*to sleep*

take your eyelids off

hang them one by one on little hooks

sewn into your dreamcatcher…

an alley in darkness

while the street
is struck into

relief by the sunset

I slip into the thin chute
between buildings

it’s like
for a moment, I was never

born…

men in packs

hoot with their chests

big barreling chants

(orangutans
my favorite zoo animal

at age six)

I want to ask
what are you trying to prove…

what old hunter’s instinct

helps use sense

the weight of eyes

which fibrous bundle
of silk-floss nerves

which cocktail
of molecules…

brain splits slowly
red
grilled cheese…

to sleep is to lock yourself
in the closet while arguing

so you can speak a clearer truth...

fingers jammed between the
cracks in my blinds

pry the window up

it’s just my lover come
to worship my body

(we’ve been together for
a few years now, that’s

twenty percent of my life)…

corral your dogs into
your four-wheel drive,

there’s a fire warning tonight and

dogs are flighty

you leave behind
dust tracks and
an ex-cabin, now
an architecturally square,
carefully nailed stack of firewood…

eat everything beneath
the silent top
of the ocean

raw,
so then your body is
the ocean…

to sleep…

or

to disappear

*The faceless man*

 [Click]

 [Flip]

He’s Lear’s fool

by my bedside
in the sleep-laden
dusk

He’s also always stooping
breaking his back
picking daisies

“Do you even listen to Nirvana”

I say duh my ex-boyfriend’s-dad’s-best friend’s
-sister’s-best-friend

was Kurt Cobain

That shut him up

By the way
that’s the only thing he’s ever
said to me
and I to him

Not even when he lay face up
on the bath rug
while I soaked
in dried daisies

Not even when we spread
tar like peanut butter
threw gasoline like confetti
struck a match to the bathroom

All around the night was dark

From the neighbor’s house
it must have looked like a tanker
on fire

*where??*

are they lost in the sheets from a tumultuous rest

are they fallen out the shut glass

are they trapped in the tv playing psychedelic sleeping beauty on static repeat

are they starring in bird films

are they waiting in my bra shoes socks lipids

are they in ohio leeching corn soil growing two cup sizes and green

are they in atlantis

are they beneath the underwater tomb

are they dripping leering at men out of a sea of coke foam american venus

are they hooded fisting the yakuza

are they fighting my human right to get used to driving on the wrong side

are they only drinking coffee for breakfast hooded lids moonstone eye
are they sewn into the pockets of a flank steak ass
are they wandering the red midwest chimneys unlost

are they buying me a harley
are they white wall waiting until the last minute
are they finding their soprano voice again
are they getting stallions pregnant
are they beneath open commercially refrigerated sky learning the tattoo art

are they letting snow peaks make them feel small
are they clinging to the deep sea bellies of tankers

are they dyeing the waves grey

are they alternatively in the mediterranean
are they shooting naked into the mouth of a golden grilled shark
are they the sharks themselves wearing baseball caps
are they at cheerleader auditions hoping lonesome sells

are they in alpine TX

are they stealing the limelight at a sixty-seventh birthday party

are they glinting beneath glinting iridescent falls glinting
are they somewhere between noon and one-o-clock sweat knocking
are they locked levis and skin but worse empty space
are they shutting a slick black trunk on my worst enemies on a red-glow road

are they buying me a tesla
are they breaking up breaking my peace

are they eating my heart with steak sauce to make my chest cavity more spacious
are they setting my alarm clock then crawling into my pillow
are they fucking up US bluetooth no more ac/dc

are they in the mirror playing sharpie surgeon
are they tucked into the bust of my future fifties wedding dress

are they losing their virginity to the spotify eighties hard rock album
are they at the cinema switching each pixel to monochrome
are they in alice who’s in wonderland swimming through her veins
are they putting hammer to marble
are they the mermaids in my dead flower lagoon

are they in vegas
are they stealing my routines oh amateur night at the strip club

are they in the rhine

are they long hair long nipples streaming in the motherfuckin rhine

are they sipping visas from seltzer seas

are they tinkerbell in a cologne bottle on one crumb a day

are they strobe lighting candy canes

are they mercury flambé

are they crossing the river that great silver road of bodies the styx

*Puffin*

paper white bald and red light
*puffin* turning corners and stop
heart beat *puffin* amplified the
rhythm drops at the club red
light *puffin* blue light *puffin*strobe light *puffin* chatter
trigger drop click bullet weaves
through people dancing to the
boom boom boom splatter *puffin*
disco dress *puffin* stain spreads

*puffin* coat hood *puffin*

fur tipped with ruby beads

severed vein gushing beats
*puffin* *puffin* the crowd parts
thunk *puffin* but plastic *puffin*
lips never stop talking *puffin*

not even for the *puffin* dead
long nose long nose smoke
rise like a shiny metal pole
bolted into the ceiling blurred
in this red blue light *puffin*
*puffin* long *puffin* short *puffin*
stop *puffin* talk in morse code
*puffin puffin* I grab him by the
wings and tie them together
with rope and I sew the beak
shut and I dislodge the feathers
I do my job but why I do
I sure as hell don’t know