

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 –