

## Application

For a man who only loves the torso this must be heaven  
Holy, the photograph's mad beheading

Lo, the framed anus  
Lo, the catfish  
Lo, the white man posing with the cat on his chest

Holy the shadow beard  
 Holy the arm arched + tendered above the back  
 Holy the trojan, the rightnow, the john23

O, the pictures we take of our simple sex  
lit + filtered cigarette  
O, exile is a written language  
+ its digital equivalent is drooling

Drive west a mile to be choked by a stranger  
Walk a block south to kneel on black + white linoleum  
North is money + a mouth to empty inside

Who better but all who want it, to host the host on their tongue

Glory, the new houses i've become a part of  
 with a simple smear of semen below the couch  
 Glory, the family portraits smiling as the husband drowns behind me  
 Glory, the hole that opens + moves as i move

sup / looking / you close  
you swallow / you travel / you host

Of course the greek root of icon is a god  
The plate of light i reach my hand through + feel it pulse  
Around my arm

A message from john23—313 ft. away  
*let me ruin your mouth* + it's done. a man makes love  
To his machine + then becomes one