

*callowhill rose*

poems

michael santiago pagan



*for yunhee song*  
*1980 to 2005*

*snake alley*

as if at the center  
of the length  
of her body  
the love  
you hide  
inside  
your eyes  
is between  
a lily  
and a smile  
the nostalgia  
in the way  
we start  
to kiss  
when you  
hang me  
out to  
dry  
in your  
trembling  
half-dressed  
uncertain  
forgotten  
wish  
of what  
you used  
to want  
from me

***bipolar bear regan***

breaking down in this  
everlasting absence of mine  
behind bedroom doors  
and taking refuge in the  
absent-minded  
trembling penumbra  
that makes clear  
the last balustrades  
that sleep dreamlessly  
in the image of her reflection  
in the Catalunya night

***still life***

the hours  
the days  
the years

i spent in prison

reading  
writing  
fighting

to maintain my sanity

***pockets***

tying knots  
inside a frame  
along my way  
in a flash  
of hands  
imagining  
a form  
about you  
when you  
came out  
of the dark  
to tell me  
i am  
closer in love  
than i think

***nc***

a pair of dolphins  
making love  
in the darkness  
underwater

***smm***

living  
with a  
woman  
i hardly  
know and  
making love  
to her  
every  
night

*cq*

i am  
somewhere  
i am not  
supposed  
to be

*iris*

this one  
goes out  
to the  
girl i  
love, care  
for the  
most,  
think  
of non-  
stop,  
love,  
dream for,  
wish for,  
anticipate

*him*

in him,  
through him,  
with him,  
i am him,  
only in him,  
with him,  
for him

## *dark sequins*

needed  
to see  
some  
one.  
any  
one.  
last  
night

but you  
weren't  
around...

## *avid*

she has  
slow hands.

brown eyes.

long black hair.

an hour-glass  
body that goes  
on for hours  
and hours....

## *josie*

the soft parade  
in the soft vanilla grove  
softly calls me away  
into the soft silence  
in the soft summer breeze  
of her soft body

*chasing ghosts*

loved you  
cherished you  
wanted you  
10 years ago

*ab*

looking  
for a  
place  
to hide  
and  
not  
finding  
it

*a place of diamonds*

i lose myself  
inside you  
again, not  
knowing  
how  
or when  
but  
taking  
it in,  
feeling  
right  
through  
you

## ***dog star***

i had something to hide.  
something to tell.  
something to run from.

something that happened to me.  
when i was a child.

## ***navajo girl***

the way you walk  
when you walk away

after making love  
to me

## ***amt***

how can  
i start  
things over  
when i  
know in  
my heart  
that i  
would  
make the  
same mistakes  
all over again

## ***the dementia***

every time  
i see you  
i fall  
in love  
with you  
all over again

***colleen***

absolutely  
beautiful  
and one of a kind  
she has become  
the voice in my head

***taina rubia***

the idyll  
light stream  
shimmering  
tamarisk  
portent  
downpour  
down  
above  
your  
lure

***cotton patch***

this undecided soul  
has lost its way  
somewhere  
in the abandonment  
it has created  
for itself

***cj***

now & then  
i get lost  
inside myself  
  
and forget  
my way home

***cherry hill***

i never  
expected  
to make  
it this far....

live this long....

find myself....

accept myself....

miss you....

***man on the run...***

Don't give up on me.  
I can change.  
I know I can.

***cleopatra in the flowers***

shut tight  
inside a  
half open  
half closed  
satyr of  
what we  
are supposed  
to mean to  
each other  
and what  
you keep  
telling  
yourself  
to avoid me

### ***parrot down***

the water  
    rises to  
        the light  
            to touch  
                my lips  
                    one last  
                        time before  
                            saying goodbye

### ***midnight toque***

6 pairs of pants  
4 ties  
2 cds  
3 socks  
1 necklace  
earrings  
1 sweater  
1 leather jacket  
dinner with friends

### ***the big chill***

I was led out.  
trembling. Unable  
to contain myself.  
Crying. Not together.  
Shaking. Afraid of what  
would happen to me.

### *seven minutes*

she made love  
to me in a hurry,  
giving me her all.  
telling me who she is.  
who she was.  
who she wants to be,  
offering herself  
to me and telling me  
that if i love her back  
she will love me  
forever

### *speed pimp*

she holds me down  
pulls out the needle  
stings me  
kisses me  
tells me she loves me

### *the hue*

lost my mind  
long time ago  
  
but keep trying  
always trying  
  
to recapture it

### *jr*

the chapbooks  
the readings  
the drugs  
the girls

## ***tattered***

crying aloud  
inside a dream  
i can no longer control  
and looking for a way  
any way  
to end it  
all

## ***ally pally***

neither remembered  
nor seen  
i do my best  
to recreate  
what i had  
when i had  
you

## ***drifting***

with the emptiness  
it has created  
for itself  
it finds  
its way  
to the pause  
inside its  
disorder

## ***Is***

sitting in the dark....  
getting drunk....  
thinking of you....

## ***sex toy***

the way we kiss....the way  
we look at each other....the way  
we hold one another....the way  
you touch me....

## ***naked flora***

a  
man  
who  
will  
not  
let  
himself  
be  
loved

## ***strung out***

as it falls  
alone in a  
world full of  
hate and  
sorrow the  
rain treads  
the dark  
behind you  
in its dead  
infinity of  
interminable  
pallor.  
resting  
near the  
lament beside  
the absence

*a*

falling  
asleep  
in your  
arms  
and  
dreaming  
dreams  
i am not  
supposed  
to dream

*r*

you were  
looking for  
yourself  
out there  
when you  
found me  
sitting  
inside my  
dream of  
what life  
is supposed  
to be

*b*

there are  
so many  
things i  
want to  
say to you

*the on-and-off*

not quite what it seems  
the mist inside the smoke  
sheds its skin  
and makes its way  
into my dream  
of cloistered lights.  
lyric furrows.  
white camellias.  
starlets.  
constellations.  
mermaids.  
fairies.  
harlots.  
fiddlers

*on this September day*

the hot rush  
of your body  
pressed tightly  
against mine.  
my moving  
a little  
to the left.  
my moving  
a little  
to the right.  
and you  
coming with me.

*mariposa*

the answer  
is the same  
as the question.  
in this book  
of flowers,  
there are  
no dreams.  
there are  
no stars.  
there are  
no skies.

just the sun.

*by the mime*

inside each star  
inside each dream  
inside each waterfall  
inside each heart  
inside each silence  
inside each eye

*c*

all alone

and not  
having  
any one  
to talk  
to

## *milk & honey*

the kiss that kindles  
the throbbing kiss  
the straight kiss  
the shuddering kiss  
the bent kiss  
the turned kiss  
the nominal kiss  
the morning kiss  
the kiss goodnight  
the kiss that turns away  
the clasping kiss  
the touching kiss  
the showing everyone kiss  
the kiss on the lower lip  
the neatly pressed kiss  
the kiss that wakes you up

## *danny boy*

behind that door  
lies what you  
have been  
looking for  
your whole  
misguided  
miserable  
pitiful  
decrepit  
materialistic  
non-existent

life

## *the afterwards*

calling itself a rose  
the symmetrical irregularity  
of its distant and lonely far-scattered  
shape is in the dark of the moon  
a lily of half-a-shade half  
the symmetrical irregularity  
alive in me as the point of a needle  
.....and i'm inside the rose myself

## *d*

adrift  
on a dream  
of me  
and you  
in love

## *the tawny*

i am haunted by a dream  
i can not have.  
a dream i wasn't supposed to dream.  
a dream not normally pictured.  
a dream that goes unchecked.  
unbalanced. not noticed.

*the negresse*

sadly calling me  
away the waning moon  
stirs in silence  
in the deepest recess  
inside hung  
playing cards  
along a twitter  
of birds  
in the  
background  
of the  
marmalade  
shang ri la  
on ocean boulevard

*little dressmaker*

a brief tangle in the sky  
over an abyss of heralds  
in a sweet exile  
of harems,  
prostitutes,  
sex, drugs  
lines,  
music,  
dresses,  
tresses  
and  
cat  
calls

*the evergreen*

watching her sleep  
inside a dream  
on all sides  
of color  
in a haze of eyes  
where the sky hangs low

*k*

when  
you  
love  
some  
one  
but  
they  
do not  
love  
you  
back

*e*

beside myself  
with you  
inside a corner  
in the sky  
at the  
balustrades

**s**

make love  
to me

**l**

moving across your hazel eyes  
in the flickering  
i dream i am not dreaming  
and write your name in the sand

***st. kitts***

still blue  
mandarin orange  
rose bay  
pomegranate  
paper chase  
antiguas

**t**

i wanted  
more than  
you could  
ever give me

## ***hush***

she shifts  
to the left.

she shifts  
to the right.

she lets  
me cum  
inside her.

## ***street poems***

still what  
i used  
to say

still what  
i used  
to do

still what  
i used  
to believe

## ***lovebug***

buttercups  
and daisies.  
a tangle of branches.  
excess light.  
cracking ice.  
yellow square butterflies.  
a haze.  
the pure azure.  
lost cicada.  
flickering.  
day-star.

## *fg*

i  
feel  
like  
i  
am  
falling  
apart

## *candle box*

in us.  
you and i.  
me, you  
we, come  
together  
to tell  
the story  
of a love  
that was  
forbidden

and found  
its way

## *g*

i am in need of some repair....

***m***

another lover  
lost in the mix  
of an endless  
game of tricks  
and treats  
that go  
nowhere  
in love

***the pallor***

the  
kindness  
of

a  
hand  
that  
does  
not  
ask  
for  
anything  
in  
return

***itsy bitsy spider woman***

she's crawling  
up my wall  
and making  
her way  
to my bed  
from the  
other side  
of the room  
with nothing on  
but lace  
and mascara

## *washington heights*

my days and nights  
are lonely

i usually  
stick to myself

i only  
go out at night

when no one  
is watching

that is when  
i am most comfortable

that is when  
i am most myself

## *at*

think about the woman  
you used to know, the woman  
who used to love you, and  
think about what went wrong  
and ask yourself if it was your fault

## *n*

the writing.  
that was my exile.  
that is what got me through.

*tambourine girl*

i saw your picture on the wall  
and like a dream come true  
teetering on the brink of a  
shadow amid scrawled letters  
you went back to where  
you no longer are, leaving  
me alone in the motion of a hand  
down below the dream that falls away,  
on that midnight, tracing the seals  
between the stars, between the steps  
incapable of anything i want

*I*

she stops  
& watches

as I  
make love

to her  
sister

*O*

god whispers  
    into my ear  
and tells me  
that i am  
    going to die  
    tomorrow

***turtlebox***

you  
make love  
to me  
without  
a sound  
and  
fall asleep  
when  
you finish

and so  
i watch you

stare at you

dream about you

***through the broken branches***

amidst the embroidery,  
the pearl-grey tapestry,  
over the satchel,  
where the petals still fall,  
the deepening gloom,  
estranged and unfamiliar,  
teeters on the brink,  
surrendering, bending backward  
for one more chance at you,  
under the glass, alone  
exploding emotion everywhere  
ten times over me,  
walled inside itself,  
out of the past,  
back to where you no longer are,  
so faint you hardly notice me  
strung out, cooing doves

***a blush***

the night was dark  
cold  
bitter  
broken  
crimson  
foreboding  
dull  
faint  
sinking

***v***

half the man  
i used to be

***u***

the heat  
of your body  
pressed against mine

***gillyflower***

it grows

more intense

with every

touch

with every kiss

with every breadth

***the sun on the sand***

afraid of how i love you  
and how you fail to  
love me back i tremble  
in this embittered heart  
lost amid dreams  
in the shimmering languor  
that slowly preludes every  
empty line i write when  
i write about love

**w**

making

love

in the

middle

of

the

afternoon

***pictures of lily***

a slow prelude  
of the excess  
we have come  
to know in  
the shimmering  
secret terror  
we keep  
inside ourselves  
when we  
hide ourselves

***the chelsea hotel***

barely hidden  
inside a primal fear  
that imitates the crude  
initial touch that crawls  
up my back and picks at  
my neck with a gently  
complaining nagging  
incessant voice  
that keeps telling me  
to take out the trash

***barfly***

the hymn of my heart  
goes silent every time

you walk  
into a room  
and look  
at me  
that way

## ***the interminable***

without ever  
mentioning it  
we come  
upon it  
and argue  
about it  
again

because  
you can't  
let it  
go

## ***a hundred stars***

the lily & the rose  
separate and  
fall back  
into place  
on the heels  
of your love,  
softly taking  
me into the past  
and into the future  
with just one flower  
and a smile, inside itself  
the fragments in the sky,  
the warmth of your body,  
her tender nudity,  
her delicate touch

***pam***

pam  
popped  
pills  
all  
day  
long  
until  
one  
day  
pam  
popped  
one  
pill  
too  
many

***revolver***

this is my peace.  
this is my sanctuary.  
this is my home.  
this is my escape.  
this is my choice.  
this is my solitude.  
this is how i choose to live. my life.

***x***

the  
slightest  
touch  
will  
make  
her  
cum

*p*

into the trees  
through the woods  
via the ravine  
near the meadow  
along your heart

*y*

there is  
no use  
in trying  
to win  
you over.  
you gave  
up on me  
a long  
time ago.

*z*

we stop  
to kiss  
in the rain

*kid*

after all  
this time  
i still  
do not  
know why  
i love  
you

*lji*

just  
you &  
me and  
this  
cloud

*striped mexican marigold*

stepping through  
a door to  
another world  
and not knowing  
what to expect  
i feel a  
light sense  
of shade  
upon my neck,  
a breeze  
against my face,  
a warmth  
on my hands,  
moisture  
in my eyes,  
fingers  
through my hair,  
a kiss  
on my lips

*unas*

the love you hide  
inside your eyes  
is at the sides  
of the sky  
a place of diamonds,  
a disordered star.  
a delicacy,  
a hide-away,  
an absence.  
a love letter gone missing,  
a broken heart

*brimstone*

i feel him.  
collapse.  
into. the. sea.  
of the. dead.  
behind. me.

## *pedals fast*

night pulls taut  
and hangs from a tree  
in long lines of white  
snowflake covered ashes  
along a soft summer trail  
of marijuana muted silence  
slowly spilling methamphetamines  
onto the inkwell seven double  
times foursquare

## *tr*

he takes her by the hand  
and leads her to his bedroom

anticipating what it will feel like  
to make love to her  
for the very first time

## *taking refuge*

naked on a terrace  
among the saffron  
up-and-down  
last balustrade modern love  
landscape inside the daffodil  
gerber daisy inkwell  
next to the butterfly  
collecting still life tunic  
zig zag broken pent-up  
silence threading ode  
when i was young

## *dt*

my  
hands  
can't  
stop  
shaking

## ***boa***

a  
hundred  
signs  
that  
she  
did  
not  
love  
me

## **twilight**

I  
ask  
only  
that  
the  
silence  
be  
kind  
to  
me

## **the cain**

inside  
some other woman's body  
again  
and thinking of  
the girl that  
doesn't love me anymore

## *bullet*

a surrounding silence  
in this strange order of things  
that comes over me  
when i am not myself  
in a baroque beautiful  
tambourine gypsy rose  
kind of a way  
of the following dead  
arithmetic fountainbleu  
blush september day  
prohibition backward  
white water lily  
cape town machine-gun  
odalisque merrymaking  
vagabond danny boy  
self same ether tattered  
disquietude credenza

## *callowhill rose*

the perfect line  
follows the writing  
into the Veronica  
under a strange influence  
of unpublished poetry  
before coming to a stop  
beneath a spreading elm  
beneath the dust  
where the stars drive  
a rhythmic suspension  
of hallucination  
for a Capricorn night  
in another season  
while its haunting  
puerile shadow  
whispers a secret  
in the silence  
on account  
in the making  
by another dream

## *lice*

go easy  
on me.  
my heart  
has been  
broken  
too  
many  
times  
already....

## *the blackfold*

almost always  
coming back  
to you  
and your  
abusive ways  
i steal alive  
and turn down  
this no  
way back  
for a  
not near  
dead & gone  
dream of  
self-inflicted wounds

## *fast asleep*

you believed  
i could  
be something  
i can  
never be  
  
and i love you  
for it

***rp***

dying inside  
and not being  
able to do  
anything  
about it

***englishing***

like slowly  
falling hearts  
falling from  
inside a dream  
i dream you  
and wish you  
love like  
kisses  
kissing  
the already near  
abandonment  
in the castaway

***ac***

always falling  
for the  
wrong  
girl

***la Gloria***

and my heart asks me  
to forget her, to ignore her  
to pretend we never met  
to shut her out  
to forget that day she told me she loved me

*dc*

behind closed windows  
and slowly closing in on you  
the light inside your heart  
is down below  
an eerie silence  
the chill in my heart,  
the Vega,  
the Elysian.  
the stirring

*sais*

through a half-truth  
only you and i know  
the wind that gets born and dies  
lies lythe  
in a confusion  
of forgotten dreams  
only you and i  
can tell apart

*angelica*

going straight  
coming clean  
telling you  
everything

## ***things past***

a wanderer  
inside a garden  
inside my mind  
asking for  
directions  
outside  
the dream  
i dream  
inside  
my head

## ***dementia***

pulled from the silence  
and into the spiral  
the unimagined  
in my mind  
lays out  
seven colours  
in a pattern  
of circles  
and triangles  
only i  
can understand

## ***aguadulce***

i lose  
myself again  
inside the  
mist inside  
the smoke.  
nearly drowning.  
just past the butterflies  
against the wall.  
astray.  
trembling. barely  
standing.  
asleep inside  
a dream, all  
that i could  
have been.  
out of reach

## ***biting***

the girl  
i love  
the most

does not  
know i

even  
exist

***an India***

i lose myself  
inside you  
again.

not  
knowing how  
or when  
but

taking  
it in

letting  
it go

***still innocent***

all that i  
once could  
have been  
has past  
me by

left me  
behind

run amok

*the now below*

the hot  
rush of  
your  
body  
pressed  
tightly  
against  
mine  
and  
what  
it feels  
like when  
you scream  
my name

*violet marmalade*

here, by  
some miracle,  
you renew  
yourself  
inside a  
waterfall,  
a dream,  
a screen  
of light,  
a chalk  
white rose,  
a promenade,  
a curtain  
of stars,  
its shaking

## *dangling daisies*

i have a  
different  
kind of dream  
to dream.  
a different  
kind of story  
to tell. a  
different  
kind of  
life to  
live. a  
different  
kind of  
secret to  
hide.

## *pj*

lost.  
gone.  
unaccounted for.

## *yellowgreen*

the pain  
that moves in you  
and lifts you  
hides in the clouds  
and runs through the night  
till it finds  
its resting place  
in your  
heart

***gardens of amethyst***

the trace of a frenzy  
a moment`s end  
a barren secret  
a pause in the stars  
the sureness of this moment

***taper off***

a fading  
unconditional  
irresistible  
tranquil  
unalterable  
dismal  
inaccessible  
symbol  
on the wall

***roxanne***

she.  
quivers.  
shakes.  
takes.  
one.  
last.  
pill.

***paloma negra***

it  
sounds  
    like  
    the  
    cry  
    of  
    a  
    broken  
heart

## *lies*

facing you  
facing me

and not  
knowing  
what  
to  
say

## *folding stars*

the interminable  
through which the  
secrets emerge....  
and how you  
keep me  
inside  
them

## *places*

pale  
blue  
eyes  
on the nod  
in a daze  
across the way

## *harlequin*

suddenly serious  
you tell me  
you are  
leaving me

*angelfish*

the weak  
the delicate  
the pallid

the you  
inside  
the me

*vx*

the pain  
interminably  
runs along  
its side  
and creeps  
down the  
soft wet  
heavy

*sl*

her  
fingernails  
running  
down  
my  
back

## *afterwards*

i  
tie  
her  
down  
so  
that  
she  
can  
not  
leave  
me

## *qg*

a symptom  
a silence  
a disease

## *flower crown*

the soft repetition  
inside the recess  
over the lonely  
glaze near the  
wavering interminable  
beside the isolated  
broken recumbent  
inconsistent absence  
between us

## ***pelican island***

flesh. clashing.  
kisses. her  
nipples. her  
retreat. drowning.  
the softest.  
sincerity. toward  
never. clutching  
me. nameless.  
sharp movement.  
chasing it. in.  
my. collapse.

## ***boy star***

i fall  
into the  
rain. into  
a. forgotten.  
broken. nameless.  
marmalade. near.  
the. silent.  
multitude.  
wrapped. inside.  
the softest.  
drowning. axis.  
of symmetry.

## ***the abbey***

running down  
your heart  
in a straw  
berry field  
of broken  
hearts and  
yellow  
dan dy  
l ions

***tokyo eber***

the pain  
i am  
used to  
visits  
me again  
in the night,  
in the day,  
in between  
every emotion  
i ever feel

***your 19 falls***

a vague recollection  
of you and what  
you used to mean  
to me when we  
thought we  
were in love

***dominicana***

i open up my heart  
to you again  
and watch as  
you take it  
apart piece  
by piece

***a parenthesis***

and you enter,  
amid the fog,  
amid the rain,  
amid the night

## *the spindle*

along the walls  
behind the silence  
near the rain  
beneath the science  
among the spiders  
just inside  
the ashes

## *Interstate 69*

the blue  
the red  
the purple  
the green  
the amber

## *oa*

damaged  
broken  
not built to last

## *without you*

there was  
so little  
left to  
say by  
the time  
you decided  
to leave

## *annuncion de los reyes*

meeting her legs  
halfway along  
the corridor  
of her soft  
wet thighs

## *for my baby*

a pause  
in the enclosed  
borderline pale  
over flowing over  
excessive tepid  
ashen calculating  
broad senseless  
pedal pushing  
shattered sky

## *relationship blues*

terrified,  
i make my  
way to the  
top, edging my way  
closer to the  
edge.....  
wondering,  
anticipating  
what it  
would feel  
like to  
fall

***the upside down***

that day  
that night

you fell  
into my arms

and told me  
you loved me

***acid quuen***

silently, with slow  
accumulated precision.  
she takes the needle  
and softly blows  
onto the tip  
of my first  
joy bang  
inside the  
benzedrine breakdown  
burn down  
pop bang shot fix

***butterfly milkweed***

lying at the edge  
of another dream  
i can not control  
you reach inside  
and pull me out  
with the thread  
of a needle  
we are  
no longer  
allowed  
to use

## ***biting apples***

when we  
overdose

on heroin

we find  
a place

no one  
can break

in to

## ***the you***

to lose  
every  
thing  
and  
not  
have  
any  
one  
to  
turn  
to

## ***rs***

there are so many things that i want to forget....

*flo*

nobody  
hears me  
when i  
cry

*Verushka*

what  
it feels  
like  
to  
touch

you

*seven double*

the permanence of this moment  
is anything but the way i feel  
when something suddenly goes wrong  
in the mist inside the half-open  
subterranean space between the  
autumn night and the color of your kiss  
when i look into your eyes

***sissy rider***

i've got  
to see  
you one  
last time  
before i  
go, one  
last time  
before we  
say good  
bye, one  
last time  
before  
we never  
see each  
other again

***starfish***

i do  
not know  
how to  
say how  
i feel  
any more

***drops from the palm***

i need  
to feel  
you against  
me, with  
me, beside  
me, on top  
of me,  
inside  
of me

## ***birds in the rain***

here i  
am with  
that which  
loses me,  
alone,

coming  
and going  
between the

how and  
when of  
it all

lost in  
the midst  
of my  
own  
depression

## ***playing cards***

the sound  
of the rain  
against the window  
as i sit at my desk  
writing poems  
no one will  
ever read

*in memory of...*

drawing back.  
she endures.  
treading you.  
she falls.  
frightened,  
she makes  
her way  
back home.  
ashamed.  
you leave.

*poppybloom*

i need  
you to  
look into  
my eyes  
and tell  
me you  
love me  
if you  
want me  
to stay

*girlchild*

like needles  
the tempests  
hold tight  
and draw back  
one last time  
by the ends  
and the starts  
of every thing  
you give me  
when you give me  
what you give me

## *rachel*

tattered, i make  
my way down a  
dragged-out kiss  
and walk to the edge,  
anticipating what  
you might  
say. think  
feel when  
you hear  
that i  
killed myself  
and left a note  
blaming you for every thing

## *chocolate city*

i wander  
these streets  
like a  
confused child  
looking for  
some thing  
to hold  
on to

## *speedball*

wandering from  
city to city,  
town to town,  
farm to farm,  
airport to airport,  
train station to train station,  
bus stop to bus stop

***the bends inside the line***

lost among  
the stars  
i am  
arrested in  
the color  
of your  
eyes, the  
sense of  
your touch,  
the way  
you move

***the butterfly collector***

buried vaguely  
inside your  
pedal-pushing  
take a fall  
put your hand out  
gaping rumble  
pop corn  
kick a habit  
laid on  
pigeon flop  
come up  
five-twenty-nine  
you never cleaned

***whistling in the dark***

at the wrong place  
at the wrong time  
with the wrong girl

## *desert nomad*

when everything  
tells me  
to go,  
to leave,  
to never  
come back

## *highbarren plains*

i take  
my place in the rose,  
close my eyes.

and hope  
for something  
different

## *adieu*

she is the  
pain i subscribe  
to. the solace  
i retreat  
into. the  
speed ball  
that keeps  
me going.

***bb***

i miss  
her laughter  
the most

***ld***

she bites.  
she kicks.  
she screams.  
she cums.

***lost in the dark***

the solemn  
so far gone  
unopened  
down  
drowned  
inaugurated  
incessant  
sobbing  
he uses  
to put  
himself  
to sleep  
at night

## *the coming down*

she wears  
her absence  
on her sleeves  
and stares  
at you  
endlessly.  
cut to pieces  
and looking out  
over the debris  
inside her abandonment,  
aiming a bullet  
at your heart

## *sara*

lying down.  
waiting.  
for you.  
to touch.  
me

## *dirt*

undermined  
broken  
beaten  
covered in blood  
bullet-riddled  
torn  
fractured  
silent  
alone  
forgotten

*clap*

you killed yourself  
in a bathtub  
between the sheets,  
alone in a corner,  
holding me tight,  
slipping away

*sandalwood*

buried alone  
alive in an  
inkwell with  
bits of trembling  
flesh picking  
at me through  
the shudder of  
hope that breaks  
when my making  
love to you is  
no longer enough  
to keep you happy

*en*

pills  
pop  
hash  
grass  
love  
junk  
sniff board

*top*

screaming at the moon  
and not caring who hears me

*ol*

shattered.  
broken.  
trampled on.  
i have nothing left.

***Baudelaire***

i spread out through the rain  
for my baby  
every one hundred years  
on this broken stone  
in a high barren plain  
along a violet shang ri la  
next to the bell tower  
near the long silence  
where the lorelei blossoms

*the credenzas*

the way  
you used  
to love  
me and  
how it  
feels  
every  
time  
i see  
you

with  
him

*into that first November*

he sees the world as it is  
and accepts it for what  
it was meant to be  
but refuses to give up  
on the hope it once had  
regardless of how many times  
they beat him down  
and tell him it can't be done

*pf*

the arch  
in the  
curve  
of her  
back

"I'm disappearing.  
Avoiding most things.  
I'm treading the backward path." syd barrett

### *sandcastles*

you were  
here and  
then you  
left. you  
said some  
thing about  
another man.

### *orphan*

it starts & ends  
on this light  
delirium of stars  
near the heart beat  
of another drifting  
after the rain  
dense fog  
cough in the night  
that goes unnoticed  
in the down & out  
dead end street  
of a life  
given up on

## ***bit by bit***

bit by bit  
it smiles  
& slowly dies.  
bit by bit  
it smiles  
& accepts  
its fate.  
bit by bit  
it moves on  
in the dark  
to never be  
seen again.

## ***mannequin***

she's  
the  
kind  
of  
girl  
that  
loves  
you  
and  
leaves  
you  
when  
she's  
done

***z/***

your eyes  
wandering  
over my  
naked  
body

***one thousand tambourines***

what i need  
to need  
when i  
need  
to get high  
i take  
what i want  
and make it  
a question of control  
in a palestine  
machine gun poetry  
way of escaping  
the world  
i don't like  
to wake to  
when i fall  
out of my mind

***ug***

getting high  
getting drunk  
and writing bad poetry

***the Southern California moon***

my little band of gypsies  
came to take me away  
to a place where i can  
forget my problems  
and get high  
in a get-gone  
upside down  
on-and-off again  
down below  
light in shadow  
harem of naiads  
nymphs harlots  
and doves

## *sylphs*

when the butterfly  
is upside down  
and can't get itself right

## *paper napkins*

drowning  
between the stars  
inside the dream  
i have of you  
long enough  
to move  
through the  
now closed  
secrets you  
use to keep  
me warm  
with at night

and as it ends,  
it begins  
where it  
left off,  
in a former  
way, through  
the blue  
in the  
incense.  
the lute  
that answers  
the echo  
in a long drawn-out  
lukewarm  
drawl

