chili's for six hundred dollars risking terrible body failure, the atlas broken seeming that I see with each red skin swallowed his action bellied forth. Between us, a boat to some breaker. In the blender, spices. On my tongue is a suggestion that stays shut. Brain fire hardly. To hold oneself steady and burning requires the balance of thousands

Fighting Season

The smell swifter than days previous,
a dividend, remnants of the camp pit
that burned down camp.

I sense scope and whim

in our next barnstorm, aggressively
twinned and insistent, what it must mean

to live in the hollow middle of ashcan. Red moon. Smoke

avoids straightness, breathing itself full up.

I feel it expand along each rim

of four hill's chested cavity.

One slow black and a grey much slower.

Dark brittle monster, revving her car in the valley of fires.

Spruce Street

This morning
our dog licked
the drawers open.
Already I'll shriek.
Footprints, my love
a giant with all
the right hates.
Nature for one ounce,
nature that funnel.
Outwardly dinged,
he had a safe spot.
The many-chested bed.
If you could, cages.
Cycling of riverbed
his mother in and out
of things. Our truck
was failing am I so calm?
Extensively snow as ash.
Snow on mesquite
largely falling mid-route
Easter weekend with no
sticking. Indifference oh,
that dream? Javelinas trek
it through touch loss
of keys and trouble
with doors advising
our city in packs
strange for desert.
Friendly breeds
that vary in color
and down to
their one speed.
A slow piss
taken behind me
in the dark.

Landscape

I suppose I prefer desire to bodhisattva and the cycles of my nothing animal. For example, I repeatedly choose longing over lunch. If you mapped lack onto nature, well you'd say it came out desert. But you're blind mad when green roars. Blue and green with their torrid monopoly, high horse emerald stare and hand descending for miles, so peaceably, to be kissed. To be fussed about like a near blaze. Leave me in among the strip mall cacti or at my corner up north albeit urban with this catcher and a coin. They say wherever you go. They say I'm going right now

Good Reason

I-10 to Wilmot, dust storm
on the road to penitentiary.
His shoulder isn't well. Not quite
enough for lifting rocks at sundown.
The doctor in the next cell breaks
scar tissue by hand while I pass
through the detector, escaping
with a confiscated Ed Hardy lighter
to keep for months afterward
and fire up everywhere. True Love.
A light for the tunnels, the scales,
and smuggling, wrapped tightly
in the danger drug of himself,
shooting it again and again.
He asks me to send him
a birthday cake with a file in it.

Good Reason

The nieces know only pat phrases.
He's away now. Off to college.

Joined the army. Working on uncle's farm.
Watching birds from a stolen room on the freeway.

It was all worth it say yes sir, uncle willing.
No, I'm not afraid, wasn't going anywhere anyhow.

He dreams of nothing. Nothing is a twin cot.
He never here was, saw nothing and neither was I.

Neither was the brown rug by the rez blanket
nor were we ever skull and peacock.

The new girlfriend went in for him though, first.
Six months in Oracle, ten dollars for outbound calls.

Despite her daughter, 7, it was time,
time was leaving. The car loading its road for me.

Yes, broken and what does that mean.
I bring books but he is restricted

from taking them. We lived through
the aftermath but slept away the war.

My Best Shoes On

I let the gin infuse the ice cubes
and bid the stylist, touch me.

Here is my hair a million ways.
Here are the stockings I wear to your funeral.

Flipped all up out of my head
vulnerable melon. All our buildings collapsed

with you. From your floppy mouth, from
your industrial suffering all down.

With you gone, I want my comportment
more perishable, capable of breaking

in more of the right hands, loose
stance in the face of house fire.

I will fold my shirts and eventually I will die.
Enough to say there will be new pronouns for

my objects as they are dispersed. And a copy
of you that rolled away on a cot with suspension,

your frail echo how the wind moves round.
To keep is to throw into the blaze.

I too will soon be the reach beyond my analysis,
a stick. Rather than a tongue extended.

Cafe Poca

For the first shift she told me wear black and that the sexier that sexier is better so my pleather and fishnets strapless sequins the ceiling flooding from the upstairs hotel stinking yellow cooler pads hanging low above the service station and vintage slippers over military boots with forest green eyepaint I carried that menu board like a censor bar like a strippers daytime audition monologue sassy at turns so high I might explain huitlacoche or quantum free-range organics memorize balance count cash light candles answer reservation phones fill waters horchata serve pitchers chips waters Bohemia waters salsa salt salad higher than higher than high ball snowball eight ball bowling ball my head at dawn still fit to rage coming around corner corner at turns so coked over I couldn't describe machaca de pescado

or pescado or a fork to a table of seven hungry boys who always tipped in excess out for Saturday and top shelf honey It's fish It's like fish It has teeth order up 2 mole three platos four with salt a frozen pitcher throwing up bile between greeting table 1 and serving table 12 smoke rings by the dumpster to the odor of monsoon Raquel get me a teener for tonight lovely wonderful awesome I'm so glad wonderful super anything else anything else I can offer enjoy enjoy your night enjoy your day enjoy your weekend enjoy Tucson have a great afternoon have a great time wads of cash falling out my pockets after the smell of garlic and beans in my buns or braids black nails clicking on every bar all night even still even now

Tip

I rely on her story for the surgery.

The care corner from which I pluck a line
about a woman on the phone
to the police she'll soon
lose her slim care and
cartwheel out the door

for good. But now
her good hand

grips a tan receiver
that would bruise

a chin, fragile poor
body to which we aspire.

Grown and proffered in some future
she need not return to, not for this tale. For
what will become of it atop a blade,

it need not tell the time's end
in a dark tunnel.
We know there's something we should seek
but this dim looting

does pleasant enough for gazing
nowhere. Phoning through the channel
air concerned/faulty. The police all tied up

Devil

Death doctrine
at the peninsula
is key-shaped,
hand-drawn.

Equitable to
squat diddly,
ghetto level
thread counts.

Here, you dropped
your hankie. Between
dealers, we put
a pebble in the door.

Slamming fucks
with the levels –
we have them just so.

We stick with diddly,
expect equivalent
levels, equate and
familiarize ourselves
with TARE. My bone
hand ruffles the curtains,
my levels are high then
higher. I've been perched
here for decades. Text
when you're outside.

Half Bad

I have half-blood from my Finnish kin, their sledding dogs and gypsy tongue.
I find myself fuming vodka out the sauna. I tickle ladies but don't indulge
the strike of birch. From them also: fits and fish soup; degrees

of climate-inspired madness, including ambition, wandering—lustful
ice swims at midnight rainbow—above all, Uncle Arnie, who drank himself
out of a left eye. I boast a horror of herding, antler span, also rope

like Kai used in Duluth. The hand that loosens the noose is left to the falling.
An age of payments on credit! Winter is a note that read: life is complicated,
feed Sam. But who gave me so exhibitionist an art that it has pulled back

curtains on my maternal family's polar days in which two hours only
evade blackness? I've followed my fickle gut across the country, living in phases:
mole, mister. Nosing with ink my scarce view of world. I owe everything.

Listen to the dress

The truth is a home haircut and a dead bulb
the street seen through a gingham dress
heavy damp, strung
from the window frame.

A sink trap below and the window
wishing to burble. Tell me
about the realest things. Show me how
you comb. Traipsed about,
the dress held downing and sad
it said to the can't cart of my mind, that
let-go skull, it said real isn't this street,
isn't rolls for supper or the biggest batch
of mail, wad of dough. I went wet, I went
heavy and isn't that home.

Palomas and Spruce

Javelinas were stanking up the street. The dog banged her head with howling. Backing the house, a parched lizard praying at the kitty door. Horses in their adjacent pen circle walking. Soon there will be a nothing sound. The coyotes squealing mute with arched backs to the potential overdose slumping at the neighbor's wall. That evening he must still be alive. The leader for a javelina pack's thin line of two blocks looks both directions at the stop sign. Dog descending to its belly beneath the hanging ristra, garlic. Pans in the bone cracking of their boil. And the lizard dried akimbo with lightness now behind an armoire. Not a hoof from outside. All ceasing as the moon sought to slide from her skin, each shadow a fleeing stitch.

Yes, she pursued herself

And here she was sliding a note under the door.
I don't despise you, I've just determined
you may have misunderstood everything
the whole time. We seek the naught
but perceive ought only. I believe in sideways.
I put my mouth everywhere.
I bruise my own. I ought to forgive you
and forget my darkening skull.
My song of besides and meanwhile
off to the great blue serious. I didn't triumph
but at least I was in attendance. Unravel
the oracle to a single string and what.

Bottles in a Brewery

The past is a tremendous bottle collection.
Our barely remembered remnants of security, function
exceeding function. Veiled quiet shuts you down
with handiwork. Let me be left ethereal, alone
or bygone, bottle striking. News says the brewery
gone bust but the brewery will never go under.
Spindling fingers to your merry blind throat. Hot neck
linked and latched, hot neck. I love you human stay
golden. The bottles churn such sweet mechanism.
Dead nerve of the long past or guts still sparkling
while the soul streaks outward. A spider's docile lace
dressing vessels for commune. A dizzy glee. A doily
in the dump pile. Nothing is free save disappearance.
We pack in, hold hands, toss tips, grip manes.
Spittle of foolery linking our mouths. Pass this.
Out. Is what I sense sudden ease in the round sound
of the choir's oh. Flat fall.

Years One Two

A glow marks the doing or going. I live this
before but much better. In that time
having forgotten what noise for an ambulance.

Our house of newly square practice resoled by
promise, skyward with minimal routine,
Saturday leisure. Each door with at least two

uses and just one teensy hole, the fat wall
of three-toned paint. New words arrive
every day, yelping. Sudden ivy and up-dos.

Money in the mail. A newspaper's bang
each morning, slippers and dinner party lala.
The cushions refusing lollygag. The cushions

frightfully aligned. I mature
overly sensitive, grow a touch screen.
Very good Botox indeed. Night gels

and Creamy French potions, spendy,
of exact proportion. Nothing going like habit,
fall comes again, but we don't have to.

Sudden sighs that turn gasping.
Long hours reading directions on
the Comet can. A compulsion to replay

the scenario where vats of sudden acid burn
up soap stars who come back alive another
season played by a new actor. Here, my baloney

sandwich spiked with venom, a meditation.
The distance between some far lovely
slew and the weight of this room.

Attention span,

we were standing
around the fire
but you sat
on the dirt
and wouldn't
stop texting.

I wonder,
wander.

My head's
liminality
nets a loose
cage and
your binds
are blinding.
C'mon then
let's get down
on real brass,
pull time's belly
back and grip
for spine.

Let's sink
down in this
forever dirt,
really dig in
our dying
heels. Here
are my hands,
here my hiding.

I hunker
then shine
high breams.

I douse you
in all this
nothing I've
saved up. At
some point
the road starts
to head only
downhill and
apparently
some folks
dig that.

Pass

When I spell out my life. When I mash
through the versions. When I'm in that region
in plain reason in the morning or when I mourn
full with it. When I spell out my strife
so as to bow in persuasion. When for no reason
it's dawn. When for no lack of vision
I cramp in my middle. When the accounts
change quickly. When faster
than telling, and with no cause,
this race with those torches.
When I fell off my life. When
I did it for the relay. When for no reason, when
the light passed from hand to
hand onward, could we say.