

Throwing baroque shade at the silken sulky lounge

for La cabeza mató a todos

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Filtro, ceniza, purpurina, moon rocks.
Form forager throwing baroque shade.
Spliff smoke, trueno en el cielo. Gata, vaca,
hamaca, pik-a-bu, shipwreck. Aquitaa,
aquitaa la beibi hair that won't stay down.
Distant transmissions, then gathering, then dancing.
In the silken sulky lounge, the next angel
of history unbound one tear, bespoke
the bluest eye shadow, eclipsed
the Atlantic with una mirada melancólica,
a vodka and a lemon, and a couple things
this frame can't mention. Inhale—my guy
pretty like a girl—exhale—no glorifica ni
la maternidad, ni la guerra. No tengas miedo
These breaks. For the shape. El conjuro
tiene que ser análogo a la magia del conjuro.

*Analogy raises spatial questions. Correspondence: cantar el lugar que nos corresponde,
a location that crosses, after all, this be a geographic arrangement, amor migrante. Un
riesgo tectónico.*

It's Gemini season; this is what a conversation
is not. What Gilles said to avoid, at all costs.
Narcissistic wounds. She said *medihoney*;
I heard *meta-honey*. And Kant,
all anxious about the sublimity of beauty,
of a gripping love that busts you up in increments.
And the United States, all paranoid about
its pretense of individuation. El gas lacrimógeno,
el siglo veinte, inelastic scar tissue, thin
as his burst universalist bubble. Not all tears fall up
with the same gravity. Wounds heal from the bottom-up.

*And the order of spelling is precise, but hinges on language's Achilles heel, the
conditional tense: "If the desired magic is..." And again: "If what is desired..." If, then if.*

Hold me like. But not like. Touch. We broke. In,
Saint Adelaide, protector of the spellbound, of

those who sense amidst the war-machine, who fuck
to feel something they don't already know. Amébico,
her haunch, a marshmallow; a keyboard, her hands
tecleando el deseo growing sixth, seventh digits;
we've had enough of numbers, talking heads,
anti-Cartesian romance, nuestro sistema
integumentario, lengthen embraced. Their hearts
of femme ambivalence; the punctum, the critique
he couldn't hear.

*El gato entiende el ser y el hacer de los sujetos andróginos. The storm moves another
way. The creature rises, climbs a tree, hangs subjectivity upside down, and falls to the
ground, unhinged.*

Splayed, she says things when drinky and
I'm so liquid, I gaslight. The girl with
the most cake, Guabancex, her para-historic arms,
wavy, be eating the most. Jeffrey, Judith, gendered
trouble; beauty is hard as hell, Christian said,
and he would, double-islander, ecologista de la elegía.
`Tamos en un flow poshumano, es decir,
para-ontológico. Es decir, hay que perrear.
La ontología es el perineo, y el reconocimiento
siempre es erróneo. Erógeno. El género, buscando bulla
en la historia con un luqq ultralit af. Pressured,
pink, pendulous, blistered.
Petroleum jelly on burnt skin.
Playing peek-a-boo with nihilism.