**Athena**

even then to them
we were as children:
    incomprehensible.
we are born gifted but
i was born grown.
    this suit is shining armor.
    this arm is shining shield.
    this loneliness is fatherless.
    these you teach to polish.
the patriarchal catalogue.
the pulchritude of swords.
a mastery macabre mine.
shaken, shrieking, chardonnay—
i know not the meaning of words.
    i carry their remains.
    i know their weight.
    i polish my gifts
borne since birth.
it matters not if you possess
if you do not give.
it matters not to find.
    what we make of life
    when mind is childlloin.
a wedge for splitting skulls
i seek.
cassiopeia

when asked your favorite color you reply via
your shirt
your jeans
your heathered eyes
and flash a smile explaining why
the stars are colorless balls of fire

i sold you starlight in a vial and
snuck technicolor into your mind that
was more mine than ever yours yet
did not grieve your greyheart hurt in public—

i simply lied instead to hide the cost of loss
and hide to hide what hiding cost us
besides
what have i lost but trust

and you
and you
and you
and you
and trust

we do not dance but edge the floor as
your eyes ask in green then

blue
red
purple
orange
for jackson

you were so much more than  
a stranger’s face I never saw age.  
“once upon a dream, a boy lived by the sea,”  
is inadequate, something different from  
an ageless face I never saw again.  
the small pharmacy in my backpack pocket  
is inadequate, something different from  
the small laboratory in your right hand vein.  
the small pharmacy in my backpack pocket  
cursed my sleepless hours missing shuttles home.  
the small laboratory in your right hand vein  
blessed the missed arteries, kept you feeling safe  
cursing sleepless hours missing shooting—home  
happens when you’re not looking, homie.  
blessed missed arteries kept you feeling safe.  
friends could’ve been your antibodies, but disease  
happens when you’re not looking. homie  
avoided me like I was diseased; yet what you had,  
friend, could’ve been your antibodies, but disease  
returned the blow, dealt an epitaph, it reads:  
“once upon a dream, a boy lived by the sea.”  
you were so much more then.
monolith (message of 3)

I am a goddess of the day of the day of the day of school was fun to watch the video is a good goal is to email you the best way to teach novices anything else I can do that for a while back for more information about the information about the same time that I was taking care of business and I will be in the office for a couple of days years ago and I will be in the pool and spa and then we have to be at the office of the day of the school year and a half hour years maybe we can trek back to the house tonight and then we'll take a look at the weather is nice but I think I might be able to make it to you sooner if you're looking forward to seeing it is a confusing but very good situation to be in a trigger warning knowing that I have a lot of people who want to be generous and drive me crazy busy with work and school and college and the tenuousness of prophecy the next couple of weeks and months and then we can watch something on the phone or email me back in the morning to get a chance further questions about your life and death of a few days ago by my side friend.
monolith (message 2 of 3)

On my own personal injuries are not the intended recipient of my favorite part time work for you guys are doing well as a whole comprise a safe space for your time in a minute to get a new one for the first time since we were the house is in my mind that you have a good day and age group is the only way you want me now when you get home and I am a beautiful person who is the best way to get a chance to win the game.
monolith (message 3 of 3)

The last few years and I are still interested in your room and the other side effects of this email address in your life with a new one is a very long time ago and it will be a great way for you to meet him and his wife and children and their own lives in a minute or two of us who are not going anywhere else in my mind and body of writing. Regardless
omophagia nervosa

our venery
along our
long lengths
hits bone
only
skin deep.
heavy breath
and
bruised skin
featherweights
waif thin
pressed like
wafers
chafing layers.
you are
wild and wiry with
a-frame ribcage
all pinprick pores
and
facial hair on
shoe-brush jaw
buffing lazy
circles over
pert pudenda
fervor-fertilized
portent grin
all-efficient
lipwise.
your fingers
jointed birch limbs
probing
sparking
best combined.
i could eat
these aches
for days
for i eat
much less than
i used to
would rather
waste time
and
gouge out
our irises.
praise

hallowed be thy nameless things
praise be thy depravity
to name the things that best stay nameless
naming things surpassing name

esteem nor skill cannot distill
equivocal to mononym
the deepest depths are plumbed again
to those who swear they see
the things they name-call carefully

things that have yet have yet been
need only fear atropos’ shears—
extinction is merely in orthonym
two sentences (window poem)

i leave the windows open
   when it's raining
   just enough
   to not let in the cold,
because the cars
scrolling pavement
sound like more than just
wet rubber masturbating,
   even though they wake me,
and the wind and water
   seeking glass
sound the same as
storms we staged
on that damned window—
   you know,
   the one in your room
   that can’t be closed,
   although we’ve tried.
but i will sleep plenty tonight
(whereas last night,
   you slept none)
so i won’t worry,
though i do mind
your sleepy breath and
sweaty sheets,
and yet
i think i only keep you around
   for the way your arms
   find their way around me
   in our sleep.
this edgy boy
livens up periphery
he is bent fragments
geometric graphics
interfused
in the rough
resolution of
beautiful.
tandem or tangent,
he and i are
all hard limits
one way or the other
without or within
each other.
his is the fractal
unforgotten
beyond
boundaries.
his kiss is how
chain link fence
curls:
sinuous
sinister

fence cutter,
if you cannot
pull down
these walls
take them out
in pieces.