**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
blisters 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.