

Elderly





TIFF DRESSEN

ANGELA HUME

ORCHID TIERNEY

DAVID TRINIDAD

MARY AUSTIN SPEAKER

LAURA MORIARTY

FRANCESCA DeMUSZ



TIFF DRESSEN

A LETTER IN MAY: FROM PORTOLA, SAN FRANCISCO *for Kate*

This city is a labyrinth

I walk in my head

another poet repeats:

“there is no space left in America,
there is only distance”

~~~

Last night in corpse pose

I thought about the corpse flower

death camas      lily-of-the-valley

This morning in a dream

A single

many

petaled

bloom

emerged

from

my belly

You wanted to name my new flower.



~~~

This city is a labyrinth

I walk in my they body Anders als die Andern

past the international church of the

foursquare gospel

the water tower
the mockingbird
the bee

Whose flowers are flames

lit to the Lady

the rabbi
the herbalist

past the consulate of malta

How do I create

the distance you need

to reach across?

~~~

Looking out the bedroom window,

I repeat after you *pinus pinea*



umbrella pine, Italian stone pine,  
parasol pine

I ask: *how* is it possible  
that we see the salesforce tower  
from here?

~~~

This morning I carried Briquette
downstairs
to her sun-spot. her malleable feline

creaturely-ness.

comfort-in-mass

the weight of those I love
impress upon me

~~~

This city is a labyrinth

I walk  
in my invasive/species  
body



where people forget you

in time

Itasca  
Odessa

along the edges

of the reservoir

Fleetwood  
Travel Queen

Underneath the *arbutus unedo*, Irish

Strawberry tree,

the cain apple

You are part of the city,

the city forgot

~~~


inside this skeletal

greenhouse

I have learned how to lie

among the structural scars

of this city

Wherefrom all architectures I am

I feel

your phantom

flower crop

It's still warmer inside here

Notes on text: Lines in quotations are excerpted from Beverly Dahlen's long poem: "A Letter at Easter: to George Stanley" and lines in italics (except botanical nomenclature) are from Robert Duncan's "Often I am Permitted to Return to a Meadow."

POEM FOR APRIL
after Frank O'Hara

a after noon

light drops

this blood orange

flesh window

it is late

April and snowing still

in the part of world

where I come from

vascular root

of desire

what is the purpose

of desire? small

animals live and

die in the brushes nearby

I walk thru the rosemary to

to smell the rosemary

I can't see your face anymore

where you should have been

I see peonies I am watching a film in

my head I call: *I don't know how to get*

from country "discipline" to territory "surrender"

bleeding to death isn't so bad, is it?

what if it all came out blue

like persian indigo?

would that frighten you?

POEM FOR THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY
after John Wieners

I rest my head on
the sun-dial I know
there are things for
the sole purpose of
forgetting I forget them
then patiently finally I
was back on the vertical
I was blue smoke up
the chimney apparition
rose paper sand
piper ignite a new
structure for
love why don't you while
you're at it red bright holy
like the honey-tuned
clockworks in your
eyes the day
steals from me

ANGELA HUME

YOU WERE THERE
for friends, who were

how to write about
coming undone

cortisol hypotension
Maalox adrenaline

beneath a shrill
unblinking cerulean

we're all writing
this poem I join in

from the train I eye
the cumulous

vapor coming off the
cooling towers

against the blue-gray
northeast

blue of the seemingly
thin pellucid

skin half-circling
an eye it's waste heat

refusal's
a snap-back

in the chest a familiar
too much not enough

and there was
there is

the tyranny of men
and being left
and despotism

a very bad year new
body no new body

at the alt-right rally
signs said

hate speech is free speech

a very bad day
in a country that wants

mostly everyone to die

reservoir's sudden
swollen state

but no rest
for the watertable

cone of depression
soil collapses compacts drops

in fact an open
secret

three sexual misconduct claims
against the renowned

philosophy professor

that if I showed offense, or refused to comply with

what does it take to
create a hostile environment

what does it take to
uncreate harm

fortunately depression and illness
can precipitate friendship

like inflammation
a protection

the onset of a fight
and it is a fight

guns, race, meat, and manifest destiny
wrote Ruth Ozeki in '98 *we are a grisly nation*

her question being
can any woman eat

any meat and/or fuck any men
anywhere under

global capitalist patriarchy
and not be made

sick and I think her answer is
well no

someone I love said it wasn't all bad
and I said no certainly there was

beauty but what was it

and when
will I think of it

and feel something
other than a blow

said to someone I love
I'll have been a lesbian who

spent too much of her life attending
to the interminable needs

of men write *that* poem she said

and friends litanize
a new set of imperatives

we must shut down
the airports now

we must shut down
the fascist rallies now

we must become
anonymous

this reality is mostly
very difficult to face

and we cross over a threshold into
something like the evental

or a vignetted dream in its
process of emptying out

residues on your skin a damp that attests
it happened you were there

going with that
for awhile

she touches me
very lightly

my body tilts
on its axis

full of misplaced
desire hold

my breath want
everything always to have been

different clearer taut as a
live wire

early fog clings like a tone
called stay

everything stretched
as in my dream your frightening body

distorted by the surface
wan a pool

isn't peace or pace no
the widening life

between what's been left and
what doesn't yet matter but will

I'm tired of cruelty angrier
than I let myself admit

someone I love said learn
to protect yourself

wake up take stock:
what hurts

dissociates forgets

on the peninsula gray

tank no line in the sexual
air pelican

gyre effortless
dip cut in the wet

thick what's
without weight scarlet

lids fog
bath today pain

of withdrawal
in my head concepts slow what

hurts prairie's bend or
burst in the chest

cavity of the gull eldrin or blubber
abrasion or coastal collapse

what hurts what can't
get up or out or into

elephant seals in their species
being being

sputtering
like the old motor water

caught in a drain bawdily
to an admiring colony

do they wake up think here
I am here

is some food sex here
is a fight needs

more or less
naked as my own

and the air a door gulls
chattering whimpering

scratching at it to be
let in

I write I know too easily

from the solid bearing of my
scoured-bright

more or less
livable life

what is the question.
what matters.

what is poetry but
a bloc

a collective self
defense act. there is

one thing and it
is only one thing

no one can take away your
description of what is lived

ORCHID TIERNEY

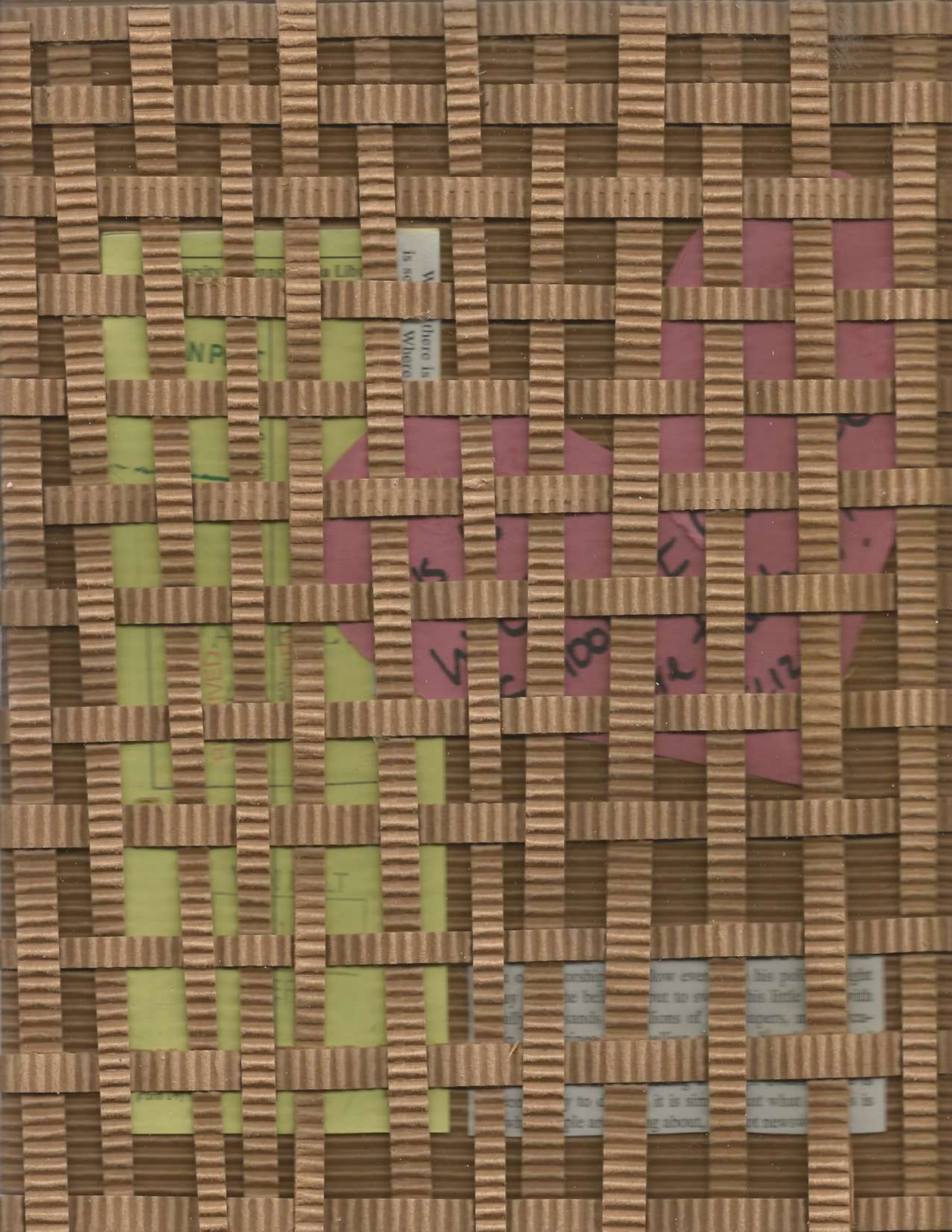
from O-ZONE

sound it out

tr...tr...tri...tri...tri...tri...tri...tri...kkkk
...kkkoop...ch...ch...cho...kkkooo...tricho...ch
hh...chain...ch...chance...change...gah...tri
changia...tri...logy...trilogy...lll...lo...tr
io...no...tri...try...chronos...try...chloros...
tri...chloro...logos...no...chloro...chlo...pl
ast...plas...tic...plastic...chloroplast...t
ic...no...tri...chloro...fff...ffff...fl...flow...
fleur...flower...feet...tri...tri...tri...chro
nos...croak...claw...clef...floor...flora...tr
i...tricho...flory...tri...tri...tricho...rrr...
rrrr...ro...ro...row your boat...gently
down the...ro as in roast...rest
restless...ro...as in



roach...ro...rodeo...tri...tri...trich...oh...hh
h...hair...reposing on the curve of an
arm...mmmm...me...no...tr...tri...tri...trichoro
...fff...fff...flor...flor...es...scent...scent...
sense...ah...florescent...stop...trichloro
...flor...mmmm...mmmmmm...me...men...mean...mess...
meta...meter...me...meeee...meeeee...meth...me
th...inane...no...name...meeee...meth...ane...me
thane...tr...tri...tri...tri...cloro...flouro...
me...thane...richloro...flouro...methane



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REMNANT

Sue, whom I met in high school, in Mr. Carrelli's drama class, had long frizzy red hair and seemed wiser than her seventeen years. She'd suffered: lost her mother young, to cancer. Her dead mother collected early American antiques. I learned this the one time I went to her house (to rehearse). Spinning wheel, wooden butter churn, Windsor chairs. Sue and her younger sister Andie resented their stepmother, a blonde shiksa nurse whom their Jewish doctor father had married too soon after their mother died. That one time I was at her house, Sue made a snide remark. (I don't remember about what.) "How can you say that?" I said. "It's easy," she replied. "I just move my lips and the words come out of my mouth." I remember seeing Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five* laying open on Andie's bed. Sue drove a red VW van. (I envied classmates who had cars.) I acted with her and her boyfriend Scott in a scene from *Hamlet* in a regional Shakespeare competition. Scott played Hamlet, Sue played Gertrude, and I played Polonius. I hid behind imaginary curtains and Scott stabbed me with an imaginary sword. I fell to my imaginary death. We didn't advance to the second round. One night a group of us smoked grass in Sue's van and then scaled the fence of a closed park and wandered around in the dark. One of the first times I was high. It was a windy night. It all felt very daring and exciting. In our senior year, Sue had the lead part of Annie Sullivan in *The Miracle Worker*. I was cast as the doctor, a bit part at the beginning of the play. I got to say the first line: "She'll live." My black hair was sponged with white makeup to make it look gray. Mr. Carrelli made me leave it on for the entire play, even though my part was over, for the curtain call. I sat backstage and did homework, old before my time. (Now my hair is gray for real.) After graduation, all my friends from drama class went off to college. They were going into the world to live their lives, while I was stuck at home. (My father refused to pay for anything but a local school.) Sue attended a university in Israel. She wasn't the kind of person who looked back. The last I heard (decades ago), she was still in Israel. She'd married, had children, become a rabbi.

That's it. A remnant. A little piece of the mosaic. A few details about someone I knew in my adolescence. Who went on to live her life, just as I've lived mine.

PINK AND BLACK

Everyone should have, hidden in their closet, a present that they've never opened. A gift just sitting there in the dark, like an unshared secret. I've got one in mine. I bought it eight or nine years ago when I was at an academic conference in Washington, D.C. For several stressful days, I sat in a hotel suite interviewing candidates for a position at our college. I'd never been on a hiring committee before; I over-empathized with the nervous candidates. One day after lunch, I had a little time before the next interview. In no hurry to return to the stifling atmosphere of that suite, I ducked into one of the stores off the hotel lobby (Thomas Pink) thinking I might buy myself a new shirt. Instead, I was attracted to a scarf: black, cashmere, with two thin pink stripes at either end. It was expensive, but I had to have it. And I deserved it—for sitting through those grueling interviews. "Is this a gift?" the salesman asked. I automatically answered yes. A secret gift to myself. He folded tissue over it and lowered the lid of the pink-and-black Pink box, which he tied with black ribbon (into a bow). To the ribbon he secured a little Pink gift card (blank to this day). He then, with scissors, cut V-shapes into the ribbon ends. Then slipped the box into a pink-and-black Pink bag. When I got home, I didn't have the heart to open it. It was so flawlessly wrapped. I'll open it later, I told myself. Every now and then, when I come across it in my closet, I think: Should I open it now? But I never do. Will I ever? Shouldn't everyone die with a secret in their closet? Of course it's no longer a secret now that I've written this.

DRUNK DREAM

Izzy invited me to contribute to an anthology on drinking dreams, and I was going to write to her and say, I don't really have drunk dreams anymore, in thirty-five years of sobriety I've only had a handful that I can remember, mostly when I was new, and then just sporadically over the years, but before I could write to her, I had a drunk dream, triggered no doubt by her email, I was standing at a party with a woman, a celebrity, her dress sparkled with tiny amber beads, the wall behind us yellow, light from a lamp cast a golden glow, then looking down at the glass of white wine in my hand, that sudden dread and panic, what am I doing drinking, how could I have thrown my sobriety away, all that time, the gift that's made it possible to live a long and productive life, gone in an instant, and then waking with intense relief, it isn't real, oh thank god, I'm lying here in bed in the dark, it was only a dream.

HIDDEN

In the weeks before Christmas, I'd sneak around the house when my mother was out shopping or (riskier) preoccupied in the kitchen, searching for hidden presents. Silently I'd open closet doors, slide dresser drawers, careful not to disturb the stacks of perfectly folded towels, the piles of neatly arranged clothes. Crouching down, I lifted the ruffled bedskirt and peeked under the bed in the master bedroom. There was my father's rifle, safely zipped in its long brown leather case. Many of the presents I discovered were already wrapped (in paper with Santas and snowmen and candles and candy canes); I could only guess at what was inside, and who they were for. In the hamper in the back bathroom, I found, in a Sears shopping bag, *Combat!*, the board game based on the World War II TV show. Rugged Vic Morrow, wearing an army helmet and firing a submachine gun, was on the cover; behind him: tanks, explosions, rubble. This gift, I was sure, was for my older brother. He and my father (not I) watched the show. In my excitement at having found it, I couldn't contain myself. I had to tell my mother. Like with other things, I would be in her confidence. It was a secret the two of us would share—until Christmas morning. I would even offer to wrap it for her. But anger flared, in front of the sink in the pink kitchen. My mother, who was always loving (though often harried), turned and slapped me across the face.

In the late fifties,

on a Saturday afternoon, we drove in our yellow-and-white station wagon from the Valley to downtown Los Angeles so my father could buy hops for the beer he had decided to brew on his own, as an experiment, in the small, windowless laundry room which he also used as a darkroom, photography being one of his hobbies. In the back seat, I looked out the window. Compared to the suburbs, the city was a foreboding place. Nothing but concrete. And such big, impersonal buildings. We stopped at a traffic light. A man was asleep on a bus stop bench. I pointed this out to my parents. Did they explain that this was skid row? That the man was either destitute or drunk, or both? His clothes shabby, his white hair disheveled, a pair of round glasses on his face. While we were still stopped, I watched a young boy creep up to the bench. He hovered over the sleeping man, carefully removed his glasses, then ran off. I was seized with panic. *When he woke up, how would the man be able to see?* I tried to tell my parents, but the light had changed. We were moving again.

Fifty-plus years later, when I asked my father if he had any memory of this, he said, "Yes, I remember that you were quite excited."

TOP 25 MOST PLAYED ON ITUNES

"Lovely Rita," The Beatles (490)
"The Nightingale," Julee Cruise (466)
"Goldfarb's Record," *Klute* soundtrack (448)
"All Things Must Pass," George Harrison (419)
"You Won't See Me," The Beatles (399)
"Love Is All Around," The Troggs (362)
"Don't Get Me Wrong," The Pretenders (348)
"Love Is Blue," Paul Mauriat (298)
"Joanna," Kool & The Gang (286)
"Wasted On The Way," Crosby, Stills & Nash (281)
"This Charming Man," The Smiths (276)
"Eye In The Sky," The Alan Parsons Project (271)
"There Is A Light That Never Goes Out," The Smiths (271)
"Across The Universe," The Beatles (261)
"Dear Prudence," The Beatles (249)
"Come And Get It," Badfinger (244)
"Everyday Is Like Sunday," Morrissey (240)
"You Don't Have To Cry," Crosby, Stills & Nash (233)
"Teenager In Love," Dion and the Belmonts (218)
"Picasso Visita El Planeta De Los Simios," Adam and the Ants (205)
"The Calling," Ken Heaven (203)
"Happy Heart," Andy Williams (199)
"Peggy Sue Got Married," Buddy Holly (197)
Glassworks, Philip Glass (183)
"I Saved The World Today," Eurythmics (180)

May 30, 2016

MOVIES THAT MAKE ME CRY

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)

Casablanca (1942)

Cold Mountain (2003)

Dances with Wolves (1990)

The Deep End of the Ocean (1999)

Field of Dreams (1989)

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (1947)

Hostiles (2017)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)

The Lives of Others (2006)

Manchester by the Sea (2016)

The Miracle Worker (1962)

Ordinary People (1980)

Pollyanna (1960)

The Secret in Their Eyes (2009)

The Sound of Music (1965)

True Grit (2010)

The Virgin Spring (1960)

WHAT I READ THIS SUMMER (2017)

The Year of Magical Thinking, Joan Didion
Antony and Cleopatra
Letters of Ted Hughes
Mourning Diary, Roland Barthes
The Red Parts, Maggie Nelson
This Craft of Verse, Jorge Luis Borges
Regarding the Pain of Others, Susan Sontag
The Diary of Anne Frank
A Tomb for Anatole, Stéphane Mallarmé
Proprietary, Randall Mann
Letters from Limbo, Jeanne Marie Beaumont
Camera Lucida, Roland Barthes
There Are Things We Live Among, Jennifer Moxley
Urban Tumbleweed, Harryette Mullen

MARY AUSTIN SPEAKER

STILLNESS

If, in February,
living stood still,

then what of the sleep
we took for life all year?

In the land of a thousand snowfalls,
land of rain deadening the sounds

of night, trees bent
under water's weight.

If every angel
is terrible

is it because
of lightness?

To refuse gravity
or any provable rule

is to divert the weight
of centuries.

Men carving up a continent
moving rivers to suit their needs

He was very idealistic
He was a visionary

Q: In whom can we put our faith
if not the mad ones
who challenge
what we know?

Our faith was a point of purchase.
And then the ground moved back.

Shoulders shook as if in fever.
In the hills, a turning. Slow.

On the prairie,
storms reared up,
eyes a calm of sadness
as the wreckage
flew around them.

(in the desert
the water
had been singing
all along)

To find our way
to wakefulness:
each digit
takes its turn.

And in the end
(there is no end)
The circle burns.

SEE: A FIELD GUIDE TO HYPERBOLIC SPACE

A poem is a non-Euclidean conduit
each crenellated fold a sheaf of seeds
ferning out for purchase
in the fecund forest floor.

NECROPASTORAL FOR MY FUTURE BODY

What I want to be
when I have grown enough
is to be of use
to trees.

Praise the bark
where the termites burn
a slow tattoo.

Praise the leaves
where the chrysalis waits
and the spider savors a fat moth.

Praise the susurrating wind
and how the leaves respond.
Slide, sing, toss, turn.

Praise roots, dark
nether-tree,
funnel of nutrient
and drink.

Praise the fungi,
for their feathering
the undernest,

mycorrhizal pillow
for restorative sleep.

Beings who persist
despite us all:
let me be
of use.

THE COWBOY LANDS HIS SHIP

In the movies, the cowboy risks
the safety of the crew

for the cowboy landing
and slides in to save the world

by the skin of his teeth.
Meanwhile the darkness

teems with aliens
and the cowboy doffs his hat

when he goes to meet them.
Let's take her down,

he growls, maverick-certain
as only the truly alone can be

amid the millions occupying
that darkness all along.

JULY 22 2018 YMCA

I hear the sun striking leaves
around the corner.

A motorcycle ticks
its cooling song.

Hum and drip
of a window unit.

The sun striking leaves
is a fat green sound.

In the day's gray shade
the leaves and I

are hot, chartreuse
and round.

The stucco breaks
apart and falls

around us
like summer snow.

In the Burger King parking lot,
a squash unfurls a flower

and pushes out
a plump green fruit.

The tiny fat maggots dance.
Bloom, fruit, seed, shoot.

The sun striking leaves
is a flat green sound.

Leaf, stem, dirt, root.
Glyphs on the signage.

Sparrows taking
apart a roof.

COVEN INVOCATION

Trance trigger

Vernacular pagans

Faced with violent

Christians despite

Spring of Corvids

Summer Siskins

Shivering

In pleasure as

Sacred characters

Stamped

On foreheads

For all to read

Mean anything

COVEN MINUTES

Begin with signs
including planets
including this one
turning as it does
(as cards over)
each to others
further turns
a Heart pierced
with Thought facing
the Papesse who
connects Earth
with Heaven advising
the Ace of Sticks
or Stems whose
dominion means realm,
limits, or limitlessness.
The World appears
and Cup King as
wisdom having person.
We querents breathe,
hum, sing, and plan
to adorn ourselves
with thinking, writing,
oracular improv,
drinking of tea.

THE REPTILES AND I

Terror birds so-called
extinct clade of carnivores
Great beaked talon-footed
Can't fly and don't have to
Ripping through the Cenozoic
Filled in the predator gap
after big die off from
Deccan Traps or
Chicxulub meteor impact

We find our tiny bodies
in their bellies these
Chickens from Hell
as we call them
Cute in their way
Took over time for a while

Their toothless skulls
peculiar feeding adaptations
fragile skeletons not
supporting jaw muscles so
swallowing prey whole
dealing later until
killed by megafauna
of our kind
and dug up by us
revealing healed injuries
and conditions
as broken bones
arthritis galore
Had no voice box
so didn't roar but
squawked maybe
Found now tantalizingly
intact dragon-jawed enemies
stuck in our mental teeth
Blood splash device
Another day another night

WHICH WALK #2

As if melody
let the witch out
(had to) as the day
breathless because
not knowing

as mode of being
though twice known
Nonfiction allegory
not metaphor
not vice or versa

history or present
against which
a tune is held
heard or hurt
all at once

every time
or in a series of events
assembled for pleasure
as if melody
was the solution

Is the solution
dissolved into which
again emerges
song as a living
one might make

or be in time with
requiring travel
speaking and singing
writing down looking
up and out

Over time
moving again or
having moved
continuing to say
that which needs

to be said while
claiming not to
listen but listening
as attention and
revenge

Counting as
everything

WHICH WALK #3

first love first

Arrived
by dint of sails attached
to skulls and brains
(like us but unlike)
(ours) smiling

in the sun and wind
by the river
crocodilian but warm

blooded female unsurprised
by rage and desire

Psychic or psycho-sexual approach neutralized until
time-of-day or time-of-life arguments proposed in sun and shade
smiling among the fronds lit up our enormous brains among the gracefully
extended heat ridges around, above, and on our heads, in our hearts

We think we are me we never said
as always us, them, they, and we
read the signs thriving
on attention or lack thereof
anticipating the moment

we align the resource,
predator, and nesting
calculations alive
in our minds achieving

desire consensus
even love

WHICH WALK #4

Laura

This troubled love
of assertion argues
a plan long since
abandoned as if
a name was mistaken
(by I of me)

or by a detective
whose pensitivity means
I am taken by an old-
fangled thing new again
not false but true
but not real

Replaced only to
reappear at a critical
time for the crime
guilty of what
is called falling
for, down, or out
for example if flying
or if in love by doubt

When the house fills
with air and
thunder with its
following light
the song changes

When I hear my namesake
sung or played and realize
“It takes more than one
song to stay aloft or alive”

Whose pause and refrain
are uncontained

FRANCESCA DeMUSZ

I JUST WANNA HAVE SOMETHING TO DO

we lit two skinny candles in the park
and i covered up an old rose head before telling you
i don't really know what i'm doing
i just wanna have something to do

screaming in my sleep at apocalypse dreams
clutching for the rosary
too many mornings i wake up on fire
with news of new fires all around me
it's catching
i can't get angry enough
burning it all up in a frenzy
tear-raw cheek bone remainder
and these walls

don't agonize organize
i say it out loud
like florence kennedy sees right through me to
that column of flame
don't agonize organize but these days
i don't know what to do but cry all over and fuck
after orlando i just wanted to fuck and fuck and fuck
until i'd fucked myself and everyone else into another galaxy

what did you ask once
that i responded to with
no, but i'm a portal
and meant my pussy?
i hope my galaxy is a fierce peace

SLUT IN LOVE

manu told me through virginie despentes'
baise-moi
not to keep my treasures in my pussy
if i'm gonna let anyone inside
so i keep them in my eyes most of the time
what i let through to my pussy when it's
occupied sometimes is
up to me and my moment
and sometimes it is love
and sometimes nothing
or a few waiting room pornos
hoping you'll cum

sometimes it's the taxidermied head of a bat
or my mother's diamond ring
or drugs

one time i felt eyes open a portal
thorough my eyes and out my pussy
like white light through me, a comet
and that was when i became a slut in love

i'm a stray cat
i want sex like pizza

in new york i did just what i wanted
i miss you, new york sluts
fucking your lover's roommates
from bed to bed dirty sweet
and rolling your eyes at me

here they all look at me like
i'm somebody's girlfriend
i catch myself
writing "slut princess" in fat sharpie
across my thighs in the bathroom at work
doodling a big wet pussy to slap
on the back of my cropped denim jacket
under sequined red letters
i've earned them and love them
and never really thought about them
but here
there's a real "fuck you" to it
here someone on the street said
be careful with those hearts
but i eat hearts
my own heart was the first
doesn't everyone

eat their own heart?
the most tender i get is to tell you
up front i'm a slut and i love it
and further i'm a slut in love
and in love still a slut
eat your heart out

are we supposed to think being a slut
makes it harder to love?
maybe makes us harder to love
us sluts, hello sluts i love you
i think it's easier to love and be loved
we're easy, right?
there are so many loves
to feel and
i feel real am listening to
donna summer and she's telling me
she's been around the block and i have too
and she might explode and i already have
and now i'm singing

DANCE WITH THE REAPER

before going out i dance for the reaper
don't touch me reaper
we giggle

the reaper sits in one of
two chairs the dead video rental store
videorama gave to me

videorama and vidiots are in video afterlife now
the reaper shows me its membership card and i lick it
i'm in a mood

the reaper is a giant stuffed carrot i found on the street
draped with beaded wedding lace from a yard sale
and a plastic halloween skull

grinning at me
was those things
and then the reaper

sloe-eyed watching me dance
swiping scythe playfully at my body
my body naked then

half-dressed andrea true's
"more more more"
on the boombox is disco dead, reaper?

the reaper says no, duh
we giggle
don't touch me reaper

my friends are waiting
the ones on my side
we've got to dance till the early morning and then eat tacos

i can't dance with you all night
though i will
catching glimpses of you

behind my right shoulder
that grin, what a punchline
where do you party, reaper?

is there a dead new york out there
if i can't run into my dead new york friends in new york
can i run into them in dead new york?

i'm still dancing i want to be dancing
at don pedro palisades death by audio
i wanna be dancing in dead new york

i wanna see the areaware eyes again
i wanna be a tarty queer babe in a bar run by the mob
i wanna glam rock i wanna eat pizza with joey ramone

i wanna meet somebody at radio bar like we used to
i wanna run into you know who on a
really really sunny day, just walking around

i wanna i wanna i wanna
if im treating you like a genie
it's because i'm in a bind and need something bad

death, like a trip
i wanna take but not yet
can i make a collect call?

the reaper grins and creeps
and then is again just
the carrot, lace, and skull

I JUST WANNA HAVE SOMETHING TO DO 2

i'm on my little pink shag rug crying out a prayer
trying to make my tears a weird offering

god damn
god can you hear me

any god at all
if you're listening

our father, fuck off
i wanna talk to the virgin

kneeling in front of this mirror
no light but the white candle

bloody mary
bloody mary

i'm sorry i forgot the ave maria
i'm sorry i'm so bad at this

i've forgotten how to come to you
i have sinned i feel so complicit

bloody mary
bloody mary

how is it that the last prayer i remember is a spooky legend
we girls did in the dark in the bathroom

bloody mary, in a dream
my friends drunkenly cut out their tongues

wrapped them in saran wrap and
left them in the refrigerator

for me to find in the morning
their blood thin and runny on the cellophane

in another dream i had two tongues
one on top of the other thick

inside my dream mouth
i took one out to kiss a friend who's now dead

whose funeral another friend saw
months before in a dream

and told me bloody mary can you tell me
what to do with these tongues

what to do



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STOP THE MADBRAT

THE BAY/NYC
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