

Spring	with old	will I	What	
	body	serve.	stretch	consumed.
	parts	Sonia	hot	Mountains.
I decided	or how	& Alma	mind	Ribbons
on no	to tug a	grow		& failings.
theory	twist	in the	suggests—	Sexual
for these	until the	Spanish	death	violence
words	mist	like		makes me
but what	of hair it	sunflowers	controls	vomit so
small	holds	all big	y'all.	movies
hours	unfolds as	heads		can be
unmoored	pepper	thin		tough.
in days	in a rain.	wrists	Flowering	& the news.
reveal.	What	some		Don't let
	territory	kind of opals	mall crease.	me
That Sonia	of	<i>girasoles</i>		be wistful.
that Alma	sundrenche	turn to	We could	Or
will	d	sun	exit.	think my
become is	flower	turn turn		life
enough	freeways	turn		curated by
to insist	loop	to sun.	When you	light
against	from our	Reddish	say	somehow
total	mouths:	glow	for	&
collapse	<i>I feel so</i>	standing.	kids I want	all
despite	<i>hot</i>	Red night	you	architecture
despair.	Sonia	opal sets.	to mean it.	s
What	says	Surround	I	of
meadows	when	the town	want poetry	misreading
there	we hit	beneath	like	Justin
will be	a	our feet.	medicine	Timberlake
meadows	certain	Precious	but	on SNL on
	MPH.	stones	lately	Hulu
permitted		I will love	Alma	for an angel.
I know	Where to	you	retches	City of who
it.	land?	diamond	up	we become
	How	eyes	Tylenol	under
Spring	family	bright		bridges
pinking		sun	burning like	first
new	meant	I will	a sage	permissions
sandals:	servant.	walk.	night	—
	How	When I	visions	
becoming	will I	say	burning	
	serve	lyric I	burning	just the
conversant	or resist.	mean	without	heat
	How	heart.	being	

made- up by the mind. The persons I have built are not myself. I am built by you & the poetry foundation website or my parents & how we bought milk with WIC tickets & painted bedrooms for our teachers. African Dreamland ashed their joints into dreads on the couch but I want less poverty.	fragrant right  before dinner.  Is that free?  Subjects: living,  disappointm ent &  failure, life choices, nature, spring, the weather, the mind, arts & sciences, social commentari es, popular culture, living. Parenting. Buying shit. In the dream of standing before walls a yellow scream beacons above me like Prince	whatever when he turned into He-Man. To Kate covered in barf, thank you, holding little bodies like deflating sacks of rice, dripping grains at every rip. How family meant servant,  jasmine meant  perfume, meant  curled alphabets in videogames of storybooks  before desert  meant war.  Storm blooms	scatter. Clouds  pile, Super  Mario backdrops  flashing heat  before I knew <i>Sunni.</i> Sonia paints cities & her boxes have antennas— how? Skies scrape  horizons, friends of friends kill  themselves, renewal. Alma says app pull. App pull. I'm on my phone with a slideshow in the cloud that billboards boast about,	trilling. When you heard the beat you knew like I did.   The heat & what it wasn't: a character in shorts or my career as a custodian:  sleeping in  summer Phoenix next to garbage on the ground. Along spring I wanted magic more wild, not this arranged language of hedges.  Ceremonies of grass wake beneath us.
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I wanted spirals of branches falling in dance to moon dance of breaks broken branches into sight.	into my arms  & speaks  of herself  in the third  person.	only dream  the same.  A loose  affiliation  of decades—  white denim.  Red data  sets. No  one no  one no  one no  one. Privately  I loved  the morning  sun on walls  & Alma pressed  behind Sonia  for a kiss,  but earlier.	Wind in  dreams. Tigers  in dreams. Omar  in dreams.  Tomorrow in  dreams today.  Privatized  Thatcher's  funeral but  it didn't help.  Accidental  Racist featuring  LL Cool J.  All of us  stopped. Writing,  talking, whatever.  It was quiet  on the internet	too many stories  of teenage rape.  I'm ill  just typing that.  North Korea  tells foreigners  to get out—  nuclear war  is imminent.  Why foreigners?  The rapes  scare me more  than the bomb.  For the girls.  Too much.  If the North breaks  international
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norms & promises, which country & which business will invest in the North? It's a nice idea but my ancestors are still dead. While we read stop signs, memories trafficked. Human touch for slaking. Alma's iris floe's melting from Sonia's arctic gray into the sea's Kate green from the satellites. Looking up what do we	see? Fake lights bright us but we wish anyway. Equ ator spin. New lake s for the hate rs. Sum atrip tan paus es migr aine s. I have n't had a seiz ure sinc e colle ge but I still	have visio ns in the nigh t of the Russ ians in the wint er with their hats & czar s. Girl s: be bold but not baro que no matt er how gild ed	the cars. Hoo d by Air popup store books pop emo tico ns. Curate my Genesis: Final Fight Altered Beast in the starry capitol of red dreams. Sonia & tomorrow Alma both so full of breath. We did not submit sub	mit but crabbed spit with blood ed noses & shared oatmeal for the love. So what if the dawn Dana spins stones for eyes? Link holds up the triforme; I want to win like that. Sonia says the puffins cure her & Alma with a leaf says <i>whoa</i> . What perfect awe & how to resist its loss. Serve. Being app errant parenting while I phone the internet. Sonia sings <i>bacon town</i> <i>bacon town</i> on a plane. I can't complain.
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Survive?  
My mom  
was born on  
the first day  
of spring in  
a year.  
Purplish  
bloom for  
her here  
now in the  
greening.  
Somewhen a  
plastic  
investor  
made the  
doll stroller  
Alma swings  
at.  
Gloaming I  
whisper  
sweetly  
*tonight I  
want you to  
rock me to  
sleep & I  
want you to  
sing me a  
song cause  
I'm tired of  
trying to  
figure things  
out & I'm  
tired of being  
so strong.*  
Growing is  
our season.  
Bombs in  
Boston in  
the sky I  
dream. So  
many  
people with  
no legs.  
More birth  
defects than

Hiroshima.  
Contra  
spread shot  
at aliens.  
Undocumen  
ted bomb  
sites. Stretch  
arm strong.  
What  
perfect awe  
where  
meadows  
spread us  
out.  
Freeways  
loop from  
our mouths.  
No theory  
of  
something.  
So much  
snot now  
but better  
than vomit. I  
don't have  
to try to  
make this  
beautiful.  
Everything  
ever.  
Everything  
ever.  
Nowhere  
did  
our words  
forget us  
or  
fail to hug  
us  
we loved  
the  
luckless  
thick  
hearted

choking  
up  
on bad  
bats  
for  
pages.  
Alma  
says *bah  
buh bah  
buh* it's  
all-  
purpose  
for  
beverage  
so thirsty  
like flowers  
on these  
trees.  
Turn to sun.  
Stem  
tendrill, stem  
tendrill.  
Elliptical  
loops read  
praise. The  
new world  
naked in its  
dooms.  
Where to  
root in the  
dream?  
Spam filters  
on the road  
to  
contagion.  
What is all  
this juice?  
Commute  
fat queer eye  
would lift  
after the  
girls drift to  
sleep.  
Reading a

series in  
longhand.  
False blue  
I am  
California  
freeway  
systems.  
Praised be  
the  
fathomless  
universe  
fallen in its  
brightness.  
The hastening  
day runs  
green as  
David's  
river.  
Welcome  
the coming  
of the  
longed-for  
May.  
Jasmine  
stem. We'll  
turn our  
faces  
southward  
& name us  
plenty.  
Calm was  
the even,  
dazed  
spring. *At  
least the  
lettuce loved  
the rain*  
hawk  
bleached  
maidens.  
The world is  
mud the  
world is  
puddle-

wonderful  
every third  
child.  
Tendrils of  
tomorrow.  
Screen-  
blank eyes  
Alma  
says *eyes*  
asking me to  
put my  
glasses on.  
Silver liquid  
lullaby rain  
song. North  
Korea drifts  
from its  
moorings  
like colored  
mist like lily  
pollen on  
the breeze.  
June  
measures  
language  
into  
languor  
we imagine.  
The green  
will never be  
again so  
green. Our  
exaggerated  
sense of care  
as  
somewhere  
in a sky  
drones  
drone. Anne  
lists the  
children.  
Where they  
fall we

collect	of	s	how	won
photos	that	Bost	two	't
hashtag no	half	on		
filter. The	in		sibli	apol
busy	hers	und	ngs	ogiz
murmur	elf.	eser	evol	e
glows lol! In		ved	ved	wate
every street	Whe			r
no Eden	n	brilli	into	
sings us	will	ance	terr	priv
softly down.		one	orist	atize
Clouds	spri		s	d
murmur.	ng	susp		says
Mud	end	ect	Bieb	
chuckles.	&	slain	er	Nest
Made	all		kills	le
places	end	poet		CE
turn	—	s	riot	O &
yellow		with	por	
near the	whe	out	n	you
heart.	n?			my
Sonia	Twirl	clot	Step	love
balls	rl	hes	h	s
in a		Soni	Cur	
corner	twirl	a	ry	the
says	twirl			tech
<i>nail</i>	s	cho	brea	nolo
<i>polish</i>		oses	ks	gies
full	trav	shee	thre	of
in	el	ts	e	your
herself	worl			
in	ds	mer	poin	hap
herself.		mai	t	pens
She is	fore	ds	reco	tanc
four	ver.	shee	rd	e
& a	I	ts	teen	
half	kno	that	stun	thril
	w.	are	ned	l
almost but	Tha		NY	in
she	t	pink	Post	the
is	kid	polk		light
prou	drag	a	pigf	ning
d	net		ucke	awl
		dots	r	of
	shut			

daw n.	of blue abo ve.	shattered? Spring that I love you for Kate your tears so much lighter in the calm. Sonia dances for us so there will be this. Sucked into holes of bulls & bliss.	men ts enc hant ing my scre en next to the bom b site hash tag no filter . Subj ects: livin g, disa ppoi ntm ent & failu re, buyi ng shit, pare ntin g. How the slowed tankers sculpt our horizons at sunset beneath the bridges whose	distressed forms in eart hqu ake hour s this smal l maj esty recal ls, & capi tal proj ects, the agin g infra stru ctur e of our glor y O glor y O glor y to you Spring scrolling down our brightness together that we may be naked on the internet forever, birdsong in the yards.
Hea rt be still be still be still. I nee d to uplo ad all of me. Serv ants wak e me to serv e by waki ng. Bak e in the day as it heat s, cher ry moo n slim y on the tong ue	O long hours what have you to tell? These stoned worlds our eyes seek & seek & drawn to silence then we fold limbs to limbs in false peaces origami poses the night noses us for being so simple. Who who who who will be our women our betters our saved martyrs blown from the dust to glass growing shapes brightly colored & un-	ng end false ene mies Spri ng boin g Boei ng ban g ban g up jum p boo gie nigh t peni s enh ance		