

Untitled

Fell asleep on the bus,
this time a good-smelling
girl's shoulder. Shook
me awake soft to say
her stop comes soon.

My wet Tic-Tac
tongue drooled big
lagoon on her nice
tank top. I'll slurp
up the guttered sun &
text my synopsis of
always dreams. I
want to know the
most important
thing—

1. pity of a peach
2. forgiveness
3. someone said these
are the same.

When mom said
get sober she meant
you can eat the fruit
left out at pyres or
you can worship cows
raised for slaughter
you can't have both.
I gave the phone to
my brother & said ok
she's done yelling at
me now she wants to

talk to you.

In my next life make me
an orange with a thumb
rooted in the rind. Next
time make me clog
mouths with this phantom
limb. Make this TV glow
late so I can look through
slit eyes pickled black
& gooey. In my head

There is lots of
space, nothing holy—

When she gave
birth to me the sky
was waxen she
didn't take pain
killers in case they would hurt
my baby brain

Which is to say
dismemberment

Is reciprocal to
remembering

Which is to say
she can't sell this house
till she fills the hole I
made in my bedroom
wall.