

Did Not Ask for Poem

Might like poem; do not want poem. Want to craft leather kink gear, chains as body-jewels,
And make sure the plants are watered. Want soft-ripened Deleuze with fruit.
Want to plunge off cliffs and slither emerald rapids, screaming delight.
Want militant adherence to the house-shoe rule. But anarchic. Want to be polite
To Mom even through translation, underwear folded and alphabetized.
But anarchic. Want to visit nameless forest squat and be offered bolo tie.

Unpredictable appetite. Not-quite-ripe stolen figs, iced *caffè du jour*,
Fried chicken doused in Crystal, *poèmes d'amour*.
Connect *j'oublie* with jubilee. Jubilant at the celebrity
Of expropriated matsutakes fried in bacon grease.
Want psilocybin a few times a year, if that. Always want rhizomes.
Encouraged to listen to the porn episode of Acid Horizon.
Greeted in cherries, *cerise* dangling earrings, *bánh mì*, pork belly,
A dialectic of gallantry & cuntiness—*enchanté*, sashay;
Strain to integrate the dialect into vocabulary:
Balayage, bip city, Mt Tam, *gopnik*, *shibari*,

Want comrades sealed in poured concrete cells to be unforgotten,
Attention to vagus nerve, no ice, myofascial suction, tropic of meridians.
Ignore Fairyland wounds. Pornbrain is real. Don't talk about the army of lovers.
No freestyling. Stop overusing *jouissance*. Get familiar with pain's true levers.
Show how to sip woe like wine, chew torture like soft cheese,
Torment-gourmand, suffering-sommelier, savor agony.

Bear my ignorance. Not like fruit, like yoke. No, not like that. Like yolk. Like mush.
Write something other than a story that ends with cum-in-mouth.
You're a poet, act like it. Mealy parfaits at the Lost Cabin. Holding hands across the
Scary Lost Boys trestle. Level-headed through the turvy-psy
Tunnel. Delighted by the animatronic horror of the boardwalk's underground. Terrified
By reality. Practice retroactive compersion. See the ease around you, lithe
Familiar touch, knowledge of lovers. Write *ATTUNE DON'T ASSUME*
In tiny little psycho handwriting in diary. I am curious about you.

Processing on the freeway, Baudrillard style. *Sure, ask me anything*.
Answer: *monthly; no romance; ordinary hazards; no, it's not like that*. Stomaching
It, or enjoying it for convenience. Seldom scary in the moment, sometimes out of phase,
Sure. Once, too tired to say no, meticulously reckless, no consequences.

Might like but did not ask for poem. Poem does not control.
The only thing I want is to hold your hand in the car console.
Don't extirpate the native pollinators and let the rose bush infest.
Watch for poison oak. Pull the toy out of the drawer. Just oil on the chest.
Listen to Turnstile under redwoods. Sample olallieberry.

Pumpkin pie crumbs. Hot girl in sunroof. Finger tentacled by sea anemone.
Held close in the cold seabreeze in the shadow of the lighthouse. Squishy
Gravel beach. Undertow. Fog's rolling in. Squirm free from the tentacles.
Not to be referred to by otchestva outside bureaucratic settings. Four of pentacles.
No longer want to fight forest fire or have child. Want vape, want to be free to vibe with vice.
Want dance class, poem class, stern honest feedback, stop being so fucking nice.

It is possible to wring sweetness out only
During hypnagogia, beatings or strangulation. Comely
Tearful frisson craze. Fragrant with rage. Parsimony
Of praise, bitter parsley-limned, salt rosemary
For sourdough, sweet rosemary thumbed
In palm-pestle for perfume,
And Thai basil for Laksa. Terse chef compliments.
Volunteer *chicharron de jalapeño* to supplement.
Later, lilacs for consolation. No cologne, but scented shampoo,
Nightshade vine smell in the raised beds and Selsun Blue.
Plus lilac bathroom light, lilac acrylics, gel-X, jealous ...

But better than sex is being woken up by
Being given little kisses. Mind winds to celestially
Compute. It was the equinox. you cuffed me to the bed
And your leather whip was braided.
I absconded with it later, rioted, played no role,
Honored nothing, broke the spell, followed no rule.

To make up for it, I offered crystal-cruel connection,
A sweet sadistic equinoctial hypnotic concoction.
Supplicating to queen-cunt, roll the dice quincunx, keep it light and airy,
Roll your eyes when my tongue-twists make you take trips to dictionary.
Wriggle your hips to get the angle just right. Writhe the love letters
You refuse to write. Fine. Cool waters,
Gem-clear. Keep looking over shoulders.
Lay shirt down on bench like puddle.

Glimpses of your past traced in thin palimpsests
Dim flickers in sconces set into the smooth stone hallway—
Our dark cambered chamber where we palpate
For each other. Smolder, but try not to smother.

At Burger and Cream you fell in love with Frank and drank
Slightly overripe banana milkshake
Spiked with hot fudge. I fell in love with you and kept it to myself,
Chugged cherry Pepsi, chomped waffle fries and patty melt.

The last day together's mostly a day apart. Strange energy. Odd aura.

Light's all wrong. Maybe sick. Too much machined fog and dirty vapor.
I did my best to inhale patience, tried to use solvent on my adhesion, feigned a
Loose aloofness, gave space. Sprinted to CVS for big Band-Aid.
Also rose soda. Goth valley girl was nice to me. King Kong flowers are your favorite,
Texture-wise. Bring *I'm Very Into You* to bed, ambitious, literary, romantic.

Do you know how many bright new abrasions
You will collect? Or how many you'll dispense? A version
Of us is always unwounded. But we're so exhausted from
Our injuries that we fall asleep with the lights on.
Then we start twitching, astrally grasping
At phantom enemies or lovers. Agonism lasting

For a long time. Eventually concede to the moon,
Surrender to sleep, bitter our time together will end soon.
My weakness is you the next morning, too tired to wake up and lavishing me with sweetnesses—
A handful of koala-constrictor squeezes, dozens of gentle caresses, foamy fissures
Accompanied by soft little utterances of sleepy pleasures,

Unsentimental. Don't cry this time. Will I be abandoned? I guess not.
But even before I'm home I feel the big throat lump, hot chest knot.
I feel like I'm growing again, growing toward myself, away from the ether.
Law does not produce this feeling. Self-help does not produce it either.
Jet lag meltdown. Brain remains applesauce. Amnesiatronica: forget how to text back.
The loose-tooth feeling of unlearning how to express desire. Don't know how to act.

Scenes from the cavity: home, sleep too much, cannot sleep,
Watch grandmaster lectures to fall asleep but mentally replay our games, overeat,
Lose appetite, feel sick, run fast, look at porn, worry about pornbrain, loiter,
Write book, write poem, read so many books, start new books before finishing old, embroider
Myself into the fabric of recovery, reconnect with God/spiritually reconnoiter, type type type,
Play role model to sponsees, feel not-sick, undo jetlag, eat hundreds of French fries,

Refrain often from texting you "I miss you," think of how I can curate or obtain
A new voice that you will hear and trust and want to move toward without feeling constrained.
Attend to preoccupied attachment style. Attempt to become worthy of the event.
You are not a body-without-organs. I am a series of lineaments,
Laminated as croissant (again), butter and delicate layers of dough lined with marzipan,
You are: nature of the dice throw by the fatally attained number. I am mascarpone

(Sweet cheese). I am soft-ripe rennet rind effervescent with fermentation.
Are you love-of-suffering, loving sufferer, *amor fati*, looking-away as negation?
Staring at me as sun-starer, bathing with me as sunbather?
Touring coast-to-coast, playing cards kept chest-close, unbothered,
Unfettered by the froth of this author, unfathomable, pool of ectoplasm
—I can't wait until the next time that I get to feel you spasm.