

‘It means exactly what I’ve said, literally and completely, in all respects.’

– Arthur Rimbaud

‘I have made this drawing several times – never remembering that I had made it before – and not knowing where the idea came from.’

– Georgia O’Keeffe

Plainspeak

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Just before dawn stars pause above us. Space is
photogenic. Oxygen uranium & gold Poet is what we

are made of. One life is not enough to run breathe run
run Poet run across the autobahn orbiting Earth no

need for pausing for cameras blaze a trail grinning
from me to yours burst open speak plainspeak

Oh Poet I love you Poet if no one else will love you Poet
without you I am shadowless the naked part of canvas.

Collateral Damage

Poet hadn't yet made Earth the jobless vigorously typed
not yet news bulletins absolutes weren't yet accident prone

lunatics all wore the same garments no one cockgobbled
a shame not yet sodomites thought love declarations were

daylight saving lies coughed politely from the wings. Words
standing still before Poet stood still a harelipped giant bowing

his head before the mountain in so doing paid homage
to the mountain patiently rivers down its sides.

Vodka & Lime

High up in atmosphere, vertigo intact inside vodka & lime
stashed lifejacket under front seat checked foot underneath

me spins planet Earth. Oil rigs, tankers, pleasure craft, that
accident in 1995 resulted in my crooked smile thin strip of coast

estuaries see those legolicious houses — if I had a big house big
enough to fit I'd have to leave because there'd be no room for me

I could easily fly like this a long long time but the captain won't
tell won't tell he won't tell I yell where my wings are.

Hermaphrodite

Shape of a screaming Goya face-to-face with the face of
my early life a boy is a boy by birth not a girl not a choice is

breaking news worse far worse than when Poet longed to grow
up a Jew chronicle man's history hard-pressed to my diasporic

chest. A slug (hermaphrodite) glides from B to trachea
drainpipe go-kart boy girl girl boy boy girl girl Goya boyohboy

Goy — the rage of sex is fragile outlives the scattered ruins
no amount of Fairy Liquid will wash the mucus off.

The First People

for Marlene Dumas

Your credibility is shot through the opposite
beautiful smarkisses on every bit of I'm asleep

to the question *are you asleep or no awake* to the same
lullaby then asks incredulously *really awake?*

Rudderless coochy coo tumbles through a bottomless
process like colony collapse everything rotting

dehydrating & disintegrating decomposes the universe
no end a colossal baby trying to climb out of its cunt.