

FOUR THREE-PART FUTURE POEMS FOR HOT CHRISTIAN DADS (& THEIR GAY LOVERS)

I.

You know how I feel about machines of the future,
Pure slopey mountain stoplight regret

The doctors told you if you took less care flipping pancakes
Your cough would be ok

But you watched kids at the wet bus stop
You hacked something up

Chunks of raw soul
Splattered yolk yellow in the streetlights

& when you called me daytrodden
About your burial plans

I put my cracked iPhone to my ear
& scoops of earflesh fell down

I am so tired of ringing this goddamn bell

II.

We listen to CBC Blues on Saturdays on a cassette radio under kerosene lamps

A white ambulance winds through Richmond's streets. Important biker gang leaders dab their eyes with white bandanas, the sun glints white, the trees drip their long branches down, wrapping them around one another, obscuring the racist names of racist streets, hiding the eyes of memorials: soldiers & fat horses.

Me: Forgive me, this isn't about you. I feel the apocalypse everywhere today.

I nudge you with my foot, stirring up baby bugs.

You:

III.

It's easier to party in small places. We wedge open the door to the bar with our awards:
Gold, Bronze, Catastrophe!

Me: There is nothing like being in heat

You: I am coming to grips with my hook hand

Delayed eucharist bathtub party
The things we throw on walls:

WHEN SHE TELLS YOU WHAT HE DID, BELIEVE HER.

I.

I am parting you now for the new future, one where we can leave our beanie baby seed filled bodies behind. Remove the tags from our ears, scare off your lice. Kiss the 8 or 10 or 5 hour workdays behind. Toss your fake name in the garbage, they know who you are now anyway. Snort one of three final Xanax, the ones you saved for a final trifecta of celebrity deaths. Goodbye Christmas, goodbye country clubs. Let's take sex to its corporeal limit.

II.

What kind of gimmicks are heads. Yours, a glittering mass covered in balaclavas or fishnet. Mine is predisposed to static electricity and other unseen currents. Remove your face and start again. Lift your chin and peel off the resin. Eyes stained lapis blue from staring into the sun. Pupils are zygotes that swam their way up from your womb. Nose is a man hoisting a cleaver over a cow, ready to swing. Lips are two peasants in a field working something out in the background of a Russian film. Tongue, another persistent story. Ears like two unfurled bat wings. They referred to our high school as "Corpus Crispy" because of all our sunless tanning.

III.

Forget the sharing economy, take on the hopeless economy. Your mother plays pool with dumbasses and demons. Collectible porcelain figurines are now the only currency. The government revamped the Bureau of Abandoned Lands and put a flamboyant ghost in charge. He's ok, until he goes on a bender. The way they bring entire ancient Greek buildings inside museums unnerves me. Our world is a sterile container of preserves for aliens to feast on. Acroterra, there are figures on the roofline, watch out.

I.

Let's talk about peat moss, let's talk about the in between animals and gods. I can feel my wisdom teeth coming in again, even though I had them removed in a hotel lobby four years ago. Eternal return. They didn't even put me under, those fuckers. I pulled tooth fragment out with my bare hands while commuting to work on BART last summer. On those drugs, I ran down to the Potomac river during hurricane Isabel because a dead person dumped me.

II.

Let's talk about explosions and thunder, the lonelier weathers. I wrote a missed connection for the hot queer librarian after eating chicken on the steps. I'm flipping through so many books again, I sleep with them at night curled to my chest. I wake up and write illegible, perfect madness. Phrases like: ZEBRA HOLOGRAM CONFIRMS QUEER PESSIMISM.

III.

Let's talk about iron and thicker blood. A city has so many membranes, it's hard to keep track of. We walked from Shockoe Bottom towards Hollywood Cemetery. All the bridges we crossed were commissioned by racists and dedicated to dead racists. Still, we dangled our feet over the edges, the slow water of the James creeping southward underneath us. A leathery old man did jumping jacks. The cement ruins straddling the river looked like Roman aqueducts.

“There are so many of these buses spinning through the city that, eventually, it truly is as if they were themselves the only thing stationary in a crazy world jumping about in every direction, as if space had too many dimensions to be space but not enough to be time.”

-Jasper Bernes

I.

Get on the bus. Stab the cork through the bottle and splatter the wine on the walls like blood. Leave without saying goodbye or acknowledging loved ones. And then another bus, and then another bus. Pile of shoes and clothes by the bus stop, like a middle aged man was sucked into heaven. And then another bus. It smells like puke. It's 4 a.m. and Rihanna is playing on the radio of the Hot bus. We get thrown back and forth like market lobsters. And then another bus. Humidity clouds the window in a sweater. My dog's hair starts dreading around her butt, it feels like she's growing a second tail like a monster. Now a strange bus, a lighter bus. A bus with windows knocked in by hammers. A bus with wifi and silver platters. We tip this bus over with a contingent of mothers.

II.

But then there was another bus, and this bus was a better bus. It had a tip-proof platform and a guard with a gun that was faster. And then another bus. Another bus. A bus we took there and back because we left our wallets in other jean pockets. A bus that accepted only buffalo pennies, gum sticks, and college acceptance letters. Then another bus, a bus where we sat in the back and lit candles for the dead stray on Mead. Another bus. The bus we took to get to our state mandated community service. No lines for this bus. Just dust. And then another bus. A bus with a windshield made of all our white blood cells and pleather. And now a New bus, faster than Old bus, but going to work still felt hard and harder. We propelled this bus with our feet, since that was good for our heart cancer. Because now we had barnacles clinging to our organs, after warming ourselves with exhaust fumes all winter.

III.

And then another bus. A bus for just us, a bus with a siren. But no real sound, just a specific flag that went up from the roof like a periscope, it was code for the bus driver's emotions. Nobody knew what purple meant. And then another bus. This bus we found after our phones had died, the guessing-game bus. The bus driver whispered the stops to us, or maybe not. We were lost. And then another bus, past mission bells and state parks. Do you remember when we locked our part time cop, part time coach in the bathroom of that one bus. She kicked down the door like Law & Order was filming the bus. And then another bus. Past billboards reclaimed for art class, and the farther you were from town, the newer the paintings got. We tagged over the ones we deemed racist during that really long drought. Do you remember hitting your head on the bus, whenever we went over speed bumps. And your ass would stick to the brown plastic seats, getting imprinted with its textures and lumps. That was the first bus. This is the last bus.