

three sounds

crackles

listening to music
on yr tinny macbook speakers
nestled in the window sill
i start to speak
but decide against it

light falls down the alleyway

i only hear
soft guitar echoes
silent bodies
static crackles

coos

caterpillars scoot
across
the black tar bike lane
as you dive b/w their path
unspun
like the braids in yr hair
dangling b/w pavement & sky
as my tires sink
into the ground

the ocean
a white noise
you put on
as we fell asleep
the smoke detector chirped
or was it the birds
running b/w the alleyway and the hole
nestled outside my building
pigeons coo'd
a static hue
against the backdrop
of the morning

chirps

under the brooklyn bridge
the train drowns my phone speakers

my airpods left at someone's house
& me
not wanting to disturb their trip
left in the crackling

wind blows my hair
across my face
the hum of tires
against pavement
accenting my writing
headlight glow
catches my eyes

i'm so bored
by the feigned presence
everyone trying to convince me
they're having such a good time
but i'm left w/ the empty condom
of flaccid whisky sex
and i don't even believe
the absent cumshot
to be a failure

sex is touch
overflowing with desire
good sex is unresolved desire
the possibility of being wrong
the potential to become intertwined
in unknown ways

our kisses
a rehearsal
foreshadowing

short breath

relaxed necks

and bite marks

dancing down your spine
or was it mine

i get so lost

wandering around
listening over phone speakers
uninspired beats
competing with
the aches and moans of the city
i only hear the desire for it to be known he fucks
another bedpost notch for every guest list spot

highways and parks
bodies spilling over
into spaces where they weren't supposed to be

lost in the ecstasy of a present moment

two years later
the aborted afterlife of lcd soundsystem
aping the velvet underground
becomes the sound of the moment

chants replaced
by wandering lyrics
winking at
gender, sexuality, and the criminality of both
but never indulging
the beauty of being beyond the word

you don't need to tell me you wanna fuck me

i feel it.

i hear it in your voice

tumbling from conversation to elation

accenting the static filling the space between our lips

birds chirp as i stumble toward the L train

music off

Present w/n the sound that becomes me

() as transformation

your jawline

rises to the sky

meeting clouds

your tussled hair

cut back

your piercing eyes

casting sunbeams

on my face

how far could my head sink

into the dirt of your chest

my sleepy face

having found a nest

could i borrow

into the bedrock

where you water your underbelly

thorns prick

rocks crack

stems rise

from the foundation

criss-cross the rocks

slip past the nest

a leaf falls on my face

the same one i kept

as the vine bursts

through your chest

rushing up to the sky

careening past your eyes

waking me from a restful time

in the half-awake/half-asleep moment

I see

where the ground and the sky meet

five words on intimacy

bring a kiss
elastic lips

knots slipping
between your fingers

almost asleep
then i speak

was it too mean?
no

hands
softly
trace
outlined
ellipses

water
splashing
almost
jumped
gasp

/

alcohol wipes
sprinted sidewalk
surprises

love's experimentation
tastes metallic
beating

curled up
collapsing in
inhale

falling asleep
you vibrate
distant

bleary eyes
give
peaceful breath

nose pressed
breathing wet
overcame