

against the body

fine views often vanish
where crushed by wheels
leaving remnants stuck to bone and skin
tufts of hair scattered about
from those who've enjoyed them

loose sleeves
hide cold hands
collect an anecdote
for the next dereliction—

landscapes are good
at finding the easily-enthused
committed to chiaroscuro
immobile
standing in the way of sunshine
can't slice off their shadows-
brush your shoulder against these fine views
just think how worth your time
scared to startle so much as
a grain of sand
in a broken fissure

weeds cover some
things that were once uncovered
the ghosts of the heart
beat a quiet retreat—

wind can't

i hear dust
in the returning air
and i hear
some discussion of dirt in the
returning words
wind can't bring back
the voice that joins dust
or the urge to float
together
only dust itself
where dust belongs

can't call to it
it can't reply
can't leave
a wall away from sound

boneless

the way she soars
molt of wing
every gesture light
tesselate
with coastline

an extension
into haze—
salt water drenches
her every incremental movement
swallowing a foreign panic

unless a bitter thing
awakes
her life is nothing but
dredging

the unwilling fall to water
the exhausted climb ashore
hopeless, boneless thing
against the wind

illusion

we take part in the escape
never quite managing
to give other homelands
sacrifices crafted from sentiment

the outset's blurred
the agitation of blackbirds
their bony nudity
dressed in rusty cage

so cold

every solitary day
growing into a different season
rocks harder than history
enduring adamant
centuries

So cold
saying this
i seem to be standing
right back at the beginning

brooklyn

how many legs are trembling below
brooklyn of closed doors / Polish food / ear studs
chatting away to a rotten apple
they grab only seven inches
at night, a beat
prompting spasms:
the flickering silhouette of a tree

every parent in the universe a hippie
placed in an enormous starry sky
drink comes from mystery / bread forever
boy from aspirations / girls hallucinations
multiple skins braid by night walk

heels are passé, get a nose ring
a tattoo sleeve/ red lipstick/ tight ass
the tramps without ruined limbs or broken legs
if a strong wind blows
empty the shadows out first
on the third floor peeking
at the block opposite
a bus stops in the dark
share a joint with the night
you need to be disoriented detached dilated
pupils need a tank / cheese / art

humanity needs making
existence needs discussing
post-mortem

night walk

the sky won't brighten
everything luminous is pressed down under skin, flesh
so go for a night walk
why say the sky is sawtooth
because once time jams, it breaks once eyes meet
it feels skewed

why walk these dubious streets
when you're a different person by the time
you reach the end -
always losing sight of the old you
no matter how you saunter

if it's love you need now
love is resurrected
if it's god you need
god must die

the sky won't brighten
only night walking
will bring him back

winter night

winter brings solace
no need to speak
raise a hand and touch it

light switches at night
a blessing
sealing the darkness
with intuition
defeating the inevitable
with chance

how many are there in my home?
i've never counted
blithely flicking this switch
i feel
so lucky

mushroom soup

i cried until
mushrooms covered my face
water my withered features
and the room gets damp

i haven't needed to go out shopping
all week. mushrooms
cluster at every part
of my body
until it feels like being touched

each one a pair of hands
laying down soft hair in the places
imhungry

put a pot on-
fresh mushroom soup
drink it down
until tears reach up the throat
too many hands to count
grasping at sadness
wrenching it out

ai

when you can't sleep
pluck out your eye
and shut it in a little box
it's so dark so dark
even the nostrils and ears
want a little spark

sharpening the knife

once it's keen
go out and fall in love
find a man and slide it in his back
say hello and tell him

why you're here
sharpen the knife inside him
the sharper it gets
the blunter it is—
time running out
anyone who refuses love
doesn't deserve to bleed
doesn't deserve to melt into the blade

go out and fall in love—
hand in hand to sharpen the knife
in each other
no-one dies
no-one's left alive and
love's left
on the sharpened edge

freedom

five shots of baijiu
my body free and
freedom,
thrashing everyway,
loses footing
knocks me down onto the bed
first i swallowed a whole bottle
i want the sensation of flight but i am
knocked down on the bed by freedom
wasting another opportunity to enjoy life
i'm the only person in the bed
the room gets quieter
and all freedom's wasted
again

i am bait

raindrops on the window
i don't know what they're saying
they might be full of ideas
having a discussion
some people lift their heads
to the rain

searching
for a different head
more pleasing to them

when it rains
it's best to take your head right off
put it down somewhere
refuse all sound
except the patter
be bait this once
and cause the rain
to make

hi

morning shortened to how are you-
this past week
everyone's name is hi
waking, the roof is red
the mouth's steam droplets hung
on air, transparent
swans flying far away

doubtless
they'll fall to the sea
split on the crests
a handful of white mist returned
to our embrace

wasted

my tolerance for alcohol
steadily rises –
soaring like warm weather
touching the fur of the tongue
explaining why at five o'clock
the skin turns reflective
in the depths of today
and steam gains strength
there are those who flaunt their meat and drink
accentuating the birth of night and
trips between the lips and teeth

no matter how old we might be
everything we choose to waste is
tonight's twenty-something
years of age

eating a ladybird

eating noodles—ate a ladybird
this summer's exclusive

the yelling servers
and me, making no sound
rub against the steam
and the droplets of saliva in the steam

the ceiling fans make shapes
that fall down into my bowl
sweeping a sesame seed
from a vegetable leaf —
this minute loss
causes my distress

some people don't like to sweat
but the rain will come
to stand-in-

iced watermelon triangulates by evening
snores from beneath a cold blanket
split the dream, draped
in a green coat

daydream

you drank the milk overspilling in the early morning sun
touched the breast of the moon
married the lane the tractor drove down
and yet you bring me no cup
brimming over with wine

i'd enjoy marriage
to a milk-thirsty mouth
a pair of stroking hands

on breasts
a road bowed
by a man

i want to drink into coma
stake everything
switch the soul
for a marriage—

swallow

swallow a cherry from her mouth
she wants to fuse with the muted channel
to catch the pregnant cloud
by morning hollow drops
fill in yesterday

she looks out the window
and pretends her heart's insensible
nothing else on her mind
no objection from the bitterness in her gut
so quiet
it seems swallowing
that unsugared pill
could make the rain
synthetic, too

insomniac

the city over there
butting on to sprawl
ruins hang from my key ring
and no doors to open
when the time comes
several years of sleeplessness
for the lamplight on the wall
close your eyes
pills feather me over
no goodbyes or tunes when i arise
the mystery thins and quivers
i have no clothes and sweetness
hangs from the tree—

making winter sly and sticky

this one patch over there
keeps eating my foot
so i cannot stand
only salvia can grow in this pipe
freezing darkness unrolls
to infinity—
then condenses into a mole
no larger than a sesame seed
lying quietly under the tomb of my left breast
where it can slumber
on my behalf

hotel

the hotel at the end of the universe
may or may not wash their sheets
upon the pale walls
sounds muffled in numb light
sleeping alone
in a bed where so many others have made love
the heat of their bodies ingrained

the ceiling is sometimes high sometimes low
the curtains skim in and out of the room
only the rainfall
is unpunctual

mother's not home

mother is in china
i am in the centre
of the baltic sea
there's a pale lawn here i step
onto it apparently powerless

i spent too long
looking into the distance
and when my neck split in two
saltwater poured in

i hoped my mother
inside
would scrub down my spine
make my body a little cleaner
a little more upright
wherever you go
take a mother along
it's worth remembering
but mother's not home
and i can't return to her

when mother's out
no other child or mother
has a home

Gotland

9:16
no power anywhere on the island
loneliness gets a black drop

only a scream could bend
the straight line of the town
but no one is talking
making any sudden revelations
and sleeping pills squirm into bed
to perturb the fragile spirit—

the wakeful people
and those who are quiet
have their human shape
sucked away simultaneously
darkness hangs low
and can be walked on

to where is not certain:
but you can return
to the island's unbroken loop
no crack through which
to escape insomnia

Stockholm

the coffee's hovering
no tray, no hard rim
ceramic base just is
the gastric fluids descending
on flavours imported
from other cities

the sea
doesn't look so salty
doesn't rise for the eye's sake
whimsically bundling
a few ships
defying prediction

a diving seabird scars the water
burrowing through the keel
the steamer waits
from whatever angle
the faces on the deck
are inexplicable