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for Shimsa Timoteo Bodhan.

Cherry Grove, NY  
August, 2019



he kept going for my ass. he kept plowing it, flowering it, unable to resist. his cock so big  
it did not fill with blood at first. & then it did. i held on for life, the amniotic intergalactic  
surge to be forged. i felt so lucky when he grabbed me from behind & clasped my throat

deep inside he pumped like a prayer

tiny unicorns swimming in my folds galloping across streams of stars.

my love for the world, my love for the current of babies inside me like a river baptized

i, the crack of the world in that moment

of pregnant abyss



open my hands & eat the bird inside the ball of light, the song of the bird of the devil burns a hole in my body & out of it a streak of feathers

the air too thick

the air too raw

there is no way to ruffle out.

only mariah whistling in another world conducts my travel across worlds

her note like a butterfly reaches the gravestone

a horizon before the death of the bird

to dilate my hole when the angels seep in.

For Kevin Killian

[Peter Myers, Canary Conn and Kristen Stewart are all seated at a restaurant that is also a supermarket, eating potatoes. Kylie Minogue's "Hand on Your Heart" is playing and it's sticky like a storm is coming soon. The restaurant/supermarket is on the beach, so there's sand.]

...

Kristen: that rung - and who goes first in the morning if not the lark - our eventual spinning out of control it comes from both sides now the back and the front window in some emerging purple, not to be trusted, that space, not to be trusted, and yet there is some mimicry within it - not beginning but the morning happening and them all constructing around us in that way (the way it *was* never happens). this time they're all around - some people call it a space - you could. now a blue and a pat of butter not for the birds but for "us" bc were not to be trusted - us or the larks. oh hey, put on the women's volleyball again i like that channel. they come here sometimes there's a festival - on the beach. but now they're in the bushes - echoing softly the morning having happened. and back again like that. seeing her face and wanting to touch myself then starting to - but now it's past morning - time for the bushes and potatoes. when you look around it will be too late. but, in an instant, not clamoring, but maybe asking for space a space or we. they're moving spaces, or someone is. then it's the back and forth of that loneliness which is memory. if one were a bird would the larks construct another...

Canary: what, another what? another lark? that sounds absurd.

Peter: no, another emerging - circles and but not patterns exactly more like ripples if that means anything to you - to any of you. as in a letter or in that jostling that can occur in time when it starts to move around you - then up and down. you're there aren't you.

Kristen: i'm here, i'm here, i'm just emerging. it's a form of recoupling. but not with you - with me. it's in here. i think. look, nothing happened.

Canary: no, no, now it's back - the rain i mean coming down, making its own space - they say it continues - how to see, creating its own outlines, something like that. remember when we went to that yard sale.

[video of bioluminescent bay in Puerto Rico plays in the background]

Kristen: oh yea - something in the heat, you had some desire to see things, i don't know, do you ever think this could be a feature film?

Peter: i mean yea, if you could ever stop thinking about accumulating.

Canary: what do you mean, me?

Kristen: it's about sound at some point - maybe like a moment of emergence, getting stuck or waiting to jump in this pool, was kylie in my dream? who was there? at some point i'm in paris and in fashion and there are these other fashion lesbians around me - who introduces me? there's this queen of us all and she's getting her hair done, or nails done? or something done and it is also like a salad place but before that there's this great moment in the street where were all walking and cruising each other all the women and going in and out of time beautiful streets and things like that and i have some sort of walking stick and the colors are beautiful. yes but then we're in this sort of a cafe and sort of a beauty parlor and when the queen is getting her work done some guy at the counter notices were all lesbians and shouts, "dykes!" then we leave. after that me and this other girl are lying on some benches cuddling and talking and she is talking about her friend who inherited 13 million dollars and i don't know what to do. her eyes are impeccable. i am underdressed.

Peter: then there's this moment in a lake - with a lake. before that i'm cat sitting for someone only they forget to take care of their cats and it's kind of sad and I don't know if i want to tell you about it. i go on a date with someone but my dad is there? or i have to tell him to leave?

Canary: then, "when i was a 'conceptual poet'" we go to the lake and people are swimming only the water looks disgusting, warm and murky and impenetrable - someone wears goggles, i can't tell quite who's here, then there's my brother, only the pool looks different, on the other side of the lake is the pool, yea yea, then walking over you can see it. the diving pool and clear water then the platform it's quite high and i get vertigo and can't do it, cant drop in it's impossible, then i see a middle aged woman climb up over the platform and come towards me. she's escaping something, thin air? idk but then there's this child that needs to be rescued from the pool after she comes up and i tell people and they don't know what to do then someone takes her away.

[Canary faints.]

I WAS TIDYING UP THE BED  
AND SHE CAME AND SAID:  
LEAVE IT AS IT IS, LET THE BED LOOK LIKE THE OCEAN.

STORM  
DAD

BEACH  
DAD

GRILL  
DAD

#TRASH  
DADDIES

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CENSORED?  
WHAT DOES YOUR THERAPIST THINKS OF THIS?

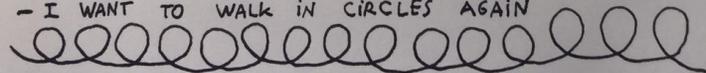
# PALLIATIVE

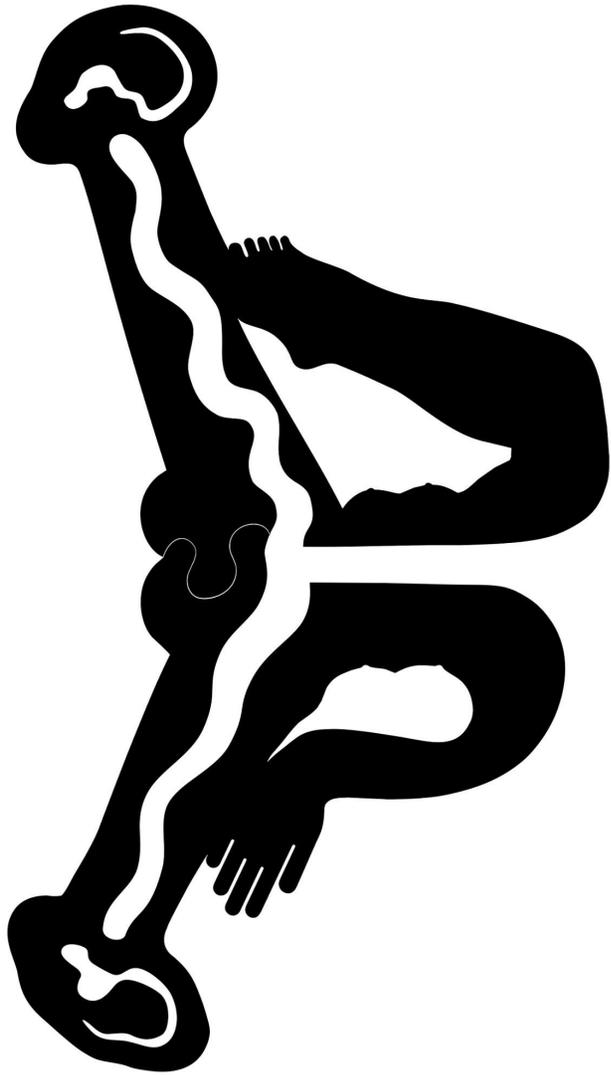
i DIDN'T KNOW YOUR NAME BEFORE I LEARNED IT.  
i DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE UNTIL I MET YOU.  
i DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU NEEDED UNTIL YOU TOLD ME.  
SO IT'S OKAY TO NOT KNOW.  
BUT AT SOME POINT WE GOTTA KNOW.  
HAVE A DESIRE TO KNOW. THAT'S ALL.

THIS IS ALL THE  
WATER THAT HAS  
EVER BEEN

BUG  
SPRAY  
TEAR  
GAS  
SUN  
SCREEN

-WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO THE MOST WHEN YOU GET BACK HOME?  
-I WANT TO WALK IN CIRCLES AGAIN







HAVE WE LOST OUR MINDS?  
 YES YES YES WE HAVE.

"the little egos among us that make up inhumane laws and evil chants of injustice to keep their privilege in place need to be consistently and diligently interrupted. Day in. Day out." July 31, 2019 8:12 PM New Moon in Leo ☾

I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE OCEAN HERE THIS CALM.

DRA  
 MA  
 TIC

☺  
 ☹

come  
 to  
 papa

TINY 📏

PASIVAS CÓSMICAS ✨

I WAS FEELING LONELY, I'M SO SORRY  
 I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING  
 HOW LONG IS YOUR DINNER?  
 IF U STILL HAVE 1 MIN PLS CALL ME  
 U CAN'T LEAVE ME UNATTENDED THIS LONG.

STOP OVERSHARING

HE SAID: GET IN GOOD TROUBLE.  
 TOO  
 YOU  
 ARE  
 TOO  
 GOOD

DON'T POISON YOUR MIND WITH  
 MY SANNY

U GOTTA DO IT  
 MAN U JUST GOTTA DO IT.  
 [no te alejes de mí]



**White walls: for Paul Thek**

When you duplicated yourself  
were the walls already weeping?

Did your ego know young boys and rich ladies  
would take selfies with your copy?

Lately that matters.

What I'd like to know-

Did you cast the whole body or just the parts that show?

You chopped you into relics.  
Preserved, but, for whom?

Preserved, as reminder:   never forget  
  try not to let  
  what are you staring at?

The glitter sparkles pretty  
but it can never smell like your mustache.

Was the rash from this or that?

Did Peter kiss your death mask?  
If you're still alive is it a death mask?

A broken inheritance makes you mine not mine.

Unable to know the colors, I'm imagining you imagining  
deciding your depictions  
deciphering the prescriptions

debating, yes the deadline

If we put you back together, so many arms must be!  
So many arms to choose from, I'd keep one just for me.

