

11 POEMS

THE LOVE LETTER

This is not a love-letter.  
I have put you out of my mind.

It is to fill you up  
Until you vomit.

You are a mail-box.  
I am snow.

WORDS

Dead flowers  
for sick people  
words cannot express

AD INFINITUM

i am your first nude  
man be sure you get

my poem in your  
picture your picture

is in my poem  
etcetera

OF US

Afterwards the sheets  
That smell of you you  
Tell me smell of me.

what is the color of the rope round your neck