



I called up a friend and said, “I was just thinking of you. I miss you and the peaches rolling down the hill from their orchards.” Everything is always originating from something else, dropping off, leaving, becoming a part of a new environment. The wave is crystalline. Less offensive than the new version of myself. My sock-puppet provides a temporary heart. I coddle it in my mind through the peach trees where I find my friends. They are waiting for me, there in the middle of the orchard.



Sometimes the only thing leaving me alone is me; bang, bang, all numb language passing through the veins. The surface is alone at night. Is grey and not-withstanding the pressure of being looked at. What it is more than anything, is that not everything would like to be constantly observed. Someone needs to take over my mind and wave a red scarf for the bull to pass through.



My duplicating assertions I keep for liars. I have told fifty-two men that I loved them but I've only meant it once. Maybe it's because I am in season this year. Or that my willful interior has been zipped down and revealed inside-out. It's likely I have no history. That my traces have been erased, along with any tracing paper kept in a desk slot all through grade school. Certainty comes with eating lunch outside, surrounded by pinecones, and my certain love's hand in my lap.



If frozen, locked inside of a vessel for eight hundred years, poetry would not change. Music would change, infrared would change, my list of insults. Predictions don't always work the way you think they do. I do the math that allots hackneyed results. Risk is like making a poem that won't change for eight hundred years. I feel like I already told everyone I love how not to die.



Memory is weird. I've given so many blowjobs. One on a tiny square patch of grass behind a Parisian club just as the sun was coming up. I recently took all my photos down—was tired of no longer identifying with them. I keep rolling around the possibility of starting to smoke pot again, to stave-off nightmares—attention to detail fully depletes around a self-revolving door of no consequence. Dreams arrive through an empty vessel. Memory is weird and frequently ignored. I wonder what it'd be like to spend a life passing over Braille.



No apparition is needed past this point. This is real rock, real sea, real fire, this swell, this baby-lamb we could share, all the things of this world. There are those I attempt to describe. Where words spring to the surface. Which were once stones for dragging the dress down to its curse. This is not romantic of course. I don't even think you have to believe in souls to know that humans are in suspension, awaiting other humans.



I would love to work towards fucking one man and getting it just right, so my lips don't break apart. I want to write further away from myself because I'm sick of being myself. Right now I have it so much better than you. I have nothing worth moaning about except maybe my leg not bent right. The further away I get from an ideal, the easier it is to speak under water or weather. How lopsided these phrases go, without any surprise. Self-consciousness is unattractive. I really look like winter, but sicker, whiter.



I create a visceral summary in my head of how I'd like to be alive and strive towards that. Not quite like the fated path of a jaguar, but similar. A series of mistakes can be made along the way, leaving you blind or disabled. Every story is a story of survival. The jaguar must make the pass carved from Mexico to Argentina to mate. I too am bound to my people, ancestrally speaking—the migration from Scotland to America. *What better unifying symbol can there be than the jaguar?* Not even the Loch Ness compares.





Before there was a universe of dreamers, there was controversial mutter under the tarp of a snowy landscape. There were waves of pressure and people convincing other people of Immaculate Conception. Like the struggle for notoriety I have seen between brothers, each with an innate desire to outdo the other. I have little to say about dawn. Whosoever's seed is gestated first is awarded the prize of an internalized competition. *What is pain like?* the man asks the woman.



Something without resemblance explodes. Try training a man to lie down and sleep. *The stars are like that, they will never arrive.* My room is on fire, from one lit thing after another. I turned my skin down and showed chrysalis was an Eden thing. Help me. I'm done with anything that seems meaningful; why invent when there's no way to undo the deep recesses of an already formed thought. Plagiarize—make an artificial womb.