

Five Poems

John Rufo

Cherryfaceblossomeyessunflower
separationmeanxietyfantasyretrog
radefourmercuryfourtimewelivein
eachothersspinesyoucantfoolplant
sgayhusbandrywetsheetschoosyfr
uitsclosestwowyouwentthrualotof
effortnottounderstandthisistherai
nstraightcancarebeuncaringandvio
lentwhatsviolencestopinsistingoni
nnocenceandfacevalueandvaluean
dcuringthewaypeopletalkaboutthe
declineofbookstoresandwhatneig
hborhoodsyuhavetotraveltoinor
dertostealwhichbooksitsintheway
moreprisonsareopeningthanschoo

lsandtheschoolsmakewayforprofe
ssionalswhocancontinuetoimpriso
ntheworkingdayiswhenwellworkit
outoutsideivealwayswantedtobean
epigraphbutnotanepitaphyoucant
overdoseatourweddingwithouttak
ingmewithyouletscomeupforbreat
hebeforetheseadividesforourwalk
againhowdoimakesureifyourecryi
ngthenimalso cryingiknowthewayt
omakeyoucryandournicesmellingh
airthatoffeelingairtogetheressentia
lscollectionagencywerenotlooking
foragencywerelookingforthesea

love monastery

what to wear to the endtimes
intaking the bullhorns of bullets
the social event of the bedroom when thighs birth charted
glanced glimpsed groaned gloated don't shush me I'm crying
oh my god that's my husband
and that's a knife
in the wife-night overcoming
on the lips spelling into tongue
dictionary of unjustified ingestions
material historical solitary maternities
of Saturn returning without receipts step
yet today I'm eating so slowly
grazing, really
on wild blue grasses of which you know names
and knowledge of freedom from as knowledge
of freedom for as knowledge of freedom to be
without freedom the free dumb domination
to forsake sacrifice turn away from mountain peak
time 4 turning back so we turn into seasonings
sodomite wild angels with swords of liquid lace
of lay me down in my absolute hermitage
called minor key unlocking ocean studio
at 4am the next number we'd like to dive into is duet
called don't die on me until I die first every
night silk goosebumps and fever crown
without own without self at all I would
like to live with you in that lovely place of love that love places
for us subject offline in my own running away not alone
and alongside a weird thirst demons smell but can't trap

lost hand hanged man

crushing dreams and four ways to press flowers I
endeavored to learn a more glorious gnostic gospel
beyond god and wholehearted lessness wont you
stop by for a slice of something and my succulent
complaints that fierce delicious din dancing on
mapmaking let me whimper all over your attention

you wake up before me you will always be older
than me you count more than I do (I believe this) (I
believe you) (I rely on you even if you don't rely on
me) (my messed up notions and notetaking abilities)

so who's got the switch because we're not dancing
with all the lights on
and whose blood is this flooding on the floor and I
can find my heart

you wanna fight?
you got something to sing to me?

something about isla ng

a quietude that's rain-attitude

the problem of philosophy is

not our fucking problem I'm sorry

the world is nothing but the world

and everything is a question

: does it really have to be this way ??

(the world is everything that is the crush)

or are we too settled to settle for more

let's forget any kind of settlement

just roam around a lot and be

this romantic mode of isolation our

courage comes when we decimate

our ideas concerning decimation

on that note I want to be alone

but I want to never be alone

skeptic but make it fashion

and all the soul's slick locked doors

deleted scenes

There was no goal in mind, save maybe a desire toward mindfulness, but even that fullness was too much, was neither here nor there.

So there was a striving, a struck-light.

I do not remember the book I do not remember the time but what I do remember is reading about two poets who once took a bus through the city with no proper destination and on their laps with whatever scraps of paper they could muster up they wrote poem after poem after poem after poem and at the conclusion of whichever piece of material on which they were composing they would furiously laugh and throw said fluttering thing out the window, where it flew with garbage and air.

I think on an artwork that can fly and be forgotten.

I am obsessed with the delete key because I think the delete key is simultaneously obsessed with me.

Spaces between words and the non-silence of tapping.

The scene was a ride around a city, which maybe I didn't read but I somehow experienced, lived, but with no memory of my own body.

To release poems into the wild, without pretending that they were ever really held in one's own captivity.

When we read to the ocean together the ocean gathers.

The ocean sustains, it deepens and leaks, it also shortens on shores and conjoins and condones erasure of hidden written matter.

How much writing I sent for after with false notions of preservation forever?

A simple archive. No achievement.

What I want is to dive deeply and make the mutter matter and muddy.

There is that book, have you read it, entitled *Imitation of Christ*...I am wondering after imitation of imitation, photocopy of photocopy, so much light that the material keeps whirring and re-wiring and writing upon itself, until what we receive is a photograph of a photograph of a photograph of a graphed un-graphed grafted model. Does it fly?

So I am living in disillusion if I am livid all the time.

So I am living in disillusion if I am led by my sound-sense. Bird-wisdom.

I am living in the dissolve of myself and this country and every head of state.

If the lesson: do less.

A number of scores and sore throats and sepia tones do not appear in the text (unless you are practiced at witnessing the window through which all the

poems are tossed after they're written, the commute communication practice of considering your metaphysics on the ride and the way you ride and way you get worn out and wearing) will now face considerable surfacing here at this juncture, this junkyard beat up bric-a-brac brigade of brigands and grandeur only false because you can't sense its fallen-ness, slips under the water and swims.

Ashore we lack but luckily we're afloat in the flow even as we sink.

To hack the poem.

Give myself unauthorized access to my own self, which is to say that saying that often comes up in the calming too often clammed up nodal of song before reaching a modulation that pitch-screach-scream-crack-as-soon-as-I-say-I-don't-believe-in-romance-I-fall-in-love.

Psycho-poetics, the analysis of which is song-scouring the obscurity of life-world.

I've been doing the same thing over and over since I was born (and even before then), just in different registers and registries and places and planes. Our last winter. Sylvan trees and boughs of Sylvia. Burrowed and borrowed and snuck in to have a party.

Absent-minded, outmoded, old-fashioned, fashion this absence like you would an arbor.

And now I have another question.

Do leaves hold forth I am very curious about the little conversations branches endure.