

Burn the Whole Thing Down

Los Angeles tastes like iron in my mouth and I blame my daughters,
for I'm feverish and they stand on the stairs and stare.
They have soiled mouths and blue eyes.
They are beautiful but disgusting because they break the shells and
carry sunflowers, thousands of sunflowers.
A daughter brings the inside outside
and the outside inside. A wife sits on the sofa
in the dark with mercury in her.
I love my wife because of the side effects.
I love my wife because the film has been poisoned
and she sealed it with a kiss and she brings me tiny
flowers with erect flower stalks and large seeds.
She might die in the movie. She might make it until
the enamel cracks. Might drive a car straight through
the feminine body.
Have you ever fallen in love while
a city burned?
Then don't tell me that I'm sexist.
I'm writing a book
and I love the plastic chairs in which I sit.
I'm buying them with spit.