

trial two.

fluorescent orange bottle laid on a
birch-colored IKEA table;

stray glucose droplets clung to its
ridges, evidence of previous fullness;

it was tossed into a gray, pull-out trash
can at eleven-seventeen am, approximately

two hours after the substrate was ingested
entirely.

by young female age less than twenty years old
but greater than two.

breath hydrogen levels will be shared with her
second gastroenterologist and maybe a

third test will be ordered but only after her
second round of antibiotics, which will take
two weeks to finish.

two ER visits this year,
no recent hospitalizations.

blood pressure: one-oh-one over fifty-one
heart rate: sixty-five beats per minute

blood oxygen level: ninety-nine percent
diagnosis: none, patient appeared to be

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swan song

A swan dives

into the lake

brimming with

A swan dives

into the tall

full

wine glass.

A swan sings

into the ears

of men made

deaf by

Malbec.

A swan flies

anywhere

she wants

when her eyes

are shut.

A swan flies

nowhere

with clipped wings

and cigar

burns.

A swan sings

everywhere

as long as the

bills

keep

fall

ing.

Swan doesn't cry when her throat gives out.

She's had her fill.

Death closes her tab.

weddings hanging by a thread

Hand me a needle and you be thread,
brocade stars with a snare,
promise to wed.

Under holy light, by your hand, i tread
blind to the hoofprints, the powder, the dead hare,
quick – hand me a needle and you be thread.

But nothing came from your hands, only lead
plates stained red, is it fare?
i hate tomatoes yet promise to wed.

More white than a pill, it's the perfect bed,
you're bleeding from your brain, please don't tear—
hand me a needle and i'll be thread.

Glean every seed from my head,
lock them in a shed and i swear—
nothing for we are to wed.

the hare is spread
on the table as glassware,
kissing the needle's tip, slipping on thread,
she promises to wed.

Unleaded Gasoline 87 Press Here

It's easier to lie;
say that i was built;
returnable to a factory overseas.
Am i not a flesh machine;
that pretends to think for itself?
Every morning and night i hear;
the gears—
grinding behind my eyes;
a sinful chorus of desire:
feed or freedom;
liquor or love.
How lewd.

Calculate the trajectory of a promise
ring rolling right into a
forge.

forget it
i came in a box
with an eye
but no mouth
with a left hand
but no ring
finger.
(sold separately)

It's easier to lie;
say that i don't dream;
of motor oil mouthwash
rearranging my organs.
i tip it back

real far

and
pray it'll

fry my
motherboard.

Corpses get buried
i get floored.

“This isn’t what I ordered!”

Cinnamon stars swirl
fat & lazy
about my head;
hazy bed
cold nights
warm hands
bright smile

slices through rib bones,
crushing precious integrity.

Gray walls,

sheets,

underwear

rolled tight

pull me in

drag me over

red hot coals

watch as

I scream,

rehearsed

like

I

haven’t

done

this

before.

Long, slender tines

puncture apple skin

sugary juice leaving

no marks on the metal

it still shines

even in

tar pits.

i may be pretty, boy, but

I am not palatable.