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.
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,
sweet by the Hammer.