



what if there's spotting ♥ what if eyelid bruise-bloom ♥ what if lower abdominal storm clouds  
gathering / charging ♥ what if snow-white pig fat on toast ♥ what if I like it, baby what if  
I cannot like it ♥ what if vomit is a splattered flower ♥ if phosphorescent seeds end  
in abrupt angler fish ♥ what if & what if I rub cuckoo spit between my finger &  
thumb and do not find that basic black-eyed bean organism ♥ what if waking up in sweat  
instead of blood ♥ if gummy flesh shadows ♥ what if he smiles with relief ♥ & what if I always  
feel like there's an entire arm plugged up me during class ♥ if I was 20 in 1507 ♥ what if  
at the point of incision I spill out still-sharp and glittering like a geode half ♥ if I cross  
& uncross my legs to let the holy ghost out accidentally-on-purpose ♥ what if the blind woman  
on the bus knows ♥ what if he pours me some water and says ok, ok fine ♥ if I spin, fade  
& become my cup in a tiny torrent of bitter powder



I have pissed on sticks before    in a fringe of beach pines    salt rash stinging    & sparkling  
on the inner thigh    as it tightens to crouch    Mother standing    like the flank of an ox    to shield  
me from no-one    in the pampas knives

& seventeen    flushing out some fuck-bacteria  
a little way from our tent    the trickle hot as pins    on spidered ground    burning  
with the clenching convulsions of sex    the surface

of this stick (*this* stick) splashing discs of it    like washing  
a spoon    my arm between my legs    as though I'm trying    to climb back in    & say  
if I *was*? would I walk through white halls    with scales for clocks  
the mound of my stomach raising nicely    like the others

nicely like the factory cream in the dome of a fondant fancy *pink or blue*  
*or neutral jaundice? officer hand me your helmet*  
*as I squat by the phonebox it's the size of a cashew today I'm the size*  
*of a moon he says there are good ways*

*to make it come faster make me*  
a topic a waistband nodding cargo on the mule  
to walk alongside all night



I take my negative to the end of the garden  
where he is raking rotten plums drag  
of sickbright pulp the stones encrusted  
like hatchlings watching him I think of 'no'  
how you mean 'it is not' when you say it  
how terrible it would be to ignore 'no' forcing  
a void into crabby existence from its place  
of not-ness a rotten plum at least once *was* he wipes  
his gentle hands on his jeans  
  
no different the world's all wrong  
like daydrinking / you were so scared Ada so sure

that can stay  
in your body / I don't want anything more  
to do with bodies today no relief  
in staying where I can feel  
my form flailing  
waist deep in carbonite / you can be  
what you want to be

the stick in my hand shows a line the leg  
that crept out from a hole of not exactly what isn't lives  
in this feeble way to say no past no present no future *you can be*  
*what you want to be* the pronging of forgotten self

like a cupboard onion shutes  
in the porous parts of me & plum trees  
rumble to reassure there is room

