



NEW PINKY



Babylon Incinerator

speaking in assassin tongues, caged, through cancer jaw, in garbage disposal bone, i call this mammalitic detection, it requires lockdown, it requires manhunt, in advance of skin slip, cavity index, and low fume, i argue this depakotik, i become discolored, exhibit kleptonik overtones, i become crematic, eskalith, obelisk, stone, in calsec and sofner, i expect epic drainage, sludge blood, methedrine, fentanyl, ground beef, quaalude, i box cutter to castrate, i erase intravenous, scatter drug remover, obscuratant, high security, i emaciate West Palm, breastpump, fistjab, the central oven facility dissents, stroke radicals, cock machine gun, absolve los huérfanos muertos, don a flakjacket, interrupt interferon alpha pseudogene, put a succession plan in place, i model enigmas, hex inputs, these are djinn corpses, i am above deceit, i carom off hatchet, burn solidus, discuss omega decomp factor, discuss xeros edema factor, discuss co-injectant beta factor, down deviled eggs, i go dumb, depersonalize, deodorize, more drainage is expected, don leather gloves, split cranial vault, tap phone, in explanation of drone war, in the slipstream of the tigris, blood on all the dishes in the sink, all along the tigris with sanah and safah, all along the tigris with yusef and mufallah, relax, burn a face, sever optic chiasma, inject ruby glasses, i reference desert apocrypha, it requires extrusion, through adam's apple, cross-section, crown of thorns, i call this the whip, i secrete latex, it requires a flat iron blade, i insufflate treblinka, coffee, cigarettes, morning-after pills, it requires bastardization, termination, she who gave you life, i classify fracture, it requires indirect violence, shearing forces, nepenthe, cannabis, escape restraint pills, it requires a vein, premature ejaculation, i taint milk, it requires desert sand, claps in the dark, it requires the consumption of ellipses, shadow discipline, i perjure description, i recall gavrilo princip, seroquel, rub' al khali, all day tomorrow is another day, noxious, i shrapnel empty quarters, nauseous, i shape suspicion, it requires rebel ammonia, impoverished explosive device, in latent flames, in olivet hesitation, among the trocar buttons, dexedrine, i detonate oedema, it requires puncture, it requires bloat, body mass, a funeral service provider, naltrexone, jebusites, i tank geronimo, historicity, it requires levity, it requires the carcasses of certain animals, acetone peroxide, i become a metalith, i slow match tripwire, i get hero cultik, plant fougasse, stone, shell, flame, cordtex, primacord, it requires sky burial, it requires judas cradle, i give birth to a simple form of boiling, a suitcase, it requires transmigration, i boredom flaccid dogs, it requires fornication, rigid borders, i garotte before soft robes, it requires embargo. it requires oil field blooming.

CRYSTAL, HUNG TO LOOK LIKE STARS

the calls keep coming then from inside the house
with potential
abandoned the child
did something
with the love crystal
hung to look like stars is it still inappropriate
I brought it all back in the house
when the last tired thatch came loose
from my little brothers
Bunny Mom said
he just loved it too much one by one
nearby birds turned swan in one last endeavor
of light merged with the dying elsewhere
the youth want to tell the story
with even less moral organization
bring them all and the ruckus remains
A moon
in the house by love who it happens to
first inside now on even our belligerent neighbors
all the beautiful versions we keep telling each other
the midnight special shines a light

what was attractive

what was attractive
about the beat poets
was that they were
attractive
i sit on the couch
& watch videos of
fashion shoots
i think about
writing
these models were
struggling to walk down
the runway
then i begin to think
about the problems of
Bukowski but get tired
it is a tiring
exercise
like how David Byrne likes to
write about being tired
of New York.

i think of how poetry
had schools when
i was in school.
at work i stared
at the computer
for long enough it
began to move.
the proofer
nervously reads my
translation
it is not a very good
translation
i think
the woman whose
college transcripts
i butcher
studied psychology
in Jalisco
it starts to dissolve

before my eyes
both walls of the
page
close in
all dead all
jigsaw mexico
near the freedom tower
three trash pails
near the lunchroom
none for my desk
no one uses
the lunchroom

the office is heavy
it is brown it is
falling apart
i write there
because it is all
one color
and i can see
buildings but not
sky
the office is like
a drug & when i
am coming off
and at the office
it is fine.

PLATHOLOGY

Because once I open my mouth everything tastes metallic
and I'm the source of toxicity for the dominant species'
listening experience The gaping hole letting the metal
rain in my head so invisible
to him as to be non-existent—
In jail at any rate she began to write poems
and in the poems the jails composing themselves
in the metal corners of this benevolent containment
a gutted Botticelli fixed &fated
at any given moment this perfectly cordoned system
frozen as Baubo's two stone holes
interchangeable and strip-searched as if she owned things!
Once you lived and now you are lived in maximumly secure
as prized children The sort of architecture flown
here from Mars or Venus and historically installed
in the prisons of our perfect penises
and vaginas the diminutive clipped and hooded pere Dr.
but really
any jail will do the tombs and kitchenettes
of code clinks and the hole we know too well when not to speak of
and the prison of his tended intuition as told said it
to me that only a woman could have written
This! it's the sex scenes that just keep
going Her infinite sentence preordained
in the pastel traps of everyday incarceration
and the jails you walk right into even the lean of her script
duly noted as a laying or lying crime
on crime and online thousands of providers are citing
the phenomena Sylvia Plath Syndrome quote

Studies show Women Poets Extremely More Prone
to the spontaneous abject euphemism and inter-depressive drunk sluttiness

and no hits for the preponderance of total girlhood trauma
at the very hands of those who drove her to so intimately know
such unresolved terms of the institution inside and out
the point is to make her feel bad about it
and even afterwards remain
in the poems the prisons and in the prisons
death and the death renaissance and the death
poems

