

“DOCUMENT”

By

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Thesis

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Approved by the Graduate Council

Date_____

Dean of the Graduate School

she gave birth close to the stove : a spent
breath sprayed : through a rubber tissue mouth
: she crooned the deflated sputter :

don't turn baby into wood : she scanned for
splints : baby's all inhale and hunger :

baby fisted her tress : she shaved baby : no root
for baby : just her :

baby's mass shrank : baby's fur matted : she
hailed baby : moss-limp :

she wouldn't let baby turn into wood : she
stuck a bulging eye to baby : shards broke their
thirst when she lid-let : her eyes closed :

baby's feet turned to wood : she opened : her
maw clapped a babble : she washed baby :
bathtub-flung to lips : *keep baby damp* : *and baby
won't burn* : baby burred : she put baby into her
molars : she bit : for baby : full bark : fracture :

blood is the tooth that won't dislodge : a
congealed mutation preempting a sore : an
intimate silence :

she chewed : she couldn't spit baby up : set
baby off between stoking : and sipping : sweet
milk : baby bruised : she drew foam from
baby's side : a swill of cream : to drink :

baby's gash scabbed : baby dried : she spit-
soaked loose branches : pressed hideous her :
into baby's chafe : baby shook off slime : she
spumed glue to the quivering muscle : baby
flickered to dry :

that's the texture of emptying : baby scars :
baby sticks : baby leaves :

she disgorged : she carried loose baby to the
stove : she fed the stove a crack : she scored
belly bark : open wide : the oak foot sweat :
with her nail dug into grip :

baby was thrown : into : baby flames : she clot
a crust : to stay by the stove :

baby started a song : when eaten up : stiff :
blood slackened : to a lullaby : she tumbled
teeth : baby burned long : baby wailed smoke :
everything is draped :

in baby : she crushed tender : wood to ash :
whispered *she* and *burning* : baby breathed coals :
baby fueled the whole house : she was warm :
surrender is not passive :

Some bodies begin
as fragments, then
constitute by distinguishing from.

*mute on shag grass,
i crouched to listen for a foot in the dirt*

thistle leaves dropped from my lashes

and formed a rind around me

I am neither still nor sealed, but discrete.

why won't you look at me, said the bunny to the gun.

The hunter didn't want to shoot;
he went to the woods to gather burrs
and the bunny kept kicking them toward their burrow.

I dream them in a cage. No stirrups but the nickel
smell keeps their legs spread. A loving wrist slides
easily between bars. She opens her palm and they
juice. She fucks them with her hand. A burr
tumbles out their bladder. Each night like
this, giving her coin for a gumball.

Some nights she eats it, some nights she
rolls it along their cheek and it's apricot-
smooth. Some nights their membrane
melts when she's done,
pudding and barbs loose in their cell.

I wake beneath a mound of blankets,
my body pressed to day-old crumbs. I remember
parts of them were left, in places, which were
where, which were my memories, which makes me
feel what.

Naked, I crowd the sink

to make myself

eat
and time enough

to

wash my fork

sleep more

blue blue

give me juice

the unsaid spills
so water is left

running

whiskers, caught

pipe

drain, and squeak

a liquid belly

shaking me on the floor.

We were
macadamia
-round, waiting
for the key. The
burr grew hair
inside us. Once,

she came
to confess
to our birth.
We almost
killed her before
you got out.
We littered
her with cysts.
We strew our walls in
ribbons. Gloved hands
rummaged
for hours
so we
and she, insidious
both,
would live.

To carry the
legacy of
abandonment
to term,
she named
her nut : child.

Consider the bone china with sapphire foxgloves painted on. Or, the first piece you lift from the floor after it was thrown down. This is a fragment. This is no longer a cup. It would be a hazard to drink from this. This is not a story. This is the product of thoughtful obliteration. There are some places where the skin is chipped, some edges that kept their smooth. Juts striate the petals to specks. What is most missing is the paint, not the pieces. The part that gives it liquid touch. The part that relieves the texture of rawness. Some points of impact are not as neat as others. Some strikes come at an angle. Some memories are not about the event that spawned them.

Some memories are spawn,
licking your dreams while begging
for a body.

*she loves
he loves blue
he holds his blue
he milks his hold
she loves him
she makes a shell
i'm in the shell*

i'm covered in milk

i'm stuck
You are impossible to say.
One must *leap*
write it *off*
a ledge,
against a firm hand.

Language is the shell, circling
sound.
Let us exist this way. Contained.

in attending the connective tissue of relational disorders
I had more rabbits than I'd remembered packing.

it's hard to hear them when they're mute.

faced backward toward the stain I found the colon.
two non-genetic girls curled like old leaves,
carrying the symptom of the family. a pore analogy.

I became my own other by falling through the gate

a feeling akin to love in the way
acquiescence is both a feature of autoimmunity and twins

likeness could be staged in the host of husk cherry shells

stray snapped jaws fretting at the hem

twins peel symmetry from the thresh
gamete-like which could proliferate likeness

MY CELLS CAN SWIM INSIDE YOU AS I WISH
I CAN CREATE PARTS THAT ARE JUST YOU
A FUSION CONDITION

and if being related isn't enough, what could they possibly say?

I CAN'T TELL

we were assigned to pin our heads to the walls :
spatchcocked : and given language : a speculum of
lemon brine : rooms in : a constant state of shedding :
every lobe : a door ulcer : oral lichen : sore from all our
explaining :

our longing became autoimmune : living among
filaments : the huff was in-house : one cough : and kept
parts would fly up like dust : silence was : mutual :
relational : right right : relational : all ways : we agreed
to this :

we got the message : we agreed to this : not otherwise
specified : we agreed to this :

bushy with lysis :

repetition is regeneration : slackens an heirloom : slime
mold : a gift that sticks : a ritual deletion of cells :

in time : we were naked : we had years : predisposed :
to love : by tiny, numerous eclipses : crusts of noise :
gumming envelope walls : affectionate stain : mind : full
basket : case : involution :

we want to feel this : spread : we agreed to this : cheek :
to death : like moss to north : or child to underbed :
clung and wet :

MY STORY IS FIXED

it is speech to text

it is speech to declare a species

it is speech to go underground

it is speech to become another age when speaking

it is speech to disavow pleasure

it is speech to box a species until it becomes speech

is it speech to bend you over when you say you like the box on the floor

is it speech to look

is it speech to see him reaching you and thus avert your eyes

is it speech to become another species while (while what?)

is it speech to be reached

MY : CELLS : CAN : SWIM : INSIDE : YOU : AS : I : WISH : I : CAN : CREATE : PARTS :
THAT : ARE : JUST : YOU : A : FUSION : CONDITION :

I came to the doctor with my eyes cupped in quiet hands. when I told him I couldn't see,

SLEEP MORE

SLEEP MORE

SLEEP MORE

YOU ARE INSIDE A BLUE ORBIT

AUTO : ANTI : BODY : 'TWIXT LUPI : ALWAYS ABOUT TO BE LUPUS :
UNDIFFERENTIATED : CHASM : POCKED : TEEMING WITH LIFE : EXCESS :
ABSOPRTION : UNRULY : FRAGMENT : FRAY : MISSING : MIXED : FORM FRUSTE :

DIFFERENTIAL : I track my losses but my losses track me back.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm a basket that thinks it's a bird. People keep putting eggs in me but I can't build a nest. I can't fly away from the people putting eggs in me.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm like a dog and I have many faces. I'm a many-faces dog. I'm far too much to feed and can't catch a single ball. I howl at the moon, and at the sun and every other star.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm a little over easy and a little under hard. You can't tell if I'm cooking or hatching. What in the world lays an egg like this. I can't believe it.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm a well-disguised fruit in a bowl of wax apples. You'll miss your chance to eat me. I'll fill your whole kitchen with flies.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm a duckling at the deli and I'm really out of line. I'll follow anything that might be family.

DIFFERENTIAL : I'm the earliest of birds but I forgot to bring my beak. The worms laugh in my pointless hungry face. I give up my wings and talons and I join them.

“generative”

I CURE MYSELF : a suicide disease : and catch another : suicide disease : the only word : I have to say : is tongue : which says already : so I swallow : and I sift the sand : and find myself : a suicide disease : I sift the sand back : and I find myself : a suicide disease : I put my head in it : and find myself : a suicide disease : I CURE MYSELF

“degenerative”

I WAS MADE : TO KILL YOU : A BREATHING : HAZARD : A CANNIBAL : IMMIGRANT :
TO A STOMACH : PARENTIFIED : GUT : INJURY : OUR NUTRITION : OUR MISSION :
TO CONVERT : DEN OF DECAY : TO ENDLESS SUPPLY :

play : therapy : grasp for toy : to feel my hand :: we made plastic : we made us

homing device : window seal :: places : siphoned ambiance :: likeness :: fuel for conduits :

splinter of memory : plastic :: trace of tree : thorn in thumb :

it makes me feel my hand ::

recall : invitation :: rest : flow ::

staying power : notes : the feeling of my hand :

fog pressed against the window : trying to extend its hand :: it didn't come to pass : it doesn't come

stray sightings are a kind of myth

between head and tale

historicizing an encounter

laden with interstitial time

or is it

the origin of witness

a constant myth unmade by hidden likenesses

“or is it”

an opposition myth disguised as life-like

a life-life continuum papered over with acceptable contact

a shiver in the colon

a refusal of whom

a voice disguised as a willingness to come and go

a doubleness, “but of what original”

yet when I strayed from the gate
I did not curdle from deflation.
the field expected me.
could accommodate strays with
an assortment of repletions
akin to full in the way
tapering gauzes to a killed face
is akin to swaddling
and bears are akin to creation

cast iron hind legs were knocked on their sides in the field. they could not dodge an onslaught of baseballs despite many boys pleading, get out of the way, they were too heavy.

crushed grass tickled coarse flanks as even alloys perceive the vibration of impact, perhaps more so than jello or dust, quick, absorption, all this emotion in the air.

another boy with socks reeked to be rinsed came up to bat. aim,
strike, run, yell, tell them, don't just lie there in the dirt, they were
never asked how they got there, caressed, if they cannot move.

hedging the ask, that's what meadows are for.

a brother knew they would be struck by baseballs if they stayed.
where they were. placed in the field. asked no questions. bottom
of the. inning. it is not fathomable to stop hitting baseballs.

boys flex legs born to run. don't flee the scene in a hyperbolic
plane. without rehearsal, atrophy. first, born to be carried. catcher
flicked the sign. off, foul.

incoming. pitch, transmission, lullaby. he approached the plate.
watched a twin. take the mound.

did a brother. did a brother in. did a brother end. did a brother
enter. did a brother interrupt.

changeup. I chose to leave but was asked to stay. freed to
transform states of matter or positions. forged to carry born to be
rung. I know a brother wants to stop hitting baseballs. my brother
constantly imagines an absence of baseballs.

oh brother.

brother brother, you. dreamed of induction. honed a run. based in.
stanced to swing.

stole home.

some say our life is imagined until it goes understood. memory
should like. doubleness, writing down premonitions. autoantonym.
I was stranded. twin. strike. comprise the scene. time of. play.
witness to the accounting. umpire. batter batter.

see, also, from. meaning. “sign.” (). related : witnessed : attest,
event : he is : a literal translation of : what I said instead of no.

to say I love you is not a pitch. you wouldn’t know what you’d do.
you’d be out.

I want you to know I believe in the green line. Complete children.
Lives inside of inescapable rooms are lived across many instances.
There is no language of burial, and the original person meant for
the future I think of is now a silhouette on the floor. You have to
believe me. My child had a complete life.

Hides, while often purple, will discolor when pulled and worked over a box. It turns out what appeared to be the white walls of the hunter's house was actually a collage of plum skins. Hastened padding can't sound mammalian if your foot pressed into the lid is only as sharp as the fur you thump. You're slick. A paring knife falls exactly where it is let go.

In the box was a burr. In the box was a smudge. In the box was a spine. I bent to reach inside. Eyebrows pleated with shame in a beautiful silence. Small opaque impatiences seeped through the features. I withdrew from what I resembled. Hums wadded into humid air. Our longing became autoimmune. Song pressed into fog. Windows smeared vibrational trace. The family scattered. Air loomed, enclosed by glass. In a million flakes I hunger for the join.

There is no exit from the box. You were born well before you found yourself, housed, but you scampered back and forth, hopping into rooms, as if motion erased the interior. Don't kid me, rabbit. You stayed put and flush. Wet prints have always been the box's coat. It couldn't be a stain if the box were not there to sop you up, unless color is, after all, the real bond.

The hunter doesn't like to eat game. He fires because your haunches won't stop snapping. He plays when it's on. A bear scans for its cub and goes, if nothing in resemblance shows its face, while prey that freezes can't stay a blade, woo a gun to holster, and will be killed.

When I say you're weak, I'm lying. I can't tell if it's more feral to run or remember. We use you because you are already there. Remember, you're penned. What made you. Run, language is far. The work of words is more menacing than a milk-rich casing. The hunter doesn't care for organizing in rows, but the page reeks of sense, and it's not yours. I'll kill the rabbit, if you insist. I want to be a bear.

THE “FIELD” IS “REPLETE” WITH BEARS

The way of the bear is little to the bear, though when humans tell the story, they choose the biggest bear, intensify with a graphic field or untimely story line.

OR WE PUT ON ITS HEAD AND GO INTO THE WOODS
AND MOURN AND WISH FOR BEAR FAMILY GUIDANCE

Sit with thought until it drowns quietly the diagnosis of tending

Sit in the incalculable until the questions for things shrink into their imagined companionship

I SWEAR I AM HUMAN I AM AN ACCEPTABLE SPECIES

With records and aftermath, the eyes will tell and bear

I CAN’T SEE I CAN’T SEE I CAN’T SEE I CAN’T SEE I CAN’T SEE

alterations bathe in a foam of winks

a trained mind fills with blood

or it is juice

uncan me

a bird in a pickle jar trembles to die

glass refracture

a dance in bending

the jar cleaved the lid became

theater come temple

opened may or may not be

expired ceremony

worn to parts

as wings wear bones

throng which does “not know”

how to throng (throng what?)

fate wrung

of its one-watt heat

born to be rung

come to term

hare line

fact or

birds rattled new songs in the jars

what is half in is halved

intractable footprints trampled across sleep

a girl noted birds could be ribs thrown against glass

in the shrinking house from which the songs were heard

or is it “printed”

pressed

“stigmata”

throats jigsawed by the glass’ refraction

halved in shadow

dreams had the acid borders of a plum

tannic knobs were their hands arranging the jars in a row

for birds to deposit their half

“sounded”

parts

sour rims drew the clang out

what was half in was had

girl said “pit” and took to calling what collected in the jar “my”

her tongue darted out and into interiors of vessels

birds rattled new songs in the jars

sugar : coats : methodically : overgrew : in : stillness : of : disuse

she killed some things and woke up to a tray

full : lung : beads and ribs : touched : the leavings : dried : in : window : sun

my my what lived out there

half in here

what was half

in was halved

which is the is if the both isn't

scene

in the mirror we pulled at our eyes : this is what we look like : we did not know : we gonged it :
pretending : in our room : imaginary guzheng songs rubbed into neat jade pills : we wore our eyes to
the market : he walked us around the market : someone asked if we were adopted : if : he took us in :
in the nearest bathroom we proceeded : hopelessly : voluntary : melancholy : drollness burrowed and
stretched : lashes : recoiled : we pushed our fingers into : cheek : meat : surprised to find it was not
diaphanous : repetition is regeneration : bordering and re-bordering : cell walls : how many more times :
she shook rice from its bag limply : so tired : she did not open her eyes : to see the pellets spill : he
kissed me on the forehead : and I did not mind : the part of me that cheeked the secret knew : a kiss
was not just a ritual : family could be secured : only by machinated motion : listlessly stirring the pot :
joysticks and controls : rattled prone on a bed : bells rang : until sound itself was a wall : a ritual
changing of cells : channel deletion :

The metal curtain of rain that made sounds of exertion so small.

what is special? if something is special, it is good. more than good : he told us we were special often : to be special is to be seen : to have something no one else has : to get more hugs than our brothers : to have something visible on our face : something beautiful : to let people know when they looked at us : we could make people happy : we were worth protecting : what is special : we don't know where the special mark on our face is : she told us that because we were born in this country, we didn't look like her : and the way he looked at us : when he called us "my" : made us think : whatever was on our face that meant we were special must have been put there by him :

He told us we were special often, his features full of edges. Or urging small circles with closed lips and looking at us with every eye.

the version I cut off fled contact for language : papering over contact : spoken-over loss : the household kept up with papering : papering cut shame in rooms : we could not enter unclear matters : unclear shame cut stories with un : unclear matters : I perform the version in a selective wake : I wake the version to not enter all this loss : all this household kept was a changing she : a changing I ever enter : I ever-enter the gone for a version I could not have : I could not have : off with un : I : clear the household : I overpaper its unclear : it's its unclear : it's its cut : its child cut it to contact loss : the version self its language : a child I cut without end :

If I fossilize the pleasure my survival disavows, “it” never has to happen to me.

we could still smell our birthplace from the woods but we needed more blood cause we needed water
and the cages turned to cradles with some silk : causes milk : causes stitches : *sticks* : *stitches* : *cradles* :
stick : the mother in the middle : of the sea : needed light to feed : her children lost : inside her : hard
to find : we met her with the lights off : we left her : we saw : we couldn't sleep without the lights on :
we dreamed : *cradles sticks windows* : hewn bloom blue : unwrap your light : *and shining children* :

shore : blue : I made you : baby : "your": contents scare me more :
(than what?) : contains you : speech : walls you off : I must gather
the wall : to preserve you : to look at the ceiling : and hurt : like a
clue :

I can hear
my fixation on you
watch my hand flex
please, believe me

please be shiny

please, let me dream of us
let me love you right

married

I don't want to explain
I could pass you
wedges of persimmon
simply

love me

love me

love me

love me

a petal
in my fodder

you could bear a child
blink
illuminated

with me

please touch my head

let me out

when before conception
were you
changed?

not yet

tracing your silhouette
with my spoon

I think, wholly,
so little of you,
disapproving
without disavowal

did you know

in morning light
I walk into frame

you look like an eel
you slip right through

please, be my pretty dancer
feed me like
your doll
lay out my dress, flat

*just like you dreamed
I'm hungry
I always will be
dress me I'm your baby*

I am vampire
to my poetry
I rip fruit
from my tree
attached by velcro
all along

how will I eat my lot?
on blossoms
phenomenon of orange

*blood

a stain*

verse cannot
sound the alarm

speak

suck you up

I admit I don't care
either
but what's the use
of this poem
if it will never hear you?

for you

dramatic bird
dropped in a wet dark
I put you here
and you curled
toes rather than
fly
thud of
my words

in paradise,
crows don't ask questions
we are freed by banal love
marshmallow listless

stopping doesn't feel like dropping

you die in my arms	<i>before</i>
you hit the floor	
prose slows	
its flapping cowl	
I lay you	<i>down</i>
shiver	<i>sob</i>
until I'm fog	<i>finally</i>

swimming in peonies	
I have faith	
some pink is good	
yet I wish	<i>I didn't want power</i>
	<i>I wanted the box</i>

cum in hair	<i>no</i>
is not distinct	<i>enough</i>
from blood on fur	<i>stop it</i>

let pink	<i>mǔdān</i>
mix	<i>rén yāo</i>

missing citrus, you
slice your
cursed prayer
into my shoulders

*twist my leg
bear-marked
conspiracy
abandon me*

letting
pool

*pink
split*

dead weight
galloping highways
spent heat
on shrapnel joints

I am not running

I am scraping up
what you can and cannot do

tased into awareness
slow electric shocks
metronome, jaded
to repetition

ding, ding, ding

no qualms chuckling
through small talk

I prefer the generosity
of my fantasy

Blue doesn't want *ding* the real
only what they have

curiosity
seams
for evil

the box
rage
reaching
a wet man

I'm offloading notions
to be free
rather than rid

what can I do but open
and shut?
light has no conception
of absorption

my tongue on your neck

only spreading

no shade in the shadow
of a hull

why don't you love me
even before there was a story
I needed your want

I'm trilling
I'm key
raise me

I'm round
I'm dead
raise me

sky of your life
has no lid
I miss the possibility

to exit

please

we go back
our dens waiting
our beds made

P u l l e e E A S E

put your foot in the soil

if he doesn't want me

then I'd be available to YOU

I need to know
where is my original body

what's there

baby, historicized,
feels about the same

tonal

my ghost

mymomomamma mymommao mymy

my open totality

ongoing

MYMYMOMOMOMMOMMLAMY

two mo rnings:

rényāo

want

mǔdān

u

S

rén yāo mǔ dān rén yāo mǔ dān rén yāo mǔ dān

oh cell can you hear the wall

rake itself in

I am still in the building

iso silo ablation

lucid dream armor tang

liquid metal prayer shaking

disseepful

I was in a big public bathroom for brothers. In a stall, for a long time, alone. Then two brothers walked in on me, hoping to humiliate. I covered my genitals with my hand, but was generally unphased. Then she walked in, saw me, and started screaming. I'M GOING TO DIE! YOU HAVE TO TAKE ME TO A HOSPITAL. I'M DYING. PLEASE HELP ME. She said my name a number of times, but I've decided not to repeat that part, since I already know it.

At the bottom of the waterfall, there is an exhibit of dismembered children's body parts. It's indoors. There are designated slots for stuffing artifacts. The slots are arranged as a felt accordion, a plush radiator turned on its side. When I was there, I reached into one of the slots and pulled out a fragment of song.

SEE HER RIGHT HAND

TELL HER YOU WERE IN HER PLACE

I remembered what happened in the bathroom a couple of weeks ago. When I heard the song, I remembered : the wailing lifted from a living body into public space.

The night before, I stopped by my old house, the one on the radish farm, to sleep there one more time. In the wee hours, I opened the pantry door. My old shelf was emptied out, save for some greeting cards, all labeled FOR A BEAR.

At dawn, I left for the waterfall. As I walked away, I glanced back and saw, in the distance, two bears, either playing or eating each other. I didn't look long enough to see which. Meanwhile, she was driving on her way to observe the bears, thinking I had already left. When she saw me, she swerved into the driveway, took off all of her clothes, and screamed, WILL YOU CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE?

When I arrived at the exhibit, all of the symptoms were stationed there to pick me up, as in an airport. My brother asked me if it's okay to go get food. I said yes, brother, of course it's okay. I was holding a large packet wrapped in wax paper. He bellowed, WHERE DID YOUR BROTHER GO? When I told him that my brother went to get food, and will call me when it's over, he said, YOU MEAN CALL *ME* WHEN IT'S *DONE*? So I turned off my cell device and we never saw each other again.

We laid on our backs in a bed that smelled like someone long gone. I was between them, and she was in a wool coat, suffering. I don't remember dreaming. But I know I would if I did.

We were sleeping in the house the night it burned down. I awoke in the fire's sweat, unlike my own. While we were rushing out, I had enough time to grab my cell, my journal, the black sweater with white flecks, and one shoe. I thought to myself that it's okay, all of the important things are in the car, unaware I had no idea where it was parked.

and there's rose pink colored () that's related to (). and there's a scene where he is chasing us up the basement stairs, throwing cradles and sticks.

And there's a scene where I'm roving the woods and it's kind of wet and I'm close to knowing the truth.

The hunter and the doctor were out fishing together. He agreed with the doctor that dehydration was the best way to get me to accept nourishment. So they chased me around until I was out. Until I was clueless and allergic to that which sounded like despair. Until I had desperate dreams of an ocean I had never seen.

YOU ARE THIRSTY

YOU ARE OUT TO SEA

I CAN SAY I LOVE YOU

It was after my birthday, and I was supposed to have a party, so they decided to throw it anyway. Someone was booked to perform in the front yard, but instead, doctors performed surgery on rabbits on the stage with great success. All the people I know named rabbit were there.

I'LL KILL THE RABBIT : handsy god : *I want to be a bear :*

The house, charred and gutted, was set up like a circus inside. My brothers and some other brothers came. She was inordinately stressed. She told a catering worker that we're only paying for peaches, even though they brought peaches and bananas. I asked her what I was supposed to wear, and she picked up my other shoe and said, here, leave. The caterers were bitterly dropping bananas on the ground. He saw the whole thing, said this was all my fault.

YOU WERE BORN TO BE WRONG
I SEE YOU TO COMPLETION
"GOD" CAME IN

I walked toward the doctors, who were stepping on peels and trying not to drop their instruments. Instead of singing, I began writhing on the floor. I'm always supposed to sing at the climax of parties, but I didn't know which song I had planned. So I closed the surgery by chanting WE'RE MADE OUT OF MEAT! He chimed in, WE'RE MADE OUT OF MEAT! Some brothers joined in unison, WE'RE MADE OUT OF MEAT! I finally smiled. Then he turned off all of the party lights with a television remote and left the living room.

IF SHE COULD NOT BEAR THAT
YOU ARE MADE OUT OF MEAT
HOW COULD SHE PROTECT YOU
FROM A TRAGIC BUNNY HOOD?

all of us in a fetid nest of our own clenches

hungry and hungry to fight with hunger

hungry to lose spectacularly

hungry to revel in the carcass of hunger

hungry to carve eros into surrender

and leave the burrs on the floor

I consider the intimacy and distance of you.
the rapture of succumbing to someone else's lead.

what you know diverges from what I know and what you know drips down my face.

I CAME HERE TO TASTE YOU
AND NOT BE ABLE TO LICK MY FACE

is it dehydration that disables me from answering your questions?

pressed into the ceiling of my questions

I can see into stitches in the wood

splintering with exact pressure

I sea interstices

in the would

I am out to see

I faced backward into the box
a motion of cure
as if I could re-
pair
the scent of texts wafting near each other
stacking meaning without
divining proof
lifting peaces from the floor

a soft froth overtakes “my” voice

when I stumble into my own earnestness

the foam breaches (breaches what?)

the foam dribbles from my lips

and it's "you" spilling

elliptical in my body

as feral as an answer

torn into dreams

when a fragment begins it is a gesture
of waiting for itself
to exceed its half-life
a wink at the degradation that weds time
it is speech to take retroactive measures
such as parentheticals, detachable claws
or the mother figure taking bluff waves to the shins

here at the morbid co-brink
celebrating the suspenses
windows inhale deep blue
keening with the fog
a lump of wetness shields the plosives
of the mourning's air
under goes poesis : warts of mute breach :
the smell of wet fur hurtles toward me :
dust loop, flew furrow
the surface : lapping silence :
a beautiful sure : until it breaks :
a gulch filled with the start :