SHUYET

The body falls naturally   into chaos.
                              When my sister calls

to say she is going down
                    to overdose on the beach,
I am bedded for four days
with a terrible migraine.

Summoning on my knees   the toilet bowl clouds
mystic's globe bringing forth my sister's   smell; molded

stem from a green vase I left out
                    on the counter for too many days.

Her voice from behind my right eye   breaking
new space   like robber's breath
cuts through a dark room   *Don't*

For four days,
                    I turn all the lights on.

Stand center of my living room   for her spirit
to confront me as soft light
in a deer's pupil growing wider at the bullet.

                    I turn all the lights off.

Get back into bed. Shake embers off the stoking
twig that is my mind;   *please, don't make me stay here.*

And when my sister does not die, I do not
          believe it.   I have already
felt her   rush violently   through me.

EVENT HORIZON

I was a child fishing loosed Tylenol from the spilt bottom
of my mother's purse. Little lint-pills plucked one by one
to discover the workings of things.
A good way to go since I didn't know what was

missing : gravity. A little pile on the table.

My finger slicing white island to form smaller islands.
I heard the body as wired-suspension; time thought back
into the two-dimensional morbid-horizon

that is potential. Anger to be kept from falling
as objects have want to, set to a path towards
or away from becoming.

I wasn't thinking of life or death. Only
a real movement beyond recuperation.

But the throat too like time is bound and reactionary,
vomits what it swallows before it kills you.
When I have taken nothing, I take my finger forcing
open my throat to boxers ungloved, new gravity :

the wet panting heat of a child without the right vocabulary.
The wet panting heat of a child without, the right vocabulary.

DON'T CALL IT DREAMING AS IN UNION

In the dream / I am fighting off a giant wasp with a dust pan and then a robber busts through the back door *are you coming?* / You only know what has happened when you feel it is too late / drowning when there is an obvious surface to get to / I surface from a dream with a gun unloaded between my eyes / This is the precarity of projecting towards an end you've felt before / The doctors will not diagnose the blindness in my eyes beyond the brain / and spinal fluid building up in my skull / so I jump to the end and begin planning how to live all over again / and how not to live / maybe / like my sister does so often / on the beach with her pills / thinking this time / I am really going / I wait to make her back up in my dream / her body on the sand to be pulled into the sea / but in my dream there is a room she walks across coming towards me / that is happiness for mortals / insulting time with our shrines / and then to wound further / cutting ourselves from time with a little movement into the edge / my sister speaks to me in my dreams / *are you coming or staying?*