

dearest Naoko, who said the horseshit is astronomical

Natalie Helberg

the parable-head of the darling wench is shot through with tree roots in the scolding,
November ground. where they left her, her obstinate nails grew. her hair grew to spite
the shambles of her skull, which they jostled and licked and seemed to love, and then
smashed like a very worthless vase with their shovels.

dearest Naoko,
i am without the grammars of the muses.

dearest Naoko,
i have a dirty mind and a dire tongue.

dearest Naoko,
we wanted the anomie of an hour glass.

dearest Naoko,
we wanted the daily dose.

of an edifice, we revelled:

we revelled at semi-colons in graveyards.
we wanted a thoughtfulness *sans explication*.

we wandered in chain, which is a sequence.
we squatted in sour piles, in your laundry room.

the eye, we gouged out of God.
the critic, we ticked on.

the street on which the rats run
and the meats hang salted.

the cemeteries which go down several layers
in countries older than our own.

there is ash in the sky on which your mouth opens.
the reliquary gram

of cockroach.

the reliquary gram of cockroach exists

in capsule-form
my doctor prescribes

to the god he prays to.

the run in your tights, we matriculated.
the ex-bone, we vent of.

the lunatic split in a cherry.
the pink clit and the puss, luckless.
the dumb tongue. the undecibelled pussy.

we washed jeans disaffected
by our various selves
which were saline
and contradictory
and hypocritically coeval.

in a succession of texts
and blandishments
we addressed ourselves dyspeptic:

the self, sulked in insult.
the nervine self rinsed its mouth out
and tarred my public holes.

dearest Naoko, to swallow a grievance
must necessarily produce a bad temper.

my chance was
your charge card.

my ransom, somatic.
my presentation
against all good advice

an unfulfilled
promissory note.

i needed a coalition to help my nails grow.
you needed a cryptic Greek to harken back to.

there, in a Delphic jar, this calcite de *fille*
en aiguille, this dactylic stink script.

isles of this sixth chapter.

sublunary atmospheres, as argued.

in desert, in edict.
in lung, or cunt.

though errant, and sex-scuffed Faust,
though genial devil you've kept

into your old age
and felt

in good company with.

there was bumptious skulduggery in the train yard.
there was rhetoric the way wild nails click.

for a frown is an installment.
for blindness, the trope of ignorance
and inner-sight

to sit the proper across,

to whip propinquity,

to wit jizz like party-foam
about this brickwork.

dearest Naoko,
my America's a chapped dad.
we mosey west, holding hands

and i ask him in my child's voice
by what lanterned self-sabotage
two men with white monocles
assembled ships in my uterus.

dearest Naoko,
i peed on a stick yesterday, in confirmation.

dearest Naoko,
to diva cocker spaniels, i give the spiel of heritage.

dearest Naoko,
i appeal to you as a repository.

dearest Naoko,
i wish i could quit occluding you as i vent.

dearest Naoko,
in a similar epistle form, forgive me.

dearest Naoko,
i am ephemerally angry at Hannah Arendt.

dearest Naoko,
the foregoing clause is not an expression of fact.

it is an eroticization of the proper name.
it is an impulse of language.

dearest Naoko,
if etymology is militaristically O.K.,

then there's nothing to do
but a morphology of grand aneurisms,

then there's everything that is the case
to say, in harrowed portions.

by the train-tracks, we retched.
by the wrecked head.
by the lion stripped
on the seventh step.

the moon, we repudiated.

we took thread to the hall mirror.
we poked in tiny sex glands.

we bottled the morbid
rubification of sense.

we rollicked with goth-girls, but died
in our own eurocentric gist.

we whored our wherewithal with rucksacks.

we spoke without adding anything,
vetted excess.

we groped and begat, lied to tusk.

we were chumps or we were tarts.

through our sharp feet, we stabbed daggers.

we cooled anarchic diremptions.
we splintered.

our Antigone was bird-picked, scraped, un-regulate.

all bread-geared citizens were thus assailable,
cribbed to the massive, protean point
of wax.

that November,
they were the fuck-face, Sapience.

cold cuts and cut gull perks.
nettled mourning sickness.

alluvia off our stamina-ed, cosmetic repeats
made us clear to the girl in her death-ditch,
made us clerks to the putrefact.

dearest Naoko,
this is the putrefact.

above my breyer Nazi joy, there is a jet-choir.

in a drawer in a town the trains blow over,
there is her jewellery in a cotton shirt.

trains are the correlates of malformed coins.
a sinus of misinformation.

dearest Naoko,
your disquisition.

dear inertia.

these are inclusive delusions.
these beckons, these summons.
these soaps, these handshakes.

dearest Naoko,
this is impossible.

you are dry throughout your body.
you are bristle throughout your body.

there is a hoary solo of old dial phones.
there is the bone, the ingredient.