

Utensil

*Don't over
do it my
mother said
you heaped
the 'clean-
plate-club' and took it
back
swipe your fingers
around the edges and look
across the table, did you
leave enough room?*

You feel finite
to me. Someone
who has prepared it smiles.

I am inside and they are outside
my stomach, the spoon slips easily between
 “everything seems to be given over
 to my separation,”
I want to hear you say that I am not
containable, nothing can click me closed
the more that I collect the more I am all
that there is to be held
 “on the surface of the skin, at the edge of the nerves”
I can feel where you wander, I have felt
the faint, repeated *dermis* in other voices,
I have squeezed my fingers through
bread dough until the yeast settles in my pores
my hands scented for weeks, preheat
and still, I edge upon the nerves

Alphabet soup made appetizing
its sodium intake, numbered
settles easier upon the tongue
eventually I will swallow, will
no longer be able to bud taste, still,
now I tighten, so, my jaw
to hold each particle
to feel the belly swell
I suck it in, sore, and cut
slices, there is much more
of me to be fed
the Talmud tells us the house
is woman, a single noun
a single

metaphor, one to one
they stand in front of one
another, woman and house
I am building a spare
room tonight.

Desiring a sinking of teeth I drop
the sharp end first, taking a dream city
in my teeth and clinging
briefly without cutting, so that what
rises when I shake my head
is the dust that collects on the streets
when it rains and the city, unprepared,
floods along the curbsides

“only a being that eats can be for the other’
otherwise than, otherwise than eating
for you, I would be the other, wiser, in any other
form of wisdom we would find ourselves apart
to take food from outside and feel my teeth piece
upon it, molars meeting between, beyond
otherwise I would not cite your call

when you look quizzical I want to
suck on your fingers
I am beyond the world, he tells me,
I should wait for a napkin and
advance from mealtimes.

We mutually digest
across the table from one another,
as my dinner compounds I separate
as separate from the table I am
separate from the world I am
immensely hungry, I am
 the alternate, the alterity
 the ability to alter, to
 sit crosslegged at the altar
 of the next human down the line
do him a favor and nibble
at his hangnails, the tooth
divides.

Don't over-
do it, she says and fences

rises not yet rusted around
the edges where slip
beneath the two prongs of one
inch and you are over, you
are pushing it
over, tottering
one-legged

before implosion
recession,
without limits we
flesh ourselves
belt loops reaffirm where we end
and *intake* begins

Intake they called it
the blank space in the bricks
where we lifted our eyes and
waited for shipments of new
persons ready to become
felons, *check this box here*,
waited for boxes of packaged meats
packaged meats folded,
give up the ante and wave,
yellow slices of
where one cannot arrive
at the other
wedge,
no touching
she said, her fingers
greasy with apprehension
of what I might do
of what
we might do
let loose, napkinless
upon the plates of glass.

Yellowstone, After “Begotten”

1.

upon my stomach strike we lift
heartbeats of putrefaction
letting drip on the black and white
the grainy overture of hammered foot
stretched slice of jaw

we lift eyes to the hold of contrast
film slippages between cuts, between
yellow overture we murmur
downwards towards where
blue vocals sing that entrails
are dripping upon, you
focus your gaze to the left murmur
of pink water despite the lack
of color in you

we are an audience
for Yellowstone
yellowstones
gray fingers upon the knuckle base
nausea rises and does not exactly
dissipate, but rather extends toward the
leftover muscles in our thighs
our
fingernails

we call yellow behind you

without perhaps encountering
the un-white, we reach
toward a pond, a
jumping-off-point, we
sing to ourselves of
grain, destroying that which
we know of crop festivals

figure whispers in
shadow stroke yourselves
by being untouchable, gurgling
water sounds – accompany
pattering images only
an epileptic could receive in
an entirety of
baseline

basic im-
pulses

beating decimal
bird chirps we
yellow ourselves
we wonder when we
look away from that
half square what
in god's name
a leaf
could symbolize

behind the blotches of pretended evil we right
ourselves, in a position four from
upright we demand crushing
when there is most silence

we rise the
dead from bluebird moons
for fear they might
entail us
occupy our holes
our place of
blank residence
beneath
tightening lines of
dissidents with
large blunt objects

dangling squares
feet,
a flap of arms
brings me through here in
the soft earth
collapsing before expected,
understood as if we have
excreted it on our own
devices

lyrics before ropes,
let me wallow
let me underscore
lines of bouncing shins
pulling their own weight,
his or her hordes
of crucified weight
button holed, watch

the panting rhymes become
seasick

with the patterned silence
when the sound of a bucket
plopped into water
are little more than invitations
to nausea
being thrown bile-side against your lips
water a struggle against
the un-, the under-lipped
crowd of strangled darkness
where we became the yellow-tailed

cannot review what is occurring
beneath your own Yellowstone
park-
ways
what is water to me,
the capture of dripping
opening into
where they promised language
of possibilities and a gram
of boats rippling in stone,
stone place-notes let us sliver
away for some brief moments
but are filled,
left-over
with a wheeze

2.

snow upon
my brownstones
the irrelevancy of
what words I choose to list
you and you might be found, they
tinker with shoelaces
drink the tonic of blood unseen
as it calls behind what
you've never been able
to name,

static
this unfed shaking
being

unfed
unfed
unfed

entered and reentered and opened
and unfed

(yellow stone cleaving from inside)
broke-
back tentacles
who is this being
that yellows my
remedy

breathe me white
breathe me
broken

stick tentacles repeating
as light makes them narrow
toward the sky we search for gray tones
the sound track reminds our own needs
defecate before a film
begins to hold it in beyond
account

we
un-entrable
under-
unlove-
able
under-
recovered

watched brown tangles of
infinity glare up at
us from pipes pounding

let the paper serve
the methodology
and the brown courses of underbody
began

“...we are separated from them by all the thickness
of the look and of the body;

separated we

consonate

“...it is that this distance is not the contrary
of this proximity, it is deeply consonant with it,”

contrary to what you may have
believed, consonants remain close
to your skin, rhyme and search
for synonyms, for distance

“It is that the thickness of flesh between
the seer and the thing is constitutive
for the thing of its visibility as for the seer
of his corporeity;”

he lives, then, constituting,

“it is not an obstacle between them,
it is their means of communication,”

we make from what we can thicken
what we mean

a flash of narrative is
nothing but the next level
beyond next, knowing what
exactly you mean
to display

(whisper body parts
to the person in the next seat
and guess which chapters
they ask to rewind)

there is more divided in
this section than we
could have
anticipated

did you blanket as piece-meal
Yellowstone?
wrinkled paper windows harder
when replaced
with stomach muscles
slit unopened from
their intact statures
his or her
repeal,

appeal to human -

(I want to say dignity
here but there are
too many
limbs)

for backwards we walk heavier
in boots
along ridges
stone-
walled,
we lift our heads and
expect
to be
completed

please be kind,
rewind, I
promise to insert
a little something
extra
out of plane

3.

it does not let up
this bottomlessness
those are containers
materials of snow

I have not seen
you Yellowstone

in the flesh

boxes of
brown hearted
splinter-men
something is browner
then the process by
which we speak
upon congruence

a man
handle

collapsing succinctly
bundles
brambles

wilt

upon watching
yellowtail

upon flipping
left handed
between birth
yellowstone becomes
the canyon remind

Foresight

indigest
in-digestion, we fail to contract
fail to make contact with ourselves
to strengthen metabolism
to research nutrition to
listen for the lull in desire
in-digestible
in darkness I chew

stronger, in dreams I am a part
of a mass murder, a man with slim kitchen knives
slicing above and below my voicebox
above and below my intestines, I wriggle
caught in mid-
digestion. To know in dreams that
nothing is coming out anymore
of these rolls, to lose
a game of billiards in a country
low-lit where not only you can't sink
the balls, you can't put the words
together for "good shot," let

alone “forfeit”
to forfeit the fight
to preview the fight the
purpose, for, a faint
give up before-
hand, poker face into the bottom
of the bowl, reflect
back at yourself, teeth
shining behind what returns

Consummate

you've got it all right here he says
I am silent my mouth

is full, I've got to get out of these
molars, ten-year-old teeth rotting at the root
or so I imagine when I try
to sketch them,

I do not
look up while swallowing
escaped from digestion I can see

the particular "everything
that is exterior in relation to the book,

everything that is negative as concerns
the book, is produced *within the book*.

The exit from the book,
the other and the threshold,

are all articulate *within the book*,"
a stomach re-enters

the atmosphere, articulate is
the wrong world only

when you haven't caught it early
enough to see distinct particles, swirls of
negative color

"... to make absorption audible, visible
is one step beyond 'being absorbed - "

Bedroom stories to future children I want
to be absorbed
to be

"- one step
beyond the false hopes, the vain
resolutions."

the slickness that surrounds

an artificial conclusion, a caloric bubble
a knowledge it is inside, (I know

there is nothing
can hold me tonight)
becoming molecules
encountering acid and a sprayful
in the face, until, unrecognizable

the small eyes of what was fed
upon, rewind until all that is left
is distinction between tastebud arousals

some perkier than others recalling sugar,
I resolve again to refuse
to keep my disposed aligned
on the elegant
row of pursed
mouthfuls