

WHAT ARE YOUR
NIGHTS NOW

Do you still draw
fish in the snow

saying life
is snow

Yesterday the
bed broke

so here's a
poem with a
broken bed
in it

You're here too,
saying what
you should

It's the only place
I can make it
come out right

BLED THE VEINS

took the richest
garnet and silver
No one planned to
stay, they just
left slag. But
first they walked
all over each
other, it was like
they were real
faces on some
barroom floor. You
know what that's
like. And they
carried guns too

HOW COME

slurped
me down like
egg nog

it was
easy

in the mansion
deep couches
hidden stairs

across the
table me I
purred take
me. that
first night
oh I had you
wrong

how come I
couldn't see
the vacuum
then

even your
poems suck