

I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW

The apple was supposed to have five seeds inside but when we sliced it open there was a sixth like a finger & I got scared. Scared like I was when I found you talking to yourself in the kitchen at five a.m. the morning after your analyst wrecked the last living part of you. You looked so pitiful sitting there with your hands in your lap & crumbs all over your face but to me in that moment you were a murderer & I wanted us both to die. Speaking of which, I keep my father in a Tupperware in the living room & sometimes when I feel numb I inject his ashes into my arm. I thought you should know.

The thing is that all my girlfriends keep getting raped, which makes it hard to appreciate things like, you know, music, even though I know that all your girlfriends get raped too & music is the only thing that ever makes any of us feel better. I'm sorry I'm not blonde anymore but I used to be & that should count for something. I'm sorry all my wheels fell off. I can still hold a tune & I'm a good kisser when I'm not too anxious. I don't know how Twitter works but I hear murder is trending, which would scare me too if I weren't so bent on disappearing forever. It depresses me how much the kids on the boardwalk love Amerika, & how all the really cool murals are based on logos. I feel above these things somehow, even or especially when I know they're inside me too. I wish our sex felt less like the military & more like flowers, except whenever that happens I always wish the reverse were true. I don't know how anyone could ever love such a basic bitch, but I hope one day you'll try.

In a poem Ke\$ha & I coexist differently than in the world. In my dream we were all living in a palace of hair, someone made a bong out of a mango, & everything was free. If I were a mom I'd be a cool mom, & if I were a dad I'd shoot myself. I think war is a problem you & I have not really reckoned with, which isn't to minimize how harassed we feel by the dailiness of each day, but rather to call attention to differences; degrees of separation. This morning I said a prayer & it helped me. Someone is drunk-dialing you, & from further away than you think. I often wonder what my dead dad would say about the fact that I quit school & fuck girls now. Where did the time go, & why. When did everybody's hair get so long.

I hate this venue. I hate it when you shake your ass in such a way as to mark the distance between yourself & the people whose ways of ass-shaking you imitate. Self-parody is unattractive, but maybe if you went all the way through & actually became Other we could love each other in the end. I'm not Black but sometimes when I think crackers I don't mean food. I think mercy could be an air. I think a forest could follow us around. I even think we could become legion. A shining stone; a silver arrow. A YouTube video about bioluminescence or solar flares. Hey. When I said pingback I meant world. Sometimes when politics find their way into love it can be exhausting. My identity tried to fuck your identity but it felt awkward & we both got soft. Speaking of which, when I say I love you I say it mostly to remind myself of a kind of softness we keep trying to cultivate or enter. I wish we both could stop taking it so seriously. My penis is sky-sized. It takes me where I want to go. Away.