

HISTORY IS A WOMAN, LET'S BE GAY

God, you're stealing language and paper from me.
The work has become your body.
I kill you, I kill myself, I love you,
I love myself. Give me a gangplank, lightning.
I'm blind. I'm mute.
I lie on the sand, full of jewelry.
You are under the fingers, under the fingers.
Some bunny will hop by, or some farmer
will roll a tire. I'll eat
with a spoon, I'll always eat with
a spoon. In heaven there are shock rooms,
a flame that people waft on
the roe. I'm your parallel man,
I'm your parallel man.
I anoint you so that nothing costs you,
so that you'll be mine. Legendary is the space between your
thumb and middle finger, a silent assault when the thing
falls. Why hasn't it until now? Why are you still holding
me? I don't believe I'm
mortal when I'm looking at you, when I'm caressing you, when I'm
eating you.

CAMUS

The front of the house. This is the large front
of the house. Flight is restrained. Will it navigate
the dust beneath the skin? Hold on to
the human voice. The vault for a trunk of meat. Hold
on to the human voice. It climbs on its nails
pessimistically and grabs a nun. Kiss
Descartes, the one you hate. Slather penicillin
around the fingers. Like the cactus of a hiking boot. Like
a white elephant moving forward. Don't rip up
the roots. Plead for modesty and silence and
earthiness. A strap. You're my strap.
You barely hold on. I can barely resist
the urge to tear you apart completely. Soak yourself
with gasoline and fire. Go into Marshal Tito's
barracks, to the hallway where you kept guard,
into the washroom that you frequented —
a pig trough all around —
where you poured gasoline, lit
a match, watched how the fire burst
into the quadrangle so that you'd calm down.

GOD'S RING

Altars are the seal of the city in the mouth.
Cuttlefish tentacles scrape against heaven.
Black prophet. White shoulder.
Wings are plucked by the breeze.
Dalmatians limp on ladders.
Where is the metal Grail?
Snow is the cost.
The cathedral is my peacock.
I'd rather clean shoes (dead leather) than walk on a grave.
Massage *my* heart as long as I'm alive.
My heart—the field of God.
Thin saint. White ass—sweet.
The halls are in the mouth of White Hall,
soft by the Hammer.