

We run from
the sanctified
moon machine.

IF I'M BORED SAYING IF I TELL

1

What I am really thinking:
Bodies of insects
Sliced—sliced open
So all the jelly shows from their worm body
About to be squeezed out
Onto the table.
I like the pink parts best.
I like the gook inside.
Can I help my hands wanting to do things to their body?

2

No. But I will sit here and wait,
Drinking my tea.
Blooding tea (fine fine)
I will let you know
When I feel my teeth and want to do things
To other things.
I look around in a bad way.
I look for a correct thing.
Sometimes I look at my wrists,
Then my hands start screaming.
My hands stop reading
And just scream.

3

I love to watch
Things on television.
I don't care about a story
Or not, just to watch people *do* things.

I like that.
I feel like doing against-things.
But then I just sit there and watch.
Waiting.

4
Someday I bet something huge
Fucking-to-hell life (and all else) will happen with me in it
People will have misrealized what was there
In me (it's in me right now) all that time in me
They'll say little surprise-things — so *there* —
And I just nod my head.
I drink my tea.
I take care of myself.
I wait for the huge thing that is going to happen.
It will come with silence, leaving marks on my skull.

5
Winter looked at me with horse-eyes
That I believed in.
I believed that warm would come,
Then to feel better.
I got tired of being that way.
The house was full of garbage that I could smell.
I said, "Somebody should do something."
But no one was in the house when I said it, not even me. Hmmmmm.
Then I figure an answer
I think in math and write down lots of numbers
And shapes. I write little hieroglyphic
Fish fish fish fish antelope
With white ears and antlers crawling up out
The head. Jelly in the eyes,
La la la looking into the eyes. Do you trust
Me? Call me

6

On the telephone. I like
To talk on
The phone. I like
Movies about prostitutes. I like
Girls but I don't like
Being a girl. I like to cut
My hair short. (If the gnome
In the story is wicked, he will
Wear clothes branding him
With CRIME and he will have evil
Gestures, to boot.) But I am flailing
Off my glossary of words to let
You *understand* things, to tell
What I feel in the fastness
Of never-stop. Do you
Tap into my speed, my slick dictionary of "consternation?"

7

Numbers. We read numbers
They help us along. I shake so nerfous.
Faster time in me than you I bet.
Music, crush me on the inside,
I want to be lifted up.
Send me a message, here.
I want to talk I want to write myself
Safe. But until then, I don't have a thing

8

To say. Nobody does.

9

My bones are lying in middle of me.
Count them. They are taking a bath.

10

I know what to do, too.

I know what to do:

I will stare the fizz out of my wrists and drink my tea
And tanks of water.

Fish. Fish. I will survive

This little speak (this little speck) and another and another.

I will go on. It will bring me a friend.

ALL LIFE

For instance, if we took a battering ram
To this here door because it's in our way,
We'd end up where we always wanted to be.
Isn't that right? Because good things come
Our way but only in tiny throbbings. Hell,
I wouldn't sell my soul for all the rum
Cokes in the world. Oh, honey, love me on
And do what all *I* tell you, no one else:
Keep your good eye on the road and if you're driving,
Signal, so the deadbeats know what all you're doing.
Give them a chance. Forever is a long time on
The freeway. You make the access lane, you hope
To merge. It's like joining other blood cells
In a vein, swimming in that stuff, against the pulse.

I'M TALKING TO YOU

You never said lonely would feel this way.
From here, I can see the ferry nose on in
Like the phrases from songs I can't wait
To forget. Sea birds, saying the same thing