

from The Sissies: Toward a Small Portion of Land

God is courtesy I enact inside delis.  
When I bag radishes, a splendor is leant me.

My defender is a meekness drawing the cord  
around my waist. We hazard our bodies' prospect to commune.

Here I am twenty-nine years old. If there's wildness  
to deflect my approach, I'll raise mildness.  
If mildness then wildness until I find these finer assemblies.

A pedaling-along-the-earth as I pass the diner named after Francis.

It's a matter of getting my good teeth around.  
And if it will not be so difficult I will not have loved it.

My body always getting in the way like this –  
Go humiliate family by having become so shaggy –

Society was a station I arrived at only to look around,  
grab lunch, and find again the fullness of my departures.

My season sans weather –

Earthly love was armed with just sticks.  
I stopped my horse my bicycle and gave him  
my chest plate my helmet.

A lot of downtime while time is winding down –  
I've been shaping a crown of flowers and look,  
I'm putting it on this baby animal for fun.

I've begun to number my days since  
the last quake loosened upon this wooden city.  
One learns negative faith living here.

That land could split along fissures  
in the resistance whereby  
we negotiate our force.

Those whose flesh comes off their bodies become  
walking registers of their world's patterns.  
To inhabit the presence of the belittled  
and scorned is only lethal in matters  
I hope it to be. I scar little, have so far with  
no effort healed as this record,  
my body such text  
declaims.

My pores dilate to accommodate  
the damage that encroaches.

Humility, if it's to become my brother, must build  
my captivation into a sonorous and tender receptivity.

It's my idea of privacy to establish my blithe cycling labor  
unaware of the advances of cruder captives, poetry's sycophants,  
and those which are sincere but unintelligible from the rest.

It's best that I'm cracked from them toward  
a fresher allotment  
of my fraternal affections.

An ambulating nullity before whomever. Let me  
arrive arrived in whatever I am wearing.

What danger in the city, in the wilds reverses my removal of this helmet.

The future perspired when no one was looking.  
I was scared out of mine so made  
the present supple for your traversing.

One day I sold the belongings of my past endeavors.  
It was my brain's surface I had crossed that made all regret  
inoperative while I denied country and jumped for joy  
for the reterritorialization of the fiercer attitudes found in those  
who see themselves as bodily containers of cities.

By this, let me verify myself again. I think I missed  
my cohesion for a moment.

To amount to a sack of bones,  
a pile wherein lengths of flesh  
inspirit their own metabolism –  
We are skinny and fair in response  
and fully aware of Earth's dirt.  
Lyric grafted onto a worm –  
Such wages are discourteous  
to gentlemen who slyly veil revolt.  
A lanky locus, unshaven by a few days,  
inebriating the looping trajectory of  
bonhomie's fruit – I suggest becoming  
sacred monsters affirming  
a worldwide benevolence. I suggest  
eliding in ribbons and healthy song.  
Let's get back to breath. A return  
perspiring from stilled and  
plush expectation –  
Forget the perfect gift, I've inhabited  
this city. Its manners made me  
a ring of lush lyric: the blaze of  
manufacturing my own oxygen,  
rumor, and doubt. A finish to  
the logic from which I forced this –