

# 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 CLUSTERFUCK*

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.