

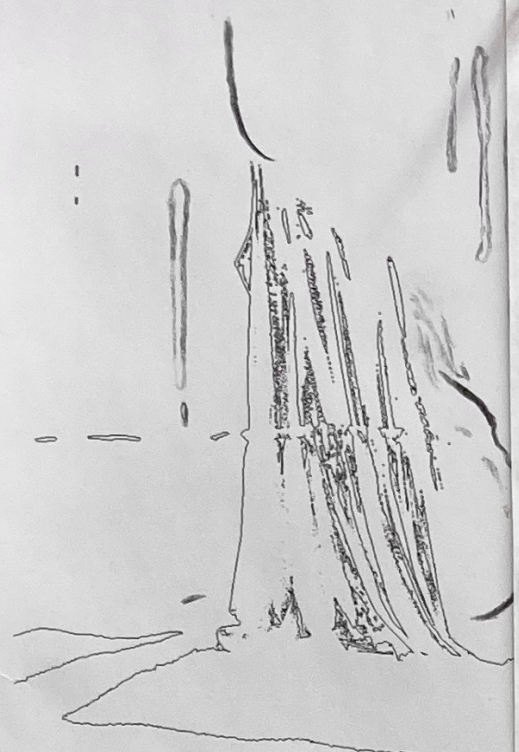


Haunt (verb)  
i. to visit often  
ii. to have a harmful or disquieting effect on

*I think I've moved to an empty house                      although three bodies sleep here  
and one of them's mine                      but I think I moved to an empty bed although  
the radiator moans through the night and my coat from the hook tries to coax it-  
self into the sheets and my fingers try on any number of different names  
I think I've moved to an empty town                      although I struggle on the sidewalk and  
smile at children with a vain disinterest and step into headlights waiting for the wa-  
ter to get warm duck unwillingly for planes that cut a zipper across the sky and split  
just the way I want to into the sidewalk on a night home in the dark when I peer  
into the face of every passing stranger hoping                      praying that it is[n't] you  
while Boston stands drunk and bleary in the distance hands in pockets watching  
me wilt and weep at the feet of anyone with curly hair anyone that could be you  
you've forgive me I've forgotten—you've always looked different than I remembered  
yet every distant person becomes you and                      I am so fucking haunted  
I haven't been sleeping I've been spitting stones up                      I've been sucking on any  
sort of semblance of you                      who I saw a week ago                      who turned only  
because I was talking too loud                      who                      didn't strike a chord in my body  
but I said this is it                      just for relief from it all the ache and adrenaline  
of seeing you                      walking                      home on a clear night the art of moving through  
the world without displacing                      it slithering through the darkness towards  
an unmade bed the crosswalks like a cage bared and stagnan  
streetlight sentarian my teeth like                      bullets and I look up                      and you go  
less than two yards in front of me                      and I can see everything in clear profile  
your nose                      the pull of your brow and the solitary freckle  
wanders across your cheek and the stars jitter above—                      I know I was  
meant to see you first                      watch you drift by                      and  
I could slice a car in half if it came upon my body                      I could be shot and still stand  
watching you, possessed.*

IF I LOOK AT YOU  
IN A PHOTOGRAPH  
DO YOU  
ME,  
YOURSELF?  
AT  
JUST  
SE  
KING,  
TIMES  
KING  
APH  
ME  
OWN

11" x 17"  
18" x 24"  
6.5" x 11"



A silence so instant  
it becomes its own sound  
// a lack of sound  
so instant it surpasses  
silence and becomes its  
own explosion  
[fills its own space]

the sudden presence  
of absence

I suppose I looked at streetlights and said surely,  
those must be stars, kept my mouth  
stretched to the dusk between your thumb and forefinger—  
that all those times at a distance were just for looking.  
I watched morning creep through the wreckage of our bodies  
as you took all summer taking me apart  
I became the mortar and bullet, my spine  
set to spelling your name  
before your palm eclipsed the funny plane of my hips—  
straining towards the skylight  
loose me to the clouds  
and in the silence between bated breath spills the sun  
and we felled each other  
over and over again.

Still we got it in our bones and nails upon the lighter clicks for some other grave  
and a different night where I kept my tears to myself and you stayed fully clothed and  
the wind strayed from our eyes and I said it's finally summer now on the first of  
may three days before the ancient riot of hip to hip and I said I've never  
seen that before but I'll make it work for you I laid a million teeth to rest I put my  
condolences in a place between here and silence and we don't speak of your mother  
but I wanted to say is this her room where you were born where I spring from  
the white upon your shoulders and I don't know kindness because I don't know  
loss as the smear of animal before the median a comet on the tar  
a bit of pearl upon my breast and the sound of a receding engine as one boy says to another  
fuck her good

- beautiful portrait,  
cinematic  
- more has to be  
made to belong  
- close up is a  
character study,  
wider shot  
says driver  
in car in space

Wolfgang  
Tillmans  
for how  
he hangs

①  
Take me back to the fall,  
when we struggled to catch leaves as they leapt up to their branches when?  
and the cows tumbled back into sleep in the morning, where we were  
spit from the harbor dry and laughing and opened pots to find the stew already done as the deer  
remained whole and licked it's wounds on the kitchen table.

Or better yet bring me back to the summer,  
where the cicadas' wailing spilled back into their mouths and lightning  
snaked into bitter clouds, sunset like a bruise in the sky, waves slipping silently from shore,  
and humidity sucked and swallowed police sirens from the air before  
they even reached our ears and the walls of the harbor buoy crushed in towards the tongue,  
and I woke with you every morning pinned to your chest by a point of light, with the blankets laid  
hushed around us and the coffee dormant downstairs in the pot and you would whisper good  
morning with every sigh in the world.

• Thunder  
- humidity sucked & swallowed the  
marrow of sound from the air  
[delete next half line]