

# Horatio Alger's Keys

Alan Ramón Clinton



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Horatio Alger's Keys by Alan Ramón Clinton

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# Horatio Alger's Keys



## Horatio Alger's Keys (I)



1.

One for the lock, one for the bolt,  
a fallout shelter across the street,  
a miscalculation.

The post is unguarded, but I'm an archon,  
in my wheelchair,  
armed with antipsychotics and a part-time model.

I warn you, moons can be stolen  
within five minutes.

The archives consist of my keys to the outside world,  
mostly old letters and fliers for electronic transmitters  
I would like to have one day.

Out of the corner of one window  
you can see the Boston skyline.  
I never go there.  
I have headphones so as not to disturb anyone.  
I do bleed sometimes but try to have it cleaned up within 24 hours.  
What, you weren't listening? The air here is heavy.  
I'm terrified when I think of my legs,  
my only contact with the earth anymore.  
I'll need you to move the plastic bags.  
Nothing is possible until there is space.

It's not a good idea for you to write to me  
so that my name is noticed in the post office.  
That's where the danger will come from.  
Never let them know where I am.

For a long time now I'd rather have died.  
What can a cripple do in this world?  
I dream the pleasure, one day, of leaving  
with two legs. I once called myself a magician.  
I'm sorry I can't help you.

Some, married couples especially,  
might call me an exotic specimen,  
easily dehydrated. Often, for several hours a day,  
I enter a complete void. But the moon is on my side,

a dubious companion indeed.  
Waning in pieces, I'll tell you about it in pieces.  
I'll probably be your first death.  
Don't try to revive me.  
I want to escape this body.  
Do you see the fog drifting into the picture frame,  
the tar barrels, the row houses and ramparts?  
Those are scars, and the fog is deoxygenated blood.

I try to tell myself, let's see what happens today,  
and then read the newspaper.  
Last night there was a stranger inside.  
Who's to say what your shuttle ride will bring?  
Who is the one walking behind you?  
They have the documents I want.

By the way, I hope you won't be upset that I'm a virgin.  
That's why I need you to bring home a television.

Today the black robes will be inside.  
They're with us.  
But whatever you do, remember to bring home  
the fliers.

2.

These acrobatics all day long  
just to look like I'm alive.  
The swelling makes me think.

I can hear them the whole time, even from here  
whispering away as fast as they can  
in Chinese, so cunning  
they think of us as something to experiment on  
anyone know about that?  
There just happens to be a police inspector sick here  
probably getting ready  
to turn me in.  
The army is quite capable  
of putting a cripple in prison.

I manage with difficulty  
to relieve myself in that hole.  
Why don't they teach us in school  
never let them cut a part of you off?

you tremble when you see people  
as things moving all around you  
please tell me at what time I must be carried out

Getting out of the crypt is difficult  
but those men are clever.

Once a pigeon got inside, a major lapse.  
I broke its legs and threw it toward the street.  
This music reminds me of that day.

Only it's a moth I cripple, and I'm a wasp.  
I'm going to die for you this year  
floating over a pool of sign language.

My mother was a prostitute,  
here, where you hang coats and things,  
if I call your name I'm going to need your help.

Could you bail me out, I guess I can bail myself out.

My father used to love taking us hunting  
then one day just turned the gun towards his mouth  
a toothless wedding he called it.

What would you do if you were me  
would you take him back?  
I know you're not me.

I need to vomit everything out, until something new exists,  
even if it's nothing

or a halo of bleeding laurels

3.

I'll have to respectfully disagree about these quarters,  
how can you be generous about the recordable tears  
scattered like xanax on my way to  
the next set of pipes with nowhere to live.

What time will you be home?  
I know there are two of you,  
make room for love in the waning of Chinatown,  
the voided checks of madness.

When does the day begin, and who will come to meet you?  
Draw a map of them, a scientific office of survival  
with rechargeable converts,  
shadows moving more slowly  
than bladed leaves swaying across one another  
interchangeable eyes  
some ear habit  
one of them in the projects  
the other subject to atrophy.

Love is in the ground  
no light in their city of stray debts  
watch dropping  
allow them dialects  
waning convictions  
allow them romance in my copy machine.

A beautiful vacuum, the plain undulates  
with missing documents, liquor stores and museums,  
will they remember it all?

4.

A better sense of case workers in a month,  
I live inside a speaker phone  
and so will you.

All your checks are gone?  
I'll sew you up  
and drink from black wells.

Are you sufficiently impressed?

Your smallest muscles will be trained,  
towers fall like sandwiches, the trip begins  
in an absent plunge of receipts.  
I have all day to think about them,  
how small they make you, the darkness,  
it's what I'm good at, printing shadows of books  
that shut you out, maybe you want to go.

The priest, his albatross soaked in acid,  
god save the mice, a fine day for invisible bridges.

Did I fall asleep inside a boiler?

5.

Sometimes the wind, the cars  
an intersection  
people moving in a chaos of destinations  
swells around you like amniotic fluid,  
how often in a life?

Onrushing, weighing the dead, weighing letters,  
doubling peace in the asylum,  
it swells and contracts like a sponge,  
easily shattered rivers of the whole anonymous reality  
more and more pilled  
the air is rules like circling backwards  
unstoppable chances for my wobbling legs.

6.

I heard they're using magnets again  
but where are they? All my camera equipment  
was stolen in a fire.

It gave such short messages anyway.

God of doorways, please leave my home,  
I hear Vesuvius rumbling.  
Stop the air long enough to put me to sleep.

Somewhere deep inside, nerves exist.  
They must be stopped.  
The bastille, the palace, now we hear from everyone.  
Walden Pond is burning.

I can't bathe myself anyway  
and all the channels are activated  
with the ghosts of Little Joe.

The tricks that optics play  
and aerosol too, weddings where  
soil samples have been taken,  
emblems are penetrating me.

8.

Cleo knows  
decisions are often made for us  
by babbling brooks  
you can't talk her out of bleeding.

Do we still try to speak with them?

Only in ethical quarries  
which double as cinema  
but refuse the complications of ventriloquism.

But I'm in love with you,  
and won't allow your cards to be blasphemed.

Your mirrors are anything you want them to be  
and therefore delightful,  
your surfaces are nothing if not  
a baroque oracle.

**9.**

Cleo, you're so beautiful  
blindfolded by tree limbs  
stunning in the wind-tunnel of broken birds.

Everything haloed by genocide,  
crashing into the stone wall  
of Jacqueline Onassis.

Such pursuits are unworthy of your [infinite] materiality.  
Remember Cleo, reasons cake relics  
of arctic nuance.

Falling night and day  
in gale force winds  
this is how we live  
beyond recognition.

10.

Preserving reflections, sensitivity to hidden agendas,  
confessions come in the afternoon of the white devil.  
Nostradamus polaroid, prickly Berrigan,  
I'm not at my best.

Gluing the scales together  
with transcendent, restricted asexuality  
of distrust, where is your piano,  
how does it fix your home on top of the world.

The projects of street fairs  
and romanticizing student-worker riots,  
not so good for handwriting,  
great for Armani and parallax.

Even pulsars are likely to pull teeth,  
the limits of being impaled  
and training for cocaine wars.

Processing a recent disappointment,  
I take control of the corners,  
redefine Sinn Fein, publicize the earth,  
flutes unraveling like bean spasms,  
amusing the water in your honor,  
the art of turtles you'd never ask about.

What's it all about? An alphabet of hand grenades up your ass,  
the broken teeth of trains approaching  
keep hands clean  
her name is a skull and crossbones.

Should we hire a magician or a clown or something  
the promise of other lives behind ours  
the houses stare at us with zodiac eyes  
with demented histories.

I got weaker today, almost lost my bowels  
in the middle of the street, a windfall for scholars,  
thanks for reminding me of Tlon, Uqbar still blackens  
my lymph nodes with  
the signatures of angst.

11.

Is intelligence the willingness to undergo  
instructional dissection, or plan to change plans  
in search of more dark?

Craters of conversation  
personal grooming in the streets  
keep an eye out for exits.

The mercy of water, broken weeks  
with dedications from the dead  
a romantic situation.

Today is for you only, as they say,  
a luxury equivalent to the frontispiece  
of an otherwise forbidding book  
the kind which leaves you at the mercy of water dreams  
about newspaper circulars.

Can much time be saved? A sensitive plant  
grows like an enemy. Theft abolishes  
the existence of others  
and is therefore necessary.

Vines curl around  
the publishing industry.  
A scar in the shape of a bird  
redeems it in an instant.

Every tool reaches magic, through molting,  
then asks to be hidden.

That's kind of true for you too  
so ask for all the money you want.  
Why? Because we like you.

We lead each other, as told,  
keeping diaries on the sky.  
If you open this book  
you have already invaded my privacy.

For some, subways have revived the art of portraiture.  
It wasn't so  
crossing the Atlantic.

**12.**

There was a momentary spike in laboratories  
but now you're lucky to spot one in a broken week.  
We all know it wasn't a matter of erosion,  
no matter how well footnoted.  
It's a great day to sleep underneath the airwaves  
and weep for collection agencies.

Who can think up new wind patterns,  
an institution that snows?  
Even in an enclosure  
last-minute adjustments are required  
though you should leave them to the sleepers  
spewing ashes and adjectives  
intertwining us  
seeing the fire behind the leaf.

Utopia is a solitary pursuit,  
the death of a speeding mind.  
Where do we lie down for everything to come through?  
Where are the muddy graves we need?

**13.**

The fragile cat, who walks the most desolate street I've seen  
swinging a bag conspicuously devoid of supplies  
plays the pages with her black nails.  
It's hard to believe that winter is on its way.

I lost my chance to love like you  
who came into this world trailing clouds  
and anarchy. You wear jewelry like fragments  
of lost armor. I slowed to a stop and began  
accumulating material. The subway car is bleeding,  
layers of gauze, able to fracture, smashed bottles,  
teeth drifting to the bottom,  
the Borges family welcomes you.

14.

With statistical methods for criminal justice,  
talk to myself for advice, chicago is not chicago,  
blame Pluto but trust in Nigeria, do I belong  
to fire or to earth?

The most beautiful definition  
I have the concentration to crank up the comedy  
of a very good B actress, please don't do anything  
to hinder my progress in this.

Are the police just a fantasy?  
When were you born?  
Forgery is heavy, wholly unpredictable  
like a new friendship with the street,  
wait until the end of the day,  
it comes much sooner now.

Keep walking, the scales are empty,  
then swim through the dark.

15.

Who needs the light? Dreamt that you and me  
were meeting in the city of Troy  
long after it had been abandoned  
blazing sun but a very blue sea  
as though it only now occurred to me  
that it is happening in that way  
the way that she described it  
a brick building filled with purity.

So, a hiatus on mainframe experiments,  
we'll limit ourselves to encrypting postcards with death,  
there can be no rest.

It was like visions, if they're to be had,  
might occur in that sea.  
Other things don't move me,  
the long stories about evil for instance,  
teaching others what I know,  
labyrinths marked with sleeplessness,  
deficiencies in the senses,  
the consequences of the moon.

Your blue eyes, it doesn't matter  
if they're contact pulled through the grates  
I found you in  
a helix of revelation and secrets.

Would a bastard be too much  
confide in the water  
sometimes I have trouble contacting the dead  
bad planning  
cancer doesn't wait for Godard cameos.

The fountain should always be dry  
Plato's entropia  
the hallways have nothing to say  
about humanity or dressing like a child.

Drinking oneself, counting on oneself.

**16.**

Extinctions in the inhaler, molested in the void,  
overbearing boomerangs experiment with beauty,  
arouse us with lies, today and tomorrow.

Who's not necessary is startled on the street,  
hiding his invisibility, all the quarks pulling  
the plugs of warning.

17.

The movements of a bird, and those of a leaf,  
are not that different. The most fleeting thought  
can inaugurate a secret form. Memory  
is easily completed. Many of us are still on the street,  
stalled since autumn, transfixed by the faultlines,  
the disappearing pages, banks made of water,  
the anonymity of meteors. The routine of leaving,  
not commented on, not an improvisation.  
This wailing is for someone like you,  
it used to work while you were out.

18.

A burned face erases thought  
quickly as a blind spiral.  
Externalized organs scream like spiders on ice,  
bone through face.  
All children want to become experiments in brain damage.

This is probably the address of someone who was robbed.  
A friend yesterday reminded me of how many permutations  
I had undergone in such a short time, as if someone  
placed a transparent cover on the united states slightly ajar,  
a prospector on prospect street, cascading.

Therein lies the secret appeal of nausea.

Pluto below me, Helen nowhere to be found,  
heating coils put a blur on space.  
Not doing something is the contour of an art.  
Drop me all down the hillside full of messages,  
communicate your infection in this abyss,  
the house whose stairways make unusual companions  
can be flattened into threatening seals.  
Boots are mobile columns of pure sound,  
belonging to mouth concealers, sinus cavities  
powered by large magnets. Guns without course,  
begin the 16 hour verbal descriptions  
from trauma to hobby to invisible battlements  
not worth attacking. When celebrations  
flash upon the horizon, be mindful of  
your desire for order. Quarks are leaving  
to use the phone.

**19.**

Colette's report card, just watch the pitch of your voice,  
I'm a great improvement on empty space.

Visceral delegation, scorpions never ask for too much fog,  
perhaps Machu Pichu can make you talk.

Those are your prospects, not present at the present,  
good luck opening the asylum with magnets.

One perfect translation is all we ask for.

**20.**

A monitor in the square  
teaches bullfighters how to innovate.  
It's really a canyon hiding storms for the data sphere,  
we join a coven uninvited, give up medication  
so that others must start, our ministry is death.

A feeling of bondage in the air, of painting egg shells,  
ready to invent new archives. I advise you to stand back  
and let the fog do its work. Shadows will win the day  
of spontaneous combustion.

**21.**

All children love hydras  
an anecdote about you  
autism on short notice  
humor watts  
turned to falling  
expressionist mire

22.

Falling blind on macrodegenerative justice  
a dark and subtle flight through Garbo  
learning to love your replacement  
and to be done with  
looking in windows for mourning cards,  
the old mythology.

Will the police listen to me?  
Maybe it's not that important now that  
the calendar has been sold  
moderate nostalgia for jurisdiction  
while sharpening water.

Is your hat a song?  
Not the one you're looking for,  
my games are old, the gospel stream  
removing more than I've ever owned.  
It's a lot to take on.

**23.**

Julia Kristeva told me the beatings are on record,  
the rain says letters are the consummation of art,  
the countermove. How many references does one need?  
Balzac didn't live long, but he slept less.  
Envelopes of disillusion, put the table of contents together.  
If I could send one bomb, just one sunless bomb.

24.

Built a tower of Babel, left her purse behind,  
and left for New Zealand the next day,  
claiming not to know a thing about postmodernism.  
She's troubled that only 7% of Africa has been mapped.  
My numbers falling on the sign language table,  
she stood there like an emblem without a key.  
She was gorgeous when that happened, simultaneity,  
oil at exoskeleton or even intend as in demolish.

**25.**

Guilty about Ulysses, falling short in my simulations,  
bidden like weather. How little can I say to you,  
particularly about ruins, sleep analysis, or conversion narratives.  
Make room for, the possibility, at least, of romance.  
Today I'm not allowed to think about the double session.  
Presentations, by their very nature, are excessive,  
and in that way resemble music or the world's fair.

**26.**

And the Blitz, there were people in it?

No, just books, tumbling down like gray cats,

they mail us such tiny coffins

but the gate's ajar with beauty.

Proteins are called tangles, I've been training myself in their language

which has never been written down and needs

a gospel of pendants and ashes.

27.

Last supper, the three sisters no longer concerned with spelling,  
it seemed as if you only loved me at night,  
as if you couldn't love me in the daytime.

But their disciples are everywhere  
leaving pinpricks in the sidewalk.

The stimulus shield is paper thin, like memory.  
Conductor's heads, for no reason  
have signed contracts with the devil.  
Behind me, Surrealism is having an allergic reaction.

Magic squares of suicide  
drift across the river  
negatives staring out of Gaza.

I have a job, to gather drops  
from the edge of tables.  
Snapcase.

**28.**

Listen to this absurd shade,  
one call would have been better,  
unable to understand the ins and outs  
of threatening yourself with detectives,  
the backs of checks, mail no better  
than a haircut, the ideas of what?

**29.**

I may be in my inner office, please knock.

Himmler mailed that? In a way he did himself in,  
that's kind of where the joke came from.

I study all these different kinds of things.

Do I aspire to go to weddings?

I wouldn't bastardize myself.

**30.**

The problem with business cards: vocalist, goddess.

We should talk about that sometime.

There was nothing listed for March.

If you have administrative things.

There are a couple of people I use.

It was a challenge when I first started,  
was I always up in the air?

**31.**

Only the leaves remember ventriloquists,  
the rest of us slipping on airplanes.  
My father used to eat the remaining things growing wild,  
just to remind himself he was able.

Boston, once, was a coffin where you  
could hear meteors striking the roof.  
I called it the complete absence of fury,  
drifting in the nave of phone calls.

I once believed there were kisses  
that would silence a phantasmagoria.  
What is so fucking amusing about this map?

**32.**

Suddenly even Yeats, sucking on a gas mask  
all winter long, falls for the swirl of microbiology.  
He may even know something about the eye  
that sucks all my money away.

The television misses its withdrawing cough,  
Islamic toys their overflowing late fees,  
the love that can't stand itself.

Your journal doesn't plan on returning to the states.

**33.**

Some women amaze me, in a single morning  
scratching out the name of Calder,  
every single morning like an old man  
struggles up stairs to his desolation.

At a loss with respect to his newly acquired broom  
he sweeps at the air and stares at  
the underpants of a magician's assistant.

He's allowed to do this six days out of the year,  
sometime in January, rushing headlong into disinfectant.  
Avoid looking at his eyes. Don't you dare steal them.

**34.**

The streets' horror of closing lacunae,  
I learned the wrong black arts.

Brother, you have a lifetime of vortices,  
something has entered you, nothing more searing  
than laughter. Architecture humiliates us.

We want to be drug behind horses at sunset,  
on Costa Rican cliff sides.

Eclipse after eclipse, a quick fix, a sphinx in the junkpile,  
it appeared without any effort of our own.

We don't believe in conservation of matter,  
not with cards making their daily mistakes.

Have patience with our haunting.

**35.**

I understand that I am not invisible, ocean,  
but guided by a similar logic  
when I decide to read notes from the blank side of the paper.  
Shaving my eyes again, going silent,  
if I could treat the world like an eye trick,  
whose wonder rests solely on  
knowing that it's not real,  
I'm sure I could wake up again.  
Whisper aphasias outside my door,  
disappearing is perfectly alright.

**36.**

A trash can is enchanted every day.  
According to police, Mecca is a drainpipe  
longing down the side of a Harvard dormitory.  
Is summer here like elsewhere?

For the can, every pamphlet is a burning pyramid.  
Scouring the streets for the beauty that is everywhere  
circling in the architecture like a wave's energy,  
but in faces? Can they cause spontaneous acts of nature?

Is Boston ever empty? Around every corner  
men's canes stretch across my eyeline,  
pointing at seagulls? I do know that diagnostic tests  
rush through the wind. They first bloomed in dogwood trees  
just as some doors open like red paintings.

**37.**

In retrospect, I shouldn't have solicited  
love letters in lieu of bibliographies.  
It didn't do a thing for the ghosts underneath my feet  
trying to pass as dark clouds.

Even if they do make it aboveground  
sometimes, pearls fall in equal proportions,  
hysterical about the trembling fingers  
of men at sea.

**38.**

Excuse me, how do you take notes on dancers,  
why do you write upside down boulevards,  
what does a packhorse know of ruins?

I was thinking that if things don't work out  
I'd still have a virtual self.

Street people are the true phenomenologists  
but they're not giving away any secrets.

Somehow they crash into roses made of flesh,  
not every day, and not always roses.

Different versions of the ocean cause a relapse.

Could birds ever scatter like rain  
that only falls when it wants to?

Anyway, the faces have vanished  
and Biblical quotes are off the table.

Peel off street signs as best you can,  
you're one of the charred.

**39.**

It's a choice between running and sleeping.  
You sit and talk and watch the Dobbies burn,  
tourism, the guy who tours, well good luck,  
you should talk to the university,  
they used to use this theme music and I really liked it.

Letters, tarot cards, both projectiles.  
I could be of great use to you,  
my taste in eyeglasses is unparalleled.

40.

Did I poison myself today? I want to confess a complete lack of bacterial knowledge.  
At least guilt no longer wakes me. The milligrams pass on writing seminars  
for wartime rape. Into the threads of missing dogs and angry corpses.  
None of the films committed suicide, as far as I know, but the real is losing shape.  
I hope those prisoners can get jobs, if not usher in spring with letters of recommendation.  
I removed you of the ability to speak. With, what was it this time,  
droplets shot through with sunlight? Is that what we both wanted  
or could dark pools be just as cavalier? Cairo, a matter of linguistics or revelation?

**41.**

What I want is  
abortions on cell phones  
my roofing done by Richard Fariña  
a wireless heart.

But childhood doesn't recognize me drifting  
thinks I'm a crashing spider.

The crowds, like dark lakes, spill over so quickly.  
If there were a collective of zombies,  
would I have the energy to locate zombie make-up?  
A guru for each eye, just six months ago.

## **Horatio Alger's Keys (II)**



42.

Am I wearing gang colors  
aggressive blackouts  
ropes courses

your fracture in a petal  
not worth the trouble.

There's autumn in the springtime.  
Just look outside.  
I never made it up to the third floor, the world,  
need to wake up without a reason to live.

Brilliance is asking me for nearby hotels.  
Beauty is not worth an honest living.

Coordinates can start to creep through the alleys of summer.  
Blood is now a food to follow down Mass Ave,  
touched a dog today.

**43.**

Letters, even on the coast  
don't always return

so be grateful for the tide pool in the far corner  
filled with broken arms  
cool spring brain injury

be grateful your words have little effect  
although other people's words  
leave her more beautiful than time travel

44.

Echoless retreats in the bathroom  
inviting me to nowhere, long sleeps

down in the garage of needle tips  
my demesne immune to appraisal

beautiful sand in the doorway  
rhetoric of discord through the autistic filters

reminds me where it began  
but not how

that's the goal for now, alchemy,  
me in the land of black earth  
where I've been hired to accompany a madman

45.

Wake up to invert the case  
retell the slashing of Millet's *Angelus*  
our lady of alternative fuels.

Or impersonating an animal rug  
I will be able to seal my criminal record?

What's a box office? It's every single day  
walking into a theater  
not sure if there will be a film  
sometimes just dialogue  
sometimes nothing or buzzing on the way out  
the ticket taker assuring you, you look relieved,  
but once again no visible insects.

46.

I'll be there to lay my sick hands on an animal  
he uses my medicine as a weapon  
because you can't know too many people  
telling you not to come back.

Too much light and not enough leakage,  
basically uninhabitable, a song from that other world  
which is also this one. So I ate hors d'oeuvres  
with the paramedics behind me.

47.

The great question, which has been applied to you  
so many times, how to function  
with those more dead than you

second hand not included

some people, or so I hear, enjoy gardening  
the perverted ghost of your retirement asks  
do you think he'll take the pen from the table  
or wait for it to drop to the floor

your memoirs, the accidental paratrooper.

What residue does Tuttle give me  
running up and down hills, meditation  
in gymnasiums, my atrocious nose

one ceremony per year, for a few minutes  
under the shit of doves.

48.

As they say, the dead have never been alive  
but the poisonous documentaries taunt them,  
do you know whether to touch me?

I know I don't want to see anyone's hair  
another premature translation, photocopying amusement

no, let's do it tonight, or never.

49.

Trapped between the Wall Street Journal and a fire escape  
guess which I choose?

Graduating medical students  
ask me if I've ever flushed an entire week down the toilet.

Missing my drift, they give me  
actual instructions for improving my night vision.

Each day, I tell them, the night lays in for a siege,  
in every opaque surface!

And once, I could coax a little out each day,  
scoffing at the pantheists.

**50.**

There's a great article in a spine journal  
about kicking in the heads of dying pigeons.  
With someone like Pierrot, you can only borrow him,  
though he helped me out so much.  
I've seen him kill so many things, cut open  
the belly of a pregnant rat and steal its young.  
Even if you don't practice prayer it's not that hard.  
I'm assuming I haven't achieved many of the things  
associated with the passage to adulthood.

**51.**

I once heard there was a bonfire in Somerville  
but the woman talking about it left when she realized I was staring at her.  
The walls dropped without me, and I've been missing canyons,  
it would be great if I could remember certain tragedies.

**52.**

I would love to travel with you  
if I had money and could decide on a place to go  
like if I had a gypsy friend in Egypt.  
You look like a friend I once had. She even liked to ride bicycles.  
I gave mine away.

**53.**

My boss claimed she would rifle through her desk  
for letters that will help me. Otherwise,  
hit by a car on Fire Island or semifinalist for Sawtooth Poetry Prize.  
In the meantime, I've been trying to have a good time,  
as much as anyone else at midnight.  
They're looking for bone graft replacements.

54.

Thus I sought love as it pertained to the penal colony  
petitions for fusion voting  
dodging family photographs  
a gorilla is nimble enough to scrunch its limbs into  
the illusion of a giant rose  
I just saw it happen on your ankle  
we would have won vietnam  
if no blondes had been drafted

**55.**

No bankers cast a shadow on my zodiac.

I am still traveling without documents.

There's another opportunity I'd like to pursue  
related to living the life.

If there were no one watching

would I ever move at all

as the café thins out?

How is your back doing?

I've never seen anyone look more like an eclipsed crystal.

**56.**

I've never seen so many stray mirrors on the ground.  
Harvard must really be in distress.

On the other side of the wall  
there are no shadows of mandalas  
and no one asks  
are we exercising this afternoon?

Someone who owns a 200 million dollar estate  
decided to build a cottage on part of it  
to rent to psychiatry residents.

You're right, you're really going to be one  
of the indispensable, a real plug in the dam,  
you're never going to be an excrescence.

We will always need to be anesthetized  
before haggling over cremation fees.

**57.**

Grey halos and their mummies  
can knock me aside  
ash can a self-portrait in water

the sight of my hands alone can make me vomit  
hooded mary is top heavy

where are the numerologies when I need them  
these things can displace me  
photos that can't be made out, like constellations  
do it once for the needle, baby's not going to like this

my feet in the concrete  
a diseased ear, streetlamp fear  
is that a picture of you?

58.

I could become a class-action arsonist  
or just empty out into an unmapped city  
which might require a ritual  
that remains to be invented  
perhaps inscribing the gold coast  
on an address book  
and leaving it on a subway car.

Someone, like myself, will assume responsibility  
for its well-being  
visually but without equivocation  
like a medicine bag in a coffee shop  
hanging from a chair

at that moment  
another set of eyes will make it levitate  
and the owner will sit down

**59.**

Spilling stamps on the street is the only action called for  
you bought the machine two weeks ago, remember?

It looked like a lotus flower banging at your window  
it was one of those windows that grinds to a fine dust  
a corpse of your very own  
levitating flat with the poster children  
and the reward?

increased limits in the game of bacce

**60.**

I don't know where my street is, where to wait for  
autumn in the Japanese maples  
but I think Hegel's sister lost it there  
returning to the pizzeria where my stray dialing  
left the painters desolate

all along I thought  
I was the anti-Christ growing up

but it turns out  
I was Joseph Smith.

**61.**

The most important place in that muddy place  
that grain of nothingness underneath my eyelid

could blow up a printing press

the three crosses remaining of the pier  
they love the sea birds, the black ones

allowing deformities to exist in peace

**62.**

Such wonderful sirens, who needs to talk to friends  
the languages change with the streets  
a falling, folded kid, a velvet leaf

river goddess is lights out  
debt outlasts technology.

**63.**

Who owns a bracelet shredder  
a tracheotomy projector  
a fork twirled into a needle?

A white car is following grandpa martial.

In the offseason, acrobats worry about existence.  
Acrobats, by the way, pass through me like ghosts,  
rescue the gag.

Above all else, we must hold the mail sacred,  
for it carries poetry.

For instance, we must never use its blue temples for garbage  
even on Sunday.

And mail carriers, particularly the ones who still walk among us  
J.C. salutes you

**64.**

All the animals came out at once  
they wanted to work inside me  
they drove down my road.

Soldiers were also inside me.  
Which way to my engineer works?

You know, the ones that will end the war.

Signs were reading me even then.  
I, however, was not aloud to read them,  
at least not out loud.

65.

In that language, you can't tell whether  
John's head or hand was cut off.

An empty picture frame marks the site  
of someone named Isabella.

The joke has always hated them:  
are you guys talking about pain relievers?

No, virtual reality.  
Melville translated into grids and brainteasers.

I wonder where my style has led us?

To make a decision that is edgeless,  
come back to an absent crime.

Such is the madness of the day  
wake up to the sound of your own voice after  
delivering blackout contracts.

So why would you want to get rid of veins?

Even as they take down the gray halos or  
pay off the collapsing shelf, you really don't know  
how to break rocks or flood basements.

They lead to utter desolation, I've heard.  
At Harvard the awnings frame the blue sky  
like de Chirico paintings infused with joy

I've heard.

My brother drops by to trace the incompleteness of love,  
tell me how you can elicit repressed rapes by taking fecal samples.

My name turned inside out last night  
so it could come back to me inside a bus.

Other letters are still unaccounted for.

**66.**

It turns my fingers blue, these phones  
these bleeding teeth. Sometimes erasers just pour from the ceiling.

There's an eye I don't need and fishes dead in the sea,  
please quit picking me up for rehearsals they dissolve  
and come back from the snow the way debts linger in footnotes.

So that even here, as always in the past, one can feel strangely remote  
screaming this time and those other times from an invisible cabin  
it starts nothing but a trance a day early.

67.

Feed me plumbs when I go blind, someone  
and recount to me one of the versions of Icarus when incontinence arrives

infinity is right outside of you are you at your computer right now

the armless who never leave the restroom  
there's a seat for the mannequin depending  
on how it goes haywire

my sins  
if that's what they are  
are right under my feet

an endlessly unfolding newspaper  
each letter is a disturbing plant

at the end of every branch there is not enough  
but this is where it rains best

68.

Jokes for children  
we offer them to gypsies  
construction piles are growing fields of grass  
where they often camp  
this one's now a cavern where I wait for the card games  
my head pierced instantly by Terminal D  
and Mademoiselle Lenormand  
they call this water damage.

I'll tell you what leads nowhere,  
who is the person concerned?

The lake is never distant enough.

Expect a visitor soon. She feels like jumping in the lake.  
A tree going out.

What kind of phone can reach this sewage?

69.

The air laughs softly.  
It hasn't felt my hand.

Daylight is rain's failure, a child's fist in bold print.  
My greatest friend is the future, sometimes blackmail  
or no trespassing signs torn off fences  
for children on stilts.

They were speaking English.  
Have you ever been to a state fair?

I was thinking shouting and yelling,  
really well dressed.

I've never taken advantage of this store,  
behind the guards, up the stairs  
there is a public restroom.

There are still blazes on Mt. Rainier  
although no one has ever started at this particular time of day  
from so far away.

70.

Sample documents are scattered everywhere  
with koans for us like, "Debt is the only technology  
that will never be obsolete."

Occasionally the gulls have something to say about this  
like "where is the fog museum"?

The seedpods overhead are filled with gone  
days like this bring out the wheelchairs.

For me, it's the height of riots a bit hollow,  
how far does it move?

The moon drenched in mud  
has lost its sense of time.

71.

Would you wait with me,  
for jewelry taken from white container in bathroom?

The New England Journal of Medicine might drop by,  
move on to other festivals.

Love doesn't matter to me,  
as do cultural studies waning in me.

I wonder how many people will come to look at  
my chrysalis (cicatrix).

72.

It's a land of digital lightning flashes  
and waiting for more keys to be made.

It's a land of four point restraint but  
I'm alert and oriented times three baby.

Throwing chairs, beds, and desktops overboard  
it occurs to me that what I've been doing all year is cruising  
but without any particular person or thing in mind  
maybe tarot rain or brain damage.

Live, you mean like skydiving?  
I'm more thoughtful than you think.

73.

Everyone wants to play with towers today  
I accidentally took a picture of myself.

Is he mixed?

I'd rather you not organize my last week with the monkey chair.

Did someone call serotonin?

See what happens to people like me?

You'll be sleeping on an addict,  
you won't let bottles wilt will you?

Finishing schools never make it through  
the master of the moonless night.

74.

Blue eyes in strollers seem to recognize me,  
taking a mental note for later.  
Is there any charity left in me?

It's like staring at jewelry, moving into someone's ashes,  
a concussion is a good time to call.

He'll look like a gypsy going down the street like that.  
He is one.

Thoth, all weekend, had nothing to say about his infected eye,  
is that his trampoline chirping on the sidewalk?

They were sure to be all washed into another world.

75.

I have always thrown at a target of 150 pounds.  
My art cannot change.  
Fuck the full spectrum of human emotions,  
refugees answer their doors topless.

Even so, he recommends I extend my search beyond skirts I could salute.  
Went to get fingerprints taken. Hope all is well getting ready to pass out  
for our old friend the dentist, because I just wanted to talk to you  
about our responsibility to the moon.

76.

Snorting in one small area, the old project of ensuring privacy  
overwhelmed by cemetery cups.

Wires are the errata of magic.

Somewhere else there lives a family  
in a bombed-out U.N. building  
broken right on the U so they  
really live in the nations.

The afternoon's death rehearsal has grown embarrassing.  
And she, she's taking the elevator to Neurology.  
Track changes.

77.

It's easier than you might think  
to find heroes in Irish pubs  
or x-rays of parasites, carry the maze off,  
start out directing the blind  
short-change artists. You become an example  
as minute circus rings spin across the floor.  
Somewhere in Chicago you have a third breast  
bleeding milk for effect, guaranteed Swahili.  
I follow these shapes to dead ends. In a place like this,  
one never misses an opportunity to see a new locale.

78.

But don't we say the red is vanishing?

My guilt could be infinite.

Like the pills rush down your throat  
fighting wars for the nervous system,  
the annihilated air of interferon,  
approved story to the lark famine.

79.

Where are the bounds of the incidental?

After all, the rocks in a cairn

still speak to me although

I don't understand what they are trying to say.

And infinity swims unequal to boarded stars.

You are thinking of a particular

instance of being guided,

sleeping deeper next to me.

You are telling me about times

you didn't really want to make love,

and we are noticing foreheads exchanging poisonous stars

each to each, this is our first illusion.

**80.**

Light a candle for the sensation of falling,  
a tiger on the sidewalk.

What is it like to say something to yourself?

How am I to explain it? Wings, feathers rising from the neck,  
fighting for space along the wires.

**81.**

This is to remind you that it is time for:

—map

—pressure check

—visual field

82.

Trapped with the departed owls,  
she handed me a seizure.

Watch me reach for an invisible rail.

Why didn't you sleep last night  
like a cloud on the Charles

with such sunsets coming through your window  
when you're gone?

Were you cutting celebrations from the newspaper,  
changing yourself into water?

This is about someone's voice dying  
and being conjured back,

like falling into a disguise  
perhaps scales of a fish.

Throw it in your bag zip up  
climb over cars  
through a ripped fence  
the new orange  
highlights that wall so perfectly.

**83.**

Eyes wider than  
the caps in your back pocket

you make me wish I had the letter Q  
somewhere in my name

or a nocturnal element,  
we caught the same train  
and it already has some other writing next to it  
we saw everything and quietly.

**84.**

She remembers stepping on a sea turtle's egg,  
being raped by mountain shepherds.

They send you to a different village after that.

He remembers a cab driver, his father,  
and an earthquake in Mumbai.

They send you to a dead therapist.

Castro is running to stand still.

We don't receive the radio broadcasts.

They all dream of an afternoon  
with their parents

replicated and nonexistent

playing the tabla.

**85.**

Use laughing doves as an excuse  
get off over a pan  
Parkinson's camera  
newspaper acrobats  
save me over and over  
who needs to let others have the first world

**86.**

Rust chainless whisper  
pinch that skin next to your thumb  
like the rasta guy said  
I have reason to believe that  
you have knowledge or information  
relevant to a grievance filed  
as you well know  
the University takes such complaints  
seriously

87.

I was trying to find a black pen and  
work my mind up writing something other  
than words above words in another language  
it's drained my mind of talent  
this is not where I want it to  
always looking up words in the dictionary  
and that's all I do  
so my mind is blank  
when it comes to anything else  
that's what I mean  
so this is the great card I was writing you  
where everyone was touching it and making it black

88.

What's going to happen in half a year  
concentrate on the dot heading from Rome to Dubai  
teary-eyed

What has happened since then  
that's a whole other story  
but I continue to see how lucky I am  
with every story I hear people tell  
maybe a good shaking is what I needed?

there's coincidentally—perhaps—a picture  
of me sitting on a fence in front of  
some mountains in Oman  
it's directly underneath the poem  
lazy girl

89.

What pattern my life might have taken  
without that diagnosis  
I hope I don't need another shaking

I can compare the life to what words  
throw at us  
I didn't chase the words  
they were there and I have to put  
them in some order that sounds right

as I left tonight my eyes  
fell upon a  
piece of green wrinkled paper  
among the piles of clutter on my desk  
and I realized how appropriate it was  
for this particular theme

I just can't throw this paper away  
even though it's gone

90.

It seems that some of the events that occurred  
in my body and my mind  
since 2003 are echoed in a poem  
mine is the mild form

doctor protocol  
and the glamor of it all

I once sat in the glass hallway  
under what they call the brush-off sill  
the patients can contemplate life

my friend told me she felt glamorous  
wearing her headscarf after chemo  
she said it out loud when I was just thinking it

I can say needles, interferon, MRIs  
all so glamorous  
thank you small things like stress responses  
which continually changed names

I've pushed back what's going to happen  
in half a year  
what was I doing before that day in July?

I lived on anti-seizure medication  
I broke up

hearing the letters for the first time  
will there be a last letter?

how much time do I have to walk

medication would have to be refrigerated  
couldn't go to places like Mongolia or  
shoot off to Yemen  
because last time I checked  
Bedouin don't have refrigerators

if you were a lab rat I'd start you right away  
I told my boss to screw herself, in polite words  
one always needs recommendations for the future

**91.**

Nerves are fascinating when they're not giving you trouble. In the summer of 2003 my indescribable sensations began. The nearest description I can offer would be numbness and tingling, although I didn't tingle or feel numb. My neurologists stuck me with needles up and down my arms and when they found that I felt the pinpricks, they decided there was nothing wrong. I remember the weather that day.

**92.**

I walked through the revolving door. If you can't describe it to the doctors, it means there's nothing wrong. It must be hard to be a doctor when you have to watch someone lose control.

**93.**

Mine's the eighth floor. I always arrive late. I wonder if I'm the only one who tries to guess what the other people are going in for. They ask me to push the buttons to the floors.

Center of hope, or something along those lines.

**94.**

I didn't really appreciate the impact disorder had on my life, except for the embarrassment, the amount of pill bottles scattered around my room. Are there any new lesions on my MRI? Mad, stained clouds? Maybe it is a wedding dress, but who really cares?

**95.**

Atop the dildo sits several benches these have been used for  
fishing writing drinking smoking inhaling balloons.

There are also benches all around the outside of the dildo  
truth be told it looks like when they teach you about radii.

They are there in reality  
lined up  
they await us  
we march past them.

Let us not say accidents befall us. It is we who befall them and consult archives of the cold.

That is the contract we sign with our eyes  
although we sign it on bottomless paper

**96.**

I met the twins of frost  
on a morning when talk was nothing  
but revenants.

It helped me file a lawsuit  
like an angel.

I prefer needles to knives,  
breaking feet to giving birth.

**97.**

Your window is more alive  
in the mirror when you're gone  
abandoning your blind father.

How can you not call every day to check on my corpse?

Last night I dreamed about a diagram  
of plant species you keep on your wall.

I think I was supposed to water them.

**98.**

Everything, and I mean everything, is stapled together.

The Vegas trip coming up soon.

Exit Art.

Bestiality and Juilliard, darkroom in my apartment.

That's gone.

The whole reason we exist, I guess, is to discern the best value.

Wiped out yesterday.

Dr. Riker.

Maybe the doorway's even right here.

How do you depict a doorway?

**99.**

Childhood memory study, must be unmedicated,  
healthy, and right handed

first collision with a puppet

all the luggage is upside down

the queen is gone

my fingers are black

what else was I thinking about?

**100.**

Blank as orchid, from here on out  
nothing but the indefensible.

So many people trying to commit suicide  
how to work them all in  
with your eyes to stare into.

It's what happens when you leave your levitation diagrams  
in the previous year.

The moraine says hello.

I've never even been near a corpse  
except the talking one who robbed me.

The moraine called to warn about Gabriel's craters,  
blind submission approaching nowhere.

**101.**

I must have already killed  
I said to myself

population growing even more quickly with cameras

that, in dreams, there is nowhere else  
is their particular horror

**102.**

I left a future embrace on the floor  
and shreds of the cure on a table  
and I'm illuminated on top of everything else

today I was your negative,  
I wait so long for you to wake up

seizure in my sleep  
period began around 8 (understand the purpose of Bataille)

she can't feel her lip  
and even wants to give away  
her shoes from that day  
which are the machines of god

**103.**

The physicist who is everywhere and nowhere,  
once more the desert and the night,  
is it reversible?

**104.**

The sinuous corpse of the streets  
modeling by making shadows

never have the temptations of the criminally insane been greater

men and women in all the positions  
can we, like one of de Chirico's statues  
fall in love with the strangeness of our own souls?

The base of it all is distemper,  
Dr. Mesmer and the secret service via brutalist architecture.

I should check my mail more often.

Just to be safe, all hospitals should be built on peninsulas  
with so much groaning among billiard balls.

My door says D, although my bracelet, I think  
says B. But it's handwritten.  
They wouldn't handwrite bracelets in a real hospital would they?

Anticipating this confession she would only touch snails.

You would only dream about my debts  
on tarot cards.

**105.**

I'll teach people how to live  
by teaching them how to fall  
this card is left blank for your message  
a frog ready to leap into the future  
genders reversed  
or something else reversed  
a monkey and a scorpion  
mirror images of molecules  
this was once called the falling sickness  
and we see no reason to change that  
even if it happens while we sleep  
or sometimes precedes magic

**106.**

A friend phones to say  
there is a bomb somewhere in the city  
or maybe just a bomber, she's not sure.

Anna Karina is hiding behind the counter  
organizing darkness.

Walking along the decisive moments you shouldn't tell people  
how could I double Spanish itineraries?

Ardent masks take their bearings  
grow taller and shorter like shuffled films.

Take the button out of your mouth,  
the negative ecstasy of radio.

**107.**

With fascination and ecstasy, passion disappears—  
they were the darkest eyes I could find.

There is a corner outside whose vines  
have formed a map of the Mekong Delta.

If someone loved the former combatant  
who spends his days in the coffee shop

she would tell him the streets of Boston  
are completely different from the day before.

**108.**

Having learned the Arabic of floating down the Charles  
I have the sense the days of spiced mazes will soon be over

that I'll hit the ocean soon

where chance survives  
speaking only to sturgeon.

**109.**

People are starting to ask each other about meteors  
and you've floated to the end of the room.

How could grave robbing have suddenly  
grown so appealing, so innocent?

Let me take your hand and tell you  
what you wrote on it.

**110.**

I hear you talking to your dad late at night,  
a gentleman who invents wreckage

time traveling turns your entire eye into a tear,  
everything is superfluous, like rain.

There's a demon inside of me,  
crawling all over my face

it asks me to marry you  
and murder the blind.

**111.**

Ash Wednesday in brutalist architecture  
floating white suns  
doors closing around me, also white

they had planned to put a tower in the center  
but ran out of money

my Father doesn't even know terms like "auditory hallucinations."

**112.**

Tracts can't find a parking meter  
every day I'm more convinced  
that life is defined by haunting,  
that I could surround you with dying plants.  
Greetings from the Louvre. I am still alive?  
A residue of what we've made of one another.

**113.**

I know that you feel that but that not is

I try to water my plants you think I'll see you tomorrow

my night is longer than your day

**114.**

How we organize our leaves  
on the pulverized boulevard  
doorknobs staring at me  
you want to have sex in a box—for porn.

I'm really rooting for your therapist today  
I hope you'll play all the tapes for her.

That she'll fall in love with my voice  
because from now on  
letters will only be written  
by people who do not understand them.

**115.**

From one lock to the next  
I'm really rooting for your pharmacologist

that she'll increase your sense of becoming  
with particles left over for me

before and after the collaboration of rats  
what we write without being able to read it

in these streets where we can't see.

I'm covered with signatures  
at the exact speed a tarantula walks.

**116.**

Today, as every day, your lips blurred  
into one of Gerhard Richter's cities.  
Yoko Ono's sky, with all its seagulls,  
will never prevent this  
as we watch another empire fall.

Yet even poisons have an itinerary,  
just as placebos have thresholds.

There are only places where you  
can no longer believe in anything,  
my deserted memory.

**117.**

Cans of identification, now a hanger wants to talk  
about the desolate landscapes of the Hindu

about all this desire leading nowhere.

The special need is no longer useful,  
Pluto sorely neglected.

My name is in your book of the dead.

**118.**

Artists in Cologne have plans for us.

I'll try with whatever lips I may have.

I was given the answer to a question

I asked yesterday.

You turned tarot cards into dominos

into a maze.

Even Joseph's dying gives us nothing

stumbling into each other's nothing

no one has ever made anyone cry.

**119.**

I doubt anyone knows  
what you're writing on my body.  
But you're inscribing a new law there.  
Did you know it was the year zero?

For a long time we stumbled through the city's infections  
kicking in hospital doors  
hallowed be thy chemicals.

Not even daring to pray for a mysterious appendix  
the play without the play  
or wine spilling over dead maps.

When someone leaves their name won't haunt you,  
plain and simple.

Only photographs can do that, wine slides  
opening a bathroom door,  
waking up in the middle of a translation without end.

Time gets compressed in our conversations,  
sometimes I think we might be living on a collage  
losing everything due to groundwater,  
the grain of sand, which held everything,  
lost in a carpet on Sept. 1.

Now the delta is behind me,  
and now everything is behind me.

**120.**

This wedding for you, will always be a horizon of madness,  
collected with other horizons, stumbling on to  
the pink glove of a burial, it's been a long time  
since you've thought about getting through the mountains.

The year is lost for propaganda.

**121.**

Today you want to tear a hole in my stomach  
and write angry messages to Artaud on the inside.

I have to admit, even this, I am seriously considering.

While watching the skulls pass.

**122.**

Stepping through this hospital  
I begin to recognize certain members of my family,  
and when I lie down, naked,  
I lie down for many.  
And when shall I wake up and tell you why?  
How about

never.

**123.**

The dance of death should not be capitalized  
planned dream interpretation  
film archive  
meet me there  
recently having thrown caution to the wind  
have I met your minimum requirements?

interviewer  
avert eyes  
get passport  
have baby

tell me about melting countries  
you flew to  
after interrupted love

what will you disconnect for me today?

**124.**

No one can buy my death  
the labyrinth is always the right path

if you arrive early enough.  
Where does this kind of talk come from?

Eternity exists for others  
in crinoline and chignon

and for you in avoiding dreamwork  
ignoring guidebooks on bridges.

125.

Suddenly, on all sides, the abyss of streets  
why fireworks, and Blake everywhere  
reminding you how far away Morocco is?

The film projector of a severed head  
was jealous of my discretion vis a vis the dead.

Taking shelter in wax museums, our sacred architecture,  
worrying, but not enough, about the price of food  
somewhere else.

Marginalia like lead weights.  
Voiding crypt.

It is always a matter of breaking off contagion.  
The public likes things this way.

A city at sunset  
sometimes burning, sometimes just lit.

Sometimes Ganesh rigged.

At Walden Pond, a woman stands on a parapet  
and tears her head straight from the shoulders.

After a weekend of looking for shakra,  
it's time for a freefall.

They are not women. They are nights.

126.

This time I passed a vial of my blood to you.  
If you take it around the corner  
they'll show you its proteins dancing.

Then they'll break it in an alley  
and make you watch it clot.

Look for signs other than a swan,  
no matter how troubled.

Love will turn your lips blue.

The subway leads into the mountains  
where we direct traffic for ghosts.

Gestures return from years ago  
showing us nothing.

Is there torment?

It's so easy to stay in the same place  
the entropy of Kairos, what about it?

Kicking voices around the airport.

127.

Fucked to the core in the rain you know,  
trying to imagine Desnos, Celan.

Does someone decide, at some point, to become nameless?

Other vials of my blood, I found out  
were taken to that building filled with purity.

Is that the funniest thing you've heard all morning  
assessing risk, divesting, stoning?

Life and food for future years, my head spinning  
for such loss, abundant recompence.

**128.**

What to pray, Whitman?  
Christmummy under a photograph tent.

These are the little stairways  
bicycles staring at you.

I want to wait in your waiting room  
I always thought screens were overrated.

Under a noose in the subway  
is it late enough?

Sadness is such a luxury these days  
wishing we could be that small.

**129.**

And when I showed you how easy it was  
to live without certain organs, other parts of your body  
were you amazed then?

And it ended when he sat next to me  
and asked me for advice about love  
writing everything I said on index cards  
with Arabic on the other side.

It formed a new language of chemical ice  
speaking of trails that quickly disappear  
walls that write to us backwards.

Use my phone to call the scriptwriter  
turn my lips black  
drop censors into your suitcase  
tell me my face is invisible, seizures are good  
for any maze, I'm like a cunt, always  
listening to the racket of brain surgeries  
in the unnamed future  
yes we'll drink to the silence of unnamed continents.

130.

It is a problem.  
Sometimes they arrive when I don't tell them to come.  
Do I ever tell them to come?

Corpses, just here  
leave green pools of water on the floor.

There is nothing else to drink  
apology after apology falls down the sink.

So much for the mystic cabs  
the wicked errands of Boston,  
someone else can get your passport.

The desert you wanted to go to, where the solitude  
could erase everything with a single phone call,  
was here all along  
and its pools are deeper than you thought.

But even here random generators are torturing us with the unimaginable.

Storm drops waking faces if  
not every night  
then many just the same  
hurling wings  
wearing down statues  
spinning wheels.

Worthless chains across the river.

All it does is bring the writer back,  
a stolen identity.

When you leave yourself to no one  
I'll bring it back to you from the train station.

I want to forget what you look like.

