

THOSE CUTE TEETH

AMISH TRIVEDI

These are my defensive wounds:
two stray pen marks on the side
of a blank page. There were forty

feet of barbed wire around
his index finger, prickling
towards the dawn in a
fever show. Sickening waffle
run-

off, a panicked linesman
burying strangers in the
auspices of snow. Too

many times have
the rain clouds burned

with a sulfuric
lust, two lovers a
rock. The distance

between my fingers is
growing as they
animatronically rape
my eyelids

producing heavy
waves of sheer
light, a parade
of film actors

too poisoned to
sing beneath the
dirty edges of glass
and

often tilted towards
foreign bodies. They

pray in funereal poses
wishing the dew
had settled in early

or after. We were
broken and anti-
matter.

WITHOUT THE DROWNING

At where eyes won't
stay open. Dirt begets

a terror war. All these
drops of gold are

cancerous blankets, too many
of which have ended up

on the floor in piles
of untouched nervousness. There's

a disease of the
smells: it blinds the reader

into believing in a two
ton baseball bat shaped

like Hitler's arthritic
knee joints. He hoists

and calls for the clearing
monopoly. Sections of a brain

make up the average
parts of a day spent

masturbating and a turning
on for a healthy dose

of radiation. This sickness
if degenerative

is probably why you can't taste
the sunrise against

the windy scales all
around the bay. Such reason

is used only in dark species
of fish and never in cholesterol

commercials that spin off into
"doing something about diabetes"

ads. Muzzled lesions are part
of the average megaton waste

droplet, spilling into the ravished
area below the bed, which took

the abuse in low dosages
of pain killers.

They used to be smashed and
placed into drinks. Almeria,

Spain. Dusk is dawn as day and
I felt her slip beneath the

ridges of self-hatred. My
pioneer heart burns what

most small nations in South America
eat on a daily basis, and

yet I have wheat thins in my
coffee, no matter what the savage

manners of the bigot
marlins say. Whatever you can say

about anorexia, say this: my taste buds
are happier and my shirts

are fitting like they've never
fit before, especially on

the lumpy parts. They are
tracer rounds built up in

the mind.
I get the news I need

in bodies tallied. It's only different
when I close my eyes. The lights

abuszzwhen I close my

eyes I can stare and the

world around me does not
change but the image is in my

mind are new and wild and
I'm listening I feel like I felt like

I did when I was a child and
I would close my eyes and rub

THE DUMMY GUITAR

I've stopped breathing on my own,
the next lip. In the valley
quickly, over-looking the bright
halls. The pastures are the solitude
that weakness sees.

This is an affirmation
of plate movements
where rain slips
through the tourniquet. She
rained all day and the rest

had to be shaken off the feathered
hands. She spotted an over coat
in summer and wore it. The
tarry fingers rubbed
against the direction of eyebrows,

a wracked pulse of teeth broken
by the false alarm.
Marigolds fit
the pockets of a sardine left out
on the counter, excluded from

the meals that surgeons allow. If you
knew everything, we'd be
known by now. Drenched, my fingers
were renewed desires for plastic wrap,
a way of saying "complex",

especially in the springtime. Each millimeter
projected on the side of a barn is a
spitting image of a bathrobe.
Excuses trigger subpoenas and baskets. Suddenly,
what was perverted is a rain check and

enough. Eyes
rubbed as house lights awaken
the sleeping auteur. They
made it for the name recognition. The
gathering before going to a movie.

GRAVEYARD POEM

sometimes the scratches are hard on the eyes
and winter seems to drag it through the needle
holes like sardines are wrapped
about and wonder
if the sun got a burst from it's extra-marital
dancing through the flash
lights of a possum remark and stringing together
edges of a new vista that are
purchased on credit from
the night depository seen the money on the door felt if pocket
change the world it must
be the evening as the
maple blossoms are cut
down and thrown into an arbitrary mix of
sounds and wounds like tomb
combs some dome man
bought to fit into people's
pockets after funerals and jangled them like Christmas
fascism that nobody else thought would be marketable and even the
solstice takers were enamored of the salt left to
wither away at the
idle hands of an angry
fisherman who dreamt of a middle isolation in his
hammock tied to two street
lights burning out on Sunday
afternoons like two teenagers with no money for
nachos and in this carnival he bought his mother a two ton feather

SHAKESPEARE THROUGH THE EVERGLADES

The Grass
was trimmed
&

smoked. She

came out to
talk for about
an

hour, her door
gently closed.

Two corporations
were at war and she'd

been caught in the
cross-

fire. The daily
cancer drives were
enough to keep

her hands juggled.
My pioneer heart

dragged about the

Stones and all the
street lights came on

as the bicycles piled
up in the yards around
us. We talked until

dawn and put the chain
back on before the morning
papers

coasted through the dewy
blades.