1. There is a knife on that table.

   There is a Bowie knife on that table. No,

   I want you to picture it.

   There is a knife in that girl and you have turned her into a table. The one-hundred-ten pound Turkish girl in the blue haz-mat dress. She pauses,

   
   draws your portrait -

   what a handsome young scenario -

   Asks to shake hands with your wife, get to know her, take off her brassiere, press her fingers into her, open her up, borrow a cup of sugar.

   There is a chance to write all of this down.

   She pauses again, removes her legs, asks you to take your meal.

   Sits up, waits for the hurricanes to strike.

2. I can't think of a fruit that I would like to purchase from you so I flood the room, saliva rains down the drain, and you're so sexy, you drowning plague-rat hanging onto the ladder.
Neither of us will remember the cold cuts on the July amplifier,
only the turpentine airfields, the pool of our diseased children, the madness of the oncoming brain hemorrhage. When we read the classifieds your mother will ask if I prefer the oil or the gun, and we both know how I like to spend my time, sweetie.

3.
She will pour the beer into the ocean and you will buy it all from her. You will vacate the surfers and you will love it,
on it,
The silos will collapse. This is not a hope, this is the day you will take off her pants and whisper to the fallen heroes and heathens yourself.

Clouds, My Brain, Kittens and Other Soft Things

I don't ever want to tell you whose blood I painted my wall with,
Or how many crosses I've carried on the backs of my hands.
If you saw this room you'd try to tunnel your way out,
Through the sewage and decay that I fortified the walls with.
The blinds can shut out the sun but I will always be blinded
By the scent of scar tissue and fleeting brain cells.
It's so much easier to bolt shut my door
Than to let it hang ajar,
So much better for you if I buy that Masterlock and forget the combination.
I don't want you to get the wrong idea
I'll just let you lay there, make a tapestry from your frowns,
Infect you,
Because it's all I've ever known how to do.
Don't come any closer,
Don't let me strike the matches on your bare back
And light the clouds on fire.
Don't give me the chance to bash your fingers into the stone.
Sometimes self-loathing is just having all your facts straight,
Something I've worked so hard at.
I will lie with the world in my hands and think about it every night,
With Africa I will cut open my veins
And Europe will tear away at the muscle and leave behind cancer in its wake
I don't want to know how you think I'll end up anymore.
All that's left for me to do is to forget about my hands.
I watched you go without me for eighteen years
And I'd advise you to keep going.

Spooning With the Road

1.
You are spooning with the road.
The two of you are lying by the fireplace. It is snowing and you tried to wipe the snow off of each other with your hands,

    your tongues, but you couldn't.

    But you didn't really try, and

tomorrow when the sun rises you will exaggerate how much you want to die.

Your parents will probably walk into the room, and they will see your tongues tied together in a Boy Scout's knot, but they'll be too busy soaking the walls in turpentine to care about you,

and

how you got pregnant,

    and how much you'll ask them to give you when the two of you finally get married.

But the road doesn't want to marry you,
it wants to get in your panties,

*it wants to peel the skin*

*from your face and dip it in a caramel sauce.*

It might ask you politely first,
or even buy you dinner,
before it takes you by force and moves your body for you,
back and forth, the grease and the blood leaving a beautiful fresco next to the carcasses of your car’s ex girlfriend.

2.
We are spooning with the road.

That’s us in the picture, the delightfully clobbered young flesh, that handsome young devil with his hands so gently placed beneath her tongue and giving it a quick pinch. We are lying by the fireplace and it is raining on us, and the pools collect so beautifully in our eye sockets.

But sometimes the men watching us from the streets will feel jealous of you, they will ask you to open your hands and let them come inside, to let them dry themselves off, maybe tie a piece of your hair to their shoelaces and drag you around town, and you will ask me what I think about that.

I will tell you that you own your body and you deserve to choose, *but I'll hide your noose while I say so,*

and when you come back tomorrow with the tire tracks across your empty stomach and your gorgeous smile stapled to a lawnmower, I might question my decision-making abilities and slip into the sand.

3.
We are spooning with the road again.

We had the choice not to, but we took too long to decide, and here we are, because that’s how democracy works, sweetie. The fire stopped licking your face some time ago,
and when it did and we stood up, your clothes were missing, and so was my breath, and tomorrow we'll go looking for it, but you just look so ravishing with that codeine in your smile.

The clouds roll over us,

and dirt might fill your orifices one last time before you finally realize that this is what you wanted all along. That this is what we wanted all along.

That maybe miracles lie in a lava lamp.

But you don't have to take my word for it, because you're about to witness it.

See it on the horizon, now wait for the pendulums to shave your neck.

4.
Let's pretend for a short second that we aren't spooning with the road, maybe Henry Rollins is holding us in his fatherly grip. Maybe we drew his eyebrows on his face with charcoal and let him strangle us until our fathers shared a peck, just a tiny one,

and the future is a bright one.

The grilled fish is swimming happily in our conjoined saliva, 

*dancing over the tongues,*

and Henry is going to drown us with a typhoon. That's okay because the road doesn't live here anymore, it changed its address, it took its hat off the coat rack, it's ready to face its problems on its own for once.

But that hasn't happened yet so I'll need you to sit the fuck down and keep listening to me.

5.
The horde found a better life inside of us. I'd tell you what I mean by that but you experienced it firsthand and didn't realize it, yes, you,

it was almost as if the anthrax swallowed you first and took your body for a test drive in the river, the secondary machines watching and probably crying beautiful dirges with their monstrous hands.
You wanted to feel like I would never let you go,
so I put my arms around your esophagus and took a bite.
You wanted to feel like I loved you,
so I took your arms into mine and slowly peeled away the layers of skin, kissed them with my dreams.
You wanted to feel like a winner,
so I took you out to the middle of the lake and I left you there,
I took our rowboat and the road and I eloped in it,
we had a tranquil wedding in Tijuana and tomorrow we'll tell our kids that the sun was an afterthought.

6.
Let's pretend one last time that we're spooning with the road.
It's comfortable when the skidmarks only grate away at a few bones of your skull and the dynamite stops screaming in your throat, isn't it?
But the road says it only loves one of us and it sure as hell isn't me,
so I give you away to it,
I walk you down the aisle,
I only vomit in the hibiscus once,
and when he kisses you with that fire in his eye and tells you he'll never leave you,
I nod and agree that this is the best place I could have left you.
Because you look so sexy spooning with the road.