

she didn't like me.

for some reason

I thought it was sweet

there were times with her in this life when eyes too were cat-marbled and
Splashed into sockets seemingly without care, and

everyone saw them splashed like overripe lemons surpassing the earth's rim
eyes could be caught and slipped down the throat like oysters
she took me to parties where i wore watercolored glass eyes
That operated on command

like that story by Lucia Berlin

where the young girl moves to the southwest and her husband irons her
hair chars it until all the incense is released and chokes them both. And he chokes her, I always
presumed.

he gets her pregnant and leaves her, so expectable, but no one
Expects it to happen to them

There were times in this life when she sat on the bone that had no joint,
Thinking she might make a new joint
she sought out the most breakable color,

God had nothing to do with what happened in the gulf of Mexico

Someone said at a party, pincushioned tight,
someone immediately realized it was wrong
though someone also realized that it was wrong for me to laugh at

Splashing God down to the hem of my dress and zagging Him like a Brother
through the seams of my ticklish skin, I was laughing,

I was never liked at these parties.

but our bodies were simply so funny, lover,
by this time our bodies were nearly halfway plastic
and slashed with primary colors that would appear so
Godlike to a baby that He would go blind and so
garish to a woman that she would catch laughter like a
pregnant bird

in her jaws and she would get laughter's ballerina
bones stuck between incisors and would be laughing like ellipses like a fatal hiccup

She didn't like me, but it was never about being liked, it
Was about the gulf of Mexico and how water balances oil,
These days no one stops talking about *boundaries*
the balance between care and hatred, spit and
hydrocarbon, lover, the balance is always working hard at keeping
it tepid

It's the same as it always has been but her fist has grown and
she strikes me to the ground
she dances me through the forest with a shotgun
her fist has grown and the birds are choked, they are crushed and the dirty grey blood
seeps into the earth and makes our oil

I want to let it splash over the rim but it drives her car

And where would we go? And where would we go without it?

In my dreams she has butchered every hen
And my face is pressed to the ground
she doesn't like me, there is iron coming in and out of my
tear ducts. she's replaced my glass eyes with rubber. And there is blood as playful as water. I
want to lap it out of the soil and pick my teeth with hen feathers
but if I did,
the world would go silent and the wheels would stop turning but

What if I did?

with it?

What If I ran my teeth red with each drop until I was tired and fat

garnet petroleum?

what if I blinded her and opposed separation and sucked up the

and What if I did? What if married oil and water?