

from THE TERRACOTTA FRAGMENTS

XXVI

cumshots of éclairs through the patisserie
braless farmer's market with bags of okra
another lousy comptroller, another devil at large
bisexual propaganda in the edicts of Pontius Pilate
high-capacity magazines from a 3D printer
champagne toasts for my achievements in senescence
crow's feet across a grey gutter of snow
taxi unions busted by vertical integration
my passport revoked, briefly detained for imposter syndrome
a roan stallion running the length of Wyoming
my meanings inverted and used against me

a jheri-curled youth rides a rooster, Phoenician phallus destroyed by dirt
Platonist gymfluencers built on offal and abstinence in pursuit of effigy
cupid drains his snake through a laurel wreath, his target supplicant
lurid pétanque of the naturist resort, mimetic slapstick ensues
my supine lover receives the warm curve of my slumber
pastorals for the sovereignty, latrines for the peasantry
ogress outstretched for a hunter's finalizing embrace
laxatives for Satchmo, gunpowder for Robespierre
The Plateaux of Mirror unspools into savasana
pyramids closed to the public for epiphany
my morning ruined by noon's approach

Ingrid Bergman enters through a wound of light
paper diadem on the king of discount furniture
congestion pricing fucks my bodega's egg man
a phobia of grapes that taste like cotton candy
a phobia of candy that tastes like grapes
the perverted affairs between the signs and their signifiers
not enough tokens for rides, only for whack-a-mole
my speedo bursting with love for my century
I fall in love again against my circumstances
I outlive another tragic figure, a day anointed
if death is, in fact, an end, then it is perfect