

theoretical girl summer

underhanded in

the final row of deciduous specimen
canopy turtlenecks augur a more
complementary inflorescence

per the mutably stormless open sky
baraka min al murshidat
discerned through a tinted window

more endorphins carry telegraphic signals
fortunate across continental rifts

so a couple of bright colors spell a crescent so what
shaded like a settled evening

from the inheritance of hikma there are
a theology of space and an orientation
celestial bodies dancing patiently
tossed up in the pool

resting and resisting

came to terms ages ago with an empty desk
fortunate and unfriendly
disparate thunderclouds in an abyss of possibility

eric cantor lost his primary and i was shoved into that black hole
i don't know what i did with any of it

digressions written out in dark chocolate nightmare rotations
i never felt that stillness again
 (Save for the moments of revelation
 darting through the wind in
ontological reversal again)

sometimes i approach it in a confusing whisper of a dream
but the calefactions are incapable of signing it

when two treasures bend in the woods i am unfortunate
and friendly i can't countenance the sky

Diaea ergandros

pandemonium and wolf blitzer
bow-tied and i bury myself into july again

(this is like the opposite of that)
 no primaries no cold air no cannibalism anymore

execution 1

without tarantulas on the tiled
walls under the dark
night of the sierra madre.

under this sky screams iconic
incantations in their stead
steam off the barrel of a
vintage shotgun still lingers
hours later within
don juan's entrusted estate.

fixation

drinking the blood of the bowed head
it is always warm stays

sort through sainthood you
bow your head execute bisabuelita juanita also says something about the
removable pads on my cowprint bikini top with the yellow strings

unchanging days

all stone still warm
alacrane shimmy up the shower
all beings here
search for clean water

im worried

about a spot on my ankle again

in 5th grade i kicked through a glass door
and got stitches and drank ginger ale and passed out
and had to make up a homework assignment about bayer aspirin

and then i woke up
and it was sprained twice badly at least

on winding branches waiting for me
poison ivy to which only i was allergic

i've already blurted out the secrets about the spiked lemonade to an audience

i fell into a hole doing archival research
i'm back to tell myself how it went
i haven't fact-checked the location yet

but apparently at 18 i composed a series
of sloshed journal entries in the spanish language and had the forethought to
transcribe them. so i was treated to a take on Ginsberg's *America* but set south
of the border (evil, abolish ICE)

i don't know how to deal with bad news

the motor scooter

ive seen a few different teen boys trade
it for glory across the park at golden hour
rush behind me in the
welcome July breeze

they wait for each other
to bring it back nah
(man its relatable where the fuck is it)
are you really going over there
announces return with the horn back minutes

later in a wife beater maybe lost his shirt they're
the clique it is the scooter boy summer

it's ponytail's turn
you found my shit?
WHERE THE FUCK IS IT

i try

to read and again condense

i wait for enough time to pass

she has been on hold for the better part of an hour

the elevator music punctuated by thank you for your patience

the sun hits my left forearm in an unfamiliar

pattern through the pathetic little canopy

somber woodwind instruments hum

a few more pages in the pavement

we appreciate your continued patience

execution 2

every animal in the night
canterbury tales for the sorceress
comes up with ways que senas

last call for dominoes in a thunderstorm
all eight limbs a phantom memory
secret antidote is a sugar pill

as hard as you believe the shroud
will darken and bleach in the
rays that sharpen along the highway

those patterns will radiate
tie-dye spells on a blank canvas
they are passive
boot-leg bottles
they do not change
most importantly, the discography
flames

xxx

peek again
torture playing musical chairs
wind
sentimental and demanding editing

