

yarrow yes woods  
May 11, 2021  
Text of Reading for Poet.e.s.s.e.s

## Credits

Poems originally published in:

a) g)limpse o)f  
EOAGH  
DREGINALD  
Elderly (END CAPITALISM issue)  
Homintern  
Paintbucket.page  
Thin Noon  
Dream Pop Press  
Rly Srs Lit  
where is the river

I.

So we were born so  
we brought ourselves to Listen to  
a hand on our asses

the screaming took a long time  
to get back to us  
we get it already : the tablecloth is not a dress

the glass pink rose has no stem  
or dewy beetle pressed  
into grass What becomes

fork when placed to your lips  
& wht bcms shovel  
You were asked all the wrong questions  
at the hospital at the [operating/dinner] table

but You cme anyweigh to  
thhhh right place  
where the cottonmouth swims [F O R M A L D E H I D E  
to fix t he tissue]

if you Spin The Jar  
n n on the shelf  
all the signs say DON'T Touch

and we don't  
we don't

only by night?  
Only by accident

earlier – cognate – courtesan [failed]

hypocotyl      the sun came out  
                  the moon came OuT  
all day luckless day

then i throw it away

n   n   n   nn   oo oooo   o ooo o

OO O   N   NNNN   NNNNNN

LEGAL TENDER  
BITCH BUILD ME  
U GUESSED IT A FIRE  
Hazard : to  
WRITE Draw The Water  
ON Make Your Mark xxx  
the line gets darker  
THE MONEY

To prove false : counterfeit  
Death used to be a Horsegirl

Tonight They are in my arms

II.

The First  
Negation was of self  
& plum tree

this one  
in particular  
or its ancestors

these  
the cherry plums    the purple leaves  
    landing on the runway  
the screaming child in all of us

i am all ghost at work  
not the [house/dick] cleaning jobs

trying to remember my training  
i consult my notes  
from the Whole Foods orientation class

GREET EVERYONE WITHIN  
FIVE SECONDS  
SCROLL  
WASH YOUR HANDS  
ASK THEM WHAT THEIR STORY IS  
THEIR STORY TELLS YOU WHAT TO SELL  
CHANGE GLOVES  
THE WORD 'NATURAL' IS NOT DEFINED BY ANYBODY  
THE WORD 'NATURAL' DOESN'T ACTUALLY MEAN  
'ANYTHING'  
ASK  
IF YOU DON'T KNOW  
SIDESELL  
UPSELL  
CHANGE THE CHANNEL TO SOMETHING WE ALL CAN ENJOY  
A DISNEY FILM SPORTS A COMEDY MAYBE NICE VISUALS  
CHANGE YOUR GLOVES  
JAMES MACKEY & JEFF BEZOS  
COUGH INTO YOUR SLEEVE  
WASH YOUR HANDS  
SOAP DOWN WIPE  
WATER WIPE  
SANITIZE WIPE  
BE ENRICHED  
PACK MEAT  
BRIDGE FAILURE TO REPAIR  
ALL THE MOUTH  
FALL & FALLOW  
LOL LOL  
THINK THESE AND NOT THOSE  
WASH YOUR HANDS BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING  
WET FINGERS  
DON'T FIT  
INTO GLOVES  
TREAT ALL BLOOD AND FLUID AS IF THEY HAVE—ARE CONTAMINATED

Happens: to be cleaned

Whirlygig blizzard-wishing Death says I can't keep my hands off you  
Summer-slutting can't keep my clothes on apparently

what i came to do i said Unbidden to talk about a hand  
on my knee

the man says You're too pretty  
to cry on the bus

i drink a pint  
then i buy another

the thing about pints  
No no no one looks good  
in cardboard

he says  
I'm hard as diamonds

Another says I'm just a good guy looking for a good woman  
Let me fly you down [to N Carolina] to see how it feels?

i tell him i need first class and twelve grand a day  
he says Let me

think about it

*Nothing lasts* he says  
*Aw baby even*  
*diamonds erode in the ocean*

bringing them to the surface

might split them      upskirt?      spilt them too      but this woman is all water  
no't really      but if you  
Round up      The Strokes

sing WHAT SIDE ARE YOU ON [BOYS]

Trying to Get Home Safe

the table we brought home had bedbugs we all agreed to

Spre'd crushed up fossils

Diatoms aquatic cuties

with sharp bodies

WHO PRODUCE 20% OF THE OXYGEN ON EARTH [when living] *You used to*

*Get it in your fishnets* from a boombox on the far side

of the train

Next to me on his laptop a guy scrolls through nudes and semi-nudes

turns it so the guy next to him can see: Green Dress/Long Shirt  
Scrolling

all i see is actions

i don't know what to do

with the rest

Whose laundry is this  
-allday train ride  
really an Hour's  
You Travel More Than Anyone  
James says or Nina says  
*Say Whaaaat?* No one says that anymore  
Except as a joke as a joke most conversations

becoming serious & deadly  
the labels are working at the border  
Some can't leave  
Their Sex doesn't match The Records  
Some can't stay on crowd-funding sites  
the largest donation totals go to  
military vets & missionaries  
To patrol the line / the fence / chain-LINKED / water-sore  
Death & i pull the covers over us for another night

Death beats the history from my face  
when i ask Them to  
measuring openings  
strophe mouth water

& food & pepper spray for weeks for months i'm told to prep  
for if for when they come for us  
i've gotten so good at *having a moment*  
now  
i have days full of them

from June O! Joanne! 18

until the ice cube  
won't fit past the lip i bleed  
into the water the sound  
try to Cover It Up

                  this  
          Whole BOdy or at least  
          like my neck [circle one: bruises *or* stubble] at work *or* grief  
          for father Death everywhere all the time

today though is harder because?  
i left Them and i'm reading Bernadette Mayer  
write about Ted Berrigan doing things  
while he was alive, but so far only in a dream

          Where i am

Ghostfishing is a beautiful horrendous name for nets hooks cages traps floating resting on the sea floor and capturing creatures living beings while starve to death inside them or move in the water with the weight of them until they are prey for whom the utmost the foremost scholars say are [oil off a] Lucky Duck[']s [back]. Artificial Intelligence slaughter machines. let them!! become feral and the tools go on killing without direction. if fishing were a body we might call these nets and cages and traps organs. we might call them body modifications. we might call them vestigial. like some tails. in the Body of Water they might also be prostheses. try to love the water without thinking about the water bottles. i am sick with containers. this one right here of Paper or Plastic? and the one of wince. the one of cloth handmaiden the USA. Made In The USA usually means made by people who are incarcerated, means made by slaves. i ride over to Death's house at 10:45 pm, and there is a family all holding their hands to the roof of their car. i let the eight officers know i'm there. none of them speak to me. two of them have hands on their weapons. the parents are translating through their elementary school kids. the father is crying. The officers let them Off With A Warning. it is now 11:30 pm. i tell Death i love Them as often as i feel i can without being annoying. i tell Death i think the Arm of the Law once made sense? and death said they were always part of the terror state to collect rent or scare people into it and destroy families to remove generational wealth. Overpowered overhyped a boxer's fist violinist's wrist harnessed to capture only and trapping and then let it loose? Then? now tanks and fear and riot gear and the pregnant woman at Walmart gets slammed to the floor for shoplifting and the officers face nothing. not after i recorded and called and sent emails and video evidence to the reporters at every news station *Kansas City Star* office and *Independence Examiner*. nothing and Now? i am locked outside reading a book that doesn't really get it in the same ways i probably don't, in the way it says "i am afraid / i am riting myself / metonymic off deth" who i wait on.

To get home

i fly, fighting despair again another night

like theeeeeeee

Trump is still president. i like to go DOW[N/JONES] on Death what is a mouth?  
my hair is the longest it's evrr been. better to hold on to, but Death rips it out  
sometimes. there's a rally & march this afternoon. i've become terrified of crowds.

trying to help. abolish ICE & the military & telling strangers on the train & coworkers  
about municipalities going bankrupt during the 2008 financial crisis & how contractors  
told them to balance their books by increasing fines/court fees/etc. for offenders.

Death & i met on a dating app. at the end of our first date Death put Their Hands  
to my face so gently to kiss me, a smile asking for nothing but another to stand

next to. i watched Death get on Their Bike and not very drunk ride away. in Nashville  
i was so hopeful i campaigned on behalf of a mayoral candidate when intern becomes internal.

working with a Street Newspaper, sold by people who live outside or who used to,  
or who have no permanent residence, and the staff & i went to townhalls, dinners, & who knew

all the other elbowrubbing cowtowing saltlicking leatheroiling assmenagerie  
debutante slackjawing backhoeing Ceasar-saladtossing cablecompany NASDAQUIRI

brunchbellying politicking we did to get Megan Barry elected, who decidedly no doubt  
spoke during the campaign of fighting for the impoverished & homeless but within no doubt

a month of office had the police force raid the largest tent city confiscate their entire lives  
arrest everyone & destroy the showers grills firepits beds cooler systems trails homes lives

put up fencing caution tape. i do not campaign i sleep on a sleeping bag on top  
of a yoga mat on top of a purple towel on top of all my sweaters on top

of insulation foam pieces from the air conditioner. for strep throat they gave me penicillin  
at the queer center they asked twice if they could touch my neck twice before feeling for my lymph  
nodes

solar ext. f4

drink into did

fill yr mouth

THEnd swallow honey

i knew it

all

along

after

all

who knows the real face of choosing to be alive because the alternative is just slightly more  
terrifying last chance

we lock the bikes

to each other & a cement block

Good Fucking Luck

Moving over in w/at

w/to? Lake? re : ed

w/t/f

o

n

nnn n repainting the barn

yellow

the fingers

yellow the whole sludgedead lushyet world

wish one weren't two  
two to mothmoan threee  
three asking hyper-thread-  
bare s[w]ore notch belt -loop what i know  
of strangulation  
is how many times

my dad said that's how he would go  
white [f]lies suck out the sap like u [shouldn't] snake venom  
from Death's tomato plants soap solution  
won't wash them away we harvest them green well i don't  
think hanging  
from the ceiling would work

a fannannann&a light No Weighghghtt! N O W E Y!  
to be sure to be safe louder  
than drinking To Death:  
yrself^ no Grave  
could be called Early

where soy & corn play hide n seek every year  
were basements were sheds  
where the Kansas Foster Care system  
lost track of 74 kids where hills & hillocks  
& cornflowers & chamomile

where flat where All's Well  
That Ends well  
& the well  
Is poison

Death is in the hospital. i haven't spoken to Death in years. I say, Mom. Are you going to be ok? She says the distance between us the plants the wind chimes between doorways ring sometimes and that is how she knows i'm thinking of her. She says I Didn't Realize a lot. She talks about Death and how much she loved him. How high the suicide rate of long-term interferon patients is. i say i think capitalism killed Death. i don't say I Don't Blame You. She says how a filter is changed in the water treatment facility; how fast she had to type for the Sprint relay job. We go on. Death buries a hatchet in the door to my sibling's room. She mentions this i don't know why any of this is here.

i did away \_ \ wit th \_\_\_\_\_  
i did toward / with h (name for a group of taxidermists)

should we follow? Quick! said The Bird my hand  
a n a s h a d o w n crow w/ONE wing in  
a mosquito puddle in the park Death dreamt of

You are not here! You are N O NNNOO T HE AR  
To verify  
AROSE ! AROSES AROSES AROSES AROSE

the fire & the rose are One they start

OUT the same in lungs but this park trashcan fire needs so  
Much More breath i'm tryin i'm tryin i'm tryin  
To figure who owns my debt

not sure if committing credit card fraud TODO What  
nnnn ooN oONNN N ? feel like i'm doing something <sup>like?</sup>  
Listening to Rape Revenge's *Paper Cage*

wanting memory to unbutton  
its shirt, starting with  
its cuffs, one-handed, then from neck down

hang its shirt on the back of a chair & lie down in the tub shower

curtain drawn hot so hot the water from the head

VI.

a tell-tale telemachina  
Home(weary)war\_

GIMME THAT D

GIMME THAT E

GIMME THAT A

GIMME THAT T

GIMME THAT ACHE [ay-chuh]

Death&i walk to the center of a  
hedgemaze 9yrs ago  
we kiss the branches  
at the entrance &everwhere else

*haunt*

home is as

bEWhitched to steel my  
patrons call themselves gen  
short for generous when they pay  
for my rosered services how convenient

open the blinds oh Sun oh hi!  
neighbors staring at my naked body some porch

answer the door It's the maintenance guy Talking  
about the radiators, *no it's not* it's a d r e a m o u r e or less  
talk (yours) funnel cloud of the ocean you  
carry in you, dript to my ear, kept cool as panting

I Guess I Don't Know Much About Trees After All

i tell my friend about a smile and they say Oh, So You  
Like Performers hush hush the [t]heaters and their hornet nests

home is as

ssomess upon s o Mestra n q u i l l izer only the steam the  
fallout grows this large. shower. unlike the rest of the world. a kiss  
on an adam's [horse] apple an Eve's eggplant makes want: To Stay

Alive Anymore into Everwake, *i take my god to task*  
where the solarwarm water runs  
(sweet and clear) through my fingers, tangles  
tangles i can hardly see where my data goes (will yr song

tear through a tiny net? or dismember. fracktal? each word some  
search term coupled, how will the pieces of erotics be sold?)  
once it pools There is no limit and nowhere lichened

roughhanded bark what is it that from yours sprouts into mine?  
silly me. home is as or and home is is. bears a look-see.  
under a microscope How a hand turns a dial. Finger flickering  
across a bloodline breast. How a hair splits from its color

in your arms, every act (public or private)  
is one of resistance, of succumbing? My flesh[light]politic  
broadcast across the network, our cell  
service providers. each word  
i send you. each gesture i sell to the anonymous  
masses. Whoever wants to watch  
to listen doesn't have to pay a cent, all there  
is is generate generate. it practically  
sells itself. *It's a She*, thank you. i love you. this isn't a joke. *if it  
were*. you would tell it better.

fff

i verify my identity Using my driver's license  
at the airport, in the cam show  
i think of you. how else could i live

fff

there is a difference ? a non-exclusive  
transferable, sub-licensable, royalty-free  
worldwide license for the next day,  
three maintenance guys show up My  
God, They're Multiplying!! each one  
cuter than the last

maybe they're all cousins or brothers?  
i refrain  
[home is as]  
from saying *Daddy* except  
in a private chat, which has its own  
rules and regulations. *i am desperate  
for your hands.*

fff

dark--even in the city--  
without the moon. turn on  
blue light filter? now i  
can sleep  
panacea slump heart

///

work alone, all day remote  
feed my marketable  
interests you you you  
i dream, keep my streaming  
service on Maybe  
this will sate This sweet, dumb  
suitcase of the heart  
and its cattorn shredded  
fucking zipper

///

can't keep track of what i love

Thanks be to the maintenance guys!

They do it for me. although  
they left the back door open  
and my kitty got out.

fff

oh lo me. didn't know who i was  
until someone showed me  
all the models. turns out my local  
grocery outlet mall/department slushchain/  
hardware store/restaurant/coffee shop  
didn't stock most of them  
huh. went straight for a while  
to the manufacturer. *factory direct*  
i guess is the term. wow!! finally  
a product i like. Big [E-]Shot. Big Swallow  
Pills. Woah Easy [there,] to love myself. then  
Boohoo i fell in love with someone  
else. and several more people  
who feel who sense who look like. thanks  
to the data collecting  
agencies' annual reports, i remember  
all their names and birthdays.

fff

once in a blue moon  
there, do you see it?  
now, the rest of the lights

a stage window opens  
where half-colored hair  
fans through.



I. *The DickBitchBaby divides themselves up into the Dick the Bitch and the Baby so they can play games while they do their chores and plan their week. They find it is hard to stay multiple and separate. Harder still, to come back together.*

Okay Loves someone says I can't tell who Let's See, We've Gotta

1. boil down the hormone water from the river
2. relacquer the walls [From What? The Ground Up the Bitchbaby asks  
Toenails All The Bodies Left Behind?]
3. give everyone a really cute nickname
4. What's This Say You call o u s t e r o (s) i d y'll needta
5. make a story schedule I'm Tired  
Of Fabulating

Every Night:

I Just Wish We Weren't The Only Living Things

they say

Yeah I'd Like to Feel (Something Squirm) Again

they say

Well I For One Just Hope We'll Find Some Food

they say

I Can't Survive Alone

they say

and they don't

\*

Ascoriated It Comes To Our Attention  
the Bitch Cannot Pay Her "Rent," reads  
the Baby from her new work.

This Is Not A Feminist Narrative  
says the Dick. You A Man—HUH—  
Are A Man. Telling Me assures the Baby  
no longer having fun  
What A Feminist Work Is. no luck

in the problem of stretching your life.  
Are You Just trying to compensate  
for your stinky poops? little string  
dozens upon little newspaper string the paint  
froze on the porch. this is not the metaphor

i Wish It Were says the Baby.

\*

the Bitch says Hey! Don't Poke My  
Sore Bits. the Baby hears nothing:  
It's Pro-noun-sit Sorbet. And i Want

A Cone! Conetits For Me Pls! the Dick-

Bitch told The Doctor, years ago maybe  
Before we understood

the ground and its inhabitants  
or tired tried tidepenal colony

WHEREDEVERYBODYGOO!  
panics the Babydick, you get the picture.  
she opens up the last can of chickpeas.

Save The Aquafaba! From The Firepit  
screams the ADO)Lt Babybitch, We Can  
Have A Night Of Meringues Why Not?

Bitch, It Seems Like We're Toold  
To Telleverify swears the Dickbaby.

Pretty Iffy, I Guess. Bitch, I love You.  
So Much says the Dick. Will You Kill Me

To n ight? The Bitch asks? The Dickbitch asks  
the Babydickbitch says All The Wood

Is Petrified. since the storms  
berailing and foggerel. soon,  
origins I promise. from the wet

grave, the empty worship. ex t ant hunger  
lil home on the outskirts. tomorrow  
form the bird from hay. one and

more. the yarn is spun! spun spun  
to the impossible floor of the  
sky. everything that isn't

ash is burning. Aw Baby! You're Sooo Hot. i

Love Fucking That Sunburnt Ass.  
The Bird Will Fly i Promise.  
there are worse things to worry about.

\*

Hork  
the angels sing  
The dirge for the planet

Now devoid of all heaven  
Able life  
Having not noticed  
Far below skittering

Over the oozing asphalt  
The trashbag linens  
The ziptie belts  
Of the cockclitted/  
Boypussied not dead

II. *The Dickbitchbaby goes out in search of supplies. In one of their favorite games, they imagine they understand what has happened, is happening. In another, they imagine they aren't alone.*

She says You're Not A Fiebertraum  
to(s)sling constant plead  
Summer

Looks Here But Isn't  
the Overworked Ghost Woman selling promethazine  
asks if they can tell her How Much

I've Got Left In Here in the torn label bottle  
small potted plants  
Lined up along the window

[i don't get it  
are we alone or not]

a line once sung  
"Like little glass soldiers knee-deep in the fray  
cigarette butts and bottlecap ashtrays"  
pretend falling

pretend pout

supposed knottle and etch

h o m e s s (h) y l p h a g e n e s i s i s

except forget slew  
run your finger up the side  
50 100 150 200 240  
mL vodka on the table of trash

mouthwash tonight they tell stories  
remembering the push  
to attack Iran oil tankards big capital  
outrage in the news

the news asks an investor  
should we...as security...and how  
she doesn't come anymore for the war but the space

between fingers rose jaw  
to brush away  
proper[l/t]y

a tank of gas a tank of oil per 12 feet of trunk  
tiny chainsaw work for the winter  
for the soap for the

gloss over who can is allowed  
is taught and asked  
puts eyes in impossible purple

shine shine easy to love  
the growing blur

\*

to believe in the future  
is to live. we have to live  
How Much Longer, the Baby

cries echo to the fabricated

villagers await the locusts sand  
bags and mud bricks  
then snow. in the  
last scene the strangled  
and the strangler  
have the same expression.

two veins blup blup in foreheads.  
one close to the eye s c r i b  
ble pen a family descends stairs.

everyone holding guns  
is smiling. the walls aren't designed  
to love, Bitch says, is to—  
is to

i don't know

she screams again. this time aloud.

Not true.

Can You Not Talk So Loud?

And I Can't Read Your

Handwriting, Doesn't Mean

I Don't Love You.

I Just Want To Feel Alive!

Ok. More Alive Then. Longer.

Well I Can't Hear A Word You're Saying.

all of them say. mouths rotten  
from kissing sucking so hard and long. i don't know what to do and then  
they realized something about themselves. something they had forgotten,

such a turn of the warmth  
rising in her fingertips, growing vast  
into her hand, the pulse  
in her wrist, a loosening knot, one of  
his throat, the itch on its  
scrotum quite unnoticeable though still  
tender from being tucked up  
so ravenously. Shhh. Shhh. It's ok.  
It's ok. BUT IT'S NOT! The World

Is Going To End In Less Than A Decade

And I Want To Spend It With You.

You, Between My Hands. Mine

Between Yours. Thanks, Freckle. the cracking  
concrete made of hemp and lime. paintless  
sky. shaggy thigh against blood mole birthmark. Could It

Be Any Worse Than This? Pretend to eat.

Actual swallow. Hammer into a spinal column.

Clay – Maybe Is

It That Green?

Something

Sprouts

At Least

That's What We'll Say

When They Come

Looking

\*

the steeling  
even here Dick Bitch and Baby  
reorder aglow anything can become part

of the great fire the technological  
yearning – That's Mine! NO theirs!  
No More Dandelion And Barley

Tea – Are You Sure  
We Should Be Alive

To Witness To Take Part In  
To Begin To Foretell To Imagine  
The Thirst

Put Your Phone Away!  
i'm Just Checking My Makeup

When You Cry The Charcoal Ash And Your  
Tears Are Gonne Burn Right Through  
Your Cheeks—Little Mountain

Streams huh—That's How  
You Make Lye The Lie This Time  
Like Last Time For All Time

Was The Suggestion Our Happiness  
Meant Something Good the Baby

puts her foot in her mouth There Are  
Things Alive After All, I Can See Them Crawling  
Black Widows In The Cabin Maybe

So They Sleep There S Frog Friends In The Shower

That's The Best Story You've Told So Far  
The Dickbitch says. NO. gulps a tear. The Baby knows

no one listens to the Bitch when she cries. IT'S REAL. THEY'RE REAL

I JUST SAW A BEE GO UP UNDER THE ROOF. REALLY I DID WHY DO—  
That's Enough—You Know They're Gone, Too. I'm Sorry

Hold On. Wake Up, Dustbunny, Wake Up splitter splatter. honey  
drips from the ceiling