

Gravity Tells Me Everything

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1.

There are only two of us. One is gravity who tells me everything. I closed my eyes and heard three frogs more clearly. Smelled sage and that other Southern Californian plant in the hills that smells like cocaine.

my shoulder pain on the back of an envelope.

Gravity grant my one wish to feel my weight.

On a hill or in a valley, show me my body's faulty anchor. Rest, heave or tug. You will feel it in the grave she said. Until then your mind is too heavy anyways. Wake up five times morning sequence.

The language of pain is beleaguered by cooking magazines. Sear, bake, season.

Gravity carved me a room and I am hesitant about inviting you to my architecture. Are we really going to watch porn this morning? you said.

I meditated while standing in the doorway to the kitchen. I asked for silence; my chest bloomed. My cells with their wiry engines.

The body doesn't need to balance itself when suspended.

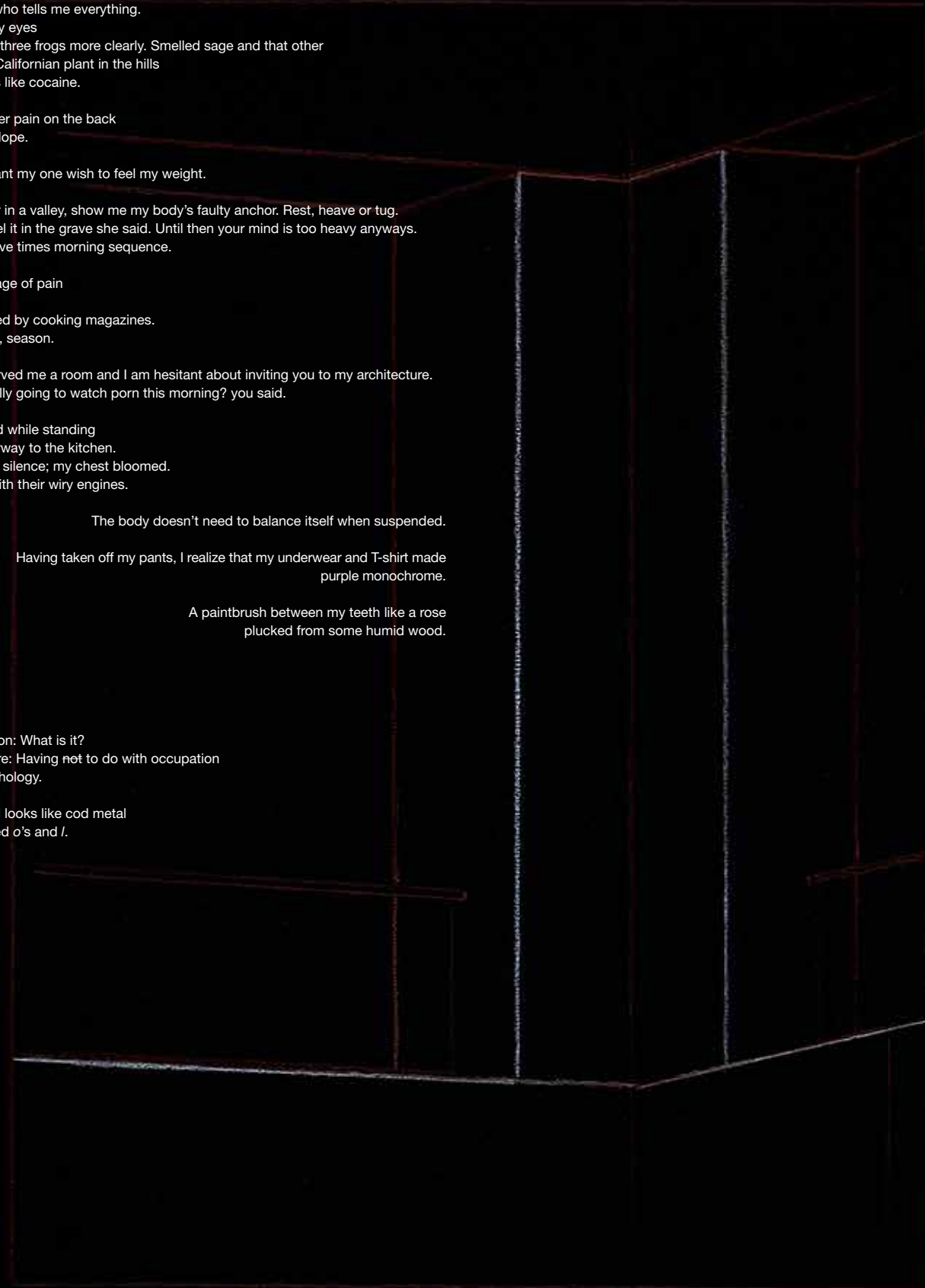
Having taken off my pants, I realize that my underwear and T-shirt made purple monochrome.

A paintbrush between my teeth like a rose plucked from some humid wood.

2.

Composition: What is it?
Architecture: Having not to do with occupation
Kelp morphology.

Cool metal looks like cod metal with tangled o's and l.



3.

Her voice is her voice. Her voice repeats two lines. Her voice improvises. Her voice over music. Her voice over bass line. Her voice is tactile. Her voice comes out of her mouth. She is speaking over music. She is reading from a page. Her voice might be improvising based on her breath. Her voice elaborates breathing. Her lips pull close to her mouth and the mic. She closes in to the mic while reading. Her diction is even as she emphasizes harder. Speaks louder into the song. Breathing into the song. The bass and the synth are only songlike when I think about her words as lyric. Otherwise they are accessories to her face and her body. Her eyes are focused on a single typed page of her writing.

4.

Dear Translator:

Dear Ethics of my Translator. Dear Translator of my achievements. Dear pride. Dear Recognizer of my Failures. Dear Twisted Goals. Dear Time, Appropriate Daytime, Preferred Nighttime and Capitalist publishers: Please give Translator enough time. Dear Translator: While I am Flattered that you want to translate my efforts, I am nervous about whether you are careful enough to keep the grains of my voice from falling down the drain.

Dear Subculture:

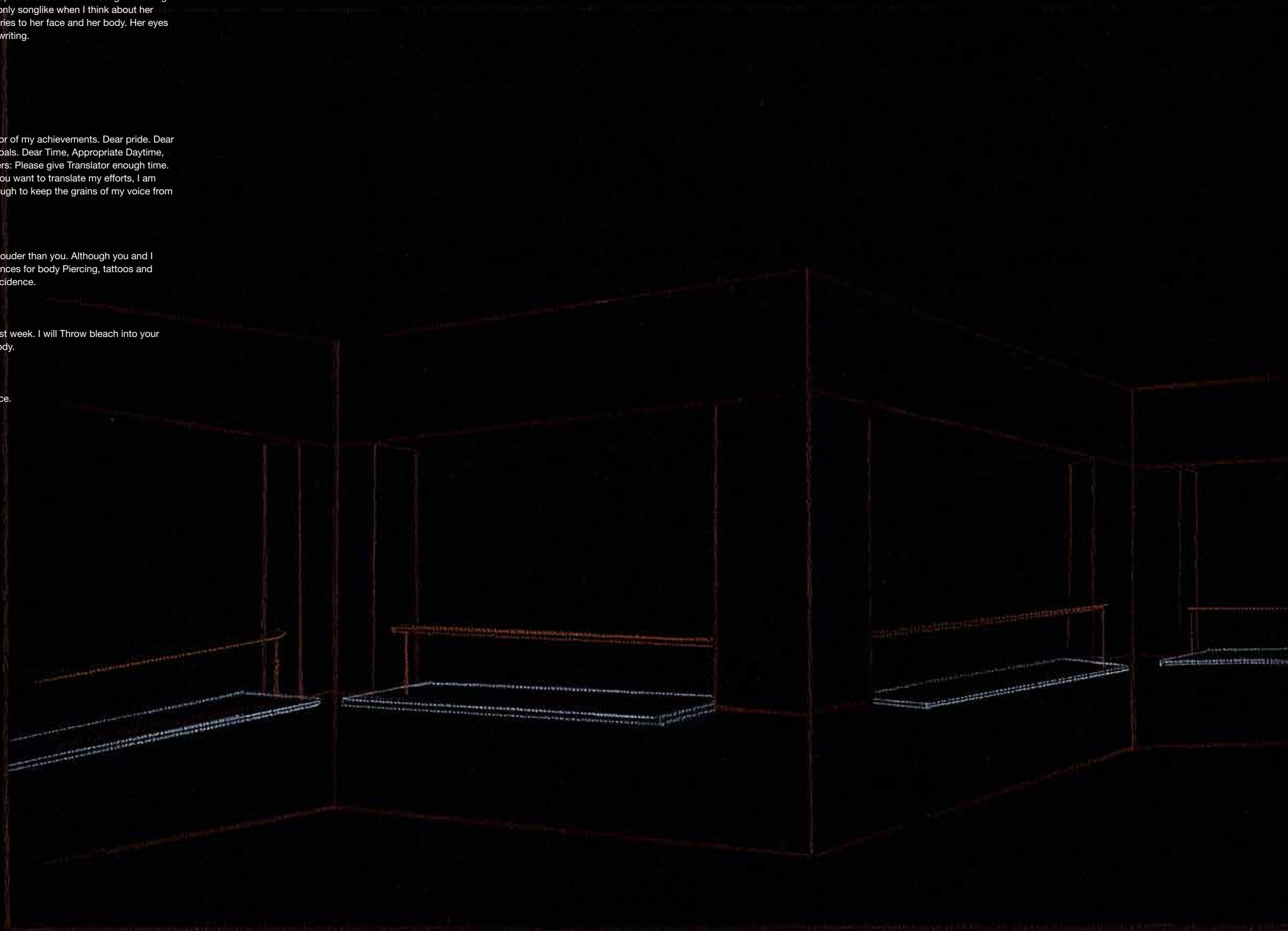
Do not Underestimate my Ability to speak louder than you. Although you and I share many interests and Aesthetic preferences for body Piercing, tattoos and certain Colors and Looks, it is only by coincidence.

Dear "Enemy":

Perhaps you Misheard me on the Phone last week. I will Throw bleach into your eyes until you Shit white. My work is my body.

Dear Music:

Your Beauty is on the line. So Fine a Balance.



5.

The person rose from the water to find

roses
and heat shaking itself by the neck.

The world pressed surveys into his hand.

They fell and rolled off the shore.

His high-rise apartment had floor-to-ceiling windows
which were covered by heavy navy blue drapes
that pooled on the floor.
Soon the fabric became homes
for mice in the building. What started out

as mice
soon grew into a family
of seven children. Two sets of twins
and three orphans. The man
fed them cans of tuna.

The mice chewed
wide holes into the fabric.
The kids stuck out their faces
looked at the city block below.

At work the lawyer received a note from her boss that said,
"The investment of your friendship is a brick wall."

She burned it.

The problem was and wasn't money. The friendship was and wasn't money. He
threw away the tuna and got some bison to feed the kids. He called them "the
worms." He found a gold earring on the sidewalk.

In the summer his tongue became
like pink rubber.

Outside his breath was lead.

She planned a sculpture with a rubber head
and a comedic face traced out of dirt.

The neighbor spent
thirty years
pruning a tree
so that individual branches
grew into spiral-like
knots.

They built a wood bench. Crowned
its feet with daffodil petals.
Greek statuette.
Each branch
a tight fist.

6.

Pornography Scenarios:

The Hand and its Minor Chakras: Lesbian Edition

Emotional Reasoning

Basic Blood / Hot Immersion / Haggard Heat

Labeling

Nail in the Grave

Crushed Stamens

Small Hot Age Difference (legal)

Magnification (catastrophizing) & Minimization

Prison for Mercy

Candy Pane

Anal

This morning I read book titles on my side.
Mississippi: A Documentary portrait.
William Eggleston and Me.
Gods and Heroes.
Texas: A Novel
Feminist Theory.
Pig Appeal perplexes.

She who texts
crying about a bee she found
with a broken wing.

My thoughts are
with the
petals who have given up.
Vermouth is the gate.
Wine is the door.
Suppose we took
walking seriously.
We saw the other side of a branch
against the sky. Reverse
silhouette.

Gods and Heroes.
Last night some friends talked
about a matriarchy that
existed
before people
got into agriculture.
Someone said that.
Someone said
Gods and Heroes.
God and Heroes.
Someone said that women
lost their power
and were domesticated at
the same time as crops and animals. Reread
as if crops
and animals had power. Power
falls indiscreetly.
I saw its shape
flapping
like a wobbly square.

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I want to see a female artist be given a massive and unprecedented budget
for her exhibition.

