

SOME WHERE UPON A TIME

THERE IS THAT GORGEOUS RAW

Somewhere—
there are monsters.

I was born in simultaneity—I was born
All open and Undone—O wherever

Tied in wherewithal whatnots—
that ever as we were are ever as
the Not-cells that make up the body
of the girl—

She sings Songs in frozen, in rattled,
in water-stained light.

Puddles in *Somewhere Upon a ____*.
A Storyline waiting to be written . . .

Nested here
and here
and here and ever
before us again.

SHINY ROBOT LOVE-INS:

PLEASE DON'T CLUSTERFUUCK

My sweet hypomanic dream, Sir—

(is her repeat).

And, we are all due for a rewrite—
Revise then—Onward!

Shiny Robot Love-ins:

Oh English-me in,
Oh Sorrow-me in or glitter she-bang my tangled
up in bluesy trip trap
toy wire pithy.

My Uterus thanks you
for leaving yr post-post whatever
at the door, near the paradise parking ot...
and other culturally inlaid wastrel visions.

The coastline forms along prismatic
moon shod pharaohs
of brutal brutal
Sun-faxed literary traditions

While the house of fun summers us in
in tired ole death by
selfie-mused ale-house ramblings
among provincial Sea-liars.

TUMBLEWEED CLINGS TO MY FRAME

AS THE WANTING

Generality of feminine
features might—

Sings HYMNS for our

Hymens as we carry Onward and

So forth in whatever whatnots
as we do we do we do—

We, Starstruck Star Harlots
all Illumined and whatnot
within newly minted
thrushling Tender.

'I have never frontloaded nothing'—

(our She-hero starts again from the dugout)

as She cleans her Revolution—her loveliness,
her LOVERS of Relevance
her subsequent revelations—

Or, the
star-filled
night.

UND WENN SIE NICHT
GESTORBEN SIND
DANN LEBEN SIE
NOCH HEUTE!

NOTE TO THE FUTURE:

We drone on druids—and any
Type of RUIN that rhymes with porn—
It is really no wonder that we
are not afraid of drones
or the next new Terror-

ISM.

Stay hungry, stay awake.
We do not drink what they give us.

O, ERUDITE SOME WHERE

IN THE AGE OF HYPER-FLUIDITY

*Or hyper activity! O, fairytale askew.
I am unconvinced of straightness.
And Patriarchy is such a drag.
Or, as the new leisure or post
post thirty-something girlhood
banter woo-wooing whatever—*

*Past plastic bosoms and sculpted flanks—
Bloom and bonnet me in upon metaphors.*

*Barbie me upon pedestals
of Attainable Love Or, house me*

*Again, thus real and
illegitimate and plain.*

*Illegible for good
Upon a Posy-filled Sutra.*

*SHE WAS
ONCE... SUCH
A CUNNING
HERO!*

OR, THE VERY STATIC CARRIED HER

AND HERE, AGAIN...

the storyline changes—

Because here the storyline always changes—

And there is no such thing as static—

Or, the very static and carries her

along in her in ULTRA POPPY

renegotiations in flipflop SHE

legacy SHE trope trope tropes SHE

toward her inward inkhorn island of want.

IN SWIFT
ROLLING
DENSITY IN
HALF-LIGHTS,
TRAIN-
FOLLY—O,
MOONDRUNK
INSITU

IN PAST TENSE DOGMA

and insipid dharma
and lame couplets

Or, birds in Boston, in Zürich
in Kingston-

Where colors increase in
half-notes
and vespers.

O, Vespers!

O Sweet DOCU-Epics
And CRASHING BEAUTY
ROADKILL alongside

Swift rolling density in half-lights,
in sodium train-folly—O, MOONDRUNK INSITU.

ALONG PAPER- MOONED TITANED INDEXES SEEKING

ALL OF ETERNITY'S SHELLHEAP

SINCE modesty is
no longer
something to aspire to

Is not canted or
recanted or Saccharin
with cheeky hidden
kisses or Cruxed Selfie Visions
Unable to leave Bathrooms
Worldwide—

OR,- Waste-bucket Solitude IM-ING
In forever streams of iCloud murmurations
of WHATEVER...because

Patriarchy is so exhausting—

THERE, THERE MY FATED PLURALITY

INDEX WILD-CARD CALL IT!

Sometimes my heart feels totally plucked
Like it will burst in spring—like

It cannot contain the beauty of
C O L O R or CLEW me in
the love that exists

There there—my fated plurality,
my touted morality.

Sing me the songs
of your mistresses.

ONCE HERSELF

ONCE WHEN ONE OCEAN
COURSED HER OBSCURE
OBSCURA—AS IT EVER SO
CONCERNED

ONLY *HER* ONLY—

Bent heart Nested
 here and here
and here and ever
before her again.
ever tends
the way—the long line
runs Once,

Oh sea—SEE Upon my laddered self
my slatternly again and again
attempts atrightness.

Once, HERE, I found you—
But only for a moment,
 a year.
A Starboard, a Sail
once aligned
 aright.

ONCE

THAT
GORGEOUS
RAW,
MONSTERS

BUT THE SEA
 which no one tends
 is also a garden
when the sun strikes it
 and the waves
 are wakened

William Carlos Williams
from *Asphodel, that Greeny Flower*

THAT GORGEOUS RAW—MONSTERS

MY WANTON DESIRE OF
NOTHING
MORE THAN SOUND

A N G E L S

say *H E L L O!*

THAT GORGEOUS RAW—
MONSTERS

Undone
unhinged in the sky—
this city

u n i v e r s a l
v e r s e

Fluttering, flitting, stumbling about...

my angels have worked overtime
all my life.

That gorgeous EVER
raw groomed as Ocean.

THE OCEAN OF BEATRIX BACKS ME

THE OCEAN OF BEATRIX BACKS ME,

She basks me toward the beauty of all *that!*

THAT OLD GORGEOUS RAW

has kept me going and
has brought me home.

ISLANDS—connect me—awakens
that self again—remind me of how once

I awoke to the sound of a false sea

PHANTOMS

On the edge of earth
Oh Anabasis! Oh Xenophon!
the sea

t h e s e a

Projected out there protected
me then as the woman in dark skirts
watched over me
from the shadows of my room.

She stayed the nights after
a fall— dizzy
she rocked my head down
down
cradled me all
over Europe.

DREAMERS OF WANT AND WANTON

DREAMERS OF WANT & WANTON

Child of equine slumber—secreted place of
girlhood EVERWANT.

That ever raw presiding gobsmacked
old timey goodness
Bring me—beget me OH GAIETY
I LOVE YOU!

YET, reading takes up
such a large part
of dreading!

We LEARN what we must then
Unlearn

SCHOOL
UNSCHOOL,
LOVE UNLOVE

FEAR, *Go fuck yourself.*
completely—more explicitly
I dread you RAPE CULTURE
and so called selfie-empowerment
and narcissist unloading.

Tweets cannot replace dogma.
No matter how saccharin or fake— I resize
or size you up—you do not go away.

THAT GORGEOUS RAW AS OCEAN

THAT GORGEOUS RAW

As gut flora flaws settle in my chest
roots and wakes in me alone while
running all over Brooklyn.

Rises up again—sometimes
I need to force it out—it is too much
when it mingles with the monsters...
I vomit the remainder of
breakfast... uneasiness settles
again—pushed down, I cry.
Pushed out—
I need to get this thing —manifest
anew.

Take that raw out—walk it about
in public—it needs outings,
to go for a walk. Release it to the streets.
Do I frighten you?

I frighten myself mainly in
Technicolor waves—I wave...
What is hope if not conjecture?

Spit it out—rub salt in my burns—
My wounds wound me.
What protects me is
Here, Now. D R E A M T I M E
where I have always been poetry's bitch.

THAT RAW

—SITS INSIDE MYSELF
ONCE HERSELF

At times Goes stealth—hidden
among streaks, in waves
of fractured light—brilliant and manied—
Shines—Spectred—
Rubbed in salt—
Still—there—in morning—
Harbourous—NEW—foundling
Seadrunk! Gilled—O—Barborous
of never left—Foundling tender and thus
Sonnetted—Morning
writes me back into you—Our many
bridged connections—lapsed—
Conjectures—Contempt—not aligned—
 OR, simply side-lined—the mast falls
fails to remain—EVEN—

PAGED FORWARD

THIS SPACE

&DREAM

as consequence
of the weary angled
living in state
I reinvent you—
bring you back
hold conference
with your thoughts
a life in threaded
half-notes of music and
GOD.

Comb thru
every past discussion
replicates morning--
there is no surface
too tough, too dense
to scratch away at,
or see beneath.