

## Body-Centered Lattice

We were people to run into  
    In the heave of night.  
Chintzy eyed boys moving in reverse,  
    (Like thorns snared in the roving wool)  
    Never quite making it out clean.  
Geodesic lines touching wherever they meet on a sphere  
    Each returning to the other again, again.

You can wear the oxygen while we sleep,  
But I'm graphite, I'm The Protagonist.  
    Indelicate— pulling apart the brass snaps of your coat  
*I'll peel your shell and eat you alive*  
    I'll burn your hands into cold red stars.

You wonder if you will ever get to be a widow  
But we won't ever get married—  
    (*So close but the particles never touch*)  
Like time travelers caught robbing a bank,  
    I only find you in the getaways  
Drinking vodka tonics and chrome Cokes.

Neil,  
    I've never shot a boy in my life—  
    I wake up sweating from dreams of hot copper jackets  
    Clawing through your body back into the gun,  
    *I know where we end*

    Still, I would spend the rest of our lives  
    Pulling you from the broken cavities of shiny cars,  
    Intersecting your arc every time.

## Whale Fall

My sickest winter yet, cold water trickled  
From my ears, soaking my star printed sheets.

My beard grew past my knees, I developed hypothermia.  
I woke each night with a trench ripping into me,  
With bone marrow light as cauliflower on my tongue,  
Infected knuckles and foaming red eyes.

Nested in my hospital bed we watched  
David Attenborough ocean documentaries  
Until the blue light poured us into sleep.  
Tender-bellied sharks stalked the orca babe till  
She was separated from her mother.  
They devoured her tongue and left the body.

I wanted to excavate the infecting entities inside me,  
Take a spoon and scoop out the delirium that prized  
My dorsal fin spine splitting my skin like damp silk.  
A rage began a frenzy in me, thousands of serrated teeth  
Demanded to know why I had spent years collapsed on  
Bathroom floors, riding out heart attacks, drowning in my jeans.

I imagined ripping out my IV's, walking back into real life  
To taste the fury of vitality, like Coca Cola or a kiss. The  
hunger to, like all dead, sick, or fantastic things, Crash  
against the bedrock like a tambourine and Bounce off in a  
blinding spray of sparks that  
Illuminates strange creatures never before seen.

### **Circe Should Have Inherited The Earth**

When you first saw the deep sea body,  
the curled and dreaming blue body  
with softening of shank box knees,

guttural. (that's what you said).  
The way cave wolves  
blister apart in their hunt.

You dreamed of touching, tearing  
the dripping golden caul.  
Don't look at me like you are hungry,

the room prickling with the smell of bleach and  
over fried onions.  
You're three times my age

and you can't remember your phone number.  
But you still call me Pinball Wizard,  
Van Halen, eyeing the clean titanium

leashes that cottonmouth kinksters  
walk their rent boys on, calling  
*Where are you going dressed like that?*  
*Does your mother know where you are?*

I'm shot through your bones.  
Like the crumbling blue chrome  
of your cobalt hip, the bloody pulp.

Malignant, satelliting so deep the surgeons  
will never excise me out.  
You'll die gently, with the sun at your back

in an oncology ward in malibu filled with wilting violets.  
I'll drive past for years and never stop seeing your  
window as an unblinking eye.

I won't sit bedside— a nymphet in black.  
I'm going to shave my head and  
leave my sideburns wisped.

I'm going to rob you, violently,  
the way bodies pillage themselves.  
for a handful of copper pennies  
glossing in the dark.

**wet rats**

the two boys

the bakelite-teal surfboard

tombstoning in

a meringue of surf the smaller boy

sparkling dark, a seal with a baseball cap

soaking on slicked

i bet he thought

he was cool, like shaka brah and

ride until you die,

tony hawk on a junkster playstation,

tarred body painted on four thirds millimeter, hazy hearted,

barbarian. his hat was on like that.

the surfboard has no leash

other boy wades into the salt holding

the dolphin body by

the rails, the quick shock breath of

very cold water and i see their skin so white see through sallow

growing

like bull kelp down into the silt, saltines and bumblebee

tuna three nights a week,

dirty and clean hair, bandit masks, welders hoods,

Burning through graffitied half-pipes and glassy packed pipes and i

smell, off the wind, cayenne,

zinc-y zinka,

sweat.