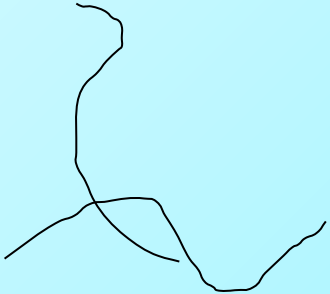
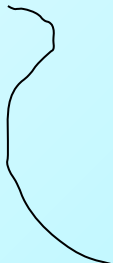


**antibody
probody
biody
somebody**



when is bedtime?

maybe i'm just a really good fake
a different rabbit-hole

the emptiness needed
to perpetually fall.

zirconia
mine.

a bird song sings
no canary but still

some chainsaw mimicry
until there's no more forest.

this time of year
a roaring westerly cross wind

just in time to ruin your camellias
and blow the blossoms off your stone-fruit.

break the heart on the floor
and cut your feet on the pieces

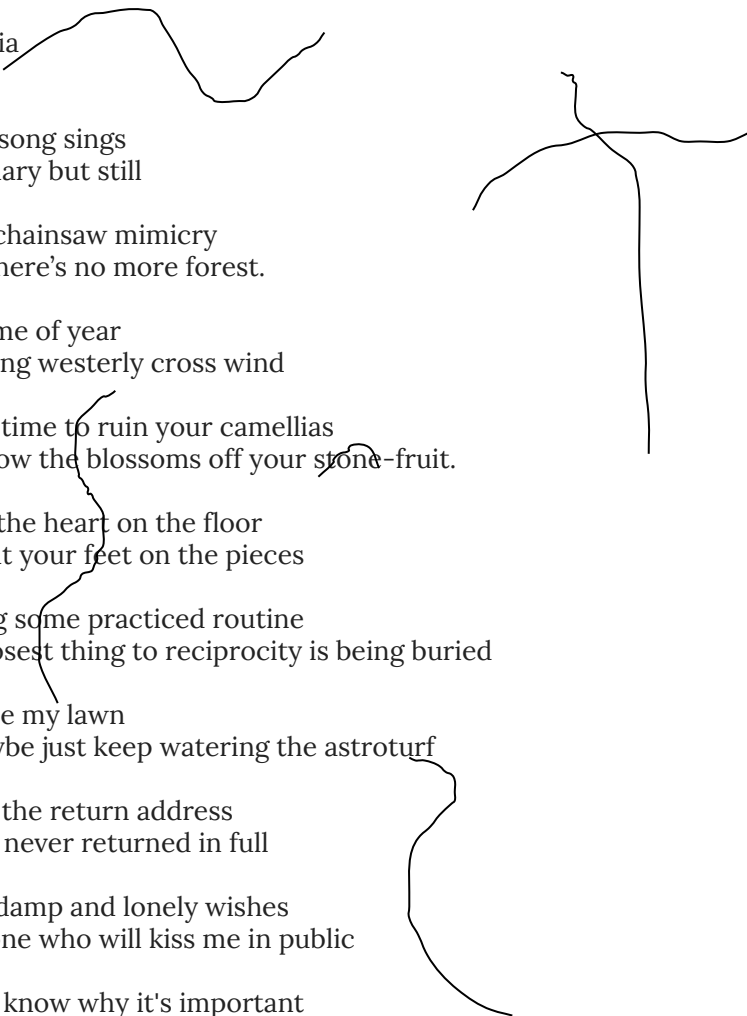
leaking some practiced routine
the closest thing to reciprocity is being buried

fertilize my lawn
or maybe just keep watering the astroturf

forget the return address
love is never returned in full

these damp and lonely wishes
someone who will kiss me in public

i don't know why it's important
but it is

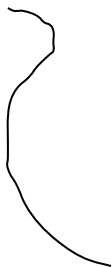
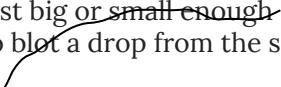


a wet grey dune
cartwheeling with cold toes
kissing rain sideways
tumbling through shrub

tunnels of mangrove roots
build a home
just big or small enough
to blot a drop from the sky.

the mouths of children
use space to make worlds
not in innocence
but boundless seaside

eyelids heavy
return to
a small fire
warm feet
and a lap for your head.



the density of the air
framed spring:

coriander, juniper, cat piss
blossoms.

the window was left open
the pillow caught most of the rain.

from the outside
a fly-screen tears a mouth.

seed pod opening
to a future dapple.

afternoon sunned brick
angled; syrupy; bleeding

capped moon
determining

the silence of winter.
teacher: "it's ok"

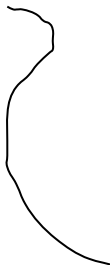
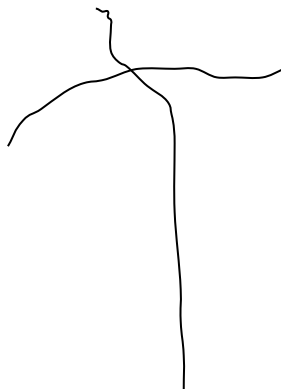
a phone screen learning
to live with the cracks

mosquito coiled
a waiting room spreads

we're all sick
with "it" as the subject

if you knew me like i knew me
you wouldn't call me that name

just set youtube to auto-play
and let it be my eulogy.



falling
falling

peripheral billow
the airing carpets
the socks that walk them.

peg slip,
damp grass

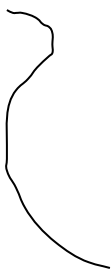
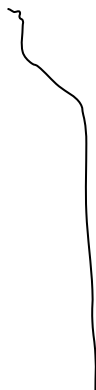
winter filtered garments
three
a whiff on a dance floor
wet dog
softened fabric
faux fur

packets to live in
holding filtered air.

elasticity of years
living on waistband time.

staring at the wall
eating through the bucket.

relax
it's just a drill



strike a pose
there are eight heads to an ideal body
all faltering to a standing fall.

body fluids
the wind in a puddle
sites to belong.

exposed like a runny nose
praying away position
this uncomfortable role
painting me he.

this appendage is traumatic
to everybody involved.

fire is a good coping mechanism
a light on the brow

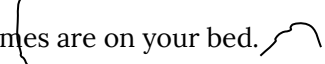
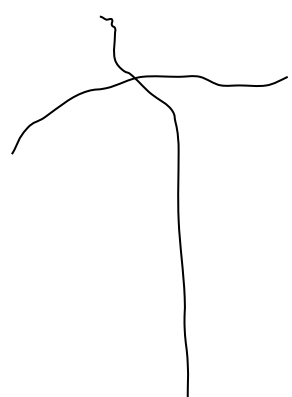
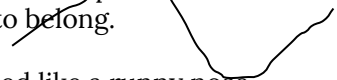
now the flames are on your bed.

limp stress position
just do it, you said
some male object
chopping the wood good

slipping into eighteen years of orbit.

sit me outside the box
mute my humps
fuck me without my cock.
tension is dysmorphic

just meet my eyes
and kiss me wet.



where does sadness come from?
why does a banana have a peel?

some questions deserve lexical translation
a shrug of a larger sigh
filling a hole
too early
to say i miss you.

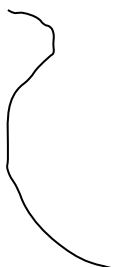
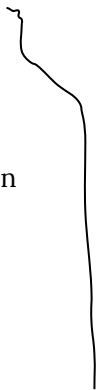
why do things taste?
what do you mean "it's all in the wrist"?

a puddle can't articulate it's depth
or determine the daily forecast
so questions remain
through constant contact
for the body to answer

what season is between winter and spring?
how do you teach a baby to be gentle?

talk to me
like lichen to rocks
the shadowy dance of a drip
forming my youthful superstitions
that come with being short lived.

why do my socks have holes?
where does it hurt?



this ship
full of people
completely alone.

the silence tells your face
emptiness lacks horizon
or least watches it disappear

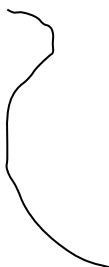
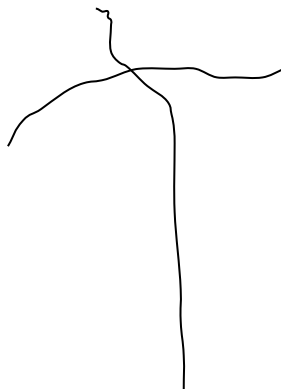
what a distant glow knows of
that resemblance of hollow space
what we sometimes breathe
that holds our bodies in spring
moving between the mouths of cells

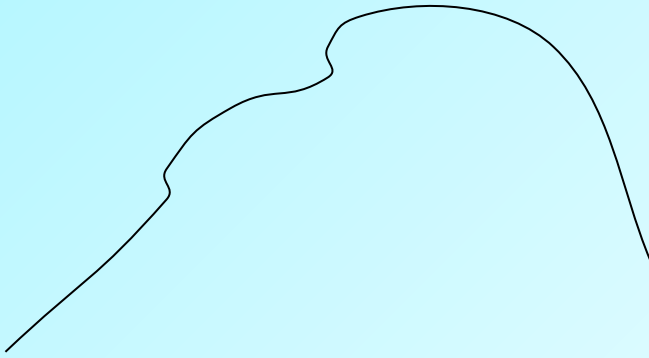
if we gave enough of ourselves away
we might know what we are made from.

see our bodies fail
see us grow old
unrecognisable and
becoming sick.
they'll lose you before you pass

the emptying of vessels
the erosion of what can't be held
each drip of diesel lost at the pump
the singing voice i once had
the shrinking vista of a city.

are you travelling alone he asks
yes
why?
i don't know
somethings just happen





if someone sees me,
it's my fault.

tag
i'm it
you're out