

S to forget, S to remember

sex to forget, sex to remember  
i'm high  
your tongues tell me more when you don't talk  
don't let your tongue being cut  
by an anarchist of feeling  
feels so heavy that i'm feather  
and some more. People have no nation, they're alien  
to darkness. We're bathing in senselessness & it feels so good  
to be sleeping. Consciousness, deadly weather  
of the summer. I hit the road of surrender, tender-  
ly  
& twilight's frail. Advice:  
oxygenate your eyes, water the  
no suffocation  
it's too late for nothing  
is pain too sweet to be sweet in pain  
I make the bed. it juggles almost jokingly  
and i saw faces  
in faces  
I'm sorry i've been gone. Lately  
we talk, talk on the phone  
but somehow i can't listen, it's not 5 pm yet,  
lids are shivering  
cowardly i *become* eyes, and whale eyes tend to shrink. At dawn  
we went to that Indian place today on a street K  
Vegetarian Indian Cuisine!  
and the plates were beautiful & silver  
and a lot of, it seems. Fake  
the flesh is what we are, narcoleptics too  
need love but feel sick from cold white food  
& feel sick when I'm me  
the brain is like a church  
sinister & opulent & doubling all I see  
I can't complain, but i do relentlessly  
the turning figure of subjection as she says. Silly me, but there's  
an issue this issue of Though Womanhood  
is no song. Holds the face of my future  
like a scarecrow or fox. Crouching in delight. An unknown mother  
is kissing me. Cells, devices, sex make that  
I'm high  
of bottling the smell of the dead. Won't capture their presence or essence is  
feeling's anarchy