

I feel like it, that's why. I hear it, knots to untie.
I view it , books to unbind.

while you coalesce over the phone into static laughter with your HR Rep
other voice advance trumpet revive diesel armadillo

season of lent Asia advance eclipse

all my Filipino friends sundry Catholic

why cesspool gain peccadillo down insect aisle ten

yeah death parade train nonce to herald lost Genesis

piano obscuro quiescent ah bleat

eye count soldier enemy cue

my assortment murder count as timid Ezekiel
ok I write this so I can slide into hope yeah misterioso

7 HOPEYEAH MISTERIOSO

alarm set 7:30, fresh espresso brew Americano, my dream
sacred plaid Duchamp record in magenta moleskin, your skill in hand while I

ready to chant on our behalf. "Maybe with someone you're more
compatible with," you say drifting off to sleep at 1:30

try to be someone I'm not. At all. Have a nice day
fifty-five high, low of forty-two, feel like thirty-one but actually thirty-nine

my disfigured uncle lead Rome to squander Vienna, sell Argives
for a mil while I access sacaren wheat field, arid, lost

an ill-observed diorama, lesser narcissist no obscure memo
lexicon erode, no tenor denial

why additional noun, a lot less somewhere elopement enamor delay

Enoch lead Dia where fauna allot seed

queerness a fierce desire Unamuno set sail

season of shark Suetonius alleluia hush meow

innuendo guard yung obscure race mo

dilettante owe effort Ezekiel allow
declension last resuscitation

& the thirst give first, in the morning Vril human

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in the morning, do you feel like I do—a complete unknown

in the morning, is the language you use lost to shoulder of leisure

in the morning, do you feel cock burgeon caesura declassify

in the morning, innuendo guards yung obscure Erasmus attention profound
list serve passion libretto

I want to kiss you here, between purlieus parade inferior abyss lead desolate
speech noise candlelight stupor, declension somber emotion

I see you in the morning light as I gavel gravel

drink under Vienna's last anguish

my avuncular lodestar

Im a sagacious villain

wendigo

inamorata

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I remember only recently that summer Devil took over ellipses sense
negative capability all euphoria in me

why did your phone ring mine on its own? Um maybe its cuz you left
our closet door open again, & ghost of little girl asleep there wants to

remind us to keep it shut? I know it sounds loony, but none more so than
summer when Labyrinth came out, entire month of endure

hellish heat New York City tear self into full-on possession
mode you hazard séance inferno, ambience in the way torque can be

save estate river valor persistence

ah! nervous when it came to the third utterance

summoning under breath:

Ill sell my soul to the devil

Ill sell my soul to the devil

Ill sell my soul to—

cut off at last second, afraid Devil would appear

in tidy kitchen of obscurity play supplicant

sordidness noun quality nail insurance atelier

noise empire reliquary Dior taint rose

I think it was eight, Ninang in the shower taking a luxurious bath
switch button on cable console HBO to Playboy

something out of a novel by Trollope! but too exhausted to keep writing
itself &

soldier on

like the Devil

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fuck good Saturday a.m. delay in shower till night
night & you are engrossed in Downton Abbey

more on arousing the Devil that summer at Tudor Towers after I see
communist language iniquity assimilation filial on table

convene, save, equate guitar query insert same-day
bondage Ill brine aquiline avenue, as did Queneau, to whom

sample comely empire humiliate seven way sling proverb,
Nicaragua, Old Europe, tryst

sample undulate cortex, a Medellin coalescence in
rucksack doth annihilate, nonce lasso indeterminate comeuppance ululation

ahh—Saturday

cousin to era of sedation

to commiserate

all my love

under banner

YOUR MOM MAKES THE BEST PANSIT

she O.G.

brisk walk to & from the library
as we skip in step take stairs back

I amortize ma chambre, essay memento mori , sing
probably , more proverb if gold rose persist

but I'm hoping to tell you more about the daemon
supplication in my throat

not an issue of whether at this point, but which

WEEDING ANNIVERSARY

Im on fire
you know Im on fire when you come
closer yes here to beeline the drummer
these kids with blows & body odor mean well
think the way it is I like the sky a villanelle
our selves' cyclical Ill delay vessel anatomy
I figured it out amorous at eight Rome trammeled
ate eight no late umlaut tibia isn't intended
lead volta inured to a room envelope coursing
rope Ill fetch you infinity delay kissing lancer
your tough youth unto mezzanine in situ mezzanine
moving towards a clearing these years across wilderness
on a train my demure equality bubble liquid shell
I kissed your left shoulder glass full off hours
I caught a glimpse I made a vow figure out the difference
sang onto mezzanine your English mine I lower our bath set off & feet