

lobotomize me before you eroticize me

please,

the old box can't take it please

the matchsticks cannot be arranged for you tonight sir

so you may have to do without , sir

*what is the quality of scrupulosity when it makes no stabs at justice on the exterior?*

I used to sew cleanliness

behind my neck

and store it there to collect dew

but whomsoever would turn against me

might receive no lashes of tongue

think of monoliths

obelisks traveling in the night, silent grace entombed

and

stars grazing their flanks. On quiet nights ,

amongst the grass,

they migrated

and I between them, agony redoubled then redacted entirely

a misunderstanding between the gears of me and you

a misunderstanding between me and my cunt, an

unexplained rupture

somewhere west of the highway

whose vitality is desecrated with smoke.