

Just as there was an entire dimension on the inside of the coffin, so there was a beautiful, fully staffed country estate inside the tiny cottage towards which we walked from the customs parade. You stood at the top of the driveway and gestured towards the place, thatched roof, floral accoutrements, and said  
“Welcome home” with an open mouth which smiled.

### **Calculating, Through Passionate Contemplation, The Ways In Which You Can Be Touched**

This teeny cabin is really a huge house once you get inside!  
Which can also turn into a ship when called for to flee from      what?

You are the sound of a dragging angle in someone’s femur,  
You are the natural qualities of my ocean, a fresh sprig of herbs,  
You are the mystery of my collection, semi-charmed kinds of breasts,  
stomach like a vagina. Uhm. Will you marry me. This is painful.

The house becomes a huge cruise ship, staffed by the little men.  
They bring us little sandwiches and we twirl our sp—

I’m sorry I called you dead. I meant I’ve still got a  
lot to learn. I hope they’ll “buy”  
the dummy me I left behind.  
I can’t live with my parents while I’m  
pregnant with you, they’d want you for themselves.  
The sky’s a blackboard high above you.

We twirl our parasols and prank the humans when we're on pre-Raphaelite  
morphia

Received SUN 1/2 6:17 pm: "Yo come over and drink or huff if you wanna"  
you are a fun, giggly drunk. I flip the tea tray just to watch  
the little men scramble cleaning on their knees.  
Are they supposed to be our equals?

My baby is tiny and talking about what could be RL examples,  
"In my cosmology, bird in a tree is a concrete idea and it means  
your daughter is beautiful," coming soon from Oxford University Press.  
You bring it and me home to your family (all your modernist ex boyfriends,) but you make them be polite. To me and the baby, who's you.

The seating chart's like,

Blick	Bashful	Huckepack	Axlerod	Biddy	Grouchy	Blossom	Friday
Flick	Doc	Naseweis	Bartholomew	Diddy	Klutzy	Critterina	Monday
Glick	Dopey	Packe	Cornelius	Fiddy	Lazy	Marina	Saturday
Plick	Grumpy	Pick	Dexter	Giddy	Sloopy	Moonbeam	Sunday
Quee	Happy	Puck	Eustace	Iddy	Smiley	Muddy	Thursday
Snick	Sleepy	Purzelbaum	Ferdinand	Kiddy	Tubby	Sunburn	Tuesday
Whick	Sneezy	Rumpelbold	George	Liddy	-	Thunderella	Wednesday

We listen to the same song (*listened*) over and over, it's like

*nuh nuh nuh and never look back we'll never look back.*

Annoying, but I tolerate. How did you get your hair so like blue like—  
And you get sticky. Is it sex yet? My sexiness is a very hard red cube, but yours,  
I am frustrated by. Where we've gotten. My friends chat me.

*Wait, hang on reader, we'll, viewer, don't touch that dial, I said we'll fuck.*

Red ants were attracted to y—  
I am attracted to you I said.  
Red ants were attracted to *you*,  
don't do yourself down. Don't call a kettle.  
Don't hold your horses in midstream.

I can't tell which of these little men in round glasses is Him.  
I know jealousy's wrong and a sin. I mean, yeah, you're hot, I can't blame 'em.

I want to be part of the family of modernist boyfriends  
but how can I?? It's all *fathers*. I admit I feel helpless. And you know it's.

Meanwhile everyone's like  
*how r things goin with that chick*

It's hard to change my perspective on the war.  
Your patriotism's couched in ahistorical, like,  
I'm so far from what I—nevermind.

I buy you a drink. I wanted to say, baby, that I...  
What'm I doing here, look at me, my hands shaking. I'm a shy guy without my  
physical body,  
I guess I've got a lot to—I buy you another drink. So how long do they have to  
live with us?  
Is this how we teach the children. I'll give you a whole litter.

Amazing; machines can get drunk I didn't know  
I'm frustrated. I'm frus—to learn. A new way of living.  
This is a shitty story to tell. My audience watching me cry.

You want me to                      I always feel                      You're right.

Did you say I've got a lot to (I can't find your vagina, will you make me tiffin)

Well don't think I'm trying not to—I try to make you comfortable conversation  
but it's suddenly  
all Resveratrol: Summer Bang Bus July 2010 Scene 1000 take, take, take.  
The movie zooms in on Alice's face. She screams.

*Are you serious she asks, are you serious? Finally finished.*

I smooth talker about my talents, my objects, *my objects*, I insert em,  
all hard red cubes, and they are radical enhancement, n antioxidant.  
I fascinate you, “You age?”  
I can eat pussy but *coughs* 's 'a reversa. Orgasms definitely bird-like.

Shhh someone's coming. N my desk is *untidy you're all over it*. Flee.  
Come hide in my head. JK. I keep checking my Groupons.  
I want to get you something, but I need to make sure they deliver.

Your little black—  
Your little red—  
Your little black—oh my god.  
Fl f  
I am the least difficult of—  
All I want is boundless, uhm,

Little red panties there are fake bees and a hex. Face down on the hex mess. Face  
down on the hex bee.  
The little men keep *texting* you. But when I try to take your phone away I catch  
fire.  
Dammit, ye hex. Not the bees. I have a nightmare where you're carried off by  
parakeets and doves  
but not ravens, at last clattering towards the moon on horseback. They were  
opening you, waking you.

I say *my* ∨ (*intentions* ∨ *good*)  
but they hear = (*my* ∨ *intentions*) ∨ *good*.

They don't like me but they're interested in my golden hair, face down on the mattress.

they keep touching it to see if it's real, like "gye jen"

I propose a Honey honey honey honey honey honey honeymoon.

*My sword is bent.*

*It'll be all right.*

*You're just taking*

*a while to get started.*

*- I'll make your sword straight.*

*- No, it's dead.*

## Ecstasy and Me

As to the memory where both of us had small motorcycles  
our feet pawed the ground at stoplights, is it real?  
through a Pearl Necklace of small towns, is it real?

The question is  
whether it's a real memory.

I sleep for days  
and wake up.

Where is everyone?

Everyone's outside and look up at the sky, an eclipse, a spell a shadow is  
coming over.

It is the massive eyeball of my BFF, searching the net for my whereabouts.  
The little men laugh at her and call her racial slurs, "gey jen," I make a fist  
and drink hot and fast from the machine. Your ex lovers are rude.

It was on French Vanilla that I burnt my mouth, lover, should I say, might I let's.  
I had never heard anyone speak so like me, you imitate me so, I tell you about  
the ole me.

I exaggerate about how much I didn't love her:

*The worst thing about it was living with an addict. It may sound  
ridiculous, but I lived for twenty-six years in a body that was  
addicted to food. I was scared to talk to anyone about it, because  
the longer it went on, the more ashamed I felt for staying. It got  
to the point where I felt I needed food every few waking hours:  
several times each day! Have you ever lived with an addict? My  
life was just organized around tending to her needs: a typical day  
would begin with a trip to the fridge, where she'd eat two cups*



*of raisin bran in milk, an entire glass of orange juice, a cup of coffee and an entire banana. That would be around 10 AM, and by 2 PM I'd find myself there again, consuming an entire bread roll and an entire tomato with salt. Then I'd usually have a relief for oh, four hours or so, before finding myself compulsively eating again: this time a can of chicken noodle soup and about half a bag of baby carrots. And after all that...I'd still want more. I know, it's hard to believe, but I felt like if I didn't eat food, every single day, I'd die!*

I overstate, saying that having a body was just hell on so many levels, no homo. There were those back home who are even now toasting my abilities and me, my abilities!

It was not a good visit, but still I had you.

To lead you, to my sciences, and will try to help you.

Honey, honey, honey, are my people the enemy? If you would be so sweet, and only—

There are those who will avail themselves of the rich traditional, a healthy degree, took down to the sodden base, there are those who people my people people past.

There were those who say, we will pay for your abortion (Aetna is their God).

They say, we will open your checking account (Aetna is also their God).

Your aesthetic starts to wear on me.

The architecture of the houses is wildly disparate.

There is a sudden rise of the bird. But the sex is better.

That is accurate, there's a sudden rise of the birds,

before an earthquake which is, like angry sex, y'know,

the air shatters with birds, which reflects (reflects?) the coming earthquake.

Reflects meaning pre...pleo...(choose contingency, it's fine, whatever).

I told myself that with you and your lil men, I'd discovered the joy and sweetness of self control.

Secure secure, silently adored, I teach you how to write "sentimental styley", and when you speak it's, it's rapping it's rapping it's rapping you write my "movie" you write my "desolate past." And for a fight song, you cry yourself.

I'm proud but bored.

I no longer find the territory bound by your intellect so thrilling:  
too much like Old Me.

The question of Fitting In became Tragic: I make connections with the old me through a secret account.

When we drive up to visit Else in winter, it's winter "New York Styley."  
I lose you around a bend and I don't see you again, the earth is broken there.  
And I begin to remember the old songs all about women, and all from my perspective. Even in this, at the sound of a far off motor, you come whirring back to mind, arriving between facts. I'm not complaining.

Love, sweet love, the slanted ceilings, wooden floors, the bevelled things,  
The frisbees strewn 'cross courtyards, all makes a perfect image called your college. I adore these places, and you in them. Not so much the little men.  
We can get the dog if you                      We can name the dog if you'd only.  
We can name the dog Little Rosed One. The little men can walk it.

Still we are bound, destined to endeavor, and to the critical.  
Why did you never tell me how sweet it is: the rational?  
When we return aboard the ship, they immediately began trying to feed me, even taking blood, saying, "dinner" while "narrating" somehow.  
I realize half of another finger is gone, replaced by                      *sparkling gas*.

Having taken in one of my kind, the lil's consider themselves pioneers.  
And under watchful little man eyes, I've become aware of my own tastes and if asked to recite them, can. For example I wander,



dressed in green, in yellow stockings, hungry to the bagel tray.  
This is a composite image of all the things I like, when I'm annoyed.  
The lil's are fascinated by stories of my B'day.

Shit yo but I miss my birches.

Oaks. *Birches*. "Willow"s.

The birds round here are all pets or else they've died of freezing,  
despite the virtually unlimited array of employment opportunities.  
Just because. Baby...

Try to be patient with my decorporation. I was a swinger of birches,  
you know? Can't just *not* now.

Then He arrives! In a heated snow storm! During the War!

He doesn't say anything at dinner, just yells his name one time.

So this is Him huh. To go outside in weather like this is crazy, say the lils.

But he is the boss so they can't say "kwazy," they just come banging on the door.

He is their favorite teacher, he doesn't want his students to just  
accept what he tell them but to, go and ex—

Class turns into a debate once I join *Le Mix*. He likes it?

HE

I won't say anything which anyone can dispute.  
Or if anyone does dispute it, I will let that point  
drop and pass on to say something else.

I

I understand but I don't agree that it is simply a  
question of giving new meanings to words.

HE

Turing doesn't object to anything I say. He  
agrees with every word.

I

I see your point uhmmmmmm.

HE

I don't have a point.

I

Oi *enough* already with this.

We aren't so different, him and me.

I also don't want my students to just accept what I tell them,

though of course all they wanted was to take you from me.

And it turns out He's also from earth. I give him a note. I start acting out.

Grumpy catches me shoplifting: \$21.48 worth of laxatives and eye drops.

There's a house-meeting about it

and everyone's fake-concerned that I'm doing it for attention.

You're mortified. You won't even look at me.

We listen to the same song (*listened*) over and over.

Yeah I've kinda lost that lovin feeling.

I remember your, the way, and run outside in my imagination, shouting, where  
have you been.

I was thinking about reaction, provision, when I lost it, that loving.

Sick to my stomach now, the mountains look treacherous when I peek out  
from the ship slash mansion parlor. You think you know what I'm on about?

Why did you show me your power, false nature? I wanted to visit the college  
of my love-object. But the atmosphere rejected me.

As punishment for my actions, I'm forced to star in an amateur film.

They shoot me holding a rose and asking you out, then hanging myself from a  
tree.

With a BG of the redwoods, behind, drily, forcing it, C: crying, confessing:

*I'm hella metaphysical, I'm guilty, I'm guilty*

I've left behind the entire world for you baby, I wanted anniversary and real  
rational love.

memorie n tiny bite to eat, and this chair, this attractive chair, an installation  
which eats costumes and long long hair and I devised paintings and silences and  
tall girls

I've filled the background,  
the fire at me feet starts 2 burn black but s  
we've,  
I like yOu

our eyes, they cn't s3e to say

Once the little men burned me at the stake I decided I'd had it. I miss my body, I  
miss my fam.

Who was I kidding. I can't live this way. I miss "The Real" so much that I'm  
writing love poems to Planet Earth!

## The Nature Poem of My Sentient Home

O sweet trees and the mountains and the fish,  
Smaller and larger fish tree branches full of syrup, all  
Grasses full, full with sugar coming out to honeysuckle mouths  
Oh! Nature! All humanity responds with corresponding awe, your  
o'erpowering roar opens with ease the cavity of my chest, come!  
Little sister! Get out of that jacuzzi and flow of human misery!  
The Sea of Faith will carry us,  
A symphonic answer to our cares:  
the trees! So various, so naked, Oh!  
With tremulous leaf and flower, show!  
A truth transcending what we know!  
Let every man be carried there.  
The jacuzzi is a palimpsest,  
But nature is very honest, nature is bee-loud.