



**NEW PINKY**



## Babylon Incinerator

speaking in assassin tongues, caged, through cancer jaw, in garbage disposal bone, i call this mammalitic detection, it requires lockdown, it requires manhunt, in advance of skin slip, cavity index, and low fume, i argue this depakotik, i become discolored, exhibit kleptonik overtones, i become crematic, eskalith, obelisk, stone, in calsec and sofner, i expect epic drainage, sludge blood, methedrine, fentanyl, ground beef, quaalude, i box cutter to castrate, i erase intravenous, scatter drug remover, obscuratant, high security, i emaciate West Palm, breastpump, fistjab, the central oven facility dissents, stroke radicals, cock machine gun, absolve los huérfanos muertos, don a flakjacket, interrupt interferon alpha pseudogene, put a succession plan in place, i model enigmas, hex inputs, these are djinn corpses, i am above deceit, i carom off hatchet, burn solidus, discuss omega decomp factor, discuss xeros edema factor, discuss co-injectant beta factor, down deviled eggs, i go dumb, depersonalize, deodorize, more drainage is expected, don leather gloves, split cranial vault, tap phone, in explanation of drone war, in the slipstream of the tigris, blood on all the dishes in the sink, all along the tigris with sanah and safah, all along the tigris with yusef and mufallah, relax, burn a face, sever optic chiasma, inject ruby glasses, i reference desert apocrypha, it requires extrusion, through adam's apple, cross-section, crown of thorns, i call this the whip, i secrete latex, it requires a flat iron blade, i insufflate treblinka, coffee, cigarettes, morning-after pills, it requires bastardization, termination, she who gave you life, i classify fracture, it requires indirect violence, shearing forces, nepenthe, cannabis, escape restraint pills, it requires a vein, premature ejaculation, i taint milk, it requires desert sand, claps in the dark, it requires the consumption of ellipses, shadow discipline, i perjure description, i recall gavrilo princip, seroquel, rub' al khali, all day tomorrow is another day, noxious, i shrapnel empty quarters, nauseous, i shape suspicion, it requires rebel ammonia, impoverished explosive device, in latent flames, in olivet hesitation, among the trocar buttons, dexedrine, i detonate oedema, it requires puncture, it requires bloat, body mass, a funeral service provider, naltrexone, jebusites, i tank geronimo, historicity, it requires levity, it requires the carcasses of certain animals, acetone peroxide, i become a metalith, i slow match tripwire, i get hero cultik, plant fougasse, stone, shell, flame, cordtex, primacord, it requires sky burial, it requires judas cradle, i give birth to a simple form of boiling, a suitcase, it requires transmigration, i boredom flaccid dogs, it requires fornication, rigid borders, i garotte before soft robes, it requires embargo. it requires oil field blooming.

## CRYSTAL, HUNG TO LOOK LIKE STARS

the calls keep coming then from inside the house  
with potential  
abandoned the child  
did something  
with the love crystal  
hung to look like stars is it still inappropriate  
I brought it all back in the house  
when the last tired thatch came loose  
from my little brothers  
Bunny Mom said  
he just loved it too much one by one  
nearby birds turned swan in one last endeavor  
of light merged with the dying elsewhere  
the youth want to tell the story  
with even less moral organization  
bring them all and the ruckus remains  
A moon  
in the house by love who it happens to  
first inside now on even our belligerent neighbors  
all the beautiful versions we keep telling each other  
the midnight special shines a light

## what was attractive

what was attractive  
about the beat poets  
was that they were  
attractive  
i sit on the couch  
& watch videos of  
fashion shoots  
i think about  
writing  
these models were  
struggling to walk down  
the runway  
then i begin to think  
about the problems of  
Bukowski but get tired  
it is a tiring  
exercise  
like how David Byrne likes to  
write about being tired  
of New York.

i think of how poetry  
had schools when  
i was in school.  
at work i stared  
at the computer  
for long enough it  
began to move.  
the proofer  
nervously reads my  
translation  
it is not a very good  
translation  
i think  
the woman whose  
college transcripts  
i butcher  
studied psychology  
in Jalisco  
it starts to dissolve

before my eyes  
both walls of the  
page  
close in  
all dead all  
jigsaw mexico  
near the freedom tower  
three trash pails  
near the lunchroom  
none for my desk  
no one uses  
the lunchroom

the office is heavy  
it is brown it is  
falling apart  
i write there  
because it is all  
one color  
and i can see  
buildings but not  
sky  
the office is like  
a drug & when i  
am coming off  
and at the office  
it is fine.

## PLATHOLOGY

Because once I open my mouth everything tastes metallic  
and I'm the source of toxicity for the dominant species'  
listening experience The gaping hole letting the metal  
rain in my head so invisible  
to him as to be non-existent—  
In jail at any rate she began to write poems  
and in the poems the jails composing themselves  
in the metal corners of this benevolent containment  
a gutted Botticelli fixed & fated  
at any given moment this perfectly cordoned system  
frozen as Baubo's two stone holes  
interchangeable and strip-searched as if she owned things!  
Once you lived and now you are lived in maximumly secure  
as prized children The sort of architecture flown  
here from Mars or Venus and historically installed  
in the prisons of our perfect penises  
and vaginas the diminutive clipped and hooded pere Dr.  
but really  
any jail will do the tombs and kitchenettes  
of code clinks and the hole we know too well when not to speak of  
and the prison of his tended intuition as told said it  
to me that only a woman could have written  
This! it's the sex scenes that just keep  
going Her infinite sentence preordained  
in the pastel traps of everyday incarceration  
and the jails you walk right into even the lean of her script  
duly noted as a laying or lying crime  
on crime and online thousands of providers are citing  
the phenomena Sylvia Plath Syndrome quote

Studies show Women Poets Extremely More Prone  
to the spontaneous abject euphemism and inter-depressive drunk sluttiness

and no hits for the preponderance of total girlhood trauma  
at the very hands of those who drove her to so intimately know  
such unresolved terms of the institution inside and out  
the point is to make her feel bad about it  
and even afterwards remain  
in the poems the prisons and in the prisons  
death and the death renaissance and the death  
poems

