

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 childloin.
a wedge for splitting skulls
i seek.

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- p. 1 *athena*
p. 2 *cassiopeia*
p. 3 *for jackson*
p. 4-6 *monolith (3 messages)*
p. 7-8 *omophagia nervosa*
p. 9 *praise*
p. 10 *two sentences (window poem)*
p. 11 *wide margin on deckle paper*

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

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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.

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monolith (message 1 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.

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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.

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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

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omophagia nervosa

our ventry
 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.

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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.

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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
 thanks 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

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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.

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wide margin on deckle paper

this edgy boy
liven 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.

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