

work

by: +

the end
work
a few hours earlier

-

and in this poem
high fructose corn syrup
transmogrified
graveyard

nat
to the queen i never knew

infidelity at the post office
the young brother
aggressive behavior
it's a bright nice shirt

i remember
working at the water temple
dirthand

your dick
my last gender poem
not this time

where my vegan at

love letter to +

+

i am risen

the end

he said today is my birthday

he said buddy he said brother

and if i had believed him at the time i would have hugged him

had written a note to myself earlier today to follow my intuition swiftly

so when he asked me if i was ready to accept jesus into my life ask my lord and savior

the intuition that told me to say yes

that told me to stay awake

to ask him when he got saved

that told me to watch his eyes with my heart as his did mine

told me to not hug him

if i could, i would

but i didn't believe

i stood at my terminal,
thinking about writing this
thinking about the prayer circle
hand in hand with sobriety

thinking about the stories
of sudden flashes
my story
of a sudden flash
in the snow
on the bus
all white
no fear
everyone
everywhere
and god
inside me

god
with me

emanuel

my father and mother
saw it on rolling credits
and knew

you should see people's smile
when i say it
you should see people's smile
when i say it

i would smile back and say
"i know."

i know.

there is ringing
off the walls
and containers
through the space
of this place
of work

it's her laugh
sometimes a guttural
often a siren of joy
going up into the air
a work
of fire

i've wondered if it was fake
a void mannered to beg for attention
i could ask others
but what would they know

thanks to daymon
and the eyes behind his frame
i choose to believe

in jesus, yes
in god, yes
in magnolias, yes
in my father, yes
in the ying yang twins, yes

in a place
where people eat together
in warmth

work 1

I got up
early
half times i stayed up late
I got to work
and it was good
it was me
and it was mine

**

A few hours earlier Sissie commented on Yola's
milkshake bringing all the boys, the 45 year old
married boys to the yard of our mail
processing unit. Her milkshake is, I dunno,
fair skin, her height, an often laugh, her
weight, her jaw, their testosterone, her light
their

hairy mothballs. Now it's
my supervisor and a man
that doesn't seem to like that
I'm alive. It's raucous everyone

around must know the game being played.
Everyone's playing - theirselves. I am
tired, none of them are funny right now
but they laugh and laugh and laugh I mean really
no one would tell if you three just
decided to fuck on the dirty International
Service Center floor, if she decided to say "Get the
fuck out of my face and let me do my job."

I once or twice smirked now it is static, I wanted
to ask Yola who the best man she ever knew was,
maybe I should have asked Rusty and Lem. What
game what planet what voids. After work

what do they think about, do they rub cologne
on their chests and touch themselves, does Lem
stare into whatever lies behind that doorag. Rusty
is sick; does he feel richer, loose as sixteen bars,
if they paid attention to Sissie would she feel
glowing. Maybe; she is faithful she is funny but
she too is unfunny when heehawing at the heehaws
next door, the warriors fighting for empty
pockets they call window shopping.

-

been thinking of myself as a
little wooden circle thing
waiting for humankind's
hammer a nappy rucksack
to be fucked or not fucked
a foot kicking my self
my balls at an ethernet
every single other sack on
the train

but this life is a teabag
maybe in an hourglass
steam

to drink (n.)

and in this poem

I book the flight
in this poem I believe
and I don't wait
I never wait again.
patience is one thing

this...

"I can explain"

I saw the Virgin Air ad

it said it was now

or never or now

or

a little later when things might be more

prepared

for my success

or failure

so i said "now."

and 200 both ways wasn't that much

and the window of travel (ing to you) was during my
off days

and the window of (you) travel (ing away from me)
was during my off days

and i'm better now

sanctified serene and still sick over you like a s'more veteran
like flashes of brown and white so right chocolate sticky sweet

sickly sickly me

lovesickness is divine

it's like homesickness

or practicing lessons for the rapture

and when you saw me

you screamed

you shook your head

and silently cried

you rolled your eyes and ran away

you shot me down

gutsplatter on your front door

and i looked like icarus

high fructose corn syrup

you've been in me since a child

when i thought that if it was engineered for my mouth
it was okay
you call something deeper than a name
lower
sweet sick
i'm a grown puppet swinging scissors at innocent vessels
like who doesn't know better?
dirty teeth with little pieces of you stuck in them
dirty teeth
caked brown

like an ass hole.

there is some otherwordly graveyard
where my friends
spit out bloody teeth
made of me

hitting them in their jaw
with my jaw
my slick talking cool mouth
my principal said would get knocked straight by 15

oh it just became a ninja
nigga
s woulda killed me

but not khiry dirty ass
not andre's forehead
his mouth was way too slow
and he made no fists

sasha put me on time out
molly pretended to be sleepy
then to be okay

i am transmogrified

my heavenly body beset by demons
broken inside out
^ that's word vomit ^

^ that's me throwing gays at dave ^
and his socks
that i love so dearly
and his mouth

this is work
this is living better

blue steps for my enemies
white walls from my friends

nat

your friends become needy
tyrants around you
you're a nighttime sidestreet
for mad barks to rip through
that is strength

you are like a cartographer
in a stop snitching tee
a light that never goes out

i can see you at the top of a house
i'm throwing rocks
you're a window that never
breaks
you are love

to the queen i never knew

you became a supervillain long ago
a gorilla at the top of my friend's mountain
letting his long blonde hair

wisp in the wind between your knuckles

you're the wind too
he is a feather
we know that

you watched us fail at cooking
you asked if he'd gone to class
and i all of a sudden
knew what this was

i'm a feather too

but i peeped through my last high
asking molly about boys who'd rather be water
and how that correlates with wetness
with heat
with frigid conditions

you are the queen i'll never know
i suspect you'll bust your own ghost
before any of us get the chance to

peep you

this is the conversation we'll never have

on behalf of
moments of clarity
and need

everywhere

may we all find

i love my job
my job loves

i'm looking up at country names

walking with a box in my hand, in my ears, Teresa is losing her mind from losing her man:
Tomás, is still receiving letters from, is still sleeping with the woman whose name I cannot

remember now

i am listening to the Unbearable Lightness of Being tucking my fate away in its narration

a woman in wild clothes hugs me like her lost nephew, i'm new here, where she and my father have worked for decades, she shows me a picture of her daughter who i went to high school with who says i had a crush on her who i have never seen before, i pretend, she tells me to not trust any of these motherfuckers, Sabine. that is the mistress' name. Sabine. the woman says my father is a good man, the words turn, she tells me she was never one of his girls

i get in the car with g, he is about to get lost on the way to the train i'm going to get on, we are introducing ourselves he's asking me if i saw his girl come out the post office yet, "yellowbone,"

i'm getting in the car with g again, he mentions his family, wife, church

phyllis is looking away from the custodian "i don't want nothing Married"

he pleads

i walk into the basement,

my father's hand is in my mother's pants, on the washer, i am a quiet child, stepping back up

i walk into my basement, my mother is silent face first in a pile of clothes in front of the washer, i am a quiet child, stepping back up, it's a sunday morning

it's five in the morning,

a husband's brick smashes our window

i am a terrible child,

my mother sleeps with a knife under her pillow

my brother is screaming FOR my mother, for once, on the phone, at someone's husband, it is midnight, my father is at the post office

Es muss sein, Tomás sighs, "so it must be"

it's my first day at the post office, ceecee and i are sorted into the Express unit, into default buddyhood

when a man with dreads pulls up on a forklift and starts talking to her, my eyes are protective, i look at my boxes, they chat

months after ceecee has been let go, she tells me her friend says he loves her, wants them to move in, i message back "but what about his wife?! haha" she has not responded in 90 days

people have their post office families, sissie tells me, she is faithful, my relationship is dying, my hands are small, cassandra asks if my dad is still married, i title a blog post "es muss sein"

I say "..."

I say "...that alone is zero percent happiness but he has like a serious girlfriend" they have like a

ten year saving plan, nicki knows, he's just asked her to fuck him for a cell phone, the day before the strong guy smiled at me i was smiling back when he said "nicki thick as hell" i cannot protect her i can only be her friend i cannot protect her i can only be her friend

in the mirror

sabine and tomás share a sentimental moment

over her bowler hat

over her naked body

for times had

and memories past

it is the most touching passage of the audiobook

i cannot protect you i can only be your friend i cannot protect you i can only be your friend

*

the young brother

"damn. some days i'm a nigga." - big k.r.i.t.

the young brother is marble

now that i've said that:

the young brother is afraid

the young brother outchea

his shoulders' blessings and curses are a mulatto of

force

the young brother is watching

being watched

he wonders about his jewish benefactor

their kinship a mulatto of its own

they both must watch their hands

until their hearts can be open

the young brother has found his true love in this world

and yet sometimes

still wants to fuck the world

til his dick feels as big as the eiffel tower
or sedated
or
free

+:

one day
the young brother's benefactor
is not jewish that
is never mentioned in this poem
there is no cringe to come

the brother
is not young
or afraid of not being young

he is
at present
still your sibling
still you

*

aggressive behavior

u
musclebound boyboy
motoring on a bike
sleeves rolled made biceps
mega bulge as you made it around boulevards
miniscule cap bent off the middle of your medulla
big man frat letters marked always cross your mainframe
marble skin buffed
jawline
party
just pleasing my way through freshman lostness
i remember
doorway
privilege
no more allowed
i remember your black hand
tendons bone muscle
on my chest

shoving backwards
you could have kissed me instead
could have stripped me
in front of "caucasian" crowd
home team homeboys
given me a hickey
pinky promised me
shared your spaghetti
but you were
possessed if ever there was one
pushed my black body away
as my mind had surely pushed yours
you tio tom i'd never word
you bullyboy i never knew
you brother from the same everything
you hurt my feelings
did you remember me years later
i was with britteney and samer and dominique
we had newly stolen plastic roses
u
were a stolen rose made plastic
headphones on
quiet and sidepeeping
one more-ing
i wondered if you shoving me
to refuse admittance to a room i probably didn't give a fuck about anyway
drove you into a deep depression
if i looked like a ghost to you
you looked like one to me
a glistening poltergeist
same sleeves
same everything
except
i had the friends
god i love you

it's a bright nice shirt
khaki shorts
mocassins

it's a job at a post office

it's black
dust

only nice phones here*

nigger
in khaki shorts

like last decade he was trolling Hot Topic

degree from community college
apartment creaks

looking like a cheap expensive blog
at a cheap expensive job

for mates
who like poor men with expensive issues

expansive thoughts
buttoned up

looking at a box called a gaylord
"put you in there and ship you somewhere"
a day before

looking at the ground
while the guys reminisced on Gaylord Focker, meet the parents
"dude... your name is gay focker"

a month before
one of those guys
"so do you just dress eccentric or..."
your dad's middle name is gaylord
meet your parent

ship you somewhere
where the negros
roam free
in eurocentric get ups
eurocentric get downs

be your self

black dust
white light
everywhere

I remember

turning twenty one
in all white
like a word i couldn't pronounce yet

laying in the sun
in front of the water
like
the world was trying to pronounce me

being told to be brave
while scared

made high
now i am

I remember magic
from all those friends' twinkling eyes

I got the nod

work 2:

working at the water temple

I woke up in your clothes
and I was late for work
I woke up and people liked me

I woke up in your clothes
and I was late for work
when I got there people
cared

dirthand

dirthand comes from guatemala

dirthand comes from ohio

dirthand comes from chicago

dirthand comes from the south
side

but most of all
dirthand comes from mexico

dirthand will show you how

racism looks like

me begging to suck your dick

for years

racism looks like

me begging to suck your dick

for years

my last gender poem

i feel my testicles on her back
and then i feel her struggling to hold me up
or no! i feel my body tilting from side to side
over her taped wrists

i cannot help her i can only

galia's teacher said he heard someone say that her
on her hands and knees with -no one- on her back
was just as humiliating

her hair draped down, silent, the frames that help

her see, her black top open and hanging, your eyes
could travel down her body

this piece is just swirled hay and a girl

woman

i dialogue with the teacher about the dialogue between this and "Pilot"
a few yards down,
an immaculate female is trapped in her immaculate
trappings, cosmetics float around her
stars line her thin white back
opened by a thin white dress
she makes up
over and over in a mirror
her artist statement questions power and
powerlessness, if it will ever end

(i think about my trouble the past two days,

the Cassie and Ester Dean song "Bad Bitches" where
bad bitches let him hit it cuz they make him spend it,
10s, 20s, 50s, sasha grey quoted as one person's
dominance is anothers' liberation is this forever?)

galia's friend says it isn't

challenging, is questioning articulately but not
answering
galia says men and money built this ship for her

i'll tell you the answer

i don't want to feel my fucking testicles on the back
of anyone's struggling wrists

unless they want me to

this is probably not my last gender poem

not this time

i make the best poems
when i'm afraid of dying in a plane crash
earth sprouts up to meet me
gravity reclaims me for the core
i die in a party
all alone

i make the best poems when i'm afraid of dying in a plane crash
i've thrown my heart into the air
told it to "go long"
put sudden death on the line for love
let my pretty body shake
in anothers' hands

this time
my heart and body are on the same plane
i do not want to die
but leading into this glorious climax
i've never been more alone
never partied harder
and never more everything
if i become everything nevermore,
i will be tough as a poem
and as soft as a bird in the aftermath
and know
that i ran
and flew high
all alone
in a party
i loved

lol

final descent into PHX

hfcs 2: where my vegan at

of course i want it
sweetness
meatness
of course this isn't the real thing

of course there's a languageless body in mine
calling out
seizing at flashes
of course the time apart makes me
sick
simply: craving
makes me spend too much—
I
make me
I
am this
am tomorrow
am waking up
am the world
of resources
to be sustained.

sustain.

memorial day

this is where i'll be
where nothing ever changes
as sunny
as moonlit as you like
where my mind points to you in a full party
my bodypoints to yours
in an empty room of sunlight
here you can own me
the here that owns you
your own here
that you'll never own
close your eyes
and want
and i'm here
and i'm real
forever
nevermore

you're free to go now

amen

don't be that kind of hero

baby boy

you're as eternal as you wanna

you're a man if you wanna

the man if you wanna

remember the desert?

you grimacing in all white

remember the water?

holy; your reflection

remember your body

a pulsing city of circuits

remember your mind

unknown knower

a darkroom dazzler

you know you'll always be funny

so don't

be

sad

lonely

you know you're not alone, you are an empire

you know we all have to cut a few cords

to move free

you know the trees still hear you

grow wiser in your wake

you know dark faith is the only enemy

a stealer of grain

you know your heart is full

a clear stream of life itself

you know tomorrow is an illusion

the only promise each second's eternal death

you know yesterday is an illusion

each second a grain to be shifted

nourish

don't be one of those heroes

building murals for mirages

your dream's in your gut

where only your machine can take you

and you're running fine

grain

but you don't have to run from these ghosts
this whole joint is a ladder of lessons to infinity
remember the kind of hero you are

+

last night
i let it inside of me
now
i am lamp and genie
thought and wish
hope and promise
promise and love
i am the return
i am the transition
when death comes
it will find a waterfall
spun me into its shoulder

&it was u

*

*

I am risen
tell the graveyard to shut its mouth
my muscles are talking
