

ERIN ROBINSON / Bad Guest

If my tongue is whet

the traffic / moon / moth / mesh
entered my room with the elements
that composed my nightish mornings

by supernatural bread and wild stores then I delight

I made coffee
in the dark, I made it on flames

Burned furniture, applied makeup in bold strokes

am wealth without end

Readied myself to go at dawn
where I could not bring myself to go at noon

Rammed like a moth

anarchy of the most sensuous kind

the western wall, tattered myself
into a powder

Elk-velvet, ambergris, civet gland, orris, estrogen
I was hard to remember
hard to count.

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I learned to be a resource like this—

Man sees drunk virgin, 14
fucks her on rock, warms his dick
in her blood

—*No*

—*Fuck you*

—*Fuck you!*

—*I knew you'd come around*

I closed my eyes
then opened them, memorized his kind

and can spot them anywhere
mythical things don't like to be seen

goldenseal, musk deer, a flask of male tears

some evaporate, some I don't know
where they go

leaving me free to envision splendid cock all day,
on the loose fucking men so gaily !

Two decades,

Slam

Sword

Bat

Foam

Dove

Woad

Lick

Lamb
Red

Hilt
Mood
Bend
Regina
Sold
Endings
Fire
Bruise
Rhythm
Limit

(Two
decades—)

Just to break some stranger off by a lake
in a land before internet